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CONTENTS

AERONAUTICS

- 579 Miles an Hour, Vertically, 311
Wright Brothers Began, How the, 473

AFTER MANY A SUMMER. *A Novel, Part I* — Aldous Huxley, 561

Allen, Frederick Lewis — Since Yesterday. *Part I*, 610

Alvarez, Walter C., M.D. — Why Can't We Have Perfect Teeth?, 498

AMERICAN MILITARY AND FOREIGN POLICIES — George Fielding Eliot, 619

AMERICA'S GUNPOWDER WOMEN — Pearl S. Buck, 126

Anonymous — Lady in the Shoe, 629

APPLESEED, THE RETURN OF JOHNNY — Charles Allen Smart, 225

AT THE SPA. *A Story* — Marjorie Worthington, 201

Bacon, Leonard — Great Hawaii, 510
Seascape with Figures, 256

BARN BURNING. *A Story* — William Faulkner, 86

Bates, Ralph — "They Required of Us a Song," 136

Beard, Charles A. — Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels, 337

Beebe, William — Elephants of the Sea, 76
Gobble and Turk, 647

Bellah, James Warner — Bombing Cities Won't Win the War, 658

Biddle, George — As I Remember Groton School, 292

BIRTHDAY, THE. *A Story* — Thomas Wolfe, 19

BOMBING CITIES WON'T WIN THE WAR — James Warner Bellah, 658

BRIGHAM AND AMELIA. *A Story* — Vardis Fisher, 235

BRITISH EMPIRE, THE FUTURE OF THE — C. Hartley Grattan, 485

BROADCASTING THE OUTBREAK OF WAR — Elmer Davis, 579

Brown, Ivor — The Shakespeare Industry, 97

Buck, Pearl S. — America's Gunpowder Women, 126

Chamberlain, John — Foreign Trade Begins at Home, 352

CHAMPION EX-CHAMPION — Myron M. Stearns, 413

Conklin, Groff — Conscience in Wartime, 503

CONSCIENCE IN WARTIME — Lucille B. Milner and Groff Conklin, 503

CONTROL OF PAIN, THE — George W. Gray, 635

Corbeau, Charles — Mr. Hata Pulls the Strings, 424

CORPORATION JOB, RESIGNING FROM A — See *What Business Kills*, 44

Curtiss, Philip — "Go Talk to Mr. Waring," 321

Davis, Elmer — Broadcasting the Outbreak of War, 579
Roosevelt, the Rich Man's Alibi, 460

DEBT THREATENS DEMOCRACY — Roy Helton, 1

Dempsey, Jack — See *Champion Ex-Champion*, 413

DeVoto, Bernard (*The Easy Chair*)

- Doom Beyond Jupiter, 445
Meditation in Fading Sunlight, 557
Oncoming, The, 669
Terror, The, 333
Unrest in the Kitchen, 221
What's the Matter with History, 109

Dreher, Carl — What Business Kills, 44

Drucker, Peter F. — The Industrial Revolution Hits the Farmer, 592

EASY CHAIR, THE (Bernard DeVoto)

- Doom Beyond Jupiter, 445
Meditation in Fading Sunlight, 557
Oncoming, The, 669

Terror, The, 333

Unrest in the Kitchen, 221
What's the Matter with History, 109

EATING THROUGH AFRICA — Eugene Wright, 282

ELEPHANTS OF THE SEA — William Beebe, 76

Eliot, George Fielding — American Military and Foreign Policies, 619

Ellis, Havelock — See *The Easy Chair*, 557

ENGLAND, WHY FRANCE TRUSTS — André Maurois, 28

EUROPE'S SECRET NIGHTMARE — Henry C. Wolfe, 10

FARMER, INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION HITS THE, Peter F. Drucker, 592

FASCISM FOR AMERICA — THREAT OR SCAREHEAD? — Lillian Symes, 35

Faulkner, William — Barn Burning, 86

Fisher, Vardis — Brigham and Amelia, 235

579 MILES AN HOUR, VERTICALLY — James L. H. Peck, 311

Flexner, Abraham — The Usefulness of Useless Knowledge, 544

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

American Military and Foreign Policies, 619

Bombing Cities Won't Win the War, 658

Broadcasting the Outbreak of War, 579

Conscience in Wartime, 503

Europe's Secret Nightmare, 10

Foreign Trade Begins at Home, 352

"From Usually Reliable Sources," 386

Future of the British Empire, The, 485

Germany Would Lose, 113

Giddy Minds and Foreign Quarrels, 337

Making Friends with Latin America, 360

Totalitarian "Prosperity," 165
What England and France Think About Us, 376

- What the Home Folks Say About Events Abroad, 407
 What We Think About Foreign Affairs, 397
 Why France Trusts England, 28
- FOREIGN NEWS MACHINE, OUR — See *From Usually Reliable Sources*, 386
- FOREIGN TRADE BEGINS AT HOME — John Chamberlain, 352
- FRANCE TRUSTS ENGLAND, WHY — André Maurois, 28
- "FROM USUALLY RELIABLE SOURCES" — Morris Gilbert, 386
- FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, THE — C. Hartley Grattan, 485
- GERMAN-RUSSIAN COALITION — See *Europe's Secret Nightmare*, 10
- GERMANY WOULD LOSE — Willson Woodside, 113
- GHOST WRITING, IN DEFENSE OF — Seneca Johnson, 536
- GIDDY MINDS AND FOREIGN QUARRELS — Charles A. Beard, 337
- Gilbert, Morris — "From Usually Reliable Sources," 386
- "GO TALK TO MR. WARING." *A Story* — Philip Curtiss, 321
- GOBBLE AND TURK — William Beebe, 647
- Grattan, C. Hartley — The Future of the British Empire, 485
- Gray, George W. — The Control of Pain, 635
- GREAT HAWAII — Leonard Bacon, 510
- GROTON SCHOOL, AS I REMEMBER — George Biddle, 292
- HAMMOND, JOHN HENRY, JR. — See *Number One Swing Man*, 431
- Hanighen, Frank C. — What England and France Think About Us, 376
- Harding, Gardner — World's Fair, New York, 193
- HAWAII
 Great Hawaii, 510
 Seascape with Figures, 256
- Helton, Roy — Debt Threatens Democracy, 1
 Old People: A Rising National Problem, 449
- Herring, Hubert — Making Friends with Latin America, 360
- Huxley, Aldous — After Many a Summer. *Part I*, 561
- INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION HITS THE FARMER — Peter F. Drucker, 592
- Johnson, Seneca — In Defense of Ghost Writing, 536
- Kelly, Fred C. — How the Wright Brothers Began, 473
- Kolodin, Irving — Number One Swing Man, 431
- KOUSSEVITZKY, TOSCANINI, STOKOWSKI — Oscar Levant, 589
- LADY IN THE SHOE — Anonymous, 629
- LATIN AMERICA, MAKING FRIENDS WITH — Hubert Herring, 360
- LAW FACTORIES, THE — Ferdinand Lundberg, 180
- LESSONS IN LIVING FROM THE STONE AGE — Vilhjalmur Stefansson, 158
- Levant, Oscar — Koussevitzky, Toscanini, Stokowski, 589
 Music in Aspic, 527
- LOWELL, AMY — See *Storm Center in Brookline*, 265
- Lundberg, Ferdinand — The Law Factories, 180
- MAKING FRIENDS WITH LATIN AMERICA — Hubert Herring, 360
- Markey, Morris — The Strange Noise of Dr. Beldoon, 469
- MARPLE LEGEND, THE. *A Story* — Vincent Sheean, 301
- Marsh, Sir Edward — A Number of People. *Parts II and III*, 56, 171
- Maurois, André — Why France Trusts England, 28
- Mayer, Milton S. — Socrates Crosses the Delaware, 64
- Milner, Lucille B. — Conscience in Wartime, 503
- MR. HATA PULLS THE STRINGS. *A Story* — Charles Corbeau, 424
- MUSIC IN ASPIC — Oscar Levant, 527
- Neuberger, Richard L. — What the Home Folks Say About Events Abroad, 407
- NUMBER OF PEOPLE, A. *Parts II and III* — Sir Edward Marsh, 56, 171
- NUMBER ONE SWING MAN — Irving Kolodin, 431
- OLD PEOPLE: A RISING NATIONAL PROBLEM — Roy Helton, 449
- ONE MAN'S MEAT — E. B. White, 105, 217, 329, 441, 553, 665
- PAIN, THE CONTROL OF — George W. Gray, 635
- Peck, James L. H. — 579 Miles an Hour, Vertically, 311
- PRESBYTERIAN CHOIR SINGERS, THE. *A Story* — William Saroyan, 276
- Pringle, Henry F. — Why Slum Clearance May Fail, 520
- PRIZE FIGHTER IN THE NINETIES, A — Edmund Rucker, 243
- RETURN OF JOHNNY APPLESEED, THE — Charles Allen Smart, 225
- Rheinstein, Alfred — Why Slum Clearance May Fail, 520
- Riera, Julia — Wall Street, Main Street, & Co., 142
- ROOSEVELT, THE RICH MAN'S ALIBI — Elmer Davis, 460
- Röpke, Wilhelm — Totalitarian "Prosperity," 165
- Rucker, Edmund — A Prize Fighter in the Nineties, 243
- RUSSIAN-GERMAN COALITION — See *Europe's Secret Nightmare*, 10
- ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE — See *Socrates Crosses the Delaware*, 64
- Saroyan, William — The Presbyterian Choir Singers, 276
- SCIENCE AND THE NEW LANDSCAPE — Paul B. Sears, 207
- SEAL TREGARTHEN'S COUSIN. *A Story* — Margery Sharp, 602
- Sears, Paul B. — Science and the New Landscape, 207
- SEASCAPE WITH FIGURES — Leonard Bacon, 256

- SHAKESPEARE INDUSTRY, THE
— Ivor Brown, 97
- Sharp, Margery — Seal Tre-
garthen's Cousin, 602
- Sheean, Vincent — The Marple
Legend, 301
- SINCE YESTERDAY. *Part I* —
Frederick Lewis Allen, 610
- SLUM CLEARANCE MAY FAIL,
WHY — Alfred Rheinsein
and Henry F. Pringle, 520
- Smart, Charles Allen — The
Return of Johnny Appleseed,
225
- SOCRATES CROSSES THE DELA-
WARE — Milton S. Mayer,
64
- Stearns, Myron M. — Cham-
pion Ex-Champion, 413
- Stefansson, Vilhjalmur — Les-
sons in Living from the Stone
Age, 158
- STOKOWSKI, LEOPOLD — See
Koussevitzky, Toscanini, Sto-
kowski, 589
- STONE AGE, LESSONS IN LIVING
FROM THE — Vilhjalmur
Stefansson, 158
- STORM CENTER IN BROOKLINE —
Louis Untermeyer, 265
- STRANGE NOISE OF DR. BEL-
DOON, THE. *A Story* — Mor-
ris Markey, 469
- Symes, Lillian — Fascism for
America — Threat or Scare-
head?, 35
- TEETH, WHY CAN'T WE HAVE
PERFECT — Walter C. Al-
varez, M.D., 498
- "THEY REQUIRED OF US A
SONG" — Ralph Bates, 136
- TOSCANINI, ARTURO — See
Koussevitzky, Toscanini, Sto-
kowski, 589
- TOTALITARIAN "PROSPERITY" —
Wilhelm Röpke, 165
- Untermeyer, Louis — Storm
Center in Brookline, 265
- USEFULNESS OF USELESS KNOWL-
EDGE, THE — Abraham Flex-
ner, 544
- Walker, S. H. — Wall Street,
Main Street, & Co., 142
- WALL STREET, MAIN STREET, &
Co. — S. H. Walker and
Julia Riera, 142
- WAR
Bombing Cities Won't Win the
War, 658
Broadcasting the Outbreak of
War, 579
Conscience in Wartime, 503
- WHAT BUSINESS KILLS — Carl
Dreher, 44
- WHAT ENGLAND AND FRANCE
THINK ABOUT US — Frank C.
Hanighen, 376
- WHAT THE HOME FOLKS SAY
ABOUT EVENTS ABROAD —
Richard L. Neuberger, 407
- WHAT WE THINK ABOUT FOR-
EIGN AFFAIRS — Francis Sill
Wickware, 397
- White, E. B. — One Man's
Meat, 105, 217, 329, 441,
553, 665
- WHY CAN'T WE HAVE PERFECT
TEETH? — Walter C. Alva-
rez, M.D., 498
- WHY FRANCE TRUSTS ENGLAND
— André Maurois, 28
- WHY SLUM CLEARANCE MAY
FAIL — Alfred Rheinsein
and Henry F. Pringle, 520
- Wickware, Francis Sill — What
We Think About Foreign
Affairs, 397
- Wolfe, Henry C. — Europe's
Secret Nightmare, 10
- Wolfe, Thomas — The Birth-
day, 19
- Woodside, Willson — Germany
Would Lose, 113
- WORLD'S FAIR, NEW YORK —
Gardner Harding, 193
- Worthington, Marjorie — At
the Spa, 201
- WRIGHT BROTHERS BEGAN, HOW
THE — Fred C. Kelly, 473
- Wright, Eugene — Eating
Through Africa, 282

VERSE

- Aiken, Conrad — The Going
Forth, 664
- Avrett, Robert — I Think That
There Is Laughter, 206
- BEAUTY IS EARTH'S IMMORTAL
CARELESSNESS — Anderson
M. Scruggs, 34
- Caughey, Elford — Futility at
Dawn, 234
- Engle, Paul — In Time of
Crisis, 281
- FUTILITY AT DAWN — Elford
Caughey, 234
- GOING FORTH, THE — Conrad
Aiken, 664
- Hagedorn, Hermann — Light,
601
Lost World, 472
- Hall, Barclay — Two Sonnets
to Ourselves, 351
- Hartley, Roland English — Sur-
mise, 484
- I THINK THAT THERE IS
LAUGHTER — Robert Avrett,
206
- IN THE NIGHT — Robert Na-
than, 26
- IN TIME OF CRISIS — Paul
Engle, 281
- Johnson, Josephine — Winter
World, 85
- Keller, Martha — Mountain
Meadows, 310
- LIGHT — Hermann Hagedorn,
601
- LOST WORLD — Hermann
Hagedorn, 472
- Maxwell, Gilbert — Spade
Song, 179
- MOUNTAIN MEADOWS — Martha
Keller, 310
- Nathan, Robert — In the Night,
26
- Scruggs, Anderson M. —
Beauty Is Earth's Immortal
Carelessness, 34
- SPADE SONG — Gilbert Max-
well, 179
- SURMISE — Roland English
Hartley, 484
- TWO SONNETS TO OURSELVES —
Barclay Hall, 351
- WINTER WORLD — Josephine
Johnson, 85



Harper's *Magazine*

74579

DEBT THREATENS DEMOCRACY

BY ROY HELTON

WHAT has debt to do with democracy? There have been a few attempts to deal with this question, nearly always inside the frame of party politics. But debt is such a large reality in our present world and democracy is now standing so clearly with its back to the wall that if there is any relation between debt and democracy's prospect of survival that relationship ought to be made clear without prejudice.

Perhaps the best point of attack is to consider how debt relates itself to life no matter what form of living thing one is considering. For there is undoubtedly such a relationship, since debt is a speculation on time and growth. I must begin, therefore, by saying a few very simple and obvious things about the nature of debt.

The importance of debt in a man's life depends on his age and on his ability to repay. The ability to repay is generally supposed to be increased because of the debt. If, for instance, a young man borrows to obtain a college education, the theory of the loan is that the education

he receives will enable him to pay back the debt and to earn much more than he could have earned without it. It is the same way with a farmer's debt for equipment or for land or for fertilizer and seed. Or a debt for an operation or to finance a law suit or for the care of one's family. While there are other kinds of debt, the basis is always a benefit to the borrower and a profit to the lender.

In childhood, though the fact is little emphasized nowadays, every man is in debt to society and to his parents; he rarely lives except on a debt until after he has approached maturity. That debt he commonly repays, not to the lender, but to the succeeding generation. In maturity he contracts other debts which he must repay more directly. Those debts come usually in his middle years, at which time he is relatively a good risk to a lender. Now let us turn to the other side of the picture.

The normal growth of a child follows a pattern, and so does his normal *rate* of growth. I have drawn such a pattern,

plotting his growth in inches and also his rate of growth on a convenient scale. In rate of growth the largest increase has taken place before birth, and at the time of birth one is already becoming senile so far as his growth rate is concerned. Though the newborn infant is very small compared to a man, he is nevertheless one-fourth as tall as a man, and his growth from a microscopic germ cell to a length of eighteen inches has been immense. So the rate of growth starts up almost at infinity and comes down on a slope that for some years is fairly sharp. It then levels off, and around age twenty-three reaches zero. A long time after that it goes down a little farther, as the spinal cartilages contract with advancing years.

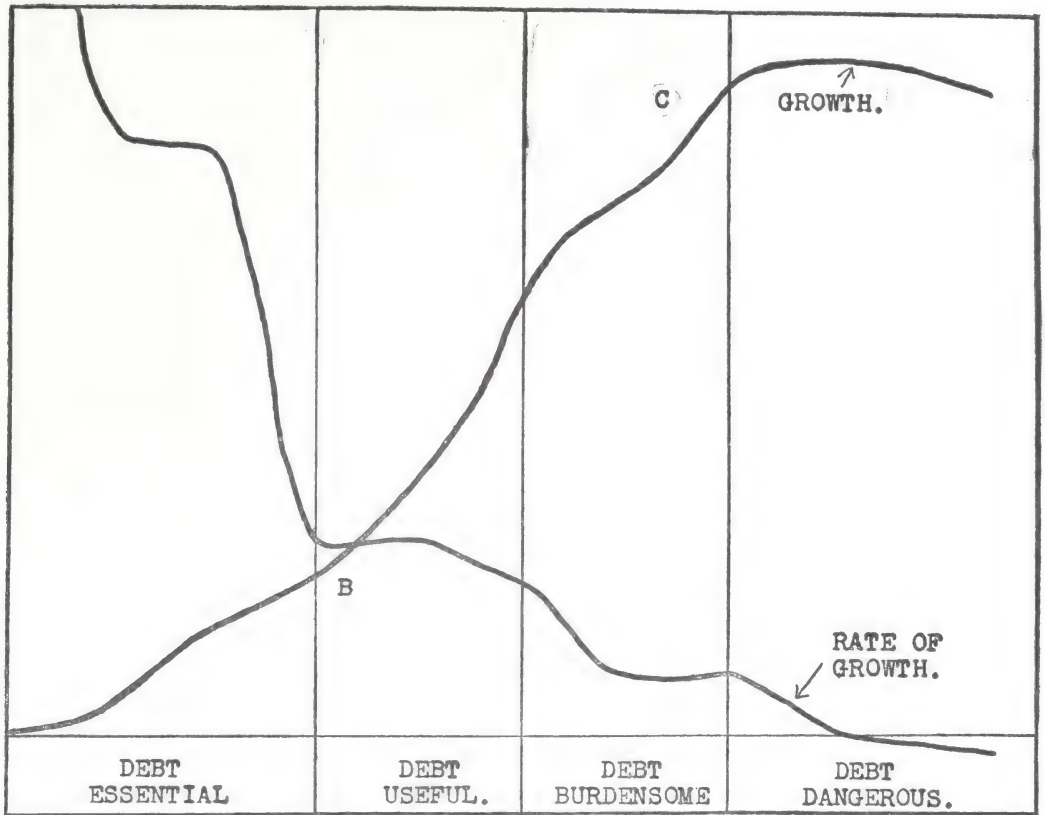
Now considering the man as a social animal, one can chart as parallel to this rate of growth his relationship to debt. Of course debt has nothing to do with growth in pounds or inches. But it happens that one's growth in pounds or inches does go along with the usual attitude of parents toward helping their children. There is no question at the beginning, but there is a good deal of question when a man is past twenty-five, as to how much more social debt he should be allowed to accumulate. By that I mean how long his parents should support him. So I have divided this growth chart into four panels: *childhood*, where a social debt is essential, *adolescence*, where, though not quite so essential, it is still considered obligatory in most societies and except among the very poor, *young manhood*, where it is less necessary, as a rule, and then *later manhood*, where we even consider it intolerable, or fatal, for a man to be supported by his parents. This is naturally a loose classification and the width of the various panels depends somewhat upon the social level into which the man was born.

But suppose my chart is taken to cover, not a man's growth in inches, but his growth in earning power, beginning at about age twenty-two. If one looks first at the curve of growth-rate he will see that

it satisfies also this new condition; for when a young man gets his first job, no matter how small its pay, his salary or wages is likely to represent a sum five to ten times any amount he has ever earned before, and he will probably never again in his life, in any single year, experience such a rate of increase.

The rise in the other curve, which represents *actual* growth, will now be a rise representing dollars a year earned by the man during his lifetime. Naturally the curve will not be so smooth as I have drawn it, but nevertheless it may be taken to represent the facts of a successful professional or business career. Though it is now money we are dealing with and not inches, the relationship to debt is unchanged, but it will be personal and not social debt that is indicated in the four panels of the chart. And one thing is clear, which common sense would make clear without any need of a chart: the time during which a man's earning power and prospects are growing is the time when he can safely borrow money. In his beginning as a business or professional man he may need to. It might set him back for years not to have the equipment for a dental office, so he could begin earning money, or the capital to start a newsstand, or the means to get a car, so he could follow a sales route. And all through the time when his earnings are rising and his prospects brightening he may face debt with a confidence that lessens as, or if, his earning power declines in later life.

Suppose he wants a home and he is thirty and at point B in the curve of his earnings; he is then clearly justified in going into debt. His increase in debt implies only a reasonable risk that his future will not be brighter than his past. But at the point C the case is very different. He is earning more, but his earnings have reached a ceiling. He can scarcely promise, in good faith, that if he purchases a house larger than he can then afford to pay for, he will afterward be able to meet his payments by the growth of his income.



II

All this time I have been calling the curve on my chart that of a man, and it so strikingly does resemble the growth curve of a man that no misdirection was involved. But it is not actually the curve of a man's growth. It represents the growth of the railroad mileage of the United States since 1840. And yet the correlation holds good.

The large growth of the American railroad was all over at the turn of the century. But when a large growth begins to level off, the dangerous age of the thing that is growing has arrived—its dangerous age in relationship to debt. For it is then that the temptation becomes very pressing, and in the end almost irresistible, to increase debt on the basis of past credit and growth, in order to make up for the deficiency in growth-rate that is now being experienced for the first time. No matter how large one's income is, if he is used to having more every year than the year before, he is likely

to borrow in a pretty liberal way if the rise levels off. The American railroads succumbed to that temptation. Just at the point where their debts passed from being a burden to becoming an intolerable burden those debts began to leap up to ease the burdens that debt had already created. The railroads, or their financiers, acted precisely as a man does who gets into deeper and deeper difficulties in attempting to keep up an advancing pace of well-being when the pace has inevitably slowed with the completion of growth.

So the perfectly sound theory that an expanding industry can expand faster on borrowed money—which has been our financial faith and practice for many years—reaches in the railroads its logical conclusion: that when an industry has, after a long rise, attained a stationary rate of growth it must reduce its debt to survive. That is now the position of our railroads. Their financial structure has been built on the theory of continuous expansion. But the rails grew up.

In the period from 1900 to 1910 the total debt of the railroads was five and one-half billion, and their annual net income was about one billion one hundred million dollars. Last year the railroads owed, not five and one-half billions, but nine billions, and their net income had fallen to seven hundred million. Even before 1929 the debt was always increasing ten times as fast as the income, and the debt rose steadily, whereas the income rose in fits and starts with deep intervening depressions.

Thus the plight of our railroads is typical of difficulties that always arise when a man or a business organization will not admit that the problems of maturity are different from the problems of youth.

Now let us consider the case of an old American city. Up to 1900 the population of Philadelphia had been increasing twenty-five per cent or more every decade. As a consequence of that fact the size of the city's debt did not matter very much in 1900, because there seemed to be an unlimited growth ahead. And it was 1900, or thereabouts, when many of the still-prevailing notions about debt—as wealth invested in the expanding future—were formed.

Between 1920 and 1930 Philadelphia increased in population only seven per cent and now in 1939 its debt and the deficits produced by it have begun to catch up with the resources of the city and the situation is serious. Education must be curtailed. Projects launched on the theory of unlimited expansion, such as supplementary subways, completed now but still unused, must be forgotten. A grand total of \$542,069,000 of debt is on the city's shoulders, no longer unimportant, no longer theoretically good, but crippling to the necessary functions of caring for the public health, and for the poor and for the community's children.

Thirty years is a brief span in the life of a great city, and a still briefer span in the life of a great nation; but between 1908 and 1939 profound changes have taken place in our prospects and in the structure of our civilization. Thirty

years ago Philadelphia, like many of our larger cities, was proceeding to manage its affairs upon a basis that within the past eight years has come to be accepted as the proper basis for our national economy. It is, in a sense, a laboratory in which an experiment on no mean scale has been conducted as to the consequences of deficit financing for current expenses and public works.

Here are those consequences as read from the City Comptroller's report of October, 1938. Total estimated receipts, \$68,462,212.

Liabilities,	
Interest and charges on loans	\$24,801,695
Sinking Fund	8,414,359
Deficits and loans to meet deficits.....	34,778,379
Total liabilities	\$67,994,433

However the accounting is to be managed, and payments of deficits postponed, there is actually less than five hundred thousand dollars out of sixty-eight million that represent money honestly available for current expenses. In short, Philadelphia is at point C in my chart, where growth rate has so declined that debt becomes not merely a burden but almost a fatality.

Writing back in 1908, Richard Ely, the economist, was able to say, "There is a tendency springing out of fright, partly premature, to place undue constitutional restrictions upon the power to create debts. This tendency ought to be checked. . . . At the present time excessive limitations, unworthy of a free people, make it impossible for some cities to carry out necessary public improvements, although these improvements would not impose the slightest real burden upon the taxpayers." What that philosophy, now accepted into the national policy, has resulted in, is on the record.

In 1908 economists and everyone else were still thinking in terms of a pioneer America with a rapidly growing population. The United States is no longer a pioneer country, even industrially. It is a grown-up country in a grown-up world. And our notions have to change a little

to fit that fact; particularly our notions about national, civic, and industrial debt.

About national debt there are a few points to be made that are not very much noticed in the political discussions on the subject. The first is this. The United States is increasing in population more and more slowly. It is no longer at point B but is approaching point C in the curve of its growth. All statisticians and social students are agreed on that fact. It is a fact we have accepted without large protest, but one which of itself inspires caution as to generous commitments in the future. Alone it does no more than that, for it may well be held that though our population is increasing more and more slowly, other assets are increasing more and more rapidly and keeping pace with the increase in our debt. But what other assets? I have asked that question before and I have been publicly answered that it was very wrong of me to ask it. Yet no one has been able to point out any important respect in which our national rate of growth is not slowing down. The burden of the evidence is certainly to the effect that we have reached or are approaching point C in our industrial growth and in our national income.

It is interesting to note that this is not simply an American phenomenon that I have been describing, but also a world phenomenon. For in 1850, with a world population of about ten hundred and fifty millions, the total of all national debts was only seven and one-half billion dollars. By 1890, when the world held nearly fifteen hundred million people, the debts had mounted to twenty-seven and a half billions. And by now, when there are about eighteen hundred million people, the debt is perhaps four or five times larger than it was *even in 1890*. That set of facts is in its way astonishing. It seems to indicate that despite all our progress—or perhaps because of all our progress—our national governments as well as our industries, our railroads, our cities, and our States are all living more and more on confidence produced by a simpler past, on such facts as

the continuous repayment of national borrowings throughout the 19th century.

Or let me put this another way. In 1890 our State and local governments owed a little more than one billion dollars all told. By 1932 they owed seventeen and a half billion. In the past thirty years the local debt has multiplied about ten times. Are we ten times better off? Are we ten times safer or ten times better served by local government? No one who can remember thirty years back can make any such claim. We are not even twice as well off, either in our cities or outside of our cities. Better served we probably are, but not ten times better served, and yet locally we are ten times more deeply in debt and six times more deeply in debt per capita for local government than we were thirty years ago. Where is a process like that going to bring up?

III

There is no meaning in these facts of themselves if one entertains the notion that the problems resulting are purely economic. It will be said at once that our national wealth has increased far more spectacularly than the increase in our debt, so that our debt is of no greater consequence in 1938, when the national wealth can be totaled to perhaps three hundred and fifty billion dollars, than it was in 1900 when our wealth was only eighty-eight billion. (Though, even so, it is now ten per cent of the wealth and in 1900 was only one and a half per cent.)

But the national wealth is in things, and the national debt is in money. And there is no meaning or comfort in any comparison between the two, as the debtor nations of Europe have long since discovered.

America's recent experience with the war loans has been very peculiar. Its true inwardness seems to have escaped comment. Why is it that of all great general debts those debts have been almost universally defaulted? Does the explanation lie in the gross dimension of the debt? If so, we have a very difficult eco-

conomic dilemma to face. For by all the arguments and justifications advanced in regard to our own national debt, the gross dimension should be a matter of no account to anybody, since the national wealth of the debtor nations is in fact immensely greater than it was when—quite as a matter of course—they kept paying all their debts. Is it that they are so involved in armament that they have no surplus? Yes. But that is saying another thing than it seems to say. It is saying that progress has slowed and protection has become paramount. And that is the substance of all that democratic Europe is proclaiming to the world in every gesture and in every diplomatic exchange.

This whole world-wide industrial system has quite suddenly become mature so far as growth in the old dimension is concerned. It cannot pay debts as it did in the past, because what it counted on for the payment of debt does not exist any longer.

Its growth began to feel the pressure of limitations at the beginning of the twentieth century. And with that restriction on growth—that filling up of the comfortable capacity of the world to expand and produce and consume on the basis of its ambitious man-power—came the first general evidence of human rebellion: a universal war, beginning in Central Europe and spreading in its reactions over two-thirds of the earth: a war of hatred at what was ending the adventure—the presence on earth of other nations with advancing economic machinery. That war was thus a war of protest at limitations. But without as yet fully digesting the meaning of those limitations, the nations pledged themselves to such further handicaps of debt as could have been proper only in an age of unlimited free opportunity and of beginning youth.

The debts of the nations are being defaulted for exactly the same reason that the debts of our old railroads have been defaulted. There is now too developed a competition to permit repayment.

Debt cannot be used as a substitute for

growth or progress, and when progress has been limited, debt also has become limited as a solution for the problems of industrial or national maturity.

It may seem heresy to say so, but under a form of government such as ours the problems of debt, far from being wholly or even chiefly economic, are purely political in the largest sense of that word. A representative democracy is comparatively a new social invention. Monarchy is very old. The weaknesses of monarchy are well known. History is a long comment upon them. At the beginning of the nineteenth century popular enlightenment and self-consciousness, wherever they existed, had broken the power of monarchy. Straight through that century the democratic forces continued to gain. By 1918 democracy appeared to be triumphant. Imperfect everywhere, but everywhere rising in confidence and self-assertion, representative government seemed not merely the most just of all forms, but also the most practical for this new civilization of growing humanity and advancing science. We have consequently lived through one of the great moments of human history. The effort of six thousand years came to a head. Theoretically, at least, the world was ruled at last by its own people. That fact remained true for perhaps three years.

Now for Germany, Italy, and Russia it is no longer true, and there is no place on earth where democracy feels safe for itself. What is worse, the fear is justified. Until this last generation, democracy had not yet discovered its own weakness, which is not inordinate personal ambition nor lack of general intelligence, but is the unheeded growth of that one thing which a self-governed people cannot face effectively—debt.

It is only lately that this fact has become evident in the United States. Throughout the nineteenth century the development of machinery, the exploitation of our public lands, the rapid growth of our population, all combined to make an increase of debt unnecessary and un-

important. Now it seems necessary and is no longer unimportant. We have crossed a line. Our whole modern industrial world is crossing, or has crossed, a line that separates the careless speculations of youth from the responsibilities of maturity.

What is it that gave Italy back to an absolute ruler? The answer is in her history: twenty-seven billion dollars of war borrowings on top of an already heavy debt structure was more than her government could handle as a democracy. Was it only the burning self-assertion of Adolph Hitler that has made him a ruler of Germany more absolute than Frederick the Great? What aroused that self-assertion and gave it its opportunity? What but national despair under the immense load of debt that had been saddled upon Germany by the Allies and by our own super-salesmanship, creating a burden which a Republic could not carry? A master had to appear, and the basic reason, as in Italy and in Russia, was debt.

A democracy has to punish itself to pay its obligations. It has to be the operator that wields the knife on its own body. Few surgeons would care to amputate their own feet, no matter how good a local anæsthetic was at hand. There are some things which personal human nature recoils from. So do men in democracies recoil from self-punishment through taxation. The strength of our democracy and its greatest danger lie in our biennial stated election. Under the American system no political party, whether local or national, can impose a serious increase in general taxes and hope to remain in office after the ensuing election. In that fact lies the one serious flaw in the armor of democracy. There is the heel of our modern Achilles.

IV

The danger in that fact is, as I have said, one which we had no reason either to fear or to invite between 1869 and 1914. It can scarcely be said that even

for the World War we invited it. We borrowed heavily to carry on that war, but we had already profited so hugely, and were afterward to continue to profit so largely from the paralysis of other nations, that it can scarcely be said that any real burden of national debt was felt in the United States between 1870 and 1932.

Then we began a new method of procedure. It is a method whose danger was always inherent in our scheme of government, but one we were saved from inviting by the rising tide of our industrial prosperity since 1840. That danger can be put into a very short sentence. It is easier for any party in power to borrow money than to raise taxes. The danger was enhanced by the income tax, which makes whatever the government exacts personal and painful to the individual. In theory a painful tax is right, as keeping the public aware of the expense of government. In practice it has led to the government's becoming more acutely aware of the political dangers of taxation. Yet how are our mounting bills to be paid except by taxation or by an act of God in the shape of another Coolidge Boom or by national dishonor? It is by such a boom that our President has publicly asserted that he expects to have the debts paid. But on other counts he does not believe in the phenomena which accompanied the last boom. Nor do world or American industrial prospects of to-day make such an occurrence likely or even credible. But the debt remains and grows and has consequences.

Let there be any kind of a serious conflict, and democracy will be threatened, not by the public enemy, but by the public debt. What would be the net result of the United States becoming involved in war now, with an already accumulated peace-time debt of \$39,800,000,000, which is still growing? A moderate guess would be a debt of eighty or ninety billions. Does any sane man believe that the American people would ever pay such a debt out of taxation of their own will? Or face its problems politically better than either the Germans or Italians

did, who have not our tradition of regarding taxation as tyranny?

To escape from the tyranny of taxation we have learned to transfer every large loss we have suffered, every destruction, every consequence of error, from the credit built by the past to the debt of the future. In that way we have hoped to escape all painful consequences of loss and error. Theoretically such a process might go on forever. Practically it cannot. For into its logic are figured two factors of abundance which are not always present: the abundance of confidence and the abundance of peace. In 1929 we lost our abundance of confidence. But the real trouble will arrive if we should ever lose the abundance of peace.

For a great war, in the present state of world finance, could carry all of the remaining great democracies into a region of debt of such dimension that no self-governing people would or could endure the taxation required to get themselves straight again. That is the lesson of the past twenty years of European history. Democracy cannot be defended by battle-ships alone.

After the conclusion of a large war—even a successful war—the kind of social planning that would be necessary to overcome the handicaps of internal debts and deficits would not be likely to prove of a kind that could be democratically unscrambled. Social control is a progressive process, and up to a point a necessary one, and beyond a point an irreversible one. Whether we have reached or are passing that point now is a political issue I am not concerned with. But a war, entered under a huge burden of peacetime debt, *could* carry the process past our power to reverse it by legislation.

Not that we should not still prefer democracy and freedom. Not that any President would desire an absolute responsibility. Not that with railroad debt as it is, the railroads would have to become government railroads; or the utilities, government utilities—though both these things may well happen any-

way, because of debt. The issue has nothing to do with property directly. It is just that the resulting problems, as with Italy and Germany and Russia, could not be dealt with on the basis of any conflict of local patriotism, politics, or pride. It is easy to talk of drafting industry and labor as we draft soldiers. But if we do this we must also draft agriculture, and long before that point is reached it is no longer we who are doing the drafting. There is no room for parties and politics in such a process. The government would have to be absolute. Individual liberty would have to end. A wisdom far above us would have to make all our decisions. And that, not merely for the duration of a war, but for the duration of the peace that succeeds it; for that is when the pinch would come to us, as it came to those democracies which are now the dictator nations of Europe.

And we should come to this for lack of what? For lack of a sound financial position, so that in case of a major war we could call on our citizens with confidence to lend us enough of their accumulated wealth to see us through, as they did in 1917.

V

Our long and honorable record as a free people is due to our avoidance of the one thing which we could not handle as a free people. Now our picture begins to change. We can still straighten ourselves out along our historic path, but how much longer shall we have that chance? Only between now and the next war—which may not be a war of our own choosing.

The present basis for our political division is particularly unfortunate. It turns very largely upon the present Administration's policy of spending money. But we are, after all, human beings, and it is impossible to see, even at this date, how the problems of a suddenly maturing industrialism could have been met without large expenditures. No government could have let people starve and remained in office past the next election.

Now, however, the problem must be faced. And for our own time it is a problem just as difficult to face as would have been the slowing of the great boom during our late twenties. The problem is that of carrying some ten million people across a great divide in the nature of our living—the divide between the youth and the maturity of industrialism and of finding for them a new function. It is not solved by carrying them along in vain waiting for a change in the times.

This problem has not been faced on an adequate scale, because no one in our national political affairs has the courage to admit that this is the problem. Nor has

the consequent problem been faced. How can we raise the money to support such a necessary undertaking? There is only one answer, and that is why the situation is almost impossible to face. For we have to pay for our humanity through taxes. And we have to accept what brake, if any, that implies on progress at the top, until we have found some answer for those who are at the bottom.

More than anything now facing us as a nation, perhaps more than anything that can ever face us as a nation, this problem deserves the united intelligence of all parties and all men.





EUROPE'S SECRET NIGHTMARE

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

THROUGH Europe's international conferences of the past six years has stalked the specter of a German-Russian coalition. This apparition has frightened the political leaders of the buffer states which lie between the two authoritarian giants. It has thrown its shadow across the tables at which the statesmen of London and Paris deliberated the fate of the Old World. From the Ægean Sea in the south to the Arctic Ocean in the north this fear of a Nazi-Soviet entente has haunted governments and peoples. With almost equal relentlessness it has preyed upon the political leaders who live and work along the Seine and the Thames. Seldom discussed openly, it is none the less real because it hides in the back of men's minds. It exerts a tremendous influence upon decisions of governments. Indeed, in many cases it is the paramount factor in the formulation of a foreign policy.

To many Americans the suggestion that Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia may join forces against their present allies may seem fantastic. Does not the Soviet hold up the Reich as the arch-enemy of Communism? Does not the Reich point to the Soviet as the eternal enemy, the implacable foe that must be extirpated? At the All-Union Congress of Soviets in 1936 did not Soviet Premier Molotoff call the Nazi leaders "modern cannibals"? And the following year at the Nuremberg Congress did not Chancellor Hitler call the Soviet leadership a "gang of criminals"? Have not Hitler, Rosenberg, Goebbels, and other Nazi

officials attacked the Soviet Union as the new Carthage that must be destroyed?

To be sure, Nazi propaganda has portrayed Hitler as the protector of Europe against the onslaught of "Asiatic Bolshevism." The Reich heads a coalition of anti-Soviet states that have signed the so-called anti-Comintern pact. In this coalition Germany, Italy, Hungary, Japan, Spain, and Manchukuo are aligned against the U.S.S.R. Throughout Europe, Nazi and Soviet policies have locked horns in a struggle that the world public has come to regard as a fight to the death between two powerful dictatorships and two irreconcilable ideologies.

But in the foreign offices of the border states where it is a matter of life and death to know what is happening in Berlin and Moscow the Nazi-Soviet melodrama is not regarded as a death struggle. In Helsingfors, Riga, Warsaw, Bucharest, and other *Zwischenland* ("the in-between lands") capitals there is a perennial fear that the name-calling, the propaganda wars, the political conflicts between Nazis and Soviets are only shadow-boxing. Finns, Poles, Roumanians, and other peoples in the buffer area suspect that the Nazi-Soviet clashes may be nothing but maneuvering for position on the part of both states. But not for war. On the contrary, for inevitable collaboration against the small nations of the borderland and the rich colonial powers of Western Europe.

Central European fears of a Nazi-Soviet entente have been passed along to London and Paris and have taken

deep root in France and Britain. As a result every foreign policy formulated by the Quai d'Orsay and Downing Street is influenced by the apprehension that Brown German and Red Russian may compose their differences and unite against the West. This situation accounts for some of the policies followed by the Western democracies that have seemed inexplicable to Americans. On some occasions fear of Nazi-Soviet co-operation has made for a lenient attitude toward the Reich; at other times it has caused the Western powers to take a strong line against Berlin. It accounts, at least in some degree, for the zigzag course of foreign policy pursued by London and Paris toward Moscow. At the Munich conference, for example, the Soviet was snubbed. In March, after the destruction of the rump state of Czechoslovakia, France and Britain aggressively courted the Kremlin. Unless the reader keeps in mind the fear of a Nazi-Soviet entente, Franco-British policies toward the Comintern do not make sense. With this situation in mind, the European political picture comes into relatively clearer focus.

Now, these widespread fears that Berlin and Moscow may form an entente are not based on the assumption that Nazis and Soviets like each other. Far from it. No foreign minister believes for an instant that there is any affinity between the taciturn, mysterious Stalin and the hysterical, flamboyant Hitler. No one even considers the possibility that these strange men could develop a friendship, or could even come to tolerate each other. No, their psychological make-up precludes personal attachment. But they have one thing in common. Each is a master of *Realpolitik*. Such being the case, neither would permit his personal feeling toward the other to wreck a long-range foreign program. And although Soviet foreign policy moves slowly, it advances toward its goal no less surely than the "Saturday surprise" and the *fait accompli* of Nazi *Machtpolitik*.

Fundamentally, the urge toward Russo-German co-operation antedates both Nazis and Stalinists. Russia and Germany complement each other economically. Bismarck realized the advantages of good relations between them. History would undoubtedly have been very different if Russia, and not Austria-Hungary, had been Germany's ally in 1914.

Though post-war German politicians may have been slow to appreciate the importance of Russo-German co-operation, the Reich's military leaders were not. They soon grasped the significance of a German-Muscovite front against Western Europe. Early in the post-war era the Reichswehr chiefs were advocating co-operation with the Red Army against the Allies. They pointed to reborn Poland as the common enemy of Germans and Russians. They emphasized the fact that Communist Russia enjoyed as little favor with the Versailles powers as did the defeated Republican Reich. For in those days Clemenceau and his colleagues who had dictated the peace treaties were trying to create a "cordon sanitaire" around the new Communist state. Ironically enough, it was the reactionary military leaders of Germany who urged a coalition with the then outlawed Soviet Union. The German Socialist leaders were thanklessly striving for an understanding with the Western powers. Later, when Stresemann came to the foreign ministry in Berlin he carried forward the Western orientation that made the Locarno pacts possible.

The leaders of the Weimar Republic desired a rapprochement with France and Britain that would dissipate the war spirit and prepare the way for permanent peaceful collaboration with the victors. But the Reichswehr chiefs, bent upon anti-Versailles revenge and the creation of a great Germanic empire, saw the Reich's destiny in an entente with the Soviet. The German militarists based their Russophile policies on *Realpolitik*. Industrial Germany, they argued,

needed an ally that could absorb German manufactured goods and provide the Reich with raw materials. In the vast unindustrialized Soviet Union they saw an ideal *Absatzgebiet* (market outlet). German technical skill and economic efficiency could develop Russia's untapped reserves of timber, oil, minerals, and agricultural riches. Russian manpower, organized by German officers, could be drilled into some of the best soldiery in the world. With such a combination, could not the Reich reverse the "*Diktat*" of Versailles and quickly make itself the master of Europe?

In April, 1922, the complacent Allies had a rude awakening. It was an experience that has never been forgotten in Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay. Representatives of the principal powers had foregathered at Genoa for an international economic conference. Russians and Germans, like poor relations, were permitted to attend, but on an inferior footing. While the Western powers were deliberating among themselves, the Soviet and German delegates suddenly threw a bombshell into the conference. At the nearby town of Rapallo the representatives of Berlin and Moscow came together and signed an agreement of their own. The Reich accorded *de jure* recognition to the Soviet government, and both parties renounced all reciprocal war claims and pre-war indebtedness. To the stunned Allied politicians the surprise agreement seemed to forecast an "alliance of all the vanquished." The consequences of Rapallo were far-reaching in their effects upon future Allied policies toward both the Reich and the Soviet.

The Reichswehr chiefs found no difficulty in working with the Red Army leaders. Under German instruction the poorly organized Soviet military forces gradually became a fighting machine that was a power to be reckoned with in Europe. And German staff officers and instructors not only obtained valuable experience with the Red Army but were

able to establish in the U.S.S.R. aviation schools and other military projects forbidden to the Reich by the Treaty of Versailles. At a time when the Soviet acutely feared attack from the capitalist world, and when the Versailles Treaty still reigned as the law of Europe, Russian and German army men found their collaboration mutually advantageous. If the military chiefs of the Reich and the Soviet could have had their way the co-operation would undoubtedly have been carried on indefinitely.

II

But on January 30, 1933, the Weimar Republic came to an end. The former Austrian house-painter, till recently a man without a country, became Chancellor of the new Third Reich. The Communist party in Germany was outlawed; the Soviet Union was portrayed by the Nazis as the mortal enemy which Germany must vanquish. The Führer would save Europe from the threatening Bolshevik monster. "With Adolf Hitler Europe stands or falls!" shrieked the propaganda pouring from Dr. Goebbels' ministry of Public Enlightenment.

Some of the officials in the capitals of the *Zwischenland* were so impressed by the Nazis' anti-Soviet crusade that they dreaded the approach of open conflict between the Reich and the Soviet. Poland, Lithuania, Finland, Roumania, Latvia, and Estonia all feared that Brown armies would attempt a long-range invasion of the U.S.S.R. Their territory and their coasts would be the battleground for the German attack and the Russian counterattack. In her efforts to create a balance between the Nazis and the Soviets, Poland let it be known that she would fight the moment the first foreign soldier put foot on her soil. If either the Germans or the Russians attempted to cross Polish lands to attack each other then Poland would array herself against the side which first transgressed Polish territorial integrity. It was a realistic policy that undoubt-

edly dampened the ardor of the more adventurous Brown-Shirts who actually had a Russian invasion in mind.

While the border nations nervously awaited a Nazi offensive against Russia, certain circles in the Western democracies looked on this possibility with complacency. From their point of view the Soviet was still the great menace to Europe's political, social, and economic structure. If the Nazis and Communists clashed, Western Europe would have an indefinite breathing spell. Hitler's anti-Comintern proclamations were, therefore, received in the French and British capitals with a certain amount of approval. The possibility of a second Rapallo became less frightening. Indeed, the worse Nazi-Soviet relations became the farther the bogey of another Rapallo would recede into the background.

But the capitals of the border nations were always more acutely concerned with Russo-German relations than were the Western democracies. They quickly noted that Hitler did not interrupt Berlin's commercial relations with Moscow. Trade between these reputed enemies went on. And the secret services of the buffer states reported to their governments that relations between the Reichswehr and the Red Army were not broken off. On the contrary, the German army leaders held themselves aloof from the Nazi propaganda campaign against the Soviet. The Polish secret police gave Warsaw reports to this effect. The Estonian, Roumanian, and other intelligence services gave corroboratory reports to their respective governments. Such a state of affairs made nearly all the *Zwischenland*, except Czechoslovakia, wary of political commitments to the Western democracies, to the League, or even to one another. For all alike were afraid of any foreign policy that might play into the hands of those German military and political leaders who advocated a pro-Russian orientation.

In 1934, when the French government attempted, through Foreign Minister

Barthou, to create a so-called "Eastern Locarno," the project failed abjectly. The Poles refused to join any coalition directed against either of their two great neighbors. The Polish refusal was swayed, in some degree at least, by the fear that such a combination would drive the Reich into the arms of the Soviet. Once more the incubus of a second Rapallo lay heavily upon the major foreign policies of the Western democracies. But even now London and Paris realized only vaguely the potential danger of the Nazi-Soviet alliance that was so real to the statesmen of the *Zwischenland*.

In June, 1937, Europe was suddenly shocked by the sensational "purge" of the Soviet Marshal, Tewkashevsky, and seven of his colleagues in the hierarchy of the Red Army. Every European capital buzzed with rumors; all sorts of reasons were invented to account for the execution of the Soviet's brilliant military strategist. But in the foreign offices of the border capitals officials believed that they knew the reason. Tewkashevsky and his collaborators had long maintained close relations with the Reichswehr. Stalin, so they said in the buffer capitals, not only knew all about the Reichswehr-Red Army relations but approved of them. In the spring of 1937, so it was believed in the *Zwischenland*, the military chiefs of the Reich and the Soviet had come to an agreement about military co-operation. And this military co-operation of course included political collaboration.

Tewkashevsky was known to be an admirer of German technical skill and military organization. He was interested in ideological struggles only in so far as they affected political-military affairs. The border capitals were convinced that Hitler and Stalin both approved of the unfolding plans for a German-Russian entente. Then for some reason, it was believed, Stalin abruptly changed his mind. According to this view, Tewkashevsky and his friends were shot not because they had betrayed the

Soviet, but because they had backed a policy suddenly repudiated in the Kremlin. Tewkashevsky was riding Stalin's horse when Stalin unexpectedly decided to shoot the mount. The future implications of this situation made the border capitals shiver. What if Stalin should change his mind again? Even the political leaders of the Western democracies had a bad case of jitters which was only partially relieved by Hitler's anti-Soviet outburst at Nuremberg three months later.

During the extended Czechoslovakian crisis of 1938 the Soviet, always in the background, was the great enigma. If Hitler attacked the Czechs what would Stalin do? This question was anxiously asked in every European capital. French, British, and Americans speculated about what the Red Army could do to save the beleaguered Czechs. But in Warsaw and Bucharest some informed opinion surmised that Berlin and Moscow had some kind of an understanding, a secret agreement that would give the Nazis their own way in Bohemia. In Paris and London, on the other hand, many people suspected that Moscow, in the person of Foreign Minister Litvinoff, was encouraging a general war over Czechoslovakia in order to reap the rewards that such chaos would bring to international Communism. It was this suspicion, perhaps more than any other factor, that influenced the Western democracies' surrender to Hitler's demands at the Munich conference.

And what of the Soviet at Munich? Though bound to Czechoslovakia by a mutual-assistance pact and to France by a political accord, the Soviet was ignored by the Western powers. Moscow had no say in the dramatic proceedings that sealed the fate of the Czechoslovak democracy. For at least one day the four-power concert long advocated by Mussolini was a reality. A Briton, a Frenchman, a German, and an Italian decided the fate of Europe. It was a great triumph for the Berlin-Rome axis.

Hitler's "bloodless" victory at Munich bade fair to make him master of the Old World.

How did Stalin appraise this situation? Did he censure the Nazis? Did he blame the Western democracies? His answer was voiced by Dmitry Z. Manuisky, a member of the Executive Committee of the Communist International. Addressing the All-Union Communist Party Congress in session at the Kremlin on March 12th, Mr. Manuisky made these scathing charges: "The plan of the English reactionary bourgeoisie is this—sacrificing of the small states of southeastern Europe to Fascist Germany, to direct Germany eastward—namely, against the U.S.S.R.; to attempt by such counter-revolutionary war to retard the further successes of socialism and the victory of Communism in the U.S.S.R.; to bribe Germany from her imperialistic designs on English colonies."

Following up his accusation, Mr. Manuisky continued: "At the same time the English reactionaries wish to pull the teeth of German imperialism by means of the U.S.S.R., to weaken Germany for many years and to retain for English imperialism a dominant position in Europe."

The speeches of Soviet leaders, attacking the British and hardly criticizing the Nazis, came as a shock to Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay. For in the Western democracies and America it had been confidently assumed that after Munich Hitler would start his field-gray legions marching toward the Soviet Ukraine. On March 11th Stalin told the All-Union Congress: "The fuss raised by the British, French, and North American press is characteristic. The gentlemen of the press grew hoarse shouting that the Germans were marching on the Soviet Ukraine, that they now had in their hands so-called Carpathian Ukraine with a population of 700,000, and that not later than this spring the Germans would annex Soviet Ukraine with a population of more than 30,000,-

000 to so-called Carpathian Ukraine. It looks as if the object of this suspicious fuss was to raise the ire of the Soviet Union against Germany, to poison the atmosphere and provoke a conflict with Germany without any visible grounds for it."

In other words, according to the Soviet dictator, the British were attempting to provoke a war between the Reich and the Soviet Union. By implication the Soviet chief practically cleared the Reich of any complicity in this alleged plot. It was the English alone who were trying to stir up a war between Germany and the U.S.S.R. over the Ukraine. And this was the same Stalin who only a few years back warned other countries to "keep their swinish snouts out of the Soviet potato patch!"

Now, much of the misunderstanding in Western Europe about Hitler's policy toward the Ukraine can be traced to the Führer's speech at Nuremberg in September, 1936. On that occasion he told the cheering masses of his followers: "If I had the Urals, with their incalculable store of treasures in raw materials, Siberia, with its vast forests, and the Ukraine, with its tremendous wheat fields, Germany and the National Socialist leadership would swim in plenty." While squadrons of war planes droned overhead the Führer shouted: "We will conquer in the sign of the swastika!"

Hitler's words were immediately taken by many people in Western Europe and America to mean that the Nazis had decided to wrest the Ukraine from the Soviet. But that was not the only construction put upon them in the capitals of the *Zwischenland*. Perhaps Hitler himself was not sure of the method by which he would reach his objective. In the border nations it was noted that Hitler spoke of the Urals. These mountains are more than one thousand miles east of East Prussia. And the forests of Siberia are even farther removed from the Reich. The most rash and youthful Brown-Shirt would hardly expect Germany to swallow all of European

Russia and then take Siberia. Yet the famous Nuremberg speech linked the Urals and Siberia with the Ukraine.

The buffer capitals appraised the Führer's words in this way: Germany was short of raw materials. If she had the Soviet's natural resources the Reich would "swim in plenty." But Hitler did not announce his plan for getting them. The fact, however, that he included the Urals and Siberia convinced the *Zwischenland* chancelleries that Germany was not planning to get control of these riches by force. It sounded to many borderland statesmen as if the Führer looked forward to an eventual understanding with the Soviet which would permit the hungry Reich to develop the raw materials of the Ukraine, the Urals, and Siberia. At the same time Russia would become a vast market for Germany's exports.

III

The *Zwischenland* interpretation of Hitler's Soviet policies is strengthened by Moscow's attitude during recent months. While newspapers in the West featured stories predicting a Nazi onslaught on the Russian Ukraine, the Kremlin followed a policy of indifference. Moscow publications described the Ukraine as a "fortress of socialism" safe from invasion from the Reich. Why should Germany commit suicide by attacking the Soviet, Moscow writers asked, when the Reich could obtain enormous amounts of loot from the French and British colonial empires? In the border capitals it was hoped that Hitler would move west and let the East alone. In this instance their hopes coincided with those of the Soviet leadership.

But the *Zwischenland* capitals are not deceiving themselves. They find increasing evidence that Germany and Russia are moving toward each other ideologically and politically. Capitalism is all but gone in the Reich; Hitler is exerting more and more pressure against religion. In the Soviet Union

nationalism is making noteworthy headway. The new oath for the Red Army, announced last January, is a symptom of this trend. The old oath began with these words: "I, a son of the toiling people . . ." and included a pledge to "direct my every act and thought toward the great aim of emancipation of the toilers." The new oath, stressing patriotism, starts: "I, a citizen of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics . . ." and binds the soldiers and sailors to shed the last drop of blood for "my people, my Soviet Fatherland."

In the border capitals observers point out that during the Nazi persecution of Jews in Germany the Soviet Union has refused to open its doors to these helpless people driven from their homeland. Yet Russia is in dire need of physicians, dentists, scientists, and other professional workers easily recruited from the ranks of the refugees. In some quarters Moscow's attitude toward the refugees is considered a manifestation of anti-Semitism; by nearly everybody in Central Europe it is looked upon as an indication of the growing spirit of Russian nationalism. Nearly all European observers believe that Communism has passed from the Russian scene, that Marxism and Leninism have been replaced by a system called Stalinism. Some, in fact, insist that what rules the U.S.S.R. is Red Fascism, a brand of Fascism not so very different from the Brown Fascism of Germany and the Black Fascism of Italy.

But, objects the reader, how do observers in the border countries reconcile Hitler's furious attacks upon Bolshevism with the putative rapprochement between Berlin and Moscow? The answer is simple. To the Nazis the term Bolshevism no longer connotes the motivating philosophy of the Soviet Union only. The Nazis apply it with perhaps even greater significance to the governmental systems of the Western democracies and America. Indeed, Bolshevism may soon be the term of opprobrium applied by the Duce and the Führer ex-

clusively to their "decadent" enemies of the Western world. The time may not be far off when Berlin and Rome will charge that Bolshevism has its seat in London or Paris. That may seem a strange statement to many Americans, but it is almost taken for granted by certain well-informed people in the *Zwischenland* capitals.

To many British, French, and American commentators the problems presented by Hitler's aggression seem comparatively simple of solution. All that the Western democracies must do, we are told, is to take a stand against the Nazis and present a powerful common front of the numerous enemies of Germany. But in some of the border capitals the problem does not appear so simple. The buffer nations fear that such an "encirclement" of the Reich may cause Hitler to plunge into an alliance with Stalin. For Moscow has long dreaded the menace to the Socialist Fatherland that it calls "capitalist encirclement." This is just as much of a bogey to the Kremlin as "*Einkreisung* (encirclement)" is to the Wilhelmstrasse. "*Feinde ringsum* (Surrounded by foes)" was Bismarck's rallying cry. Today Nazis and Soviets share this encirclement complex. It has a natural tendency to draw them toward each other, if not together.

Let us suppose that Hitler finds himself stopped by a powerful Anglo-French coalition, aided by some of the smaller nations, and supported economically and perhaps politically by America. What will he do? Will he and Goering bow to the situation and drop their grandiose plans of a great Brown-Shirt empire that will dominate Europe? No one who knows Hitler's temperament expects him to do anything of the kind. In the *Zwischenland* capitals observers believe that he would be willing to take some kind of a desperate military gamble. But before he took such a step, he would attempt to break through the hostile "encirclement." What could be more natural

than to implement this attempt by forming an alliance with the Soviet? Such a step would not only receive the support of the German army chiefs; it would be welcome to certain influential circles in the Nazi party hierarchy. The latter uphold a left-wing philosophy not far removed from the ideology which rules the U.S.S.R.

Border-capital observers of high standing have expressed to the writer their belief that Hitler's offer to Stalin would probably take some such line as this: "Give us a free hand down the Danube and into the Near East and we shall not harm your interests. Our destiny leads us toward the Persian Gulf. Your destiny is, after all, in Asia rather than in Europe. You are threatened by Japan because you are in danger of being forced to fight on two fronts. We can relieve you of all danger on your western frontier. Then you can concentrate your strength in Siberia and drive your Japanese enemies into the Pacific. But our *quid pro quo* is your support for our policies in Europe."

Such masters of *Realpolitik* as Hitler and Goering would not hesitate for a moment to throw their present Italian and Japanese allies overboard. Soviet strength, present and potential, is far greater than that of all the Reich's allies in the anti-Comintern pact. But it probably would not be necessary for Berlin to break with Rome and Tokio. The Nazi political strategists are believed to have found a solution for this problem. From the profits of a Nazi-Soviet coalition the Duce would receive his cut of the French North African empire. The Japanese would be deflected from their Siberian ambitions southward toward the rich Dutch East Indies. Dutch oil, rubber, and other raw materials would more than compensate the Nipponese for anything that they might forsake by turning their backs upon the Soviet's maritime provinces. If the Japanese did not fall into line with the plans of Berlin and Moscow so much the worse for the subjects of the Mikado.

Each member of the Nazi-Soviet alignment would receive plunder at the expense of the "satiated" Western powers. The far-flung British, French, and Dutch colonial empires would be under attack from the North Sea to Java and Hong Kong. An allied Soviet that would supply the Reich with raw materials would fit into the Nazi program. If the Soviets would take an active part in the anti-democratic drive so much the better, according to Nazi calculations. They might receive their reward in Persia or even India.

As a start for this program the Nazis would undoubtedly suggest to the Soviets a fourth partition of Poland. It must be kept in mind that several centuries ago Poland was a bastion for the West against the barbaric East. Later, Russian invaders entered Poland from the east and Germans attacked from the west. Traditionally, therefore, the Poles have enemies in their Russian and German neighbors. The first partition (1772) was carried out by Prussians, Russians, and Austrians. A fourth partition by Germany and Russia would be in line with the European past.

Hitler has said that the Reich "must march again along the road of the former Teutonic Knights, in order to win with the German sword soil for the German plow, and for the nation its daily bread." The northeast route of the Teutonic Knights into Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia can be followed by the Nazis without challenging the Soviet Union. But the highroad of Germany's destiny points southeastward toward the Roumanian oil fields, the warm waters of the Ægean, and the agricultural lands and raw materials of Asia Minor. It is not without purpose that Nazi agents foment Arab outbreaks in Syria and Palestine. In these lands to the south of the Reich Hitler plans to find his "*Lebensraum* (living space)" that he says must be the price of any peace for Europe. This "living space" is to be spread out over the present territories of the small independent nations of Danubia, the Balkans,

Asia Minor, and the British and French domains in the area of the eastern Mediterranean.

When "appeasement" was the keynote of London's foreign policy, British officialdom snubbed the Soviet Foreign Minister, Litvinoff. Yet Litvinoff is the last-ditch opponent of the Nazi-Soviet deal which Britain and France dread. Is there any wonder that British and French diplomacy has been at a discount all over Europe? In March when "appeasement" was abandoned, shortly after Stalin's sharp attack on Britain and Hitler's seizure of the post-Munich portions of Czechoslovakia, London and Paris frantically paid court to Moscow. The Soviet would be given the honor of defending Rouman'a against the Reich. The Soviet would be given Germany's place in the future plans of the Western democracies. Prime Minister Chamberlain hastened to say that there was no ideological conflict between London and Moscow. But these belated Anglo-French moves, ironic sequels to the "peace of Munich," failed to call forth comforting words from the Kremlin.

Even with the Soviet a member of the British-inspired collective security system, the fear of eventual Russo-German collaboration will still disturb the uneasy slumbers of statesmen in London and Paris. Not even the outbreak of a general war, with the Reich and the Soviet on opposing sides, could dispel it. For a defeated Nazi Germany could easily become a Red Germany, ready to join hands with the Soviet.

In Helsingfors, Riga, Warsaw, and Bucharest, where observers have an anxious ear to the ground for the slightest tell-tale tremor from the Soviet Union, Litvinoff is considered the man to watch. For he is, after all, the key to the Nazi-Soviet question. So long as Litvinoff is in power a Berlin-Moscow alliance cannot be a reality. But if Litvinoff should share the fate of Zinovieff, Kameneff, Tewkashevsky, and other purged Communist leaders, then the border capitals will be certain that Hitler and Stalin have reached an agreement. "Keep your eyes on Litvinoff!" is the watchword in the border nations to-day.





THE BIRTHDAY

A STORY

BY THOMAS WOLFE

OUT of the nameless and unfathomed weavings of billion-footed life, out of the dark abyss of time and duty, blind chance had brought these two together on a ship, and their first meeting had been upon the timeless and immortal seas that beat forever at the shores of the old earth.

Yet later, it would always seem to him that he had met her for the first time, had come to know and love her first, one day at noon in bright October. That day he was twenty-five years old, she had said that she would meet him for his birthday lunch; they had agreed to meet at noon before the Public Library. He got there early. It was a fine, shining day, early in October, and the enormous library, set there at the city's furious heart, with its millions of books, with the beetling architectures that towered around it, and the nameless brutal fury of the manswarm moving around it in the streets, had come to evoke for him a horrible mockery of repose and study in the midst of the blind wildness and savagery of life, to drown his soul with hopelessness, and to fill him with a feeling of weariness and horror.

But now his excitement and happiness over meeting her, together with the glorious life and sparkle of the day, had almost conquered these feelings, and he was conscious of a powerful swelling certitude of hope and joy as he looked at the surging crowds upon the street, the thronging traffic, and the great buildings that soared up on every side.

It was the day when for the first time in his life he could say, "Now I am twenty-five years old," and, like a child who thinks that he has grown new muscle, a new stature over night, the magic numerals kept beating in him like a pulse, and he leaned there on the balustrade feeling a sense of exultant power inside of him, a sense of triumph for the mastery, the conviction that the *whole* of this was his.

A young man of twenty-five is the Lord of Life. The very age itself is, for him, the symbol of his mastery. It is the time for him when he is likely to feel that now, at last, he has really grown up to man's estate, that the confusions and uncertainties of his youth are behind him. Like an ignorant fighter, for he has never been beaten, he is exultant in the assurance of his knowledge and his power. It is a wonderful time of life, but it is also a time that is pregnant with a deadly danger. For that great flask of ether which feels within itself the illusions of an invincible and hurtless strength may explode there in so many ways it does not know about—that great engine of life charged with so much power and speed, with a terrific energy of its high velocity so that it thinks that nothing can stop it, that it can roar like a locomotive across the whole continent of life, may be derailed by a pebble, by a grain of dust.

It is a time when a man is so full of himself, of his own strength and pride and arrogant conceit that there is not

much room left at the center of his universe for broad humanity. He is too much the vaunting hero of his cosmic scheme to have a wise heart for the scheme of others: he is arrogant and he does not have a simple heart, and he is intolerant and lacks human understanding, for men learn understanding—courage also!—not from the blows they give to others, but from those they take.

It is the time of life when a man conceives himself as earth's great child. He is life's darling, fortune's pet, the world's enhaloed genius: all he does is right. All must give way to him, nothing must oppose him. Are there traces of rebellion there among the rabble? Ho, varlets, scum—out of the way! Here's royalty! Must we rejoice, then, at the beatings which this fool must take? Not so, because there is so much virtue in the creature also. He is a fool, but there's a touch of angel in him too. He is so young, so raw, so ignorant, and so grievously mistaken. And he is so right. He would play the proud Lord, brook no insolences, and grind his heel into the world's recumbent neck. And inside the creature is a shaft of light, a jumping nerve, a plate so sensitive that the whole picture of this huge tormented world is printed in the very hues and pigments of the life of man. He can be cruel, and yet hate cruelty with the hate of hell; he can be so unjust, and give his life to fight injustice; he can, in moments of anger, jealousy, or wounded vanity, inflict a grievous hurt upon others who have never done him wrong. And the next moment, thrice wounded, run through and pinned to the wall upon the spear of his own guilt, remorse, and scalding shame, he can endure such agonies that if there really were a later hell there would be no real damnation left in it.

For at the end the creature's spirit is a noble one. His heart is warm and generous, it is full of faith and noble aspiration. He wants to be the best man in the world, but it is a good world that he wants to be the best man in. He wants to be the greatest man on earth, but in

the image of his mind and heart it is not among mean people, but among his compeers of the great, that he wishes to be first. And remember this thing of this creature too, and let it say a word in his defense: he does not want monopoly, nor is his fire expended on a pile of dung. He does not want to be the greatest rich man in the world, to beetle up out of the blood sweat of the poor the gold of his accretions. It is not his noble proud ambition to control the slums, to squeeze out in his own huge cider-press the pulp of plundered and betrayed humanity. He does not want to own the greatest bank on earth, to steal the greatest mine, to run the greatest mill, to exploit the labor and to profit on the sweat of ninety thousand lesser men. He has a higher goal than this: at very least he wants to be the greatest fighter in the world, which would take courage and not cunning; and at the very most he wants to be the greatest poet, the greatest writer, the greatest composer, or the greatest leader in the world—and he wants to paint instead of own the greatest painting in the world.

He was the Lord of Life, the master of the earth, he was the city's conqueror, he was the only man alive who ever had been twenty-five years old, the only man who ever loved or ever had a lovely woman come to meet him, and it was morning in October; all of the city and sun, the people passing in the slant of light, all of the wine and gold of singing in the air had been created for his christening, and it was morning in October, and he was twenty-five years old.

And then the golden moments' wine there in the goblet of his life dropped one by one, the minutes passed, and she did not come. Some brightness had gone out of day. He stirred, looked at his watch, searched with a troubled eye among the thronging crowd. The minutes dropped now like cold venom. And now the air was chilled, and all the singing had gone out of day.

Noon came and passed, and yet she did not come. His feeling of jubilant happiness changed to one of dull, sick appre-

hension. He began to pace up and down the terrace before the library nervously, to curse and mutter, already convinced that she had fooled him, that she had had no intention of coming, and he told himself savagely that it did not matter, that he did not care.

He had turned and was walking away furiously toward the street, cursing under his breath, when he heard a clatter of brisk small feet behind him. He heard a woman's voice raised above the others, calling a name, and though he could not distinguish the name, he knew at once that it was his own. His heart gave a bound of the most unspeakable joy and relief, and he turned quickly, and there across the pavement of the court, threading her way through the fast weavings of the crowd, he saw her coming toward him eager and ruddy as an apple, and clad in rich, russet, autumnal brown. Bright harvestings of young October sun fell over her, she trotted towards him briskly as a child, with rapid step and short-paced runs. She was panting for breath: at that moment he began to love her, he loved her with all his heart, but his heart would not utter or confess its love, and he did not know of it.

She was so lovely, so ruddy, and so delicate, she was so fresh and healthy-looking, and she looked like a good child, eager and full of belief in life, radiant with beauty, goodness, and magic. There was an ache of bitter, nameless joy and sorrow in him as he looked at her: the immortal light of time and of the universe fell upon her, and the feet swarmed past upon the pavements of the street and the old hunger for the wand and the key pierced to his entrails—for he believed the magic word might come to unlock his heart and say all that he felt as he saw Esther there at noon in bright October on the day when he was twenty-five years old.

He went striding back toward her, she came hurrying up, they came together in a kind of breathless collision and impulsively seized each other by the hands, and stood there too excited to speak.

"Oh!"—she gasped when she could speak. "I ran so! . . . I saw you walking away—my heart jumped so!" And then, more quietly, looking at him, with a shade of reproach, "You were going away," she said.

"I thought—" then paused, groping, not knowing what, in this intoxication of joy and relief, he *had* thought. "I waited for you," he blurted out. "I've been here almost an hour—you said twelve."

"Oh, no, my dear," she answered quietly. "I told you I had an appointment at the costumer's at twelve. I'm a few minutes late, I'm sorry—but I said twelve-thirty."

The emotion of relief and happiness was still so great that he scarcely heard her explanation.

"I thought—I'd given you up," he blurted out. "I thought you weren't coming."

"Oh," she said quietly but reproachfully again, "how could you think that? You must have known I would."

For the first time now they released each other from the hard clasp in which, in their excitement, they had held each other fast. They stepped back a little and surveyed each other, she beaming, and he grinning, in spite of himself, with delight.

"Well, young fellow," she cried in a jolly tone. "How does it feel to be twenty-five years old?"

Still grinning, and staring at her foolishly, he stammered: "It—it feels all right. . . . Gosh!" he cried impulsively, "you look swell in brown."

"Do you like it, hah?" she said, eagerly and brightly. She stroked the bosom of her dress with the kind of pride and satisfaction a child might take in its belongings. "It is one of my Indian dresses," she said, "a sari. I'm glad if you like it."

Arm in arm, still looking at each other and so absorbed that they were completely oblivious of the crowd, the people passing, and the city all around them, they had begun to walk along, and down the steps that led to the street. On the

curb they paused, and for the first time became aware of their surroundings.

"Do you know . . ." she began doubtfully, looking at him. "Where are we going?"

"Oh!" He recollected himself, came to himself with a start. "Yes! I thought we'd go to a place I know about—an Italian place on the West Side."

She took her purse from under her arm and patted it.

"This is to be a celebration," she said. "I got paid this morning."

"Oh, no you don't! Not this time. This is my party."

Meanwhile he had stopped a taxicab and was holding the door open for her. They got in, he gave the driver the address, and they were driven across town toward the place that he had chosen.

It was an Italian speakeasy on West 46th Street, in a row of brownstone houses, of which almost every one harbored an establishment similar to this. Certainly New York at that period must have contained thousands of such places, none of which differed in any essential detail from Joe's.

The setting and design of the establishment was one which a few years under the Prohibition Act had already made monotonously familiar to millions of people in New York. The entrance was through the basement, by means of a grated door which opened underneath the brownstone steps. To reach this door one went down a step or two from the sidewalk into what had formerly been the basement areaway, pressed a button, and waited. Presently the basement door was opened, a man came out, peered through the grating of the gate, and, if he recognized the visitor, admitted him.

Within, too, the appearance of the place was one that had already grown familiar, through thousands of duplications, to city dwellers. The original design of a city house had not been altered very much. There was a narrow hallway which led through the place from front to rear, and at the end of it there was a kitchen; to the left, as one entered, there

was a very small room for the hat-check woman. On the right-hand side, in a larger but still very dark and narrow room, there was a small bar. From the bar one entered through a door into a small dining room of about the same dimensions. Across the hall there was a larger dining room, which had been created by knocking out the wall between two rooms. And upstairs on what had once been the first floor of the house, there were still other dining rooms, and private ones too if one desired them. On the floors above were—God knows what!—more rooms and lodgings, and shadowy-looking lodgers who came in and out, went softly up and down the carpeted tread of the old stairs, and, quickly, softly, through the entrance of the upper door. It was a life secret, flitting, and nocturnal, a life rarely suspected and never felt, that never intruded upon the hard, bright gaiety, the drunken voices, and the raucous clatter of the lower depths.

The proprietor of this establishment was a tall, thin, and sallow man with a kind of patient sadness, a gentle melancholy which one somehow liked because he felt and understood in the character of the man a sense of decency and of human friendliness. The man was an Italian, by name Pocallipo, and since he had been christened Giuseppe, the patrons of the place referred to it as "Joe's."

The history of Joe Pocallipo was also, if one could probe that great catacomb of life that hives the obscure swarmings of the city millions, a familiar one. He was one of those simple, gentle, and essentially decent people whom circumstance, occasion, and the collusions of a corrupt period had kicked upstairs, and who did not really like this ruthless betterment.

Before the advent of the Prohibition Act he had been a waiter in a large hotel. His wife had run this same house as a lodging house, her clientele being largely derived from actors, vaudeville performers, and somewhat down-at-the-heels theatrical people of all sorts. As time went on the woman began to provide some of her guests with an occasional meal when

they would ask for it, and Joe, whose skill as a chef was considerable, began himself, on his "off day," to prepare a Sunday dinner, to which paying guests were invited. The idea, begun really as a kind of concession to the lodgers in the house, caught on: the meals were cheap, the food was excellent, people came and came again, returning often with their friends, until Joe's Sunday dinners had achieved a kind of celebrity, and the man and his wife were sorely taxed to accommodate the numbers that now came.

This involved of course the taking on of extra service and the enlargement of the dining space; meanwhile the Prohibition Act had gone into effect, and now people at these Sunday dinners began to suggest the advisability of his serving wine to those who wanted it. To an Italian this request seemed not only simple but completely reasonable; he found, moreover, that although Prohibition was a law, the supply of wine, both new and old, was plentiful to those who could afford to pay for it. Although the price was high, as he soon found from investigation carried on among his friends and colleagues, who had also been led in some such way as this into the labyrinth of this strange profession, the profit, once the corks were pulled, was great.

The remainder of the road was certain. There was a moment—just a moment—when Joe was faced with a decision, when he saw the perilous way this casual enterprise had led him into, when it was plain to him the kind of decision he had to make; but the dice were loaded, the scales too weighted down upon one side to admit a balanced judgment. Before him lay the choice of two careers. On the one hand, he could continue working as a waiter in a big hotel, which meant the insecurity of employment, subservience, and dependence for his living on a waiter's tips; and this way, as Joe well knew, the end was certain—old age, poverty, and broken feet. Before him on the other hand lay a more perilous and more ruthless way, but one made tempting by its promise of quick wealth. It

was a way that would lead him, if not into full membership in the criminal underworld, at least into collusion with it; into a bought-and-paid-for treaty with the criminal police; and to violence, dishonesty, and crime. But it promised to him also wealth and property and eventual independence, and, like many another simple man of the corrupted period, it seemed to him there was no choice to make.

He made it, and the results within four years had been more glittering than he had dared to hope. His profit had been enormous. Now he was a man of property. He owned this house, and a year before he had bought the next one to it. He was even now considering the purchase of a small apartment house uptown. And if not in actual fact a rich man now, he was destined to be a very rich one soon.

And yet—that sad, dark face, that tired eye, the melancholy patience with a quiet tone. It was all so different from the way he thought it would turn out—so different from the life that he had thought he would have. It was, in some ways, so much better; it was, wearily and sadly, so much worse—the dense enmeshment of that tangled scheme, the dark, unhappy weavings of the ugly web, the complications of this world of crime, with its constantly growing encroachments, its new and ever uglier demands, the constant mulctings of all its graft, of blackmail, and of infamy, the fear of merciless reprisal, the knowledge that he was now imprisoned in a deadly world from which he could never hope again to escape—a world controlled by criminals, and by the police, each in collusion with the other, and himself so tarred now with the common stick of their iniquity that there was no longer any appeal left to him to any court of justice and authority, if there had been one. And there was none.

So here he stood to-day, peering out behind the grating of his basement gate, a sad and gentle man with weary eyes, looking out between the bars of his own

barricade to see what new eventuality the ringing of the bell had brought to him, and whether enemy or friend.

For a moment he stood there, looking out through the bars with a look of careful anxiousness; then, when he saw the young man, his face brightened, and he said: "Oh, good morning, sir. Come in."

He unlocked the door then and held it open for his visitors as they came in, smiling in a gentle, kindly way, as they passed him. He closed the gate behind them and stood aside while they went in. Then he led the way along the narrow little corridor into a dining room. The first one they came to had some people in it, but the smaller one behind was empty. They chose this one, and took a table, Joe pulling back the chairs and standing behind Esther until she was seated, with the air of kind and gentle dignity that, one felt, was really a part of the decency and goodness of the man.

"I have not seen you for so long, sir," he said to the young man in his quiet voice; "you've been away?"

"Yes, Joe, I've been away a year," said the young man, secretly warmed and pleased that the man should have remembered him, and a little proud too that this mark of recognition should be given in front of Esther.

"We've missed you," Joe said with his quiet smile. "You've been in Europe?"

"Yes," the other said casually, but quite pleased just the same that the proprietor had asked him, for he was at that age when one likes to boast a little of his voyages. "I was there a year," he added, and then realized that he had said something of this sort before.

"Where were you?" Joe inquired politely. "You were in Paris, sir, I am sure," he said and smiled.

"Yes," the other answered carelessly, with just a trace of the nonchalance of an old boulevardier, "I lived there for six months," he said, tossing this off carelessly in a tone of casual ease, "and then I stayed in England for a while."

"You did not go to Italy?" inquired Joe, with a smile.

"Yes, I was there this spring," the traveler replied in an easy tone that indicated that this season of the year was always the one he preferred when taking his Italian holiday. He did not think it worth mentioning that he had gone back again in August to sail from Naples: that trip hardly counted, for he had gone straight through by train and had seen nothing of the country.

"Ah, Italy is beautiful in spring," Joe said. "You were at Rome?"

"Not long," said the voyager, whose stay in Rome, to tell the truth, had been limited to a stop between trains. "In the spring I remained in the North"—he tossed this off with some abandon too, as if to say that at this season of the year "the North" is the only portion of the Italian peninsula that a man of cultivated taste could tolerate.

"You know Milano?" said Joe.

"Oh, yes," the other cried, somewhat relieved to have some place mentioned at last that he could honestly say he did know. "I stayed there for some time"—a slight exaggeration of the fact, perhaps, as his sojourn had been limited to seven days. "And Venezia," he went on quickly, getting a lascivious pleasure from his pronunciation of the word.

"Venezia is very beautiful," said Joe.

"Your own home is near Milano, isn't it?"

"No, near Turino, sir," Joe replied.

"And the whole place here," the youth went on, turning eagerly to Esther—"all the waiters, the hat-check girl, the people out in the kitchen, come from that same little town—don't they, Joe?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," said Joe smiling, "all of us." In his quiet and gentle way he turned to Esther and with a movement of the hand explained: "First one man came—and he writes back that he is doing"—he moved his shoulders slightly—"not so bad. Then others came. Now, I think we are more here than we are left at home."

"How interesting," murmured Esther, pulling off her gloves and looking round the room. "Look," she said

quickly, turning to her companion, "could you get a cocktail—hah? I want to drink to your health."

"Well, of course," said Joe, "you can have anything you like."

"It's my birthday, Joe, and this is my birthday party."

"You shall have everything. What will the lady drink?"—he turned to her.

"Oh, I think—" she meditated a moment; then, turning to the youth, said brightly, "a nice Martini—hah?"

"Yes, I'll have that too. Two of them, Joe."

"Two Martinis. Very good, *very* good," said Joe, with an air of complaisance, "and after that—?"

"Well, what have you?"

He told them what he had, and they ordered the dinner—antipasto, minestrone, fish, chicken, salad, cheese, and coffee. It was too much, but they had the spirit of true celebrants: they ordered a quart flask of Chianti to go with it.

"I'm not doing anything else all afternoon," said Esther. "I saved it for you."

Joe disappeared and they could hear him giving orders in fast Italian. A waiter brought two cocktails on a tray. They clinked glasses and Esther said, "Well, here's to you, young fellow." She was silent for a moment, looking at him very seriously, then she said: "To your success—the real kind—the kind you want inside of you—the best."

They drank, but her words, her presence here, the feeling of wonderful happiness and pride that the day had brought to him, a sense that somehow this was the true beginning of his life, and that a fortunate and happy life such as he had always visioned now lay immediately before him, gave him an exalted purpose, the intoxication of a determined and irresistible strength that even drink could add nothing to. He leaned forward across the table and seized her hand in both of his: "Oh, I'll do it!" he cried exalted, "I'll do it!"

"You will," she said, "I know you will!" And putting her other hand on top of

his, she squeezed it hard, and whispered: "The best! You are the best!"

The wild happiness of that moment, the mounting total of that enchanted day left now only the overpowering sense of some miraculous consummation that was about to be realized immediately. It seemed to him that he had "the whole thing" within his grasp—what, he did not know, and yet he was sure that he had it. The concrete distillation of all this overwhelming certainty, this overwhelming joy—that the great success, the magnificent achievement, the love, the honor, and the glory were already his—lay there palpable, warm and heavy as a ball does, in his hand. And then, feeling this impossible realization so impossibly near that he already had it in his grasp, feeling this certitude so exultantly, the sense of purpose so powerfully, that he was sure he knew exactly what certitude and purpose were—feeling the language he had never uttered so eloquently there at the very hinges of the tongue, the songs that he had never sung, the music he had never heard, the great books, the novels, the poems he had never fashioned—they were all so magnificently, so certainly his that he could utter them at any moment—now—a moment after—within five minutes—at any moment that he chose to make them his!

That boiling confidence of wild elements proved too much for the fragile tenement of flesh, of bone, of thinking, and of sense that it inhabited, and he began to talk "a blue streak." As if every secret hope, every insatiate desire, every cherished and unspoken aspiration, every unuttered feeling, thought, or conviction that had ever seethed and boiled in the wild ferment of his youth, that had ever rankled, eaten like an acid in the secret places of his spirit, that had ever been withheld, suppressed, pent-up, dammed, concealed through pride, through fear of ridicule, through doubt or disbelief, or because there was no other ear to hear him, no other tongue to answer back, to give them confirmation—this whole tremendous backwater

of the spirit burst through its walls and rushed out in an inundating flood.

The words rushed from him in wild phrases, hurled spears, flung and broken staves of thought, of hope, of purpose, and of feeling. If he had had a dozen tongues, yet he would not have had the means to utter them, and still they charged and foamed and thrust there at the portals of his speech, and still not a thousandth part of what he wished to say was shaped or uttered. On the surface of this tremendous superflux he was himself whirled and swept away like a chip, spun round and carried onward, helpless on his own raging flood, and finding all the means at his disposal insufficient, failing him, like a man who pours oil on a raging fire, he ordered one drink after another and gulped them down.

He became very drunk. He became more wild, more incoherent all the time. And yet it seemed to him that he must say it finally, get it out of him, empty himself clean, get it all clear and straight and certain.

When they got out in the street again, darkness had come and he was still talking. They got into a cab. The thronging streets, the jammed congestion of the traffic, the intolerable glare, the insane kaleidoscope of Broadway burned there in his inflamed and maddened vision, not in a blur, not in a drunken maze, but with a kind of distorted and insane precision, a grotesque projection of what it really was. His baffled and infuriated spirit turned against it—against everyone,

everything—against her. For suddenly he realized that she was taking him home to his hotel. The knowledge infuriated him, he felt that she was deserting him, betraying him. He shouted to the driver to stop, she caught hold of his arm and tried to keep him in the car, he wrenched free, shouted at her that she had gone back on him, sold him out, betrayed him—that he wanted to see her no more, that she was no good—and even while she pleaded with him, tried to persuade him to get back into the car with her, he told her to be gone, slammed the door in her face, and lunged away into the crowd.

The whole city now reeled past him—the lights, the crowds, the glittering vertices of night, now bedimmed and sown with a star-flung panoply of their nocturnal faëry—it all burned there in his vision in a pattern of grotesque distortion, it seemed cruel and insane to him. He was filled with a murderous fury, he wanted to batter something into a pulp, to smash things down, to stamp them into splintered ruins. He slugged his way through the streets like a maddened animal, he hurled himself against the crowd, lunged brutally against people and knocked them out of his way, and finally, having stunned himself into a kind of apathy, he reached the end of that blind and blazing passage, he found himself in front of his hotel, exhausted, sick, and with no more hope for a singing in his heart. He found his room, went in, and fell senseless, face downward, on the bed.

The flask of ether had exploded.

IN THE NIGHT

BY ROBERT NATHAN

WESTWARD, still westward sweeps the freckled sun,
 And earth's black shadow which we call the night
 Rides on the east and whispers in the wind.
 Is it but shadow, or a certain One
 Who fills our hearts with fright?

*After the golden day, what cold immense
Wave of disaster gathers in the dark?
Whose step is that among the windy stars?
Some evil in the east, some difference
Will leave its frightful mark*

*Ever hereafter on our dreams and days . . .
Or am I still the child who turned and wept,
Climbing the hills of sleep without a light,
While kings of terror marshalled their arrays,
And the resigned world slept?*

*And I slept too, in innocence and grief,
Aware of what I knew not, and afraid,
Locked in the frosty night forevermore—
Only to wake, and with a long relief,
Find day's bright table laid.*

*How often have I watched the buds of spring
Make feathery play which summer turns to fruit
And gardeners harvest in the leafy fall;
Or heard on freshening lawns the finches sing,
The robin's early flute.*

*Or seen among the ripples of some stream
A twig, a leaf, caught in the tide's increase,
Swept out to sea, and from the sea returned.
Even men's hopes return to them, the dream
Of freedom and of peace.*

*Even men's love, that like the withered grass
Still feels the winter wrapped about its roots,
And waits for summer to grow great again.
The smallest seedling when the blizzards pass
Sets out its hopeful shoots.*

*Take all man has, leave but a hundredth part,
Still stands the soul, the sense of self, estranged;
The old identity, the living seed.
For so man's spirit rests within his heart,
Unchanging and unchanged.*



WHY FRANCE TRUSTS ENGLAND

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

A FRENCHMAN who has read American newspapers and magazines for several months has been struck by the large number of articles which attack, often with violence, the internal and foreign policy of England. Certain American writers maintain that England is a dying oligarchy, that she is not a democracy governed by the people, but an aristocracy dominated by the descendants of a small number of rich and powerful families whose sole anxiety is to preserve privileges and property, and that this oligarchy favors fascism because it is afraid of communism. Others, repeating Napoleon's phrase, "a nation of shopkeepers," assert that the single object of English politicians is to keep England's shops open, and claim that to attain this object British ministers are ready to accept every humiliation, and to sacrifice, one after the other, all their European friends. Others think they can demonstrate that England, in undertaking to carry out such an immense program of armament, will be brought to place all the economic power in the hands of the state, which will lead her to become a totalitarian country, rather similar to Germany or Italy. Still others, developing for the thousandth time the theme of British hypocrisy, and opposing the pious wishes of public opinion to the cabinet's actions, are talking once more of "perfidious Albion."

It is no less striking to note that at the very moment when this campaign pursues its course in America, throughout all France, on the contrary, confidence

in England seems greater than it has been at any moment of history. In 1914 well-informed Frenchmen were very unhappy about England's attitude. They knew that she had made no precise promise, that no treaty bound the two countries, and that one part at least of English public opinion was not favorable to France. In 1939 the well-informed Frenchman is absolutely certain that in case of war (and from whatever cause) England would be on the side of France from the opening day. The very masses share this confidence. We saw that clearly when the King and Queen came to Paris last year. It was the crowds then who, in cheering the royal couple, demonstrated their friendship for the country these two represent. Even those French papers which have long shown the greatest suspicion in respect to British policy seem now to accept the idea of a close collaboration between the two countries. Naturally, not all Frenchmen approve every act of British ministers, but one can say that the majority of the French believe in the good faith of the majority of the English. It is important to examine the reasons for this trust.

II

The first reason is negative. *Between France and England there no longer exists to-day a single cause for rivalry or suspicion.*

This is a very new state of affairs. For a long time the two countries have been hereditary enemies. During a first

period, which goes from the Norman Conquest to the end of the Hundred Years War, the Kings of England, having acquired by marriage and inheritance several French provinces, hoped to become Kings of France. These dynastic quarrels were followed by religious quarrels, the Kings of France defending the English Catholics against the Anglicans and the Puritans, and then by colonial quarrels for the possession of India and Canada.

In the Napoleonic era England, faithful to her traditional policy, which has been, since Cardinal Wolsey, the balance of power—a policy that consisted in not allowing any one power to dominate the European continent—fought the Emperor whose victories caused her anxiety. She succeeded in beating him, she remained mistress of the seas, and one would have thought the fall of the Empire would reassure the British ministers and draw them closer to France. But it did not happen, and the nineteenth century was again a century of mistrust between the two countries.

What were the reasons for this mistrust? (a) *The memory of the victorious France of Louis XIV and Napoleon.* When it was a question of Spanish marriages for the sons of Louis-Philippe England feared that France would renew the alliance which had existed between Louis XIV and his grandson, the King of Spain. As soon as the Second Empire intervened in Italy the British Cabinet evoked Bonaparte and Rivoli. Until the war of 1870 and even later this vision of a military and belligerent France haunted the English mind. (b) *A lack of emotional sympathy.* The frivolous, brilliant France of the Second Empire, the France of "La Belle Hélène" and the Boulevard, terrified both the Victorian court and the nonconformist Puritans. France on her part, still faithful to Napoleon, did not love the masters of St. Helena. (c) *Queen Victoria had married a German; her daughter was destined for the imperial throne.* In the struggle between France and Prussia which then

began the English court was in favor of Prussia.

After 1870 the theory of the balance of power should have normally thrown England into the camp of the defeated. But Bismarck, from 1878, cleverly revived colonial quarrels. Again the two countries were to struggle to form rival empires. Both of them coveted Egypt. Everywhere in Africa, "that Continent created by Providence to annoy the Foreign Office," their explorers met each other and their frontiers touched. In 1898, at the moment when Marchand met Kitchener at Fashoda on the Upper Nile, war was about to break out.

It was then that the wisdom of Delcassé, of Lord Lansdowne, and of Edward VII managed to draw out of this colonial rivalry the elements of an Entente Cordiale. By the agreement of 1904 France renounced all rights to Egypt, while England recognized French rights in Morocco. At the same time the old quarrel of Newfoundland was settled. Henceforth the two Empires are complete, the two countries satisfied and without ambition. When after the war in 1919 they shared the colonial mandates, these partitions were made amicably and without threat of violence.

Nevertheless, if the colonial rivalry was ended after the agreement of 1904 and even though the two countries fought together from 1914 to 1918, continental rivalry sprang up again after the Treaty of Versailles. England then feared that France, grown too powerful and delivered from the German threat, would in her turn threaten the balance of power in Europe. She did not like to see around France a constellation of little satellite states. She disapproved of the occupation of the Ruhr. She thought that Germany had been treated too harshly by the Treaty of Versailles and that it was necessary to help her recover. To maintain balance she brought all her weight to bear on the Berlin scale and from 1920 to 1930, more or less openly, favored Germany's rearmament.

Even after the Nazi party's capture of

power and the rebirth of a powerful Germany this state of mind continued to exist among many influential Englishmen. When in 1936 Germany reoccupied the Rhineland with an army it was the English who discouraged the French ministers and dissuaded them from any strong action. "After all," said the English, "the Germans can do what they like in their own back-garden." We observe the same feeling again, although in a smaller part of the English population, at the moment of the annexation of Austria, then of the Sudetenland. As long as Germans join Germans English public opinion is ready to tolerate it.

But after Munich, which left the English with a sense of humiliation, after the unfavorable reception in Germany to the advances of Chamberlain, after the reopening of the colonial question, after the new development of the German fleet the English understood at last that the balance of power was now threatened by Germany and Italy. Not only do they now desire a powerful France, but all of them, Baldwin, Chamberlain, Eden, Halifax, have declared, one after the other, that the frontiers of France are henceforth those of England. Neither of the two countries any longer suspects the other of mysterious designs and dangerous ambitions. The continental rivalry is as dead as the colonial rivalry. The desire of the two peoples is the same: to keep peace and to assure the integrity of two empires which everywhere are neighbors and nowhere rivals. *Their interests have become identical.*

III

Second cause for mutual trust: *The two countries, without wishing to impose their political doctrines on any other nation, want to maintain for themselves essentially the same rights and the same sort of polity.*

This too may appear to be a rather new situation, because very often, and particularly since the War, superficial observers have believed that France and

England held different political philosophies.

In the eyes of these superficial and ill-informed observers France for a long time appeared as a more Leftist country than England. "Look," said the superficial observer, "there is an important communist party in France; no such party exists in England. France has signed a pact with the Soviets; England keeps them at arm's length. France is a country where radicals make common cause with socialists and agree to form a Popular Front which in England could never have been done. England is a religious country; France anti-clerical." But those who know France better see what is below the surface. They know that not only does France remain a religious country, but that at this moment we are witnessing a great Catholic and Christian revival there, particularly among the youth, and that Pope Pius XII, when he came to France as a cardinal-legate, was received there with moving and universal veneration. They know that the pact with Russia was signed not by a communist government, but by a conservative government which had a horror of communist doctrines and which simply wished to continue the foreign policy of Francis the First and Richelieu. They know that the "Leftist blocs" and the "Popular Fronts" are, at almost regular intervals, constant features of French politics and that always, after two years of such an alliance, the French radicals, who are prudent men, join the moderates, who alone can uphold them and save the country's finances in difficult moments. Finally, they know that the greater part of the electors in France who call themselves socialists or communists are at heart so middle-class that they would not bear for a moment the Russian regime, nor even the forms of State socialism which the subjects of totalitarian states accept so submissively.

In the eyes of the same superficial and ill-informed observers, England is not a democratic country because the descendants of an ancient aristocracy play a pre-

ponderant role there and because some of the present ministers are descended from men who were ministers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But those who know the English better (for instance, Professor Barker of the University of Cambridge) rightly assert that it is owing to the existence of this aristocracy, with both governmental experience and the wisdom to submit to the popular will, that England is so balanced and prosperous a democracy. One cannot help considering as very simple-minded those critics who, disliking Neville Chamberlain's policy, misrepresent it as that of a British oligarchy. They forget that the opposite policy, which they admire, and perhaps rightly, is that of Winston Churchill or Anthony Eden who, far more than Neville Chamberlain or John Simon, belong to the English aristocracy.

We read, some weeks ago, with an intense surprise, several American articles the authors of which question whether England would not go fascist. I have just gone over the largest part of England and Scotland to make an inquiry on the state of mind of the population there. I confess to having met nothing which, directly or indirectly, could resemble a conversion to fascism. Apart from a small group of fashionable people, deprived of any prestige or moral authority, I do not see who in England could justify this strange argument. To be sure, I encountered a few industrialists and bankers who, from fear of communism in Germany and Italy, desired for those countries the maintenance of regimes able to keep order; but I never found a single one who wished to give up, in England, the rights and guarantees which have brought about the glory, the happiness, and the wealth of the country.

What are these guarantees? They are those which the English, after long political experience, have recognized as indispensable to the maintenance of a free government. In order that a country may be certain to avoid tyranny and persecution, it is necessary, the English think:

(a) That the only acts to be punished should be those which are forbidden by laws voted by the nation's representatives; (b) That those laws should be equal for all and the judges independent of the political power; (c) That the government, as strong as a dictator while it is in power, can nevertheless be changed if such is the will of the majority of the country; (d) That freedom of conscience, of opinion, and of speech may not be submitted to reservations other than those required by respect for the equal liberties of the other citizens.

These guarantees of English liberties are the same as those of French and American liberties. They are those the value of which has been revealed by the age-long experience of mankind. Perhaps they are insufficient. Perhaps new circumstances will require additions and amendments to this Bill of Rights. I believe, for my part, that in the future we should never put into the same hands economic and political power. For, given that the role of the political power is to check the economic power, this check would disappear if both powers should belong to the same persons. And that is the reason why neither socialism, communism, nor fascism appears to me compatible with freedom. I believe also that the development of the arts of propaganda will render necessary new laws which can guarantee public opinion against false information, collective defamation, and incitement to violence. But the essence of civic liberties is still contained in the principles which we have just enumerated and which Congress applauded the other day on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the American Bill of Rights.

These principles are to-day, and will be to-morrow, those on which are founded the political existence of France, England, the United States, and a large number of European nations (Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, the Scandinavian States, etc.). Anyone has the right to consider them false, and that is the sentiment of the leaders of the totalitarian

or communist states; but, *such as they are*, these principles are respected by the great majority of French and English citizens. On that point a conservative like Mr. Chamberlain is in agreement with a liberal like Sir Archibald Sinclair and a laborite like Mr. Attlee; a French *modéré* like M. Pietri is in agreement with radicals like M. Herriot and M. Daladier, or a socialist like M. Paul Faure. *Neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen have any desire to wage war to bring other nations the forms of freedom which these nations do not seem to desire, but they are firmly determined on their part to defend their own right of governing themselves in the way which they approve.* Between France and England the ideological agreement is as complete as the political agreement.

This is as true of the governments as it is of the masses, and it is important to add that, contrary to what is so often said in America, the wealthy classes in England and France are *not* (except in the case of a few individuals) tempted to admire or envy the authoritarian regimes. This for two reasons: (a) the fear of communism, which has been very strong, tends to diminish in proportion to its decreasing power in Russia and in the greater number of the European states; (b) English or French industrials and bankers now know what the fate of industrials and bankers in countries of illiberal regimes has been. They have no desire to see themselves deprived both of their income and their authority for the benefit of an all-powerful state.

IV

Third reason for trust: *The peoples of the two countries now know that they will survive or perish at the same time, but that one cannot save itself by abandoning the other to its fate.*

For a long time French and English public opinion, ill-informed, might believe that one of the two countries could suffer a serious blow without the other being affected. I have already shown

how, from 1920 to 1936, in the Franco-German quarrels, England took a stand against France. In 1935, when the Abyssinian war put England so violently in opposition to Italy, a large part of French public opinion thought: "This does not concern us, and we are certainly not going to make war on Italy to protect the sources of the Nile for England's benefit." In 1938 the commitments taken by France in Eastern Europe greatly disturbed England, who said in her turn: "This does not concern us, and we are not going to make war on Germany to fulfill the commitments of France."

In such cases, therefore, it was possible to divide France and England on essential questions, and to take advantage of these divisions to defeat each country separately, at least on diplomatic grounds. This disagreement has been in the past a great cause of weakness in the two countries. It no longer exists. Time has solved, more or less ill, the questions which divided them. To-day problems are more simple and threats more direct. It is a question of knowing whether Europe will remain a continent composed of free nations or whether a single group of nations will exercise a complete hegemony there; it is a question of knowing whether France and England will keep their colonial empires or whether these empires will be conquered and divided by others; it is a question of knowing whether Frenchmen and Englishmen will preserve the liberties they cherish. There is nothing obscure in these questions. The man in the street understands them perfectly. He knows that henceforth, if he must fight, he will fight with his back to the wall and to save his skin. He does not want this fight; to escape it he is ready for conciliation, but not for renunciation. Unanimity on these points is complete in both countries.

It would be useless for their adversaries to try to defeat them separately by making their demands successive and not simultaneous. If for the moment the French empire of North Africa alone is threatened, the English are not so simple

as to believe their turn will not come. Moreover, they have declared very clearly that they will consider any threat against the integrity of French territory (colonial or continental) as an aggression which would immediately line them up beside France. Lord Halifax said it with perfect clarity quite recently, and Lord Halifax is not a man to make promises lightly. And since the Spanish question has been settled, we do not see what would be the question which, to-day, would separate France and England and enable their opponents to conquer both countries successively and separately.

We must repeat and emphasize that this is a very new situation and a great cause for confidence; for up to the present the skill of the totalitarian states has been to make use of English public opinion to bring pressure to bear on France, as in 1936 at the time of the reoccupation of the Rhineland, or of French public opinion to restrain England, as in 1935 at the time of the sanctions. This clever game can no longer be played. Englishmen and Frenchmen know the old story of the Horatii and Curiatii, and how a single Horatius conquered three Curiatii because he managed to separate them from one another. The third Curiatius, who lives on the other side of the Atlantic, does not appear yet to have understood the Horatian tactics. But the two others have learned their lesson at the price of rather deplorable experiences and they are not ready to forget it.

V

Why have France and England, which in September, 1938, seemed so disturbed about their future and so undecided to protect it, recovered a large amount of self-confidence? Both for psychological and military reasons.

France to-day is far more united than she was a year ago. She has a government which perhaps is not that which either the extreme right or the extreme left would desire, *but it gives satisfaction to the great majority of the country.*

Even those who do not share the opinions of this government realize that it is about the only one which can at this time keep France in peace and order. The head of this government, M. Daladier, is considered by all, even by his opponents, as a very honest man, incapable of yielding to financial interests, and much too patriotic ever to sacrifice the security of the country to party interests. The Minister of Finances, M. Paul Reynaud, is one of the most intelligent men in France; he has in several circumstances given proof of great courage; he has just succeeded admirably in the operation of recovery that he undertook. Billions of francs have come back into the country, enough, he said, to buy five thousand airplanes abroad. The working class, greatly pacified, taught a lesson by the September alarm and determined to defend the country, has gone back to work. Daladier's triumphal journey through Tunisia and Algeria proved the unity and loyalty of the French empire. Indeed the past six months have been for France months of convalescence. She feels more vigorous; she knows it and her neighbors know it too.

England in September, 1938, displayed more emotion and more fear than France. She had thought less of the possibility of war. Suddenly her people saw trenches dug in all the parks of London. A terrifying and perhaps exaggerated picture was painted of the effects of aerial warfare. They imagined their homes destroyed, their children mutilated, their highways of escape blocked. Naturally they welcomed with relief the end of this nightmare. But the lesson was not useless. Ever since Munich the effort toward airplane construction, which was already great, has increased considerably. Throughout the country the A.R.P. (the organization for Air Raid Precaution) has developed rapidly. Everywhere shelters have been provided, defenses created, a plan of methodical evacuation prepared. Now that everyone knows what he must do in case of danger, and when fathers are assured of a real

chance to save their families, the British nation, which is naturally courageous, is no longer panic-stricken. Desire for peace remains, aerial warfare is still feared, but everyone knows that the British retaliation would be as vigorous as the attack. *Confidence in the strength and the destiny of the country prevails over fear.*

France and England hope to keep the peace. They cannot of course be certain, because things do not depend on them alone. *But they do not despair* because they know that they themselves are united and powerful enough to make victory appear, to the two armed camps which would like to divide Europe, so doubtful and so costly that every man of

good sense should prefer negotiations to war. As for the solidity of their union, no one who knows the two nations well has the least anxiety on that score. England and France are not bound simply by sentimental bonds which would be all too fragile, or by treaties which can always be reinterpreted, but they are bound to each other by a community of interests and faith so close that nothing can separate them any longer. Of this community all Frenchmen and Englishmen are conscious, from Chamberlain to the man in the street, from Daladier to the average Frenchman. France has confidence in England because the two countries are like two sailors in the same hurricane: they will sink or swim together.

BEAUTY IS EARTH'S IMMORTAL CARELESSNESS

BY ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

BEAUTY is earth's immortal carelessness:
*There is no order in a grassy field
 Cleft by a stream whose casual waters press
 The random rocks of years. The hands that wield
 The patterns of a wood are careless hands:
 A log is flung across a stream, a vine
 Stretches at ease above leaf-cluttered lands
 Where warm confusion is the one design.*

*But man, who owes his accident of birth
 To blundering cells that meet in blind collision,
 Chafes to conform the softness of the earth
 To the sharp pattern of his mind's precision,
 Heedless that in the end he shall be one
 With time's amorphous dust he treads upon.*



FASCISM FOR AMERICA—THREAT OR SCAREHEAD?

BY LILLIAN SYMES

MORE than ninety years ago two young German exiles wrote for a group of fellow-revolutionaries a manifesto that has circulated by the million copies since that time. It began with the ominous sentence: "A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of Communism." The announcement was somewhat premature. It was not until 1917, when the Bolsheviks captured one-sixth of the earth's surface, that the ghost of Communism walked in earnest.

History has paraphrased the words of Marx and Engels and to-day another specter is haunting both Europe and America—the specter of Fascism. Millions who were indifferent to the subject of Fascism between 1922 and 1934 have now become acutely apprehensive of "the fascist menace." This change in attitude is due not wholly to the recent geographical encroachments of the fascist states. Fascist terror in Italy had seemed to be aimed largely at its political enemies—the embattled liberals and radicals, or more vaguely, at "Bolshevism." Though anti-clerical, it managed to make peace with the Church. Nazi terror, with its racial and national mysticism, has cut across both class and religious lines. The wealthy and conservative as well as the proletarian Jew, the Catholic dignitary as well as his trade union parishioner, have felt the mailed fist of the Party-State. German Fascism has thus aroused far more indignation and apprehension—even before it went on an international rampage—than have the

Italian and other brands. Nothing could better illustrate this than the different moral reactions in this country to events in Austria in 1934 and in 1938. One might never have guessed from the news and radio comment which accompanied the Nazi occupation that clerico-fascism had come to Austria in 1934—over the bodies of the Viennese workers—and that, instead of the rape of a brave little democracy, that occupation represented the conquest of a weak fascist state by a stronger and more vicious one.

The man-in-the-street in the political democracies (and without that qualifying adjective the word "democracies" is more of a slogan than a description) has undoubtedly been more impressed by the military and diplomatic conquests of the Rome-Berlin axis than by the possible rise of a fascist movement at home. By the time this article is printed the purely military aspects of the anti-fascist struggle may have superseded every other consideration of the subject. But our more socially-conscious citizens—for want of a more inclusive designation—are aware that the danger is not wholly from without. It is among such citizens that the expansion of fascist power abroad, together with real and imaginary fascist dangers at home, have produced a rising tide of anti-fascist hysteria that is fast becoming as unintelligent and as misdirected as the nightmares of the professional red-hunters during the past eighteen years. It is doubtful if Mr. Hearst, Mrs. Dilling, or Mr. Dies has ever used

the communist label more loosely than a large section of our anti-fascists are using the fascist label to-day.

In international affairs this hysteria has already delivered many of the liberal intellectuals into the hands of their erstwhile enemies—the Manifest Destiny boys, and has rendered palatable “democratic” alliances with some of the bloodiest dictatorships of our time. (The less enterprising German intellectuals of 1914 did not lose their heads until *after* war was declared.) In domestic affairs this same hysteria tends to elevate every minor political and economic struggle into a show-down battle between Democracy and Fascism and to popularize a certain stereotyped concept of Fascism that leaves one whole flank of the democratic and labor front exposed. It has, in short, made the word “fascist” a mere synonym for reactionary, or even conservative; though popular mass movements, including the fascist, have never been built round the avowed purposes of the Right.

As late as 1936 the political uses of this new obscurantism were confined largely to the communists who in that year conducted their presidential campaign upon the basis that the Liberty League was the General Staff of the Counter-Revolution and Mr. Landon its potential Führer. The 1938 campaigns showed a capitulation all along the line. While Mr. Dies was smearing red paint on some of the Democratic candidates at least one political reporter referred to the Republicans as “the fascists.” To some of the more feverish anti-fascists who had placed all their hopes for salvation on the New Deal, every right-wing critic of the Administration was a potential storm-trooper, every left-wing critic a traitor to the democratic front. In Los Angeles, which runs to hyperbole, one orator assured a Jewish audience that a vote for his opponent was a vote for concentration camps—an incident that seems to render less fabulous Mr. Morrie Ryskind’s satiric account of his social ostracism in the film capital because he questioned the President’s divine birth.

If the issue involved were merely one of semantics it might very well be left to the pedagogues. Or if there were no possible danger of any fascist development in this country it might very well be ignored. Unfortunately this is not the case. Thanks to our geographic position, among other things, Fascism could not come to the United States as it has come to Austria, Czechoslovakia, or Spain. But it could come as it did to Italy or Germany—given the proper conditions or set of circumstances. There are latent and active factors making for Fascism in this country (I am not now speaking of the foreign bundists in our midst) to which war, a prolonged crisis, and the general failure of political democracy to solve the problems of economic insecurity could give force and cohesion. But the indiscriminate use of the fascist label and attempts to frighten excited people into confused, know-nothing “anti-fascist” fronts (which, as I shall illustrate later, may themselves have certain fascist potentialities) are casting the darkness of fear rather than the light of intelligence on the whole subject and, more often than not, point with alarm in the wrong direction. It may be well to remember that in the United States—as the history of our red-baiting practices indicates—the exploitation of popular fear may easily become a racket.

II

Though Fascism is culturally regressive to the point of barbarism, it is not reactionary in the *historic* sense. Nor is it, like the pre-war absolutisms of Europe and the military dictatorships of Latin America, the political expression of a backward, agrarian, or semi-colonial economy. It is a phenomenon of finance-capitalism in its advanced, post-war stage. The moralist and the mystic may see no difference between the system of Hitler and that of Ivan the Terrible, but those systems are as far apart in structure as in time.

The fascist state, not necessarily in its

ultimate form, may now be observed in operation, but there are a number of divergent theories as to what Fascism represents and why it achieved power. The one most popular for a time—that Fascism is a device to save the nation from a threatening Bolshevik revolution—never bore the test of a cursory examination, though it is still held in certain circles. There was no threatening Bolshevik revolution in either Germany or Italy. In the May issue of *HARPER'S*, Mr. Peter Drucker presented a persuasive non-economic explanation for the triumph of Fascism as the only alternative—at least in Germany and Italy—to popular despair. "The Nazis triumphed because nature abhors a vacuum," and, according to Mr. Drucker, the masses had lost faith in "the old economic orders of Europe"—Capitalism and Socialism. In short, they had lost faith in any economic solutions whatever. It is difficult to know just what Mr. Drucker means by classifying "Socialism" as an "old economic order" unless he uses the word "order" in the sense of "concept." The German "people," as a whole, had never accepted this concept and so had no faith in it to lose. But if the *masses* had lost their faith, not only in Capitalism, but in the concept of a *new* economic order known as Socialism, Hitler would not have needed to promise them a nationalist version of Socialism in order to gain their support. If Mr. Drucker means that the masses had lost faith in the tactics and leadership of the Social Democratic and Communist Parties, that is something else. So is the failure of Russia as a "workers' state," though here the general process of disillusionment among the radicalized workers of the world did not begin until 1935. There is no questioning the psychological confusion and despair upon which Nazism in Germany fed. But Italian Fascism rose and triumphed in a totally different atmosphere when there was no such psychological vacuum to be filled.

The theory of the nature of Fascism which colors most of our anti-fascist prop-

aganda to-day is that officially espoused by the communists and by a number of liberal theoreticians. Though exploded by authoritative observers, the beautiful simplicity of its political implications assures it a long life. Briefly stated, it holds that Fascism is the artificial¹ product of a conspiracy on the part of finance-capital (for more popular terminology read the *Economic Royalists* or the *Sixty Families*) to destroy the restraints imposed upon it by organized labor and the democratic processes and to establish its own naked control over the social and economic life of the nation. On these terms the fascist leader is merely a hired gangster. The identification of fascist with reactionary or tory and the assumption that the original impetus for Fascism necessarily arises on the extreme Right, are corollaries of this theory. The classic examples of fascist development indicate that it is an over-simplification, to say the least. Both in Italy and Germany certain great industrialists aided and abetted the fascist movements at various times because these movements were directed immediately against their most troublesome antagonists—the dominant economic and political organizations of the workers. To deduce from this that Fascism was artificially created for this purpose is to confuse effect with cause.

Why was it to the "leftist" Nazis, rather than to one of the traditional parties of reaction that Von Hindenburg and his associates "betrayed" the German state—a dramatization so dear to the hearts of the liberal journalists? These "Tory" parties were quite ready to exploit the festering nationalism of the German people to whom the Republic had become a symbol of defeat. But they were incapable, by their very nature, of harnessing and directing the growing forces of economic desperation and revolt. Only a "Left" party which posed as the deliverer of Germany from both the national and international "conspirators" and which could integrate their nationalist resentments with a radical social

program could capitalize on the confused anti-capitalist revolt arising outside the parties of the Marxist Left. (The Marxists were no more capable than the "Tories" of riding both these horses at the same time.) A successful revolution or *coup d'état* in a highly developed, democratic nation requires a mass base. The Nazis could levy tribute in high places because they were able to achieve such a base in competition with the real Left.

The word "Socialism" in the full name of the German National Socialist Workers Party was not merely a machiavellian perversion of a term which the masses had come to identify with their struggle for a better life. Many of the "left-wing" Nazis, most of whom are now liquidated, combined a fervent and mystical nationalism with a sincere belief in expropriation. The famous Nazi program of 1920 called for the nationalization of the trusts, confiscation of war profits, abolition of ground rent and land speculation (shades of Henry George!), and most important—because of the Nazi association of loan-capital with Jewry—"the destruction of interest-slavery." The frustrated Pan-Germanism of the little group of "soldiers in search of a Party" was linked with all the social and economic grievances of the post-war years and was directed against "the internationalists" who had "stabbed Germany in the back."

The National Socialist platform of 1932 still paraded its "anti-capitalism" and repeated many of these planks. Though they failed to fool the most politically-conscious workers, the slogans had their effect. In that year the Nazis polled fourteen million votes—more than the Social Democrats and Communists combined. The international crisis of 1929 had ruined new sections of the middle classes, and the Party of "national liberation" had become the Party of Germany's little men.

In *Fascism—For Whom?* Arthur Feiler, one of Germany's exiled scholars, has analyzed this revolt of the middle classes which gave Fascism its mass base:

They hated the unfathomable, anonymous power of modern capitalism with its mysterious giant enterprises. . . . But they likewise hated Socialism which dogmatically predicted nothing else for them but their final proletarianization. . . . They wanted to go back to the "good old times" which, in their romantic belief, had preceded the rise of high capitalism. . . .

There were others too who were radicalized by the crisis but who wavered at first between Communists and National Socialists. These were the millions of unemployed . . . among them young people fresh out of schools and universities who stepped into unemployment. . . . And there were finally the millions who had lost their jobs and who began to conceive themselves as a permanent fifth estate in a fierce class struggle with their more privileged fellows. There was a radicalism without definite aim, but they too hated "the system." . . .

Italian Fascism rose to power during a period of world-wide labor militancy rather than at the end of a decade of despair. But here, as in Germany, it exploited the frustrated nationalism of a people who, while nominal victors, had been cheated of the promised fruits of war. Here too the original cadres of the Fascisti were ex-soldiers trained to violence who thought they had fought a "revolutionary war." But Italian Fascism was far more blatant than Nazism in its revolutionary pretensions (many of its leaders were renegade Socialists and Syndicalists) and, in the beginning at least, appealed more directly—as rivals of the "timid Marxists"—to the radical working class. In 1919 Mussolini flirted with the Russian Bolsheviks, whose ruthlessness he admired, and proposed a League of Proletarian Nations. It was the Fascisti who encouraged the land seizures by ex-service men, who sought (in a successful attempt to blackmail the industrialists) to turn the first occupational strikes into insurrections, who commanded the workers to "plunder the bourgeois pigs" and "hang the profiteers to lamp-posts." In short, they sought to capitalize on the wave of radicalism which grew out of the post-war economic dislocations and high living costs. By the time this wave was subsiding, in 1921, and was succeeded by comparative stabilization, the opportunist Fascisti had

shifted their base to the urban and agrarian middle class and posed as champions of "the people" who had saved the nation from Bolshevism. In both periods they received subsidies from certain landowners and industrialists because their terrorism was directed primarily at the socialistic labor and co-operative movement. The goal of the Fascist leadership was *power* and in its achievement they utilized any means.

III

If Fascism is an attempt to solve by terror the economic contradictions of the capitalist system *in extremis* it has ridden to power on the impetus of a lower middle-class revolt, with some support from the *lumpen-proletariat*. It is obvious that in the United States such a movement would never adopt the name of a nationalist socialism because here the word "Socialism" has never become the generally accepted symbol of economic protest. Nor have we as yet developed that exacerbated nationalism that is usually the fruit of past humiliations or frustrations. But neither could it triumph in the name of Fascism, or as a frankly anti-democratic or reactionary movement of any kind. The German Bundists and Italian blackshirt groups are dangerous in so far as their propaganda plays upon the discontent and grievances of their fellow-countrymen in the United States. But even if they enjoyed the support of all German- and Italian-Americans—which they do not and never will—they would not be capable of inspiring or leading a native mass movement. The typical American patriot really feels that repugnance to "fascism, communism, and other foreign isms" about which the editorial writers and politicians have become so eloquent—even though his social instincts may be identical with those of his fellows abroad. He also considers himself unimpeachably democratic—even when he is breaking up a labor meeting in New Jersey or helping to lynch a Negro in the South.

When we look for an American analogy to those active, conscious, and terroristic forces which functioned as the core of European Fascism we think immediately in terms of those new and old know-nothing and super-American rabbles which are the spiritual brethren of the Klan—the shirt groups, Christian vigilantes, Aryan knights and crusaders, incorporated patriots, American nationalists, together with such movements of foreign inspiration as the *Amerikadeutscher Volksbund*. The number of such groups has multiplied enormously during the past few years and it is now claimed that there are over eight hundred of them functioning in the United States—some of them frankly fascist in purpose. Owing in part to competing leadership and the lack of consistent financial backing, none of them has yet developed into a cohesive national movement, and some of them are purely local rackets. At the moment these groups are the sensation of the liberal and picture press, so that the public is given the impression that a vast, new wave of fascist and racist ideology is sweeping the United States. For the most part, however, their very multiplicity represents the attempts of shrewd or unscrupulous and not very able men to carve out for themselves certain segments of that old, fundamentalist, know-nothing, intellectual hinterland which has expressed itself in anti-foreigner, anti-Negro and anti-labor movements in the past and which has been exacerbated by a decade of increasing economic insecurity. The organized strength of these groups has been greatly overrated and, as yet, their organized fanaticism is too crude to attract the average American. The real danger lies in the exploitation of this fanaticism by far more intelligent and non-racist vigilante elements during periods of acute economic conflict. In this field and at such times their activities tend to become allied with those of the professional strike-breaking and espionage agencies and merge with those of far more respectable and influential sections of the frightened middle classes—or

ganized in patriotic Citizens' Committees, veterans' groups, service clubs, and so forth.

The practices with which all our vigilante groups are associated have a hoary and quite non-totalitarian history in this country. Anti-labor violence, and racial and religious bigotry are certainly not post-war phenomena. Nor are they even to-day necessarily fascist in their conscious direction. But they are symptomatic of native tendencies which a fascist leadership can organize for its own ends. As a symptom, Mayor Hague is far less alarming than are the citizens of Jersey City, for here we find the mass diffusion of such tendencies among ordinary citizens who cling to all the democratic shibboleths.

While the memberships of the foreign and native shirt groups might serve as the immediate storm-troopers of some super-rabble-rouser, a successful fascist movement will need to base itself on the legitimate social and economic grievances of a far wider and more socially normal class. Obviously such mass support cannot be built round the leadership of those traditional villains of the American social drama—the vested interests. Neither the Liberty League nor the National Association of Manufacturers will ever persuade any considerable portion of our discontented citizens to do and die in their behalf. Even in those European democracies which have avowed fascist movements the followers of Colonel La Rocque and Sir Oswald Mosley are less a national menace than a public nuisance.

If a fascist movement ever triumphs in America it will undoubtedly triumph in the name of our most popular slogan—Democracy, and under the leadership of some such "friend of the common people" as the late Huey Long. (It was Huey who prophesied that Fascism would come to America in the name of "anti-Fascism.") Whoever its angels and whatever their purpose, it will speak the language of a populist Left. It will seek its base in the confused fears and

aspirations of that amorphous social class whose allegiances are as divided as its own social composition but which feels itself caught between two powerful antagonists—organized capital on the one hand and organized labor on the other. This class feels itself victimized by the present system but it rejects the socialist's class analysis of society—an analysis which the average wage-worker unconsciously accepts. It also rejects, most emphatically, the Marxists' historic acceptance of Bigness and the concentration of wealth. Its traditional protest in America has been a debtor-agrarian and small-business revolt against Bigness and especially against loan-capital—Wall Street and the International Financiers. (In the early twenties its slogans expressed the personal protest of such a rugged individualist of Big Business as Mr. Henry Ford.) Its panaceas have been monetary reform and trust-busting—recently described by Rexford Tugwell as "reactionary progressivism."

In earlier decades when this middle class had confidence in its own power it often united its political protest with that of a weak and youthful labor movement. But when its cohesion and independence were shattered by the irresistible drive of finance-capitalism, populist radicalism, as an independent *movement*, was shattered too. Its older humanitarianism still survives in certain sections, but the growing power of the organized labor movement and its own growing insecurity in an increasingly complex world have diffused and widened its resentments. The depression added to its ranks new lower middle-class layers, without the old populist tradition, from that horde of high-salaried sales and service "professionals" created in the prosperous twenties—and whose country-club aspirations were deflated by 1932. Another group "radicalized by the crisis" but which seeks millennial security without profound social change are the oldsters who have lost their savings and the middle-aged for whom society can find no place. Like the more demoralized

sections of the permanently unemployed, these are not the material for a long and determined struggle with vast and complicated forces. They seek immediate and easy solutions, expressed in simple or revivalist terms.

None of this is to intimate that any of these groups of average Americans is either consciously or unconsciously "fascist" in ideology. Thousands among them have identified themselves with the labor struggle. Most of them, from 1932 to 1938, looked to the New Deal for salvation and followed hopefully its many improvisations. As these failed, inevitably, to solve the economic contradictions responsible for their plight, they began to swing in another direction. Certainly the Republicans will not be able to capitalize for long on this reaction. As a class in revolt, even a feeble revolt, seeking to save itself on its own impossible terms, they may furnish the base for that inverted populism which is the stock-in-trade of every fascist demagogue.

None of the prophets and rabble-rousers now attempting to capitalize on this vague and incoherent protest approaches the potentialities of the late Huey Long. At the moment Father Coughlin seems to be expressing most successfully and in terms more closely allied to those of the early Nazis, the anti-"red", anti-labor, anti-International Banker (so easily translated into anti-Semitic) resentments of our lower middle classes. I am assured that his influence is increasing in those industrialized sections of the Middle West which have been shaken by the great CIO strikes of the past few years and that it is accompanied by a growing anti-Semitism. What may seem stranger, it is also accompanied by a growth in anti-Germanism which many short-sighted liberals are mistaking for a good omen. So far, Coughlin's movement lacks the concrete appeal of Long's "Share-the-Wealth" program, the Townsend or the Thirty-Every-Thursday Plan. Social Justice and

anti-Semitism might satisfy the more philosophic Germans, but the American imagination responds more quickly to concrete sums. For all the dangers involved in his influence—and these should not be minimized—it is doubtful if Father Coughlin is the stuff of which Führers are made. Like the Rev. Gerald Winrod of Kansas, he is already suspected of foreign, "un-American" inspiration. Also, the current of "anti-papacy" which expressed itself in the A.P.A. and other know-nothing movements is still strong in this country. Only his excommunication, which would rob him of his Catholic support, could make him a national hero to such elements. A prolongation or deepening of depression, a post-war shake-down after the false prosperity of war (providing that political democracy survives the latter) may very well give rise to a new and far more powerful movement of regression which will submerge these various movements or make them one.

The question as to whether or not our vested interests will learn from the fate of their counterparts abroad the disastrous price which a fascist solution extorts from Capital has been raised rather frequently of late. Prominent liberals have appealed to our conservatives to take heed of what has happened in Europe before they undermine the bulwarks of democracy at home. Both the question and the appeal seem to be predicated on the assumption that a native Fascism is something that is imposed or manipulated from above. If this were the case, then the fate of Herren Thyssen and Hugenberg under Hitler and of regimented Italian business under Mussolini would be sufficient to stave off Fascism in the rest of the world. But both the *London Banker*, organ of British capital, and our own Republican Colonel Knox have been warning Big Business against the perils of Fascism for at least two years. It is no longer necessary to prove by argument that Fascism is the epitome of state interference within the framework

of private ownership and that, under the strain of an armament economy, it moves inexorably toward State capitalism, or a "planned economy" under state control. (So, at a slower rate, do the democracies.) However much our reactionaries may admire Fascism's handling of the labor problem, they are not eager to get on to the Corporative State. In fact, it is Big Business which is now making use of this bugaboo in its struggles with the New Deal. Neither our vested interests nor our lower middle classes want "Fascism." The latter want security—on the old, independent, early-capitalism basis or in terms of utopian subsidies. The former want to be left alone—on the old Harding-Coolidge basis. Both wishes are impossible to attain in this stage of Capitalism's international disintegration. Neither group will as yet accommodate itself to this fact, and in their efforts to achieve the impossible they may, unwittingly, hang Fascism about our necks—unless those groups which have no stake in this disintegrating order begin, in time, to build the foundations of a new one.

IV

I have said that if a fascist movement triumphs in America it will have to do so in the name of our most popular shibboleth—Democracy. In the present pre-war period, when that word is being rendered almost meaningless by demagogic repetition, we are being prepared to accept almost anything in its name. In such a period—before free speech becomes a victim of a "national emergency"—it might be well for some raucous vulgarian to shatter this reverent unanimity with the question: "What d'ya mean—Democracy?" and force us to examine its content. It is trite to say, because it has been said so often, that Fascism is the measure of Democracy's failure to solve the major social and economic problems of our time—poverty and insecurity in the midst of potential plenty and the international mal-

adjustments that are the fruits of *democratic* imperialism. A secure and happy people do not turn toward Fascism. Yet "the defense of Democracy" in this period of rising nationalist emotionalism has become synonymous with a defense of the status quo—a status quo which itself breeds Fascism when its internal contradictions become sufficiently acute. If the experience of Europe can teach us anything, it must teach us that political democracy is not enough, and that men and women are ready to trade their political freedom for the promise of economic security and balm for their wounded pride. The impulse—and the propaganda—to *postpone* the consideration of our internal problems until after we have "saved Democracy" from the enemy abroad may lead to the defeat of Hitler and the triumph of Fascism at home.

Under the stress of our emotional reaction against Nazi barbarism and our enthusiasm for the democratic crusade there is a rising school of patriotism which seeks to exorcise Fascism by religious incantations to democracy and Americanism. The radio and screen have been fairly dripping recently with their excited and saccharine enthusiasm, and it needs little imagination to foresee its transformation into spy- and "slacker"-hunting hysteria. The effort to emphasize that the most faulty and limited democracy is vastly superior to the best regulated of fascist states is an admirable one; but when this degenerates into a smug complacency about the American scene and ignores, for the sake of contrast, our own social injustices it defeats its own ends. In certain circles it has become almost un-American to mention the plight of our share-croppers or our permanently unemployed—because Hitler has also mentioned such things. This state of mind is a preview of national wartime psychology—a psychology dangerous to racial minorities which radio commentators should hesitate to invoke.

There is another state of mind which is far more dangerous because it tends to

make common cause, in the name of Democracy, with those half-world forces of prejudice and ignorance which are essentially fascist in nature. Some months ago the League for Peace and Democracy organized a demonstration against a meeting of the Bund in New Jersey. As an unofficial, semi-military group, the Bund is called upon to take its chances with the fists of other ideological combatants. But among the mercenaries who led this demonstration against the Bund was one of those Jersey patriots with a long police record who had led the assault against Norman Thomas and certain labor meetings in Jersey City a short time before. The League's explanation to the effect that, in its struggles for Democracy, it accepted any democratic allies is merely the reverse side of that anti-fascist hysteria which flings fascist labels to the right and left. The success of a totalitarian movement depends upon the growth of the totalitarian mind. That anti-Germanism which is merely a phase of an anti-outsider, anti-foreigner obscurantism is no weapon for democrats.

V

I have been discussing the possible rise and sources of a fascist *movement* in this country, but a nation may drift into Fascism with no such movement at hand. In the January HARPER'S, Eliot Janeway discussed such an economic drift in England as it moves into an armament economy. Such an economy, like the still greater burden of modern warfare, demands totalitarian controls—the direction by the state of investments, raw materials, man power, and the sacrifice of productive industry to the need for arms. "If economic Fascism really wins in England," Mr. Janeway asks, "can the political trappings of Fascism fail to follow?" The answer is obvious. Political institutions are the reflection of economic forces. (Already, in France, Daladier rules by decree.) The average layman may concede this as a temporary situa-

tion and may be willing to sacrifice his political democracy temporarily on the altar of a national emergency. But in the present stage of Europe's disintegration that emergency will probably never end—this side of an international revolution.

If Fascism comes to America in the near future it is more likely to arrive by some such indirect route—as the political expression of an armament or war economy—than by the triumph of a popular fascist movement. In such a guise its mass support is already assured. Today the whole world is being prepared for this type of totalitarianism. The extraordinary controls which Fascism demands can be obtained only under some powerful emotional stimulus such as the intensification of nationalism to religious fervor. When this occurs the instincts of the average citizen most closely approximate the normal psychology of the conscious fascist.

To believe that the democratic psychology is immune to fascist barbarism is to forget our own shameful hysterias during our comparatively easygoing participation in the last World War. Some of those incidents—including the whipping of German farmers, the torture of conscientious objectors, the beating and imprisonment of Socialists, all the mob violence and psychopathic witch-hunting of 1917-1920—are worth recalling in these days. We recovered our sanity of course after 1920, because our economic order was still healthy enough to regain its balance. In 1939 we are living in another world.

It should be obvious that our struggle to escape Fascism cannot be won in terms of "anti-Fascism," which has already become a slogan for demagogues. It can be won only in terms of an intelligent and determined struggle for a world in which the *roots* of Fascism have been destroyed. This war must be fought within the political democracies as well as within the dictatorships. If we do not begin soon it may be too late.



WHAT BUSINESS KILLS

REFLECTIONS ON RESIGNING FROM A CORPORATION JOB

BY CARL DREHER

THIS is a story of business as I saw it for almost twenty years. I graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1917 and immediately got a job in the test shop of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company's factory, which was busy on war contracts. My pay was \$12 a week; sometimes, with overtime, I earned as much as \$16. During the last seven years of my business-professional career I averaged \$20,000 a year. In 1936, at the age of forty, I retired from steady employment. By and for itself, business had ceased to be a paying proposition. Spiritually, you might say, I was getting deeper and deeper into the red.

I have mentioned my salary at the beginning and end to show that, by the conventional standard, I was a "success." On that score I have no grievance against the world of industry. I supplied what it asked for and it treated me liberally enough. It gave me a wider variety of experience than it accords to most of its servants. I had a part in the development of radio communication, both marine and transoceanic, of broadcasting, and of talking movies, and my work took me into the multifarious allied fields of engineering and into practically all branches of the entertainment industry. I have done everything from climbing telephone poles to writing motion-picture scenarios, and I saw the show from the point of view of a worker, a professional man, and an "executive." The fact that most of my experience was on the techni-

cal side has little relevance: engineering is carried on under the rules of business, and the engineer must be a business man to survive.

I suppose I should be grateful for a career which afforded excitement, power, and a more than comfortable living; yet I cannot say that I look back at it with satisfaction. The memory of the great achievements which I witnessed is clouded by recollections of another kind—of monumental folly and waste, the divorcement of technological endeavor and human welfare, and a certain humiliation of the spirit which grew worse with time. On the whole, I should not care to relive that period, nor do I envy the young men who are now embarking, or hope they are embarking, on similar adventures. Not, at least, if their temperaments are at all like mine.

II

At the beginning radio—it was "wireless" then—was much more than a business to me. I owned and operated my first amateur wireless station in 1908, when I was twelve years old. The little spark coil had a range no greater than five Bronx blocks, but the satisfaction I got out of keying it in bad Morse was never equalled until years later when, as an experienced operator, I sent service messages to Norway over one of the Radio Corporation's 200-kilowatt transmitters. Such rapture, to be sure, is as perishable

as first love, but its significance is as great. My choice of a vocation was my own, it sprang from the deepest personal sources, and it was a right choice. For many years it generated its own enthusiasm, it made hard work easy and life important. I cannot take the space to depict it here, nor to revive if I could the brightness of the colors; but the pioneers of radio and the operators of that day will know what I mean. The wireless man was ill-paid and he struggled against every economic and natural obstacle; often he complained and cried out in protest, but he was sustained by a strong romantic impulse. He was identified with a dream, one of those technological dreams which can be realized with tools and clear thought and hard striving. Flying was another such dream; essentially the two were the same. Both involved spatial conquest; in the one instance by physical movement, in the other, by the flight of the symbols of thought. And whether you were Marconi or a lone operator on some dirty freighter you were part of the dream and of its fellowship.

Radio developed from experiment into an industry, and if you had anything on the ball you went up almost automatically. That brought about a change. At first I did things with my own hands: I ran the wires, I knew where they went and how they were connected, because I had put them there myself. For a time after I was entrusted with larger responsibilities I still clung to this contact with the physical thing. All engineers do; it is like the soil to a farmer. I returned to it whenever there was an excuse—when the aerial download of the broadcasting station broke loose in a gale I spliced it, swinging on a ladder three hundred feet above the street. I argued that, as the one in charge, I should take the risk; but actually I wanted to wrestle with the wind and look at the aerial afterward and think that's my aerial.

There was less and less of that and then none at all. I had to forego the tools of copper and steel; men became my tools. That was all right; it was the na-

ture of organized effort. There were compensations: money, responsibility, power. But it seemed to me that there must be a larger compensation. Since I was now one who organized and was organized, and lived in the grip of organization, I had to know what it was for. A vacuum tube was the integration of its parts—it amplified or oscillated or did something else and the result was a further integration, that of a radio receiver or transmitter. An organization was bigger than any of these things, more intricate and subtle and far-reaching, and consequently it had to have a higher purpose. At some point you had to pass from instruments to aims more or less ultimate. To what end all this piling up of functions and functionaries?

One answer of course was right at hand. The Radio Corporation existed so that several thousands of us could make a living. Good—but not enough, surely. Man, it was generally agreed, did not live by bread alone. Did then the Radio Corporation, the great engine which embodied and integrated the efforts of its employees—did that too live by something besides bread? The question might be naïvely phrased but it could be answered affirmatively. We were believers in "progress." There was the drama of the SOS and rescues at sea, and the monument in Battery Park for operators who had died at their posts. That and much else had been accomplished, and it was only a beginning. David Sarnoff had blueprinted the future for us prophetically, and the prophecy was coming true. We were developing a new art, broadcasting, and its immense social implications were before our eyes. Much of the stuff we were syndicating over the air was shoddy enough, but not all of it, and good or bad we took pride in putting it out right.

The music especially. We regarded that very seriously. One afternoon I overlooked some transmitter overloading on a string quartet. An older engineer who had a better ear rushed down to my office. "Damn you, Dreher," he shouted.

"chamber music is the noblest work of God. Anyone who distorts it ought to have his neck broken." The rebuke stung, but I accepted it gracefully. My colleague was enraged because he was a craftsman and an artist, and I did not want to be less.

To be sure, the scheme of things did not always encourage the strivings of the engineer-artist. There were not only those expected defects in equipment which could be remedied by work and time, but others which seemed artificial and unnecessary. For instance, we needed wires to pick up events outside of the studio, and the Telephone Company refused to lease them to us. We had to hire telephone lines from the telegraph companies, and while these organizations did their best to help us, their circuits were often so noisy that one could hardly hear the music. The Telephone Company and our corporation were on bad terms; in other words, they were in competition. The Telephone Company had its own broadcasting stations and immense technical skill, and it did not see why it should assist a rival. General Harbord, the President of RCA, said that the Telephone Company was an "arrogant corporation" intent on hampering RCA and ruining its business. It certainly seemed so; but when I looked at Mr. Gifford, the president of the Telephone Company, he was apparently just as nice a man as General Harbord, and when I spent an evening in a speakeasy with the engineers of the Telephone Company they were obviously just the same as RCA engineers. Mr. Gifford, they explained, was only doing his duty by his stockholders. Apparently this was more important than that the portion of the public which persisted in tuning in to RCA stations should hear music without noise.

There was something wrong here, obviously enough. Neither the Telephone Company nor the Radio Corporation seemed to fit into society the way a vacuum tube fitted into its socket. Nobody had designed society and nobody

was responsible for it. Nevertheless, it worked after a fashion, and in a few years this particular difficulty was ironed out. First there was an arbitration proceeding, and then the Telephone Company sold its stations to RCA, and the National Broadcasting Company was formed to take over both systems. I went with the equipment.

When you are still in your twenties, and you get salary increases pretty regularly and have plenty to do, you are not likely to harbor dangerous thoughts. The seamy side of business irritated me without arousing fundamental doubts. I blamed most of the troubles on the perversity of individuals and consoled myself with the reflection that, in spite of them, things got done and the path still led upward. In this I was one with those of my co-workers who thought about the matter at all. We turned to our latest grand toy, the talking movies, and left misgivings to the fainthearted. Immersed in the Great Illusion of the decade, we were too busy to see the signs and portents of its approaching end.

III

From this point on the background of my story is the picture industry, which is reputed to be *sui generis*. I have not found it so. Like all branches of the entertainment business, it is more volatile than ordinary commerce, but I have seen hysteria just as rampant in the most correct mercantile circles, about an equal incidence of larceny and greed (the greed a trifle more dignified perhaps), and the same amount of magnanimity, which means precious little in either case. The film industry's wastefulness is proverbial; but when you consider the unstandardizable nature of much of its product, and the proportion of sales, advertising, and promotional expense to productive effort in enterprises which pride themselves on their efficiency, you are bound to conclude that most of the criticism leveled at Hollywood is only another controversy between the pot and the kettle.

Early in October, 1929, I left a job as chief engineer of one of the RCA subsidiaries and moved to Hollywood as recording director of one of the major studios. The night after my arrival I attended a party at the Beverly Hills palace of a famous movie actor. One of the other guests was a stock broker.

"One thing is certain," he said. "Steel may go down at times, but its next top will always be higher than the previous ones."

Two weeks later on Hollywood Boulevard, glittering with sunshine and cuties, I heard a commotion inside a brokerage office. As I strolled in a middle-aged man bumped against me and passed on without apology. His face had a peculiar greenish-gray hue. I looked round and there were other men whose mouths seemed to be giving them trouble and whose faces, fixed hypnotically on the quotation board, bore the same ghastly pallor. Some years later I was again to see masks like these, during an earthquake. I did not realize that *this* was an earthquake. I was sorry for these victims of the crash, but I also felt superior to them. I was not in the market.

Anyway, by the spring of 1930 happy days were here again. The market was rising to its former levels, with Mr. Arthur Brisbane exhorting the shorn lambs to grow another crop and get it all back. At this time the studio for which I was working—call it Grandeur Pictures—was the great white hope of the industry. We had powerful banking and industrial connections, money was plentiful, and we were building stages and modernizing the lot. Everybody was sure that we were headed for a dominant place in the Hollywood sun, although there would be plenty of sun for the others too. Nobody could foresee that before this phase of the business cycle had run its course, half of the studios, or their parent companies, would be in formal bankruptcy, and most of the others in the same state without the formality; that Grandeur common would drop from around fifty dollars to a level where a share would not buy a loge seat

in one of the company's theaters; that the studio would undergo six changes of administration in as many years, and that it would be a ward of the court long after all the others had regained their feet.

Financially the depression did not hit me. I felt its misery only vicariously. It did affect my habits of working in certain ways. In New York I had made it a rule to see every man who came looking for a job. Now this became impossible; had I attempted it I should not have had a job myself. The flood of applicants beat against the studio walls day and night. One got round the night part by unlisting one's home telephone number as soon as possible; during the day the secretary stood guard. I perceived how tenuous was the claim that business "gives work." It gives work and it excludes from work. Now it was giving less and excluding more—and not on the basis of comparative merit by any means. That played a part to the extent that if a man was incompetent he was fired; but the main difference between the employed and the unemployed was that one group was in and the other out. As the picture market dwindled and there was less and less work even for the ins, I had to take care of those I knew and saw at the expense of the unseen ones, many of whom needed work just as desperately. I remembered that when William Howard Taft was asked, "Suppose a man is out of money and has no work, what shall he do?" he could only answer, "God knows!" I did not think that that was a seemly answer for a President of the United States; it was not good enough even for the head of a sound department. When, under some special circumstances, I had to interview an applicant for employment I felt a kind of personal guilt at having a job while other men went from door to door, hearing the same story everywhere, wasting the energy of their minds and hands in a hopeless search for something which was not there.

Inside the gates we had our own troubles. The unemployed we could keep out, but there were other intruders

not so easily disposed of. We had a new studio administration, but it was not allowed to run the studio. New York was trying to run it. That was understandable: things were in a bad way, and Hollywood resists retrenchment on principle. New York sent out emissaries with plenary powers. Some of them were simply hatchet-men, executioners. There were doctors of industry and quacks. Whatever they were, they knew nothing of studio operation. The studio staff regarded them as meddlers and bitterly resented their interference. This attitude was likewise understandable—in the midst of production everything had to be explained, and studio people are bad teachers. Besides, there was the fearful tension of men uncertain of their jobs. At such times business organizations become bear-pits, with everybody baiting everybody else, the department heads sniping at one another (finding fault with another department is the traditional way of distracting attention from the weaknesses of one's own) and morale breaking up all round.

At that Grandeur had a picnic compared to some of the others. One of the biggest movie lots fell into the hands of a promoter, a juggler of holding companies, who installed as his satrap a Mr. Smith. (From here on fictitious names are used wherever necessary.) Mr. Smith had earned a reputation as a hard-boiled efficiency man in other fields. To keep watch on Mr. Smith, the magnate assigned, of all people, a one-time mathematics teacher of his, an estimable man approaching seventy, who frequently fell asleep during studio conferences. While the mathematician slept Mr. Smith engaged in ferine conflict with the previous governor, who stood on his contract and refused to quit. In this battle of giants, with espionage and counter-espionage racking the studio, sodium bicarbonate in every top desk drawer, and nerves cracking like prop breakaways, the place was functionally gutted. The worst part of the personnel was thrown out, and the best with it. Only a juiceless

pulp of yes-men survived, with a few capable persons left by oversight.

When the wreck was accomplished the promoter was thrown out by the banks, and Mr. Smith succumbed in his turn. In his case it was no figure of speech. One of the most charming stars on the contract list, who had been more than a friend, promptly deserted him. Bereft of love, power, and money, the executioner executed himself: he jumped out of a hotel window. What efficiency!

IV

When a company goes broke usually all that happens is that the lawyers move in and the common stockholders move out. On the morning when the headlines blared forth the demise of Grandeur Pictures the buildings still stood, one or two companies were shooting, and my desk was in its accustomed place. That receivership lasted for seven years, although the studio was bankrupt only by proxy, as the property of the parent corporation. The latter went under by reason of the fixed charges on its theater chains—a real estate collapse, essentially. Nevertheless, the mores of business required that the studio take its punishment with the rest of the organization.

As far as I was concerned the principal effect was an aggravation of the normal budgetary difficulties. Even when prosperity reigns there is a constant tug-of-war between technical and business requirements in industry. In bad times the technicians are the first to feel the pinch and the last to receive relief in such matters as appropriations for maintenance, improvements of plant (except where it will reduce wage-overhead—for that there is always money), and the like. During a severe slump managements are prone to feel that maintenance of the plant consists in sweeping the floors once a week. But the quality of the product is expected to get better, if anything.

An illustration of this bedevilment occurred in connection with Grandeur's laboratory work. The developing and

printing of film directly affect the quality of what the customers see and hear in the theaters. The girl before the camera may be ineffably beautiful, the disciples of Max Factor may paint an even lovelier countenance over the divine contours of nature, the cameraman may light the ensemble with consummate skill and tinker with gauzes and filters for hours before making a shot, but it all comes to naught if the film laboratory does not reproduce the result on the release prints. We were having trouble of this kind, and the head of the studio sent me to New York, where our copies were made, to do something about it.

The output of a major studio, reckoned in film footages, runs to the order of fifty million feet a year or more, and processing it, even at a profit of a fraction of a cent per foot, is a fairly lucrative business. You would imagine that when I arrived at the office of Mr. Jones, the president of the laboratory company, whose largest customer we were, I should at least have been received with the utmost politeness, if not invited to see the "Follies" in the evening and spend the week-end on a yacht. Instead, I was furiously berated for my suggestion that the laboratory work might be improved and all my complaints were rejected.

Mr. Jones was not crazy. He had very good reason to believe that we should not pull our business out of his plant and go elsewhere. The reason was money. Mr. Jones had it and we did not. He not only ran a laboratory, but he was a money-lender. We owed him nearly a million dollars, on which we paid interest at six per cent. The money was advanced for production and finished negatives were the collateral. In consideration of these advances, we were contractually obliged to patronize Mr. Jones' laboratory, and of course he made as much of a profit as he could. As long as the quality of the work was not downright impossible the customer could only ask for, not demand, improvements.

Such absolute subordination of the technician to the business man is accepted

by most technicians with only an occasional groan. The reins may be held loosely or tightly, but they are always in the business man's hands. Whether it is automobiles or radio receivers or books or film, the stuff can be made only as good as profit considerations will permit, and no more of it will be made than that. When the quality is poor or mediocre the cause, nine times out of ten, is not technical incompetence, but financial hamstringing. That the instinct for workmanship survives under such conditions is a psychological marvel.

In other matters also the technical administrator must conform to Veblen's "tradition of commercial engineering that makes the technological man an awestruck lieutenant of the captain of finance." This was brought home to me in August, 1933, by a strike of studio technicians which cost the industry between one and two million dollars. It was provoked by a few leading producers of the type who are always fuming about seeing "their" business in the river before they will allow anybody to "dictate" to them. In this case the "dictation" took the form of a request for recognition by the soundmen, who were organized in a union which was part of the AF of L International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees. In the face of Section 7a of the NRA and the fact that for years various other craft unions had been recognized by the studios, the producers refused recognition to the soundmen on the ground that another union, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (also AF of L) claimed jurisdiction over them. The fact that all the soundmen were in the IA and none in the IB signified nothing. The producers were out to break the IA. If God Almighty had been in it they would not have recognized Him.

I was not a union man. I had scant regard for the leadership of either union. But that was beside the point. The law entitled the men to collective bargaining through a union of their own choosing, and they had chosen. I felt

bound to them; most of them I had known a long time, a few I had brought out from the East when recording skill was at a premium. The prospect of fighting them on an issue in which every consideration of equity and decency was on their side was profoundly disturbing to me.

The strike had already been called for the following day. It involved not only soundmen, but other units of the IA—cameramen, grips, projectionists, and so on. I wrote a memorandum to Mr. Green, the president of Grandeur, in an effort to get him to attempt mediation at the eleventh hour. Mr. Green was a man of great dignity and unquestioned personal integrity, moreover a lawyer. During the afternoon he sent for me. Matters had passed the mediation stage, he explained. He was obliged to stand with the other producers. What he wanted to discuss was how we were going to keep the studio running.

I said that my sympathies were with the men, that I didn't know, on that account, whether I could undertake my part of that job.

Mr. Green stared at me in honest amazement. My interests, clearly enough, lay on the side of the studio. That my sympathies did not automatically follow baffled him. But he said, not unpleasantly, that he was not concerned with my sentiments; all he asked was an effort to record with such personnel as I could get. I replied that I would give him an answer in a quarter of an hour.

Returning to my office, I called in my two principal assistants. Both were union men. But when I put the question they replied without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment that they would stick with the studio. This meant that if I retired, one of these two would step into my job and stay there. Of course I could have quit anyway, as a matter of principle. My principles were not that strong. I called up Mr. Green and announced that I was at his service.

The strike was on. As a gesture of defiance, the producers inserted half-page

advertisements in the Los Angeles papers calling for men willing to work. Thousands of applicants lined up at the studio gates and filled out forms describing their qualifications. Practically none of them had any qualifications. They were unemployed men looking for any kind of work. The cruelty of dangling studio jobs before these unfortunates was something of which the producers were quite unconscious.

The advertisements of course were merely the front behind which the actual business of breaking the strike went on. The cameramen held a strategic place in the conflict, and the producers offered contracts for two or three years at extravagant salaries to skilled photographers who were willing to desert their union for a price. In sound, I knew enough capable men who were on the beach, willing to do anything for a few hundred dollars, to keep things running. These men were not strikebreakers. Not at all. The IBEW supplied me with a sheaf of working permits, I distributed these among the recruits and, presto! they became bona fide brothers carrying on the noble traditions of the AF of L.

The strike was smashed. The IA lay prostrate, a small, charred skeleton. But on January 1, 1936, it rose suddenly from its ashes. The CIO was eyeing Hollywood, and although the NLRB was not yet adjudicated, its shadow was lengthening over the studios. Labor unrest, strange to relate, was worse than ever. The producers suddenly perceived the virtues of the IA: its decimated locals embraced many crafts; it could be useful. They nursed the reclaimed phoenix tenderly, and it spread its wings and flew. The producers themselves decreed that all soundmen had to belong to it—the closed shop which two years before they had spent over a million dollars of the stockholders' money to defeat. But now it was *their* closed shop. They had reached a modus vivendi with the IA, sealed, it developed later, with a one hundred thousand dollar check from one gentleman to another. Just a personal

loan of course—like Mr. Doheny's loan to Mr. Fall.

Once started, the swallowing of principles proceeds on an expanding scale. In 1934 my jaws, among hundreds of others, were pried open to receive a really formidable bolus, and one which had nothing to do with the work of the studios. Upton Sinclair, the Epic Democrat (Epic = "End Poverty in California") was running for governor against Frank F. Merriam, Republican. The movie magnates were in a frenzy: they declared that if Mr. Sinclair was elected the studios would leave California flat. I was one of the movie workers from whom a day's pay was extracted that this calamity should not come to pass. Subtlety was discarded now; the gun was no longer under the coat. I knew the members of the producers' cabal who were behind this holdup. I asked myself whether if they had had the power they would not have coerced me into voting for Mr. Merriam, as well as contributing to his campaign fund? And, if so, were they not already fascists at heart, for all their gyrations on the platform of one hundred per cent Americanism?

In the course of the campaign they took another leaf from Hitler's manual of politics. One of our studio sound trucks, with its identifying insignia painted out, was used to record the voices of bit players portraying tramps, foreigners, and criminals, all avowing that they intended to vote for Mr. Sinclair, while substantial citizens were pictured as supporters of Mr. Merriam. The resulting propaganda films were shown in theaters all over California and contributed materially to Mr. Sinclair's defeat.

I had had a hand in developing the machinery with which this piece of skulduggery was perpetrated. I was only one of many, but I was in that machinery. This was the use to which I was put.

V

But business must go on. In 1935 Grandeur had a relatively prosperous

year. There was a new head, Mr. Gray—the fifth since 1929—and it looked as if New York had at last found the right man. Mr. Gray brought to his task wide administrative experience, an agile mind, a buoyant disposition, and an astonishing tolerance of the rights of others. New to pictures, he was no Thalberg or Zanuck, but he was quick to learn, and the sorely battered studio staff responded to him with a healthier morale and a more hopeful outlook.

Pawns, however, are not supposed to have feelings, and if they do they lack the means of conveying their sentiments to the master-minds who pore over the financial chessboard. Mr. Gray remained in office for somewhat over the standard period of a year; he departed when the studio changed hands. A controlling interest in the parent company was purchased, with the approval of the court, by a group of investment bankers headed by a financial wizard, Mr. Cook, who had achieved great success in buying up bankrupt and semi-bankrupt companies and rehabilitating them. After a while the mere fact that Mr. Cook had taken over a company was enough to rehabilitate it, and the stock went up as soon as he admitted it to the temenos of his portfolio. It did not necessarily stay up.

I never met Mr. Cook. Except for one or two, nobody at the studio did. He was a pure abstraction to us. Did the Greeks who declared that God geometrizes continually have a prescience of the Cook-type? For he thought purely in numbers, while we had to think in concrete terms of picture production, which involved things and people. Mr. Cook did not worry about such tangibles; he was an arithmetical god, brooding in balance sheets somewhere off in the empyrean. He had only one commandment: costs must be reduced. Costs being reduced, if income increased or was merely maintained, net earnings would go up. Such was the simple premise on which Mr. Cook, like every other business deity, conducted his farflung affairs.

Only in our case it did not work, and in the end Mr. Cock was sorry that he had admitted Grandeur to his portfolio.

His vicar on earth, who supplanted Mr. Gray, was Mr. Robinson, a noted cost-reducer of Hollywood itself. Mr. Robinson was installed with the usual firing of watchmen and stenographers—the solemn sacrificial rite of all such consecrations. He reduced costs, sure enough, but, in strange defiance of natural law, income decreased even more. This could not be attributed wholly to the Madman in the White House, for Mr. Robinson had made a splendid start downward before the recession greased the skids. He tried hard, working fourteen hours a day, sparing neither himself nor his assistants. It would have been better if he had stayed home. He had been in pictures a long time, but that did not enable him to make good pictures. On the contrary. He was hampered by a disposition which, never the sweetest in the world, had been progressively acidified by the bitter struggle to make enough money to buy a few race-horses and keep up appearances before the neighbors. But, human nature being what it is, nobody made allowances for Mr. Robinson's travail; they just didn't like him. And that in Hollywood is a serious matter. The big actors and directors, divinities in their way, like Mr. Cook in his, are in a position where they don't have to work for anybody, and, other things being equal, they preferred not to work for Mr. Cook's Mr. Robinson.

The department heads could not be so choosy, but quite a number of them quit anyway. Others were fired, and perhaps learned the lesson of humility, that they were made of the same clay as watchmen and stenographers. None of this did Grandeur any good. When the top administrators come and go, the department heads give a business such continuity of organizational tonus as it may have, and contribute to the going-concern value. Being a thing impalpable, this asset can be dissipated without the district attorney asking how or why; but if I were the

boss of any sort of institution, business or otherwise, I should strive a lot harder to keep it than Mr. Robinson did.

I was one of those who quit. That wasn't entirely Mr. Robinson's fault, however; he was merely the last straw. I left before I got stomach ulcers or a disposition like Mr. Robinson's. As it was, I was still sleeping and eating well and covering a lot of backcourt at tennis. I covered the job too, to the end. But it had become just that—a job and nothing more, and a job which you could do only by sabotaging yourself as a human being.

VI

No one who has to earn a living can shake the dust of business off his feet, nor is that necessary for what used to be called salvation. For most of us complete integrity, in the sense of one-hundred per cent consecration to elevated objectives, is an unattainable luxury and pharisaism to boot. But I had to find some other activity which would give me a measure of the satisfaction I found in the early stages of my engineering career, when I looked on engineering as an end in itself. What happened later was that I began to see technology as only a part of the human struggle, a struggle which included not only the task of making a living, but the harder task of giving the life so maintained a larger significance and dignity. As I see it, that need, which most human beings feel consciously or unconsciously in some measure, can be fulfilled only as an offshoot of significance and dignity in the collective life. When it becomes clear to an individual so constituted that, on the contrary, his work has nothing to do with human dignity or anything specifically human, he has to see what he can do about it. That is merely self-defense on the psychic level, but if I am right in my theory then it is much more besides.

I can best picture the activity to which I turned, and its effect on me, by describing the change in the place in which I live and in some of the people who work

there. That method is appropriate for another reason: my part in all this is a minor one and, taken by itself, would not reflect the importance of the whole. That importance is not small, and I should not like to see it minimized in the telling; for to identify himself with the greatness of a cause is the one vanity of which a man need not be ashamed. And I think it is also necessary for an understanding of the situation and its moment to show how it developed among people of the class to which I belong.

The change to which I refer is probably more manifest in Hollywood than elsewhere, this being a show town, where the actor sets the tone and everything is dramatized by the very ethos of the place. Yet the same process is going on in the rest of California and all over the country. It is a process of "politicalization" of sections of the population which have not been in the habit of thinking in terms of concrete political action, and its graph has the jagged form of progress and setback which characterizes all curves of that sort. And it is partly our fault—mine and that of the not inconsiderable number of people who feel about business substantially as I do—that the change did not start sooner and is not farther along.

We were guilty of neglecting our duties and interests as citizens. Our careers, our various personal skills, our private interests—these we cultivated sedulously enough. We wore out the thesaurus looking for the right word, measured film flutter to the fourth decimal place, and spoke the speech trippingly on the tongue. We were writers, engineers, actors, and what-not, everything but citizens, except in a passive and technical sense. We were such useful members of society that we were sure society could not possibly go awry. But it did.

Our error was the pervading error of the Twenties, and we fell into it in the best of company. Thomas Mann relates how, as a humanist and a man of culture, he despised politics. The counterpart of that spirit in the United States was the Menckonian view of politics as an ob-

scene but entertaining spectacle—a circus for the readers of the *American Mercury*. Thus the aversion of the average citizen to politics, except as a topic of sporting conversation in barber shops round election time, was intellectualized as the hallmark of worldly-wise superiority. To this citizen and to his literary betters any preoccupation with "social problems" was the token of professors, long-haired men, short-haired women, and agitators. The only other people who took a continuous interest in politics were the professional politicians; they made money out of it, which was low but understandable. Of course there was always talk of electing good men to office, and every few decades a reformer had to come along, arouse the decent citizens, and clean out the Augean stables, a task which was traditionally limited to one Administration, and followed by normalcy. The decent citizens didn't stay aroused.

Nor did the majority of those who prided themselves on their "social consciousness." They might yell murder at the culmination of a Sacco-Vanzetti case, but most of the time they were busy on something personal, or just tired. A belief in socialism was very handy in this connection, because it could be avowed occasionally at parties or in print and in the intervals one was excused from any mundane effort. That was my state. Whenever I was at odds with the business world I would write an article. Sometimes it was published and I received the plaudits of people who considered it marvellous that an engineer could get away from his gadgets long enough to write something intelligible about affairs of state. And then I considered that I had done my duty.

As a personal lenitive it was a success but it made no dent in the captains of business. These gentlemen were engrossed with other matters. Their conflicts were all outside; inside there wasn't much of anything. They were simply acting according to their natures, which, in the most successful of them, were highly competitive, acquisitive, and "practi-

cal," trained, that is, to concentration on the main chance to the exclusion of everything else. And they did not neglect politics as we did. They could not. They did not lobby, bribe, connive, and coerce for the fun of it, but because that was how business was done. And in the absence of opposition they had their way. One force can be opposed only by another force.

We in the meantime were soft-headed about it all. We assumed, for instance, that our rights as citizens would be respected because certain moral-political standards were as securely established as Mount Whitney. This implied that the producers—or the people running any other business—had taken to heart the copybook maxims of democracy and were bent on carrying out these sacred principles even at the cost of their business interests. In reality, if they were not actually hostile to these principles, their concern with them was of the most fleeting kind, and when they found themselves in a tight spot they discarded them as a horse shakes off flies. And they did not even realize that they were doing anything reprehensible. They were astonished that their employees—people to whom they were "giving work"—should harbor any resentment over the forced contribution of a single day's pay to the Merriam campaign chest.

Whatever may be true in heaven, in this world the only things that are taken seriously by anyone are those which a sizable number of people take so seriously that they are highly vocal about them, work for them untiringly, and give every sign of being willing to fight for them if necessary. Everything else, when it gets in the way of someone who is going somewhere, is kicked aside. We finally grasped this not very recondite truth. No doubt Herr Hitler helped to awaken us from afar, as he had awakened Thomas Mann and others in his own country. The affair Sinclair-Merriam, among other local storm warnings, brought the situation home to us.

It was not an irremediable situation,

and the remedy has been applied. In the 1938 gubernatorial election in California the same Frank F. Merriam was decisively defeated by Culbert L. Olson, the Democratic candidate, who had been one of Mr. Sinclair's running mates on the Epic platform four years before. The same uproar was raised against Mr. Olson: he was a Red, he would ruin the State, he would pardon Mooney. (He has pardoned him.) But this time no studio workers were held up for contributions and the studios made no propaganda films. And the reason for this new deal in the politics of the movie colony was not that the producers had experienced a change of heart, but that they were no longer cracking the whip over a herd of helpless individuals. Instead, the heavy artillery of the Screen Actors', Directors', and Writers' Guilds, the Motion Picture Democratic Committee, and sundry other employees' organizations stood in the way, and the producers prudently retired. The lesson is plain.

The rise, present status, and prospects of these organizations are beyond the scope of this story. There is no occasion for alarm. There has been no revolution and none is contemplated. Mr. Cook remains in his heaven, the producers still run the studios, and good old Grandeur staggers on toward an ever-receding goal line. Nevertheless there has been a change and everybody in pictures knows it. A vast amount of energy went into the creation of the new institutions and it did not come out of the cloudless Southland sky. It was contributed by people expending their time as unstintingly as if they were getting seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week for it. The result, after years of litigation, sell-outs in the grand manner, and attempted blacklistings, has been the upbuilding of organizations which, politically and to some extent industrially, constitute an effective counterbalance to the governing financial powers, heretofore checked only by their internal rivalries and sporadic individual resistance. Aside from local issues, some of these

organizations are beginning to make their influence felt on a national and even international scale.

It should be highly encouraging to progressives everywhere that such a movement can go forward in high gear in a community whose name is a synonym for frivolity, and in a State which has been the undisputed fief of business like few others. Reactionary California! But reaction works both ways. We California progressives have done some reacting of our own, in the direction of reclaiming California for ourselves and the masses of the people who live here.

Of course it is no more than a beginning. Utopia is still far from the palm-lined shores of the Pacific, and we are well aware that a rough, winding road lies ahead. The threat of a full-fledged

fascist counter-offensive is something which only those unfamiliar with California history and present conditions will take lightly. But we know what we are up against and we are on our way. We are not master politicians, but at least we have learned something that was always implicit in the American system—that if we want democracy we cannot dispose of our responsibilities by marching to the polls once in a while and giving lip service to the Bill of Rights. If we want democracy we have to work at it. We have to accept the idea of politics as every citizen's primary and unremitting concern, as our business in a very concrete and personal sense. We purpose to attend to it with no less assiduity than that which the business man devotes to his private profit, and to do our job better than he has done his.





A NUMBER OF PEOPLE

PART II

BY SIR EDWARD MARSH

FOR about six years, down to 1910 or thereabouts, I lived almost entirely, outside office hours, for Pleasure (to be carefully distinguished from Dissipation). I can't be sure whether this is a confession or not. The identities of the less eminent Victorians are now blurred by the mists of time, and apt to merge into one another, so that I can no longer clearly differentiate Sir George Cornwall-Lewis from Sir Arthur Helps; but one of those worthies it was who observed that life would be tolerable were it not for its amusements. But there is much to be said for amusements, so long as they are after one's own heart and not swallowed indiscriminately because they seem to amuse other people. Robert Nichols has a delicious imitation of Arnold Bennett chirping that I was "too social"; but as I really did enjoy my balls and dinners and country visits I won't go back on them now.

It is the current custom to depict "Edwardian Society" as vulgar and vicious, and so, no doubt, some of it was; but there was another part, to which these adjectives did not apply and in its elegance, its culture, and its dutifulness, must have been acknowledged by anybody not vowed to the ideals of Totalitarian Equalitarianism to be worthy of the place it held in English life.

I was undeniably very lucky in the circle of happy families into which I was carried by my friendships with Maurice Baring and the Lyttons. Sometimes I

made friends with the parents first, sometimes with the children; and as in age I was roughly half-way between the two generations, I fitted in fairly well with both. I foresee two difficulties in writing about them: where to begin, and where to stop.

LADY OXFORD

My first sight of Mrs. Asquith—Margot Tennant—Lady Oxford, equally and deservedly celebrated under all the three names she has borne, was a year or two after her marriage, at a luncheon in her father Sir Charles Tennant's house in Grosvenor Square, to which I had been bidden by his granddaughter Miss Barbara Lister, herself now deservedly celebrated as a writer under the name of Lady Wilson. Mrs. Asquith came on from a wedding, and I had my first taste of her peculiar tang when someone asked her what it had been like, and she answered, "The service was *fully* choral." The mordant tone in which she spoke this familiar phrase seemed to raise it to a final judgment on the "Society Wedding." It was my only meeting with old Sir Charles, who was in an amiably choleric mood, and for some reason picked on me as his whipping-boy. When someone commiserated the young couple who had just got married on the ground that they would have only £2,000 a year, he addressed his rebuke to me. "Let me tell you, young man, that when you come to be married you may consider

yourself very fortunate if you have as much as £2,000 a year."

After luncheon my hostess and her delightful uncle Reggie Lister took me upstairs and showed me the magnificent collection of pictures, after which we sat down and talked. Presently Sir Charles bustled into the room, turned out the electric lights, which we, or in my view *they*, had left burning, and again treated me as the culprit. "I wonder if you know, young man, how much it costs to light this room with electricity." There was a good golfing story about him. He and his opponent were just preparing for their first drive when a certain very eminent criminal lawyer dashed up and put his own ball on the tee. The other player was about to explode when Sir Charles interposed with "Don't be angry with him—perhaps he isn't quite a gentleman, poor fellow, poor fellow!"

Some day no doubt a collection will be made of the wit and wisdom and other manifestations of Margot Asquith, to the vast entertainment of posterity. She has a unique turn of phrase: "an imitation rough diamond," of an American who went all "Western" in London; "poor So-and-so! a woman without a roof or rafter to her mouth"; "So-and-so told enough white lies to ice a cake." In a country house she had been shown over, full of sporting trophies, there stood in the hall "a stuffed hippopotamus on its hind legs, with a tray of visiting cards in one hand and a bunch of azaleas in the other." We were discussing the strange fact that a man who is in private life a flawless *preux chevalier* will occasionally in politics do something that seems a little questionable. "As for—," she subjoined, "of course he can't see a belt without hitting below it; but then *he* doesn't know where it is." Talking of principle, she told me she liked people to have "a few bars in their character, very far apart, but *iron*."

She once paid a visit to a noble family whom I will call the Daubeneys, at a house which had never been brought up to date; and she complained bitterly that

the only switch in her bedroom was by the door, so that if she wanted a light in the night she had to crawl across the floor on her stomach in the dark. "The Daubeneys," she said, "don't mind—they all have stomachs like crocodiles." (The obverse of this was Lady Astor's description of a fabulously luxurious housewarming at a great mansion to which the owner had been enabled to return by an accession of wealth; the climax was "and the sheets were so fine that the blankets tickled you through, and the guests woke up in the morning exhausted with laughing.")

As is well known, Lady Oxford is extremely frank. "You play like a lunatic," she told me, with full justification, at a game of bridge. We had spent an afternoon seeing the sights of Palermo, and when we got out of the *vettura* she tried to stop me paying the driver. "Really, Margot," I said, "you *must* let me pay—I'm quite rich." "You, rich? A pauper!" Lady Bridges was waked by her maid with the announcement that Mrs. Asquith had rung up at eight o'clock, "but I told her you had said you weren't to be called before half-past nine." "Did she tell you what she wanted?" "No, my Lady, but I think it must have been something important because she said, 'God, what a woman!'"

THE RUTLAND FAMILY

One of the chief centers of our circle, if such an unEuclidean expression may pass, was the Rutland family. In my youth my elders used to agree upon Mrs. Langtry as the most beautiful woman of their time; and now that I am myself of an age to take part in such debates, I must aver that if one went strictly by the permanent, fundamental, structural qualities of a face, I could never name anyone as the most beautiful of all but Violet Duchess of Rutland. My youngest contemporaries, when it comes to their turn, will probably be voting by a large majority for her daughter, Lady Diana Manners, who in the parentage game (in which, by the way, she ascribed

my own origin to Puck and Madame de Maintenon—with what justice I won't attempt to decide) was assigned as her mother and father Venus and Voltaire; for she was, and is, as witty as she was, and is, beautiful.

I am privileged to print, by leave of the writer's son, an epigram in her honor by Cecil Baring, Lord Revelstoke, which seems to me worthy of the Greek Anthology:

TO THE GLASS OF A LADY OF QUALITY

In all the world this glass holds pride of place;
Well for thee, glass, tho' frail, thou art not tender!

Else how couldst thou endure, Diana's face,
Daily possessing, daily to surrender?

"With two sister Graces more," Lady Marjorie and Lady Letty, Lady Diana made the most exciting and exhilarating trio that could be imagined, and the recollection of my visits to The Woodhouse, at Rowsley in Derbyshire, overwhelms me with nostalgia. When the Duke succeeded they migrated to Belvoir, and the Duchess made a tour of the gardens in company with the head-gardener, in the course of which she came upon some large beds of exaggerated, purse-proud calceolarias. "We won't have these next year," she said. The gardener's reply was crushing and conclusive. "The tourists expect the calceolarias, your Grace."

The Duke was a rather temperamental Tory, so that when, according to his view, the wickedness of the Liberal Ministers over the Lords' veto caused the death of good King Edward VII, I, as the minion of one of them, was for a short time looked upon as a regicide, and (theoretically) forbidden his houses.

LADY WENLOCK

Lord and Lady Wenlock lived with their daughter Irene Lawley, now Mrs. Colin Forbes-Adam, at Escrick Park near York, which Harry Cust said was the only house that never disappointed him, because when he went back to it he always found it uglier than he had remembered. Lady Wenlock had spent her youth al-

most entirely at Harewood, so that she looked upon any house not decorated by Adam as a departure from the norm; and when she married she wrote to her mother in her first letter from Escrick, "This is such a funny house—there are no sphinxes or griffins."

Anatole France remarked somewhere that the Almighty had misconceived his own talent when he undertook the creation of a Universe, and would have done better to content himself with making "*quelque chose de petit et de parfait—un petit poisson, une goutte d'eau.*" Lady Wenlock was little and perfect, a good fairy for most of her life, and then a good witch with an ivory-headed broomstick. She was very witty and very absent-minded, so much so that once when she started hunting for a pen she found herself looking for it under P in the French dictionary. Lord Wenlock, whose nickname was Bingy, wanted to sell a couple of horses, and had arranged for a horse-dealer to come and see them; but he was called away at the last moment and had to leave the negotiations to his wife, who was fond of the horses and didn't wish them to be sold; so she took the man to the stables and said, "I do wish I could remember what it is that's wrong with these horses—Bingy would tell you in a minute if he were here." So when Bingy came back the animals were still in their stalls.

The only drawback to her companionship was her extreme deafness, which caused her to carry about a peculiar silver ear-trumpet, looking like an entrée-dish, or anything rather than what it was. This was a favorite plaything of Fortune. At a luncheon in Florence she suddenly presented it to her neighbor, an Italian Duke, who gallantly filled it with green peas from a dish which a footman was handing to him; and at one of her balls in London she left it on the piano, where it was mistaken for an ash-tray, so that when the Prince of Wales took her in to supper and addressed an opening remark to her she immediately covered him all over with cigarette-ends.

One curious result of her deafness was that she was exceedingly noisy. It was paradoxical to hear a being of such exquisite elegance making a salad or pouring out coffee with a clatter like the unloading of milk cans from a train—one realized how much unconscious control the non-deaf must have instinctively trained themselves to exercise over their movements. One man who had the room next hers thought seriously of going to her rescue; but fortunately he refrained, for the alarming sounds he had heard were merely Lady Wenlock going to bed as usual.

MRS. HAMLYN

Christine Hamlyn, the Lady of Clovelly—Clausae Vallis Domina—was one of the unique persons; and when she died in 1936 at eighty, a miniature epoch closed in her microcosm, just as truly a great one closed in the world at large with the death of Queen Victoria. The Queen and she had a good deal in common: both combined small stature with commanding presence, both were stern moralists, compact of violent prejudices; and in both, as the years went by, benevolence grew at a pace with autocracy.

Mrs. Hamlyn as an old lady had her own style of dress, which never varied—black in the daytime, with a little black bonnet and a veil, and in the evening, for great occasions, white silk, with an august arrangement of white lace and diamonds which made a perfect setting for her ample white hair and her grandly modelled face. For Clovelly she had a jealous and despotic love: the demons Advertisement and Development could set no foot in her domain, and till she became too infirm she made an almost daily progress, staff in hand, down its precipitous and cobbled alleys to the sea, with a pouncing eye for the smallest trace of carton or tinfoil.

She was always formidable and, till one knew her, this was perhaps the quality that struck one most. I shall never forget what I went through, at a ball of Lady Astor's, when I was walking across the

room in search of my partner, without a care in the world, and suddenly found myself hooked from behind. I swivelled round and beheld Mrs. Hamlyn on a sofa, in her white samite, with her crook'd stick in her hand. "Young man," she said, "I've got a bone to pick with you." My flesh crept—what could I have done? She told me I had compared her to a Roman empress! So I had, meaning it as a tribute; but it appeared that her idea of the character was derived from the Empresses Messalina and Faustina. However, I soon convinced her that I had had in mind neither of these, but the Empress Livia, consort to Augustus (Robert Graves had fortunately not yet blackened that lady's reputation in *I Claudius*), and all was well.

Soon after this she admitted me to her friendship, and thenceforth she was an angel to me. I went every year to Clovelly, where she kept the openest house I have known, crammed with relations and friends of all ages, especially a host of children. There was of course no lack of P's and Q's to mind. Church at least once on Sundays was imperative, and distinguished guests were roped in to read the Lessons. The star turns were Lord Cecil and his brother Hugh, but the time I was most impressed was when Sir Nevile Henderson (now Ambassador to Berlin) in the neatest of blue serges took his stand before the lectern, and in the polished accents of diplomacy led off with the startling words of Habakkuk, "Howl, ye inhabitants of Makresh!"

Another P or Q was the choice of a railway station for arrival. There were two possibilities, Bideford and Barnstaple, and Mrs. Hamlyn, as a shareholder, was a strong partisan of the line which brought one to Bideford. I once in all innocence went to Barnstaple, which happened to be much the more convenient; but never again.

She was very fond of a game of bridge, which she played in a manner entirely her own. "One no trump," she would say; "I do hope my partner has a good hand." Or, "If I say three hearts, I

wonder if my partner will say four?" Luckily she would never play for money, so it didn't matter much.

She was a great reader, with a passionate love of the good old novels, Scott and Jane Austen, Thackeray and Trollope and Mrs. Gaskell, but with an equally passionate hatred of poetry. The other day I was at Clovelly again, and I looked at her Milton, on the fly-leaf of which I found she had written: "Bought at Bideford for half-a-crown, to read Comus, because the Studeys were going to act it." She evidently couldn't bear that it should be supposed she had wasted even half-a-crown on a Milton for its own sake.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

My first sight of "G.B.S." was on a Sunday evening at the Royalty Theater, when he made a speech after the first performance of "Widowers' Houses." The audience was, in the American phrase, "not quite ready" for the play, in which the only bullet that unmistakably found its billet was James Welch's miraculous impersonation of Lickcheese; and the author gave them, in the English phrase, "what for." I forget what he said, but I have not forgotten the fire of his pugnacious certainty of himself, matched by the fire of his red hair flaming over his white face and his compelling eyes. The next time I heard him speak was at Toynbee Hall, when he was again blowing his own "loud uplifted angel-trumpet." He told us how for years he had been derided for the absurdity of making his professional soldier in "Arms and the Man" empty the cartridges out of their case and fill it with chocolate instead. "But when," he said, "the Boer War broke out, and the late Queen Victoria . . ." He never finished the sentence, for the Queen's Christmas gift of chocolate-boxes to the troops, which is perhaps now forgotten, was very present in the minds of the audience, who burst into such a glory of laughter as I have seldom heard at a meeting.

Soon after this I went to Wilfrid Blunt's sale of Arab horses at Crabbet,

which in those days was an annual event of the season. It involved broiling for hours in a tent after a "champagne luncheon," and when it was over I crawled into the train at Three Bridges with a cracking headache, pining for annihilation. Shaw, whom by this time I knew, got into the carriage and talked so tonically all the way to London that when we arrived at Waterloo I looked in vain for my headache, and realized that it must have fled at his first word.

Neville Lytton and I paid him an amusing visit at a Surrey cottage which he had taken for the summer. He was just back from a French tour on which he had made great play with his first kodak, and I have never seen anyone so proud of anything as he was of his snapshots. All the lyrical poet in him came to the surface in a pæan on photography, which in his view was the Art of the Future, destined to supersede painting just as the typewriter was bound to supersede poetry. This was altogether too much for me. I was not of an age to sit down under blasphemy, and I had the absurdity to say that I didn't think "Paradise Lost" could ever have been written by a typewriter. "Oh, Milton," said Shaw, "that old hombog, that old bag of tricks!" Seeing me go white to the gills, Mrs. Shaw poured out the oil of tact. "Surely, G.B.S.," she said, "some of Milton's *prose* is very good."

When peace had been thus patched up, he told us of John Burns's beginnings as a speaker, when he would sometimes inadvisedly climb a height of rhetoric without any provision for getting down again. He was picturing in a peroration the time when Woman would at long last have her rights—"and then," he said, "we shall see her exfoliate as—as—as we should all wish to see her exfoliate." For this I exchanged a story I had from Sydney Cockerell of some Socialists traveling in Russia who paid a visit to Tolstoy, and began by alluding to their common friend John Burns. "Ah, yes," said Tolstoy, "Jone Bürnss—that exquisite artist!"

There was evidently some mistake, but it was soon cleared up—Tolstoy had confused Jone Bürnss with Bürn Jonss.

The Italian dramatist Pirandello was to meet the Shaws at luncheon with the Laverys and rang Lady Lavery up the day before to ask if she could arrange for him to be photographed in company with the immortal John Lavery and the immortal Bernard Shaw. She thought this rather tiresome and "foreign," but being the most good-natured woman in the world, she proceeded to ring up Mr. Shaw in order to warn him of what he might expect. To explain what followed, I must postulate the existence of an actress of the second order, to whom I will give the name of Miriam Fellowes. Lady Lavery was connected with Mrs. Shaw, who when she learned what was on foot bristled audibly along the wire, and said that neither G.B.S. nor herself could possibly countenance anything of the kind. This reaction seemed excessive, and Lady Lavery, sticking to her guns, got Shaw himself to the telephone and began all over again. When she came to the word Pirandello he had the giggles, and as soon as he could speak brought out: "Do you know what Charlotte thought you said? Miriam Fellowes." The irony of it all was that next day the photographer was shooting a number of debutantes in their court dresses, and as they seemed to him more worthy of his art than the immortal Pirandello, the immortal John Lavery, and the immortal Bernard Shaw, he didn't arrive till long after the party had broken up.

I was told of Shaw's introduction to an eminent authoress, who found him so agreeable that she wrote next day asking him to come and see her. "Nothing," he replied, "shall induce me to imperil the memory of our one perfect meeting." When *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters*, subsequently acknowledged by Laurence Housman, was published anonymously, there was a great to-do, and one of the newspapers sent reply-paid telegrams to all the well-known writers: "Are you author Love Letters Englishwoman?" It

was rumored that G.B.S. had answered: "Am author Love-letters many English-women which do you mean?" . . .

When the solitary Act I of J. M. Barrie's "Shall We Join the Ladies?" was given its dazzling first performance at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art it naturally made a sensation, and everybody went about speculating why he hadn't finished the play. Did he know himself how the story ended, or had he found that he couldn't untie his own knot? Someone who was in a position to know told me that he had in fact worked out the whole play before he began to write it, and full of this privileged information I passed it on to Shaw. "Good gracious," he exclaimed, "what an extraordinary ideal! Do you mean to tell me that when Barrie begins a play he actually thinks it out beforehand? When I start a play, I write whatever comes into my head, without having the faintest notion how it's going to turn out." I refrained from saying that from some of his plays that was just what one would suppose.

Long afterward Barrie told me himself that he had made a complete scenario of the play and fully meant to finish it, but so many strangers wrote to volunteer their own solutions that he grew sick of the whole thing and put it aside for good. If this is true, it is a million pities; for if the whole had been worthy of its beginning it must have been a glory of the stage.

J. M. BARRIE

I hope I have a right to count James Barrie among my friends, because I certainly felt a deep regard for him, and once when I had an illness he wrote me a letter so warm and generous that I think I must leave it in my will to be put in my Obituary; but I was never one of those who knew how to get past his shyness, which of course infected me, so that I have sadly little to tell of him. One walk I remember, at Knebworth, which I call "The Hundred Pound Walk"—a title adapted from "The Twelve Pound Look" to suit a story Maurice Hewlett told me.

He and Barrie and Andrew Carnegie were all staying at the same hotel in Scotland, and one afternoon Carnegie enviously watched the other two coming back from a walk. "I don't suppose," he said to Hewlett, "he'd go for a walk with *me* if I offered him a hundred pounds." ("Poor little rich man!") On this inestimable walk Barrie told me how he had been asked to write the *Life* of George Meredith and given all the material. As he read and read, the story took shape in his mind—surely he was on the road to his masterpiece; but while his imagination blazed, a doubt stole in. Would he ever be able to stick to the facts? At every turn a twist suggested itself which would make the tale more arresting, more vital—what it ought to have been rather than what it was. After a struggle the historic conscience in him prevailed over the artistic; he was a novelist, not a biographer; and with sore reluctance he returned the papers to the executors.

I owe to him my second but by no means my last reading of Trollope. I had enjoyed his Barsetshire novels when I was at Westminster; but since then, like most people, I had lost sight of him, till Barrie told me of a night in a strange bedroom when he had needed something to read himself asleep with, but found on the bookshelf nothing by any known author except a Trollope, whose title *Is He Popenjoy?* seemed so inane and repellent that he could hardly bring himself to open it. However, there was nothing for it: he began to read—and sat up into the small hours. Next day I got the book out of the London Library, and found it so entrancing that I went on to read nearly all the novels, either for the first time or again; so that when a year or two later Michael Sadleir earned the gratitude of the reading world by starting a boom in Trollope I had the foppish satisfaction of feeling that I hadn't waited on fashion, but was already in on the ground floor.

I am sure a great actor was lost in Barrie. One evening at Stanway we played charades, and he enacted in dumb

show with Lady Cynthia Asquith a husband consumed by a murderous hatred for his adoring wife. Our blood froze as once and again he crept up behind his unsuspecting victim, paper-knife in hand, with a look of hellish malignity, and when, as she always did, she looked round at the last nick of time in confiding sweetness, he jerked his features into a ghastly grin of uxorious fatuity.

Rudyard Kipling gave me the same notion of a wasted Garrick. We were staying with the Desboroughs at Taplow Court, and playing the game of guessing historical scenes. Kipling took the stage with Mrs. Montgomery, and though I don't think anyone guessed their subject, which turned out to have been the High Priest giving Judas the thirty pieces of silver, that made no matter—the point was the impression they created of something on foot that was unutterably sinister and momentous.

A. E. HOUSMAN

This was also a slight acquaintance, and I can only recall two meetings, the first at dinner with my father at Downing, when Housman produced what must have been one of his best stories. There had been a morning assembly in the Combination-room of one of the Colleges, at which undergraduates carried about trays of sherry and biscuits. One of them approached an Indian in his first term, who thrust out both hands in deprecation and said, "No, no, I do not communicate." My other sight of him was at a festal dinner in King's, when I found I was to sit next Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and opposite Housman. "What fun I shall have with Q," I thought, "but I don't suppose Housman will take any notice of me." My forecast was reversed: Q didn't say a word to me the whole evening, but Housman was as forthcoming as his nature and the table between us allowed.

Arthur Benson told me of a little incident which threw a faint but perhaps appreciable light on Housman's shy reserve. Arthur was spending the copious

gains of his pen on a new Hall at Magdalen, which was the pride of his life. He delighted to stand in the street and watch the masons at their work, and one day, catching sight of Housman, he did on an impulse what as a rule he would never have dreamed of—seized him by the arm and dragged him into the building, “for to admire and for to see.” Something seemed to melt under his touch, a barrier fell, and for the first time Housman became entirely human. It was borne in upon Arthur that if people could only take to slapping him, so to speak, on the back, he would become a different person; but I never heard of anyone carrying the experiment farther.

There was a capital epigram, attributed

to him by oral tradition, which surely bears his stamp, though to my surprise I haven’t found it among the Parerga which have been collected since his death. It was an address to the Muses of the ’nineties, when the most talked-of poets were William Watson, John Davidson, and Francis Thompson:

Ye Nine, behold amid your pastures romp
The sons of Wat, of David, and of Thomp.

He was also credited with being the second of the two Examiners who heard the “blithe new-comer” on a spring walk to Madingley:

First Don Oh cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice?

Second Don State the alternative preferred,
 With reasons for your choice.





SOCRATES CROSSES THE DELAWARE

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE AND THE GREAT BOOKS

BY MILTON S. MAYER

ON THE softly sloping green of St. John's College in Annapolis there stands a tree that was old when the Susquehanna Indians played Czechoslovakia to the white man. It is a great tulip poplar, known to two centuries of St. Johnnies as the Liberty Tree. They say that fifty years ago the Liberty Tree was dying. It looked healthy enough from a distance; its branches were rich and luxuriant, but its wondrous trunk was hollowed with rot. The Liberty Tree required desperate and drastic surgery. One Fourth of July a crowd of St. Johnnies stuck some explosive—dynamite, they say—inside the trunk and blasted out the rot. The Liberty Tree revived, and if you happen to be in Annapolis you may see it approaching its sixth or seventh hundred birthday in its pristine vigor.

Two years ago there arrived at St. John's College a couple of young men who believe that the tree of human liberty is dying—dying not of old age or of wounds inflicted from without, but of rot from within. These young men hold that the trunk of the tree of liberty is education, and American education, they say, is rotten. So they threw up their jobs as professors in a great university and went to St. John's College and stuck some dynamite inside the trunk of the human liberty tree.

"Winkie" Barr—no one knows how Stringfellow got to be "Winkie"—and Scott Buchanan take the ancient view that liberty—human liberty—is some-

thing more than the animal liberty of bacon and beans, that it is first and foremost the freedom of the human mind. And they hold that the mind cannot be freed from ignorance and prejudice, any more than the body can be freed from disease, except by the exercise of painful discipline.

For fifteen years as students and another fifteen as professors (both are about forty years old) they watched American education flourish externally while the proportion of really free men and women produced by the schools and colleges grew smaller and smaller, while the discipline of the mind gave way to "college life," while, as President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton once observed, the side-shows of education were putting the main tent out of business. They decided to do something about it.

And, unlike so many of us, they knew what they wanted to do. They wanted to revive the liberal education that the Adamses and Jefferson and Jay and Madison had in college. They wanted to restore to American education the books that Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln read without the benefit of four comfortable years in an expensive university; they wanted to discipline young men's minds in reading, writing, and reasoning, the human arts of understanding and communication, the historic liberal arts from which our "liberal arts colleges" take their name. This is the education for which President Robert M. Hutchins

of Chicago has been touting for ten years, and St. John's College to-day is the answer to the question, "Yes—but will it work?"

The purpose of St. John's, according to the charter granted it in 1784, was "the liberal education of youth in the principles of virtue, knowledge, and useful literature." One of the petitioners for that charter was William Paca, who had signed the Declaration of Independence, and three other signers, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, and Thomas Stone, served on the college's Board of Visitors and Governors. To St. John's, Washington sent his adopted son and his two nephews, and at St. John's the privileged few who in those days went to college learned to read and to read good books. This liberal education, which, strangely enough, is labeled "experimental" these days, had been given at St. John's since 1696, when the institution was founded as King William's School and its object was stated, not as preparation for jobs nor as four years of fun, but as "the propagation of good Learning."

Good learning eventually finds its way into books. We all admit that good books are somehow good. We recognize that there exists an unbroken tradition, going back to Greece and Rome, in which our American institutions and ideals are rooted. We concede that this tradition is most classically recorded and expressed by the best men and the greatest teachers in every age, men who, though they may have lived centuries apart, went to school together, refining, reworking, and bequeathing the tradition they inherited. We know that man alone, through the medium of language, hands down to his descendants something more than mere reflexes.

We know all this. We know what most of the great books are, beginning with Homer. We pay them homage whenever we hear them mentioned, and we quote them impressively out of Bartlett's *Quotations*. They are the books we all intend to read some day, though

we didn't read them in school or college. Most of them are found in every standard library. They are published and sold in standard sets, most of them selling for less than a dollar. We don't have to go to college to read them; most of the *Harvard Classics*, indeed, are not read even at Harvard. Whatever our occupation, whatever our station, we can read these books if we want to. And we can understand them if we try: there is nothing anyone can teach a man that a man can't learn by himself.

But a "classic" is, by popular definition, a book that nobody reads. The very word is odious, suggesting drudgery and dust, something we can leave to professors—who, incidentally, don't read them either. We tell ourselves that most of these books are "dated," that things have changed since they were written. But we forget that while things have changed, men have not. To-day we have Reno and radio, incendiary bombs instead of the stake, and tanks instead of rams; but we love, hate, work, and fight for the same reasons as the ancient Greeks; and we live and die with or without the same aspirations. Details have altered, the scale is larger, new instruments and technics have been devised; but human nature and the problems it raises are timeless.

A great book deals with these problems and is as good to-day as it was yesterday. It is a book that is contemporary in any age and in any place. What are the best sellers? *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? Horatio Alger? *Peck's Bad Boy*? *Gone with the Wind*? Not compared with the Bible, *The Divine Comedy*, *Don Quixote*, *Hamlet*, or *Paradise Lost*. These books have been read by millions in every language. It may be estimated, so conservatively as to raise no dispute, that the *Iliad* has been read, over the last 3,000 years, by 25,000,000 people. Last year's best sellers are forgotten or out of print.

The first American college class in fifty years to have read these books, to have had firsthand contact with the original sources of our civilization, are

the members of the Class of '41 at St. John's College. Not only are they reading them; they are learning how to read. They are not memorizing snatches from them or learning their dates; they are being taught to bring to the reading they will do in later life the arts of language, the processes of analyzing and criticizing terms and propositions, arguments and contradictions. They are sharpening the instruments—the only instruments—with which men are able to distinguish ends and means, significant and trivial, general and particular, and straight and crooked.

This is the education that was given at the liberal arts colleges of the country a century and two ago. To-day it is given in no other liberal arts college in America but St. John's. A century ago the selected few went to college; to-day the unselected many. Is this the best education for the many, as it was for the few? The Messrs. Barr and Buchanan have undertaken to find that out, bringing with them the faith, without which democracy itself must be a fraud, that ordinary boys and girls can be educated—can learn something more than a trade—if the schools will only give them a chance.

And the St. John's boys are ordinary. Nearly all of them come from the farms and small towns of Maryland, and few of them would be admitted to Harvard or Chicago. At least half of them are working their way through school. If the members of the Class of '41 at St. John's are able to absorb the best education, if they turn out to be free men—in the historic sense of that word—then the excuse that the "masses" cannot cope with the best education will no longer serve as an excuse for handing out the worst. As to whether the Class of '41 will turn out to be free men, we shall have to wait ten or fifteen years. As to whether they are able to master the books, we shall see in a moment.

II

Two years ago St. John's was probably the worst example extant of the kind of

educational philosophy that is gradually putting the American college on the rocks. This once proud institution, older than any college in America except Harvard and William and Mary, had fallen to low estate. It had a \$350,000 debt in the form of an overdue mortgage on its own property. Faculty morale was nonexistent. Standards had been abandoned in a futile effort to attract students. There had been three presidents in seven years, the last of whom suggested making the school co-educational, doubtless with the notion that the proximity of the Naval Academy would serve as bait. Mr. H. L. Mencken, a big Maryland taxpayer, observed just before Barr and Buchanan took over that the most impressive thing about St. John's was that it received \$67,000 a year from the State and that every student cost the taxpayers \$249.

Hundreds of small colleges were—and are—as sorely straitened as St. John's was. Their decline, paralleled by the enrichment of the universities, may be traced, in part, to the spread of the elective system. Two generations ago the required curriculum gave way to an assortment of "offerings." The educator, who was once thought qualified to prescribe for ignorance as the physician does for disease, was reduced to the role of nurse, and the student became both patient and doctor, selecting whichever kind of pill looked easiest to swallow.

The universities rapidly abandoned the effort to do good teaching and became research institutions, offering the undergraduates, as a substitute for mental discipline, lavish accommodations for fun and frolic. The colleges, instead of picking up the teaching burden, made the fatal mistake of trying to compete with the universities at their own game. It is said of a small boy, but it might as well have been a college freshman, that he came home from a "progressive" school in Virginia and said, "Mama, I don't want to learn what I want to learn; I want to learn how to read and write."

With the exception of a few Copeys or Frosts—vestiges of the time when teaching was a great profession—the college and university faculties came to consist of specialists, mediocre or renowned. The colleges began to complain that they could not do good teaching because the best men went into research. They ignored the fact that the best teachers, though they were somewhat older than Methuselah, were still available. Modern America is the first country since Athens which believes that Socrates actually died when he took the hemlock.

Most of the colleges survived by offering diplomas to children who could not meet the entrance or financial requirements of attending a big university. American parents continued to want their boys and girls to be Bachelors of Arts, even though the Arts had disappeared from education and the Bachelors never matured into intellectual Benedicts. The failure of charm-school education, designed to develop the "whole man" and leave his mind alone, has become so notorious that even business men, according to a recent poll in *Fortune*, have lost their faith in college graduates as prospective successes.

By 1936 St. John's had reached the bottom of its bag of tricks and was ready to close its doors, when one of its trustees heard about the great books. In its modern form the great books idea was John Erskine's, who taught them to a selected group of Columbia students from 1920 to 1930. Barr, a Virginia product, and Buchanan, an Amherst boy in the great days of Meiklejohn, had been at Oxford together as Rhodes scholars and eventually teamed up again at the University of Virginia. There they reworked and expanded Erskine's list and later Hutchins invited them to Chicago. They went on tinkering with the list, adding the classics of science, from Euclid to the present, to those of philosophy, history, politics, economics, and *belles lettres*. The present list numbers something like one hundred and twenty; it is changing all the time, mostly

at the modern end. Joyce, for instance, has been added to the books that the present sophomore class at St. John's will study in their senior year, and *Moby Dick* and Mark Twain seem to be about to make the grade.

Early in 1937 Barr and Buchanan accepted the presidency and deanship of St. John's and Hutchins took a place on the Board. The board was reorganized six months later, with Hutchins as chairman and Surgeon General Thomas Parran as vice-chairman. How Barr happened to take the presidency instead of Buchanan is a mystery. Neither of them wanted to be an administrator; both wanted to teach. The likelihood is that they tossed a coin and Barr lost and took the job.

The fact is that Hutchins and Barr on the one hand and the St. John's trustees on the other were all skeptical—Hutchins and Barr at taking over so sick a baby as St. John's, the trustees at undertaking so "revolutionary" and "experimental" a program as the great books. The man who carried off both camps was Buchanan, the most excited and infectious book agent of modern times. How he did it and goes on doing it is another mystery. Superficially he's a phlegmatic type, slouching round in old clothes, staring vacantly at the stars or at nothing at all, sitting in the center of a circle of students and scratching his head and grinning. But Barr insists that St. John's is all Buchanan's: "Scott repairs the plumbing, teaches the books, wipes the undergraduate nose, and keeps the faculty hopped up about their glorious mission while I'm out grubbing for money for the next payroll."

Barr's tribute to his team-mate is more than slightly exaggerated. Actually, the two men happen to be one of those happy combinations that are made, so to speak, in heaven. Barr is just as phrenetic as Buchanan is phlegmatic, just as precise as Buchanan is whimsical, just as striking as Buchanan is slouchy. The two of them are selfless, devoted to each other, and indifferent to worldly

goods. Barr, though his heart was in the books, reluctantly accepted the role of front man, leaving Buchanan free to handle the curriculum. As an historian, editor of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, and orator of no ordinary parts, "Winkie" Barr has always been closer to the public than his philosopher associate, and the division of labor turned out to be a good one.

By the time the Great Books Twins set out for Annapolis in the fall of 1937 they knew what they wanted to teach and how they wanted it taught. But the situation called for "practical" men. Barr and Buchanan have been practical men ever since, though they both teach evening seminars to faculty and students. Finances—their budget is \$210,000 and their income is \$140,000—are still far from rosy, for donors are not as adventurous as educators. "The first year," says Barr, "I lost twenty pounds—two pounds before each payday. I've got the twenty pounds back. The difference now is that the faculty is with us. If we ran out of money to-morrow—and we might, we might—every man on the staff would go right on teaching."

III

The real miracle of St. John's is not the books or the students, but the teachers. When the faculty—an ordinary collection of specialists—were invited to go to school again, they learned that they would have to familiarize themselves with every field of knowledge, a few of them quit, a few more couldn't stand the gaff and had to be let out; but with the exception of a few bright young men from Columbia, Virginia, and Chicago, the St. John's staff that is teaching a liberal arts curriculum is the same that was frozen in departmental ruts three years ago.

Many of the critics of the St. John's program argue that, even if the curriculum is good, the teachers are not prepared, or not competent, to teach it. But Barr and Buchanan have demon-

strated that ordinary teachers can be taught to teach a good curriculum to ordinary boys. And the reason is that the St. John's idea of a teacher is not Mark Hopkins on one end of a log but Socrates in the middle of a question. The teacher is merely an instrument, a mediator which the student uses. The student is the active party; he is a learner. The educability is within the student, the education in books and laboratories; and the teacher's job is to bring them together. One reason why college graduates look back on education as a grind is that the average professor—whom the students study instead of ideas—is as stale as a stone after the first few years of doing his stuff. His stuff isn't good enough to galvanize the teacher himself or his students.

To-day at St. John's the teachers are excited. They are meeting old and eternally exciting ideas, and since they are meeting them for the first time those ideas are not only exciting but novel. To the degree that the teachers are stimulated, they stimulate their charges. Shakespeare is no longer memorized or covered a scene at a time; the world and wonder of Shakespeare are lived by men and boys to whom they have suddenly become as real as the current newspaper, and infinitely more readable. Books are read not once, but twice or three times, until their prose and poetry are drained, their arguments dissected, their themes and their situations lifted out of cold print into the life that modern people live and the problems they confront.

The St. John's books are no more in number than the textbooks that the ordinary college student reads. But instead of reading books about masters, or books about books about masters, the St. Johnnies, students and faculty alike, sit at the feet of the masters themselves. And why not? These books are the original masterpieces of the human tradition; why shouldn't we prefer them to imitations, just as we prefer a Rembrandt to a copy of a Rembrandt, a live singer

to a phonograph recording, a story told first-hand, new goods to used? The timelessness of great art, great architecture, great music we recognize; we can enjoy them casually. But the beauty of human thinking has to be sought, the wisdom extracted. In Flexner's phrase, you have to tear the heart out of a book.

At St. John's they are learning their mathematics from the great mathematicians—Euclid, Apollonius, Descartes, Newton, Russell; their science from the original giants of science—Galen, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Galileo, Harvey, Kepler, Boyle, Dalton, Faraday, Darwin, Mendel, Maxwell, Pasteur; their literature from Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Aristophanes, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Cervantes, Balzac, Swift, Goethe, Molière, Tolstoi, Ibsen, Lewis Carroll; their philosophy from Plato, Aristotle, the Bible, Augustine, Aquinas, Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Spinoza, Voltaire, Hume, Rousseau, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer; their history and social sciences from Herodotus, Thucydides, Plutarch, Justinian, Machiavelli, Grotius, Montesquieu, Adam Smith, Bentham, Gibbon, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Marx.

These men—and their peers—are the real faculty of St. John's College, the greatest college faculty ever assembled anywhere in the history of the world. Not only are they the best teachers; they work for nothing. All of them except Joyce, Freud, Russell, and a few others are mistakenly regarded as dead by most educational institutions, and so they are not invited to join the faculties of other colleges, and the students never meet them. Instead, though we know that minds are elevated only by greater minds, the American college boy is expected to have his intellect strengthened by teachers whose intellects are no greater (and, not so rarely, smaller) than his own. His only contact with great minds outside of Shakespeare and one or two others is through the medium of textbooks written by ordinary (and, not so rarely, inferior) pedagogues. "Aren't you

sorry"—Mr. Barr asks his interviewer—"for the students in all the other colleges who have nobody to teach them but oafs like me?"

You can get the great books list—the fact that they have had thousands of requests for it indicates that something is up in America—from St. John's. Most of us are civilized enough to recognize most of the authors by name at least. How many of them have we read? We have read O'Neill, who isn't on the list, but O'Neill would be the first to say that he is no match for Sophocles. We have read *Anthony Adverse*, but Hervey Allen would never compare it with *Don Quixote*. We have read Edna St. Vincent Millay, but not Dante, Hemingway but not Dostoevsky, Ogden Nash but not (since childhood) Lewis Carroll, Will Durant but not Plato, *How to Win Friends and Influence People* but not Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, Bertrand Russell's *Marriage and Morals* but not his *Principles of Mathematics* or Freud's *Theory of Sex*, and we have seen Gilbert and Sullivan but not Aristophanes, *Abie's Irish Rose* but not Molière's *Bourgeois Gentleman*. Homer's description of the encampment before Troy in Book VIII of the *Iliad* makes a "ham" out of the modern war correspondent, and the orations of Pericles and Cicero grow greater compared with the greatest utterances in the United States Senate. "The Greeks," said someone, "could not broadcast the trilogy of Æschylus, but they could write it."

A college faculty every one of whose members teaches from the first year through the fourth, a faculty who start with Homer and teach Jefferson and Freud before they teach Homer again, have at least an even chance of keeping out of the rut and avoiding the stoop-shouldered banality that characterizes the teacher five or ten years in harness. In addition, the St. John's faculty has another reason for living and growing: it has undertaken to revise, improve, and embellish the present list of classics. St. John's does not claim to have chosen all the best books—though no educated man

would quarrel with most of the selections. What it is trying to do is to find out which are the most readable and teachable books of all time and present its findings to American education.

Of course these are not all the books that a person ought to read. Of course the intelligent citizen should read the best of the current books and magazines and the news and views of the day. The point is that these are not enough; by themselves they may startle and bewilder, but they lack significance. What good does it do our elders to-day to have memorized the boundaries of Austria-Hungary instead of studying the nature of justice? Can we make the rich boy understand the poor boy simply by telling him how many people are starving? The students, says Alexander Meiklejohn, do not need more information *to begin with*; "the essential difficulty," he adds, "is that they do not think about the information which they already have."

The great books, say Barr and Buchanan, are simply those that can most effectively induce thinking. Each of them should create in the reader a never-sated hunger for knowledge. Each of them should be the jumping-off place to a dozen or a hundred books that the citizen ought to read outside of school and college and until the end of life. These educators look upon college not as the end of good reading, but the beginning. Great books do not inform the student of the bargains at the stores; they do not contain this week's map of Greater Germany. But they argue—and they teach the student to argue back—the enduring principles and problems that underlie the actions of men and nations.

Some educators mistrust books as static and compare them unfavorably with something vague called "experience" or "observation" or "living." But, say the Great Books Boys, what else are the classics but the collective experience, observation, and living of the human race? If individual experience

were the greatest teacher, war veterans would all hate war. If individual experience teaches, how can the average college boy learn anything about tyranny, love, infidelity, betrayal, sacrifice, or perseverance in the face of dishonor or death? Must he wait until Hitler is here before he learns to recognize a Hitler when he sees one? Human experience—not the experience of the individual, but the experience of the race—is full of Hitlers. We want to be able to recognize the arrows of outrageous fortune before they are lodged in our back.

Some of the books they read at St. John's are very old. Some were old when Chief Justice Marshall said (*Ogden v. Saunders*, 1827), "When we advert to the course of reading generally pursued by American statesmen in early life, we must suppose that the framers of our Constitution were intimately acquainted with the writings of those wise and learned men, whose treatises on the laws of nature and nations have guided public opinion." Some of these books were old when Tom Paine read them, when Voltaire and Milton and Spinoza read them, when Newton and Galileo read them. But they are new because they deal, every one of them, with Twentieth-Century human nature; and Freud and Russell and Joyce, though they write in the Twentieth Century, deal with the same human nature, the nature of the Greeks, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and modern America.

The D.A.R. may be worried when it learns that the St. John's books include only four American works. But Barr and Buchanan point out that the one hundred and fifty years of the United States is a continuation of the three thousand years of Europe. "The world," says "Winkie" Barr, "did not begin last Tuesday." The American classics are the Constitution, the *Federalist Papers*, William James' *Principles of Psychology*, and Veblen's and Young's *Projective Geometry*. Has any patriot any additions to offer? They will be courteously received and rigorously tested by the five

rules formulated by St. John's for admission to the hall of intellectual fame. Here they are—try them on your latest best-seller:

1. A great book is one that has been read by the greatest number of persons—not from week to week, but from year to year and from age to age.

2. A great book has the largest number of possible interpretations—not ambiguities but significances—each interpretation possessing a clarity and force that will allow other interpretations to stand by its side without confusion.

3. A great book raises questions about the great themes in human thought—questions, for instance, concerning number and measurement, matter and form, ultimate substance, tragedy, and God, questions on whose constant cultivation hang the issues of orthodoxy, heresy, and freedom which are always with us.

4. A great book must be a work of fine art—it must have an immediate intelligibility and style which will excite and discipline the ordinary mind by its form alone.

5. A great book must be a masterpiece of the liberal arts, a work whose author was or is a master of thought and imagination, whose writing has been faithful to the ends of these arts.

Those are the entrance requirements, and when books so written are read chronologically they illuminate one another and simplify one another's understanding. Newton takes on new meaning from Euclid, Freud from Sophocles, Kant from Plato, Marx from Hegel, the American Constitution from Locke. The best commentary on a great book, Barr and Buchanan hold, is another great book. Current textbooks in special subject matters are the best examples of books that are detached from the intellectual tradition of the race and are doomed, therefore, to early death.

IV

Scientists are sometimes contemptuous of books, but St. John's is the only liberal

arts college in America that is genuinely respectful of science. Four years of laboratory science are compulsory for every student. "Not by books alone shall a St. Johnnie be saved," says President Barr. And he points to the college motto, with its succession of Latin puns—"Facio Liberos ex Liberis Libris Libraque," which means, in literal and awkward English, "I Make Free Men out of Children by Means of Books and Balances." "Balances"—laboratory work—occupy every St. Johnnie three hours a week, thirty-six weeks a year. Ernest L. Midgette, a rising star in engineering, abandoned his post at Johns Hopkins last year to teach St. Johnnies how their world was made—and how to make parts of it themselves.

St. John's recognizes that principles can be understood in other media than words, that men understand through their hands as well as their heads. Mr. Midgette—his title is merely that of tutor, the professors being Euclid, Galileo, *et al*—shudders every time he considers that the man who drives an automobile has the power of from ninety to one hundred and fifty horses under his feet without knowing how it got there or what it means. "Is it any wonder," he asks himself and you, "that some of our scientific marvels are as much a curse as a boon?"

In the laboratory—on its outside a lovely red brick, white-colonnaded building like the rest of St. John's, on its inside a cavernous old place with a striking absence of mystifying machinery—the St. Johnnie freshman, or "rat," begins by constructing a straight edge and a ruler with a piece of string and a stick of chalk. Then he goes on to the manufacture of scales and thermometers, to the reproductions of Archimedes' work on gravity, hydrostatics, and the lever. The freshmen stick to mathematics and measurement, carrying out their book study in the solids of Euclid, the conics of Apollonius. Geometry is the tool of all the sciences, and the St. Johnnie who came to college glorying in the possession of an

"unmathematical mind" discovers that the principles of geometry are, not easy perhaps, but conquerable by hardy spirits.

On from the simplest fundamental experiments the young scientists move to the construction of the world system as Ptolemy knew it, adding, correcting, refining, as Copernicus, then Kepler, then Newton added, corrected, refined. In his second and third year laboratory the St. Johnnie performs the classical experiments of modern science, from Galileo's discoveries with the inclined plane to the living Millikan's measurement of forces on the electron. His last year—the third and fourth years are still in blueprint of course—he will combine scientific findings in order to investigate concrete problems of central importance. He will proceed from physics and chemistry to biology and the medical sciences, where the best combination of problems is found in the cell, in blood balances, in embryology.

Strange and wonderful things happen to these ordinary boys as they ply between "books and balances." As they discover in the seminar that the moral and political principles of Plato and Aristotle are as good to-day as the day they were written, so they discover at the work table that the mechanical principles of Galileo haven't changed. "You could construct a modern span bridge with nothing but Galileo," says Mr. Midgette. "His only error was his unawareness of the elasticity of some materials, and Hook discovered that within fifty years of Galileo's death." Professor Edward J. Kasner of Columbia—one of the twelve men who Einstein thinks understand him—was lecturing at St. John's and confessed that he had never been able to find the equation of a certain curve. A freshman arose and said, "Why, we had a theorem in Apollonius' *Conics* the other day that might solve it." And between them, Apollonius, Kasner, and the freshman, they found the equation.

The liberal arts are the arts of thinking. We think by means of symbols, and

the chief symbols we use are words and numbers. An hour a day, five days a week, for four years, every St. Johnnie studies mathematics in a small class called a tutorial, and another hour a day he studies language. The language tutorials are in Greek the first year, Latin the second, French the third, and German the fourth. Their purpose is not to make Greek or Latin scholars out of college boys who are going to speak English the rest of their lives, but to instruct them in the arts of language. The classics they read in English translation, but taking one's native language apart has psychological difficulties: it is so much a part of us that its internal problems are hard to get hold of. In a foreign language, says President Barr, "all the joints show." The structure of English is approached through the structure of the languages that went into its making. And, incidentally, when the young man reading his books is disturbed by—or dissatisfied with—a passage in translation he can refer to the original.

That is the curriculum, then, of the liberal arts and the great books: five hours a week each of language and mathematics; two two-hour seminars a week in which the masterpiece under discussion is torn apart and kicked round with the same thoroughness (and, let it be noted, the same enthusiasm) with which the same boys consider the charms of the local queens in dormitory bull sessions; a three-hour laboratory session each week; and one or two lectures a week on special topics in the liberal arts. The seminars are held in the late afternoon or the evening and continue informally until the college Coffee Shop closes at midnight.

Do the boys really like it? The answer is: which boys? Remember, the "new" program was installed two years ago, and the present junior and senior classes are still under the elective system. The old-program boys don't like it because they feel like an ailing and penniless old aunt in the house. They are, or act as if they are, contemptuous of the

new-programmers, who don't seem to have much time for fun but seem to have a good time anyway. The first year of the Barr-Buchanan administration the entering freshmen were allowed to choose between the old program and the new. Two-thirds took the old. But something funny happened: six upper classmen, one of them a senior and all of them student leaders, sacrificed from one to three years of standing and began over again in the new program. Last year (and from now on) the new program was the only one offered the entering freshmen.

The subdued civil war—it sometimes breaks out in the blowing of the lights or minor vandalism—does not make life any easier for Dean Buchanan, nor, incidentally, for the faculty teaching in both programs and going to school itself. But two years on the barricades have hardened the administration and the teachers to toil and turmoil. With the graduation of the Class of '41 (the present sophomores, who are split between the old and new programs) St. John's will get under way full-steam as the kind of college it wants to be.

The new-program boys like it fine. At least they act as if they do and they say they do—and that after two years of an education designed to make them act and talk for themselves. Barr and Buchanan are amazed that they like it as well as they do, for St. John's is run on the basis that an educator is a physician, and patients don't always like the doctor, even if he cures them. Intercollegiate athletics—consuming \$17,000 out of a \$210,000 budget—is being thrown out next fall, and the intramural program is being extended to afford participation to every boy in five sports, at least two of which he will be able to play through life. There were squawks at this from new-programmers, old-programmers, and alumni, but they could not meet the Barr-Buchanan argument that a bad football team was bringing St. John's neither money nor students nor glory. The five campus fraternities, which for years have enjoyed college-owned houses

at a nominal rent, were given a chance to enforce social discipline, and when they failed they were told that next year their houses will be dormitories. St. John's is an educational institution, not a picnic ground.

Hard work? Yes, it is hard work, but it isn't dull. The backs of the classroom benches are completely carved up with initials, class numerals, and fraternity letters—mutely recalling the days when college was so dull and empty that the boys turned to whittling while their parents paid tuition for their education. There's no more whittling going on, and it isn't because there's a rule against it but because you've got to read and write and listen and think—or you'll bust out of school and the old man will make you go to work. In 1937 Dean Buchanan dropped 26 boys—despite the desperate need of tuition money—and put 51 more—approximately one-third the student body—on probation, with the remainder of the year to get off or get out. They got off.

Hard work? Of course it is. And why not? How old should a boy be before he learns to work? Why should an undergraduate, sixteen or eighteen years old, spend his time at football games, dances, and beer sessions, while a graduate student, a year or two older, spends his time at his studies? Hard work has stunted the growth of children, but it wasn't hard work with the mind. Chinning oneself is hard work, but boys do it anyway; at St. John's they're chinning the head along with the body. The St. Johnnie spends no more time in class than the average student, and not much more time at his books. But the time he spends is spent working hard. If he works, he has time for shows and dances and campus activities.

V

John Dewey, the leading opponent of the Hutchins-Barr-Buchanan curriculum, admits that the great books and the liberal arts are the best education for those

who are able to master it—an education, he admits further, for which the reformers have found no substitute. It may be too early to say that ordinary—very ordinary—boys have mastered it; perhaps they only think they have. But they are lapping it up and liking it, and they and their teachers are satisfied that it is not too hard for boys who are willing to exert themselves for an education.

We Americans are victims of the pernicious notion that good books are beyond the comprehension of the average mind. But millions of average minds have comprehended them in ages past, boys of fourteen and men of eighty. In one important sense they are easier than the books most of us read, because they are more intelligibly written. They are harder only in the sense that they are more meaningful, more compact; instead of demanding of the reader that he have two—or no—ideas per one hundred pages, they compel him to think about something at every page, or at every paragraph. The reader who opens Plato the way he opens E. Phillips Oppenheim is likely to find that Plato doesn't make sense.

Barr and Buchanan hold that the best education is best for any boy or girl, average or superior. To the charge that the St. John's program is "aristocratic"—a charge arising from the fact that it was popular in the days when only the children of the rich went to college—St. John's replies that this is indeed an aristocratic education, but for an aristocracy of brains and character, an aristocracy that anyone can join regardless of wealth or caste. In Plato's ideal state kings were going to be philosophers and philosophers were going to be kings. The world is not suffering just now from overproduction of idealism, and Barr and Buchanan are not ashamed of being idealists.

Whether an education that trains boys to think for themselves and transmits to them the wisdom of the race is useful depends on what we mean by useful. In so far as it teaches them to read, write,

and reason it is not likely to keep them out of a job. But it is not designed to get them a job. Education so designed, says Barr, is not education but training. "The St. John's program," he goes on, "is concerned with preparing men for the business of living—concerned that they meet not only their bills, but other and subtler obligations which free men must meet." Every animal can be trained for a job; man alone can be educated in the use of reason and free will.

Are these powers worth cultivating? Not if we live to eat, not if man shall live by bread alone. But if he has higher hopes than these, if, unlike his closest anthropoid cousins, he is not satisfied with an infinity of bananas and female companionship, then he will cultivate the values that are truly and uniquely human. Reason and free will do not operate mechanically to make man better; if he uses them for evil, if he chooses vicious ends or lets his animal instincts distract him from the worthy ends he has chosen, then, through the exercise of his superior powers, he may be more effectively savage than the most savage brute. The tortures to which men, women, and children are being submitted in Europe and China to-day have never been used by the beasts.

The men who have restored the liberal arts to a small segment of American education are interested in producing liberal men. And by liberal men they mean men who are sufficiently liberated from animality to use their will and intelligence. They do not want to indoctrinate boys with the kind of sentimental "liberalism" that falls away under the pressures of life. They do not want to produce "liberals" who hate bad men, but liberals who understand what makes men bad, how to protect themselves against them, and how to avoid becoming bad men themselves.

"The day's news suggests that the liberal democracies are paralyzed," says Stringfellow Barr. "If they are, it is because we Twentieth-Century liberals have missed the point of our own faith.

We have slithered into the belief that liberty meant being left alone, and nothing else. We have come to assume that liberalism is the absence of authority, because we can no longer distinguish between authority and tyranny. We have forgotten that the mind that denies the authority of reason falls under the tyranny of caprice. We have forgotten that he who will not answer to the rudder must answer to the rock. We have allowed totalitarian dictators to take out a copyright on words like 'authority' and 'discipline,' although their tyranny is a caricature of authority and their terrorism is a caricature of discipline."

American liberalism has erred, Barr suspects, through having asked too little. We have asked for what animals and small children want, but not what free men and women require. We have shouted for freedom of speech, a free press, and free assembly, while one by one these freedoms have disappeared in one modern state after another. We have asked ourselves fearfully whether we too would lose those freedoms. But we have not demanded, as our ancestors did, both for themselves and their children, a mind freed from ignorance, an awakened imagination, and a disciplined reason, without which we cannot effectually use our other freedoms or even preserve them.

There are five million college graduates in America. Most of them proclaim their faith in human liberty, and the most illiberal of them proclaim it the loudest. What kind of education did they have? Though few of them were ever likely to starve, they insisted on being educated for a job. Most jobs re-

quire little or no knowledge of the books that deal with the great problems of men and nations, and most college degrees require no more. Is it possible that so few of these five million are "men of principle" because they failed to find out what principles were in the course of their education?

There is no magic in books; no guarantee goes with them. Men have read them and still turned out bad. But we want our children to learn how to think; the men who wrote these books thought well. We want our children to think about important things; the men who wrote immortally did that. Books are only teachers, and, as such, are only means to an end. The end is men who think for themselves. If our liberal institutions survive another fifty or one hundred years, St. John's College hopes to have contributed liberally educated men to their support. Mr. Walter Lippmann, who is not given to hysteria, ventures that men will some day say that St. John's was the seedbed of the American Renaissance.

If the higher learning in America has failed to produce high and learned men, it is sometimes hard to see how those same men will ever reform American education. But we know that even in bad systems, as in bad states, good men arise to provide leadership. The elder Holmes once said in the early days of this country that the United States, by its very existence, threatened every government in Europe. So St. John's College, insignificant as it is in buildings, endowment, and prestige, by its very existence threatens every college and university in America.



ELEPHANTS OF THE SEA

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

THAT you and I and our children should begin to reacquire functional tails is extremely improbable but not at all impossible. If these useful appendages were only distant arboreal memories such a thing could not occur; but tails are very real things in our individual lives.

When, before birth, we are three weeks old we are the possessors of an amazing tail, in length about a fourth of our entire being, and in substance and musculature of greater importance than any of our budding, paddle-shaped limbs. It bears no resemblance to the skinny objects trailed about by mice and monkeys, but is a tail comparable rather to that of a powerful shark. Our neck at the same instant shows four pairs of most excellent gill-clefts, aligned, clear-cut, unmistakable; transiently present throughout all the ages as if for possible prospect or eventuality.

Our tail does not degenerate in size as the weeks pass, but becomes gradually embedded in our body, and when we change our first shelter for an isolated life on the planet it has usually disappeared. I say usually, because occasionally a child is born with a well-developed tail, twelve inches or more of skin, muscle, and bone.

Most exciting and most personal is the fact that every one of us carries about four vertebrae which are useless except to remind us of the tails of yore—very yore. Attached to these bones are sometimes as many as twelve pairs of muscles, and with these the television of past ages has left the fish far behind and advanced to reflected life within olden jungles.

These muscles are irregularly distributed, and you—for all you know—may possess all the wagging or curling muscles well developed, while your closest friend must be content with only the depressors, and your great-aunt goes through life unconsciously flaunting the elevators. Science, so far, is silent concerning the possibility of correlation of these three with characteristics of friendliness, timidity, or spiritedness. A bad fall may make us painfully or dangerously aware of this inner tail, but aside from this its vital interest is a reminder or a throwback to aquatic or other ancestors.

The point toward which all this tail-talk is heading is the actual comparison of tail and gills. Like the brief period of totality of a solar eclipse when time itself seems halted for a moment, so for an appreciable duration of existence we seem to swim and breathe and have our minute being—an inchling shadow of ancient eons—submerged in the diminutive sea of a womb. Although tail and gills are both present at this moment, they differ radically in the possibility of persistence.

Once a tail, always a tail. Our gills, however, momentarily bridging the years—say a matter of five hundred millenniums—even while we recognize them for what they are, begin to shift and bend and dissolve. We go to the trouble of developing four pairs of gills with skeletons and blood vessels ready to be nourished by a two-chambered fishy heart, all adumbrating a life beneath the water. Then swiftly, within the space of a few days we find the gills gone, transformed

into a string of ear-bones, a lower jaw, larynx and tongue cartilages. In a fraction of time we have exchanged the possibility of breathing water in the silences of the sea for a throat and tongue muscles which will not only admit the life-giving air but enable us to play upon it as it passes, to fret it into audibility—to talk, pray, curse, sing, laugh, which no fish can do. It behooves us, occasionally, to stop, listen, and consider the daily worth we extract from this swap in mid-evolution. Also thanks to the idiosyncrasy of a little gill, we can or must listen to the vocal efforts of our human associates. Finally, as a lifelong reminder of an auld lang syne, we retain one last gill throughout our life, the tube which extends from our ear into the throat. This is just to make good science out of the good poetry beginning:

“When you were a tadpole and I was a fish

In the Paleozoic time.”

Through the activity of certain hormones we might reacquire tails but we can never recapture the activity of gills; they are too evanescent and predestined. Which has brought me a step nearer to sea-elephants, which in turn stimulate thoughts of raccoons and whales.

The change from water-breathing creatures into air-breathing land animals is almost the greatest marvel of evolution of animal life on this whirling, lonely planet. That from a four-legged runner to a two-legged feathered flyer is less momentous; fish fly through the water in three dimensions, and besides, there are flying fishes. But the marvel of marvels, utterly unexpected and inexplicable, is the deliberate regression from a fully adapted life on land back again to that in water.

II

Early on the morning of a November ninth I struggled through the surf, and landed on a narrow beach of the island of Guadalupe off the west coast of Mexico. There before me was a herd, or more ap-

propriately, a snoring of sea-elephants. They might all have been dead were it not for the snoring. Enormous grubs came to mind as an immediate simile. Then all thoughts of their shapelessness, their eternal sloth, passed and I saw them in sudden realization as Halfways, embodying all the drama and romance of evolution; I remembered those other Halfways.

Only from occasional fossil skeletons can we imperfectly reconstruct the changes in past ages, but here in these Central American jungles we have links of living creatures which form a chain of remarkable continuity of “as ifs.”

If we paddle along the inland creeks of the distant mainland we shall be certain to see in the mud the five-toed tracks of raccoons. These familiar animals are excellent climbers and make their diurnal home in hollow trees, but they have a habit or a vice which is so pronounced that Linnaeus named them *lotor*—the washer. A coon may dig up a muddy bulb, or may capture a perfectly clean, shining beetle or a young bird. Soiled or not, every bit of food must be lugged to the nearest water's edge and thoroughly scrubbed before being eaten. In itself this has no special significance, but I like to think of it as a symbol of some creature of ages long past—a dainty dipping of fingers into the edge of a brook, which would end in complete submersion in the open sea.

A close cousin is the crab-eating raccoon which is built along more svelte lines, and possesses an uncontrollable passion for crabs in the live shell which draws it to water like a magnet, where it scoops up the crustaceans with its paws or actually dives after them. When day comes it scurries back to land and the trees.

Unless it be a sloth, no animal would seem less a potential explorer than an opossum. Throw an ordinary opossum into the middle of a pond and after a few miserable squirms it will probably drown. But do the same with a yapock or tropical water opossum and it will dive and swim to shore with its well-webbed hind feet, probably catching some aquatic

creature on the way. As a marsupial and kin to kangaroos it is far from the direct ancestral line of sea-elephants, but as an aquatic backslider it is of vital interest. Only when its pouch is filled with unweaned babies does it have to give up its search for shrimps and fish.

Equally apart from direct lineage are three vegetarians of these jungles which have deserted the traditions of their near relations and gone waterward. The capybara is a giant guinea-pig which seeks safety and food in the marshes and streams, and the tapir, while calling horses and rhinoceroses cousins, has shaken off the dust of their hooves and with wide-spreading splay feet goes squelching through the mud and swimming through the nights. Our third and last deviation is the manatee or sea-cow. To find this being we must go across to the Atlantic side of the middle Americas, and to believe it when seen it must be touched. This is not very difficult, for when found in a shallow ditch it can be rolled up on the bank, examined and returned with no more opposition than would be shown by an iron-hooped barrel of excellent rum. It were better not to mention the face of the manatee, but if we must we can only say that it has the largest harelip in existence, its nostrils are often mistaken for its eyes, and it would resemble a sloth in expression had it any humor, or a pig had it any charm. Withal it has been given the name Sirenia. This unquestionably is due to its rounded head and its habit of holding its baby in its flipper while nursing it, which has led early myopic explorers to detect a resemblance to a mermaid or siren. It holds the extreme place in aquatic adaptations among shore or jungle animals, for its hands are flippers, its feet have disappeared, and its tailflukes are useful only for swimming or for sitting upon.

Changes in habit, haunt, activity, structure are brought about more often than we realize by what might be called vacuums of opportunity. In our mid-American jungles we have plant-eating tapirs along the river banks, opossums

diving after crayfish. But the more open water with its abundance of larger fish is an inviting no-man's-land, to use the least apt phrase in the English language. And into this particular vacuum of opportunity otters evolved—developing into strong, swift swimmers and fishers. Crocodiles gave them healthful competition, but the field in general was theirs.

We may suppose that they increased and that young ones sought fresh fields, or rather salt waters, and found life possible and pleasant along the shore of the Pacific. As they spent more and more time in the water they developed thick, warm fur, shorter necks, with heavier bones for easier diving, and to-day we find the sea-otter one of the most interesting of all Halfways. Any hope of easy life in the open sea was probably rudely shattered by killer whales and sharks. So the sea-otters kept to the shallow water, where amid the kelp and offshore rocks they found ideal sanctuary. With unconscious wisdom they developed an insatiable craving for sea-urchins which no other creature could masticate or stomach. So with haunts and food all their own sea-otters prospered and remained sea-otters.

It is most fortunate that they have not been forced ashore again, for they have burned almost all their otterian land bridges behind them. When they haul out on a rock they can no longer walk but progress by awkward hops and springs, due to their over-developed hind limbs, with long, slender, backwardly directed, webbed toes. These great feet have but one desire and function, which is eternally to seize and push backward a webful of water. The front legs are small, and the hands are made for prying off urchins from the bottom, or crabs or shellfish. Then the otter swims to the surface, turns over, and devours its fistful of food. To crush the urchins the little hands smack them together. When a baby otter demands nourishment the same paws hold it conveniently.

Neighbors but not competitors of the

sea-otters are herds of sea-lions, another animal link in aquatic advance, or terrestrial retreat, whichever way we care to consider it. We are now among a very vortex of characters which pull both ways. Sea-lions have four real flippers—hands and feet become mittened paddles. Their ears are minute, their heads pointed, their very eyes flush—every inch is streamlined and sinuous to a degree which induces death from despair in designers of submarines and planes. No fish is safe from them and yet they are held in thrall by the land. The young sea-lions must be born ashore and there suckled from two to five months. They still can raise their voice in loud vociferation, although harmony has been lost in competition with the crash of breakers, and their efforts compare favorably with the acclaim of a peacock and the fanfare of a donkey. In spite of their dominant ocean life, sea-lions can still walk, amble, and gallop on dry land, although the latter gait is invariably toward the water, speed indicating prospective joy of submergence.

This node in our Pacific hegira brings us to the sea-elephants of Guadalupe which, by the way, judging by the size of their probosces, deserve rather the name of sea-tapirs. To these we shall return when we have reached the end of the oceanic chain of life. The succeeding link is the little seal proper whose hold upon the dry land of its forefathers is most tenuous. The young seal is born upon the shore, but sometimes even before birth it sheds its long-haired, porous coat and may be led by its mother into the water before the sun sets on the very day of its entrance into the world.

Although terrestrial ancestry is unquestionable both in the infant seal, whose primary need of land is less than a day, and any dolphin or whale, the psychological gap is significant and profound. Whether a four-foot pygmy dolphin or a hundred-foot blue whale, they have parted with their hind limbs and trust for progress to vertical sculling with the powerful tail. The hairs of these creatures

are numbered and the number is exceedingly small. Never, by any chance, can they clamber ashore, or sun themselves on rock or sand. A Nazi, by some incredible form of self-hypnosis, endeavors to believe that the raising of the right hand indicates some cryptic proof of Aryan ancestry, but a whale, within the mittened web of his flipper, possesses indisputable proof of the five-fingered hand of his far distant, land forebear.

We lean on the rail and look out over the wonderful Pacific. A dolphin curves into view near at hand, expels a cloud of air with a long-drawn sigh, and vanishes. Farther out the fin of a shark moves slowly along but the creature itself does not break the surface. The course of evolution has run full circle—fish, amphibian, reptile, mammal; then the reverse, the actual links wholly unknown, but illustrated well enough by raccoon, otter, sea-otter, sea-lion, sea-elephant, seal, whale, and dolphin.

Even the brief glimpse we had of the latter recalls our own development possibilities. The dolphin has redeveloped a swimming tail, although its rhythm is now vertically north and south, not east and west; but gills are gone forever. It need never touch dry land but it must ever rise, and rise again, to breathe air.

Whales are not Halfways. They have arrived at the last station in Waterworld and have used up their round-trip ticket. As for any future evolution, turning again back to the land (a feat which the leatherback turtle has successfully achieved) there is no chance or possibility for whales: Man has seen to that. They can hope only barely to exist for a while longer.

III

And now let us return to Guadalupe, the home and the last stand of the sea-elephants of our hemisphere—the most fearless and tragic, the hugest, ugliest, sleepest, and most helpless and hopeless links in all our chain of life.

On Templeton Crocker's yacht *Zaca*

on the ninth of November we moved slowly through the calm waters of the Pacific about two hundred miles southwest of San Diego. A rounded bit of mist disturbed the horizon in mid-ocean. Although we had a comfortable mile and a half of water beneath our keel, the mist soon changed to the definite cloud which, at a distance, is every island in the world except Barbuda—which is nothing until you hit it.

The outline of the cloud hardened into a lofty ridge whose barrenness was only partly softened by the thin mist along the top. A little nearer and the human eye cut through the cloudy grayness and distinguished color—great red and olive cliffs shot across with enormous seams of golden-yellow, while here and there a petrified glacier of pale volcanic ash strove forever to pour itself through unclimbable gullies.

It must have been a grand sight when this volcano first broke through the ocean floor a mile and more below the surface and sizzled and roared its way upward. The fish and the squid which were boiled alive in the process were very different from those swimming to-day about the *Zaca*, while mankind was early in the making, still down on all fours, perhaps not yet free from scales. At any rate the crater nosed itself above the surface and on up and up into the air until it finally cooled off a mile above the water. Whether storm-driven Melanesians ever sighted it, or strange men drifting down from cold northern regions, or if by some chance a Mayan fisherman dared the trip from the mainland, one hundred and sixty miles to the east, we shall never know.

Back on the deck of the *Zaca*, as I approached closer, the island became more and more barren to the eye. The time of volcanic activity might well have been a dozen years ago instead of millions.

So sheer fell the cliffs that there seemed to be no beaches whatever. Our engines slowed down and for minutes our fallible eyes told us nothing more, so I resorted to high-power glasses. As I focussed, the

blur cleared, distance dissolved. A vertical hillside crystallized into perfect detail. It seemed accessible only to creatures such as flies and geckos, yet within my field of vision was a score of quadrupeds, twenty-two creamy white goats dotted about at absurdly equal distances from one another. They did not move, they stood or grazed stiffly, and I could almost smell the paint so much did they remind me of my old Noah's Ark animals. In this case, however, they were placed in such impossible situations that even a very small child would not have arranged them thus.

Not until our launch drew close to the breakers did the beaches become visible—narrow slopes of black lava sand. The first two were vacant. On the third I made out many elongate objects, rocks perhaps which had fallen from the steep overhead cliffs. But one of them bent upward and gazed at us, which is more than rocks can do, and we turned inshore and landed close to the first sea-elephants I had ever seen.

I walked up to the nearest great beast, an elongate mound of smooth fur, a half-grown male about ten feet over all. I sat down close in front of him and waited. He lay on his side apparently sound asleep, with small, helpless flippers dangling. His profile was like one of Raemakers' cartoons, impossibly and yet completely Hebraic, and he was having a nightmare. He snorted and snored and his muscles quivered as in his dream he twisted and turned to escape from some implacable killer whale. He heaved an asthmatic sigh, like escaping steam, which vibrated throughout his entire eight-hundred-odd pounds of flesh and blubber. His nose badly needed wiping and tears had formed large dark patches on the fur of his cheeks. More tears now appeared. Carroll must have seen one of these lachrymose beings before he could have evolved the Mock Turtle.

Thus far his breathing had been through the left nostril alone and now, in line with this conservation of energy, he opened a single eye, the right, and

gazed at me. The orb was large, wistful, dim with tears and for a moment registered nothing. Then my sea-elephant perceived that something was amiss. It was not a killer whale which sat cross-legged so close to him, nor even a misshapen member of his own kind. His dull brain just registered an awful something.

He reared up on high, stretching up and up until his flippers hung in midair and he balanced on the posterior third of his body. Sphinx caterpillars draw themselves up into exactly this defense pose, but sphinx caterpillars do not open cavernous mouths lined with coral pink and exposing four stubby white fangs; nor can any other creature in the world command the horrid jumble of sounds that emanated from his throat. It sounded like some noise-producing instrument which leaked at every rivet; snorts, double bellows, quivering snarls with hints of falsetto notes between. Then the beast curved himself into a crescent, elevating his tail end, spun round on the central axis, and started for the water. He labored along for perhaps twenty feet when he was overcome by languor, exhaustion, or forgetfulness and collapsed into his former imitation of a fallen rock.

After a full minute something of memory stirred in his brain and he again reared and looked back at me. To heave eight hundred pounds about on its pivot a second time was too much even to consider, so he simply bent back and back until his head almost touched his hind flippers, and gazed with uncomprehending wistfulness full into my face. Whether I appeared more attractive or less fearsome wrongway up, or whether—well, just whether—his head slowly sank down again on the sand. With a gargantuan sigh he cleaned out a deep hollow and erased me from his memory. Again my sea-elephant slept.

I glanced back along the beach whose smooth black sand was marked by a solitary great boulder at the water's edge. As I looked, this was rolled over by an incoming surge and I went toward it at

once. It proved to be a gigantic male sea-elephant and this time death, not sleep, held it quiescent. It must have been dead several days, but as it rolled back and forth I could see no sign of a wound. Its flippers waved dismally as it turned and the great proboscis flopped gruesomely about. When a wave left it stranded for a moment I stepped it off hastily and estimated its length as seventeen feet, which is not far from the maximum. Two young females and a male swam in as I watched, and almost touched its hide with their snouts before they turned and fled at terrific speed in the direction of the rookery.

At the south end of the bay near the water, in the partial shelter of a majestic promontory was a closely packed mass of fifteen immature sea-elephants. Higher up was a gathering of twelve females and scattered about were fourteen others, six of which, including my first acquaintance, were males. Most of them awoke as we came near, moving their heads unsteadily and eternally yawning. The high-pitched snoring and roaring gargles almost obliterated the calls of gulls and the cheerful songs of rock wrens. But another sound soon drew my attention. It was strangely like the beat of a tomtom, now seeming to come from a great distance like the voodoo drums in Haitian mountains, and again resounding among the very rocks around us. It was mellow and vibrant. I climbed to the summit of the tumbled pile and in a pool beyond I discovered the source of the reverberations—a male quite as large as the one lying dead in the distance.

It was partly submerged, in the favorite crescent pose, with head and dilated trunk, and wide-spread hind flippers well out of water. The deep reiterated bellying roars continued. At every utterance the proboscis rhythmically rose above and fell almost into the open mouth. Finally the beat died away with a few short, abrupt grunts like the finale of the nocturne of a howling monkey. For minutes the giant floated and watched me. Its hind flippers showed the clon-

gated first and fifth toes which made the general webbed outline exactly like the half-moon tail of a swift swimming fish.

Here, on this beach, were two and forty living sea-elephants. November was evidently the low tide of the year, between births, mating, and molts. Others would doubtless arrive in the course of the coming months, for a more seasonable census a few years ago listed many more.

IV

As I watched them I put out of mind that they were "sea-elephants" or "*Macro-rhinus angustirostris*" or even "members of the order Pinnipedia." I tried to become aware of them more directly as creatures of their environment. I thought of them again as Halfways, and suddenly realized that they were rather Four-fifths. A small group of well-grown males returned from the sea, letting wave after wave lift them through the surf like stranded logs. As they came slowly up the sand they appeared more than ever veritable creatures of the deep than transient immigrants to ancestral haunts. On shore, in all but bust measurement and comeliness, they fulfilled the definition of a mermaid—terrestrial forward, aquatic aft. The front flippers made fairly good crutches on which to rest, while the hind limbs dragged uselessly over the sand. Progress was by inch-worming or humping along, and, looking down from a high rock, I seemed to be viewing a galaxy of mighty maggots speeding on their way. Nostrils could be closed to a slit camelwise, or opened wide and round as a dolphin's blowhole. But no mermaid or terrestrial being would hold each breath regularly for half a minute between exhalations. I timed two sleeping animals and got sixteen, twenty-three, and thirty-five seconds.

No sooner were the sea-elephants well up on the beach than they began to show slight but distinct symptoms of discomfort. Nostrils and eyes endeavored to alleviate the heat, dryness, or light by pouring forth a copious supply of mucus and

tears. As I was passing one animal I received a shower of gravel in the face, and then I saw that all those higher up on the beach had covered themselves with protective flipperfuls of sand.

Now and then some atavistic habit would protrude itself unexpectedly through blubber-bound inhibitions, as when a half-dozing elephant lifted its fore flipper, bent back the terminal joints, and with the projecting, rather well-shaped nails delicately scratched its cheek, or with the back of the same mittened hand gracefully wiped away a stream of tears.

As I watched these great beasts I thought of myself as I was seven hundred and forty months ago—a being headed for a life on land, but fully equipped with gills, paddle limbs, and tail. Could I have gone into reverse as had these sea-elephants, the gills would have dissolved into other structures, but the paddles and tail might have recouped their former usefulness. The Guadalupian giants, like myself, had passed, each of them, through a gilled stage but to no effect. Their paddles were grand paddles, hand-made, but they had perforce to make shift in the water with lungs. Tails they had exchanged for sculling feet, while dolphins, their aquatic superiors, had discarded feet for consummate flukes. So are we all enmeshed in the glorious pattern woven of earthly evolution.

Sea-elephants are indeed caught in the maelstrom of Halfways. Their present home, for which they are dominantly molded, and the squids and fish which form all their food, are beneath the surface. Yet each female must struggle ashore to give birth to her offspring, which suckles or sleeps or just lies six weeks or more on land. Mating takes place soon after the birth of the pup and eleven months later the succeeding generation appears. Another necessary haul-out occurs at molting time when whole plaques of skin and hair peel off and are shed together.

Where the elephants go when they leave no one knows. Two things of

which I am convinced are that they are more nocturnal than is usually thought, and that their speed in the water and power of deep descent are very great. On shore, sleeping sickness seems to be their chronic manifestation of abounding health; in competition for the least common denominator of activity they challenge sloths and turtles and win easily. But this phase of their life is deceiving. When the mighty webbed feet are wide spread and held tightly sole to sole, they form a sculling apparatus second only to the flukes of a dolphin. Twice, as we went from shore to ship I saw shadowy forms passing with incredible swiftness beneath the launch, and I am certain they were not sharks, but sea-elephants.

The general size, shape, and appearance of the females and young males are seal-like, but the huge masters of harems are three times as large as their mates, reaching, it is said, twenty feet in length and a maximum weight of perhaps four tons. They have developed a thick, tough breastplate of rough hide, a cuirass of corrugated leather which protects them in their jealous battles with rivals. The contests are seldom fatal and consist chiefly of much roaring and rearing and hurling of themselves at one another, striking downward with their short canines. The objectives are the tender proboscis and the eyes, and I saw two half-grown welter amateurs each of whom had lost an eye in precocious encounters. When cornered, even the young males would rush at us for a few feet, but the sortie would invariably end in a doze of exhaustion. With sea-elephants on land the dream is mightier than the reality.

V

Let us leave the somnolent herd for a while and glance up and along the thousands of feet of steep cliffs. All Guadalupe seemed barren and dry and only along the very summit was there a line of ancient trees, pines and oaks of species reported to be found only on this isolated crest. Three decades ago Edward

Palmer, the botanist, visited the island and found it a paradise of birds and plants. One out of every four of the latter was peculiar, while the Guadalupe caracaras, juncos, finches, flickers, petrels, towhees, rock- and house-wrens were also found nowhere else in the world.

In the course of years cats, rats, and mice escaped ashore from ships, and finally someone with more faith than brains turned loose a few goats. The pelts of the latter proved valueless, and their numbers are now estimated at sixty to eighty thousand. Every growing thing, green or brown, leaf, sprout, seed, root, or bark within reach of these acrobatic capricorns has vanished. The trees on the summit are fighting desperately in spite of shredded bark, and their lessened foliage still gleams moisture from the swirling clouds and vitalizes a few small springs. But every cone or acorn which falls to the ground is instantly devoured by mouse or goat, and the end of all plants and water cannot be far away.

The cats have blotted out one species of bird after another until only the rock-wrens, as far as I could see, were left in any abundance. Some trick of nest building must have baffled the felines. Curiously enough, the mice are reported as very common, the cats evidently preferring birds at present, with eyes on the rodents for a future change of diet.

I clambered for some distance up two canyons, dry arroyos without a single living sprig, and came across two carcasses of cats and three half-eaten goats. When about a hundred feet above the water I saw at one side a patch of bright green grass and other more succulent growths. I got as near as I could, following a well-worn goat trail. At the end, by standing on tiptoe, I could just reach a few leaves. I examined the weedy refuge and saw that even a goat could not climb up or leap down within nibbling distance. Thousands of little hooves had stamped where I stood, the face of the rock in front was worn smooth with the search for foothold, while safe in the overhung cranny the botanical *tantalus* flourished. In

their fight for life goats have been observed drinking salt water and at low tide feeding eagerly on exposed beds of kelp. This is the terrible struggle for existence which has been brought about by the casual impulse of one unknown man.

I saw nothing of the mice, but at the south tip of the island while I was crawling over a pile of rocks I surprised a cat feeding on a large crab. She was a horrid creature, yellow and gray fur all awry, eyes gleaming. She snarled silently at me and fled slinking along the shadows, finally to vanish into an inaccessible crevice. The something of paradise which Edward Palmer saw has evolved into something of a hell. Only the rock-wrens seemed wholly happy. They hopped and ran over the sleeping mounds of sea-elephants, snapping up a fly now and then and giving thanks in explosive bursts of song.

The two score of sleepers or near-sleepers scattered about the beach seemed to have never a worry in the world. Throughout thousands of past generations their half-and-half lives must have found natural enemies few in number. During their evolution sea-elephants seemed hardly to have had healthful competition. Newborn pups, to be sure, had to be careful lest three or four tons of father land unexpectedly and fatally upon them, and the battling males must have won their fights and yet kept muzzles and eyes from harm. Occasional serried marks of teeth have been found on the hide of sea-elephants showing that sharks are not wholly negligible dangers, and killer whales are an ever-haunting fear, if not in nightmares on shore then at least amid the waters far out at sea.

When I was watching a pair of wrens well up on the beach a few falling bits of rock attracted my attention and I saw a diminutive landslide emanating from the hooves of a scrambling goat. On the shore we had seen evidences of recent rock slips of serious extent. A single earthquake might loose an avalanche which could conceivably wipe out the whole herd of sea-elephants.

In ages past as various land animals worked their way seaward a most important adaptation was the counteracting of the cold of prolonged submersion. This was easy to accomplish and a dense, thick undercoat of fur in otters and fur-seals, or the development of blubber in sea-elephants and cetaceans answered every requirement. In these north-Pacific waters all was well with the world until the arrival of a race of tissue-skinned, hairless beings. They could not really swim, but had to move about in floating affairs more or less at the mercy of the winds. If sea-elephants could talk they could have applied this description equally to jellyfish and human beings. The shivering newcomers began to wrap themselves in the thick fur coats and to light and warm themselves with blubber oil, and the end of an era came clearly into view.

Seals have been seals for at least fifty million years, but the slaughter hereabouts began only a short hundred and forty years ago. To-day the Guadalupe fur-seal has almost gone, for the last observer who visited this island saw only three at the entrance of a cave. Two hundred thousand fur-seals were slaughtered on Guadalupe. On one beach which I visited the stones were as smooth as if a glacier had worked upon them, but in reality they had been polished by the eternal passing and repassing of eons of generations of seal flippers. Doubtless the legions of slain seals helped to protect our grandmothers from chilblains, but to-day nothing remains but a few fragments of old skulls in museums and perhaps an ancient, moth-eaten cloak in some forgotten attic chest.

All the northern sea-elephants left alive on the planet Earth are the pitiful handful which seeks sanctuary on these narrow beaches. It was a terrible thought that, were we the kind of human beings who worked havoc here in the past, we could have slain every one of the trusting, stupid creatures around and over which we stepped. Fortunately the Mexican government has been persuaded

to pass a law protecting this forlorn hope, and it seems as if the creatures were, for a time, holding their own. In the southern hemisphere the related species has been afforded protection in time, and is thriving.

The unexpected onslaught of mankind, the steel spear heads, the powder and shot all seem so manifestly unfair; the ghastly rapid invention of murderous tools appears so anticlimactic to the slow, thorough march of evolution.

I looked about at the helpless elephants of the sea and became aware of them in a new light. Platinum and radium and certain Old Masters are not necessarily of supreme beauty, but rarity enshrines them in a false glamour of sorts.

And so in the light of their tragedy, the phocine pogrom of the past, the voice and the figure of these native Guadalupeans assumed a dignity and a charm, as a peacock's scream is softened by distance and mitigation of a grotesque figure comes with approaching dusk. I felt a certain responsibility and concern as a member of the race of men who had brought them to this critical pass. I would have liked to have them understand my horror and regret.

Such sentimental emotions were not lessened by the apparent pathos of wistful, limpid eyes and streaming tears, but at this point my scientific acumen intervened and threatened bathos. So I turned my mind to other matters.

WINTER WORLD

(For Democracy in Europe)

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

THE stiffening sleet upon the bone,
The heart grown heavy as a stone
And colder than a stone, to bear
The weight of this inclement air . . .

*Freeze, freeze, O wind, until she stand
Rigid and stark in this strange land
Of iron and steel, grown strong as they—
Having like them no word to say.*

*But let no lightnings thunder forth—
Preserve this silence of the north!
Who dwells amid the unchanging snows
Has earned their peace—the stilled repose
Of forces held in leash, whose power
Waits undiminished for its hour.*

Some day the avalanche will come,
Some day the proud heart journey home,
And all the roar of grinding ice
Make way for freedom's paradise!



BARN BURNING

A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

THE store in which the Justice of the Peace's court was sitting smelled of cheese. The boy, crouched on his nail keg at the back of the crowded room, knew he smelled cheese, and more: from where he sat he could see the ranked shelves close-packed with the solid, squat, dynamic shapes of tin cans whose labels his stomach read, not from the lettering which meant nothing to his mind but from the scarlet devils and the silver curve of fish—this, the cheese which he knew he smelled and the hermetic meat which his intestines believed he smelled coming in intermittent gusts momentary and brief between the other constant one, the smell and sense just a little of fear because mostly of despair and grief, the old fierce pull of blood. He could not see the table where the Justice sat and before which his father and his father's enemy (*our enemy* he thought in that despair; *ourn! mine and hisn both! He's my father!*) stood, but he could hear them, the two of them that is, because his father had said no word yet:

"But what proof have you, Mr. Harris?"

"I told you. The hog got into my corn. I caught it up and sent it back to him. He had no fence that would hold it. I told him so, warned him. The next time I put the hog in my pen. When he came to get it I gave him enough wire to patch up his pen. The next time I put the hog up and kept it. I rode down to his house and saw the

wire I gave him still rolled on to the spool in his yard. I told him he could have the hog when he paid me a dollar pound fee. That evening a nigger came with the dollar and got the hog. He was a strange nigger. He said, 'He say to tell you wood and hay kin burn.' I said, 'What?' 'That whut he say to tell you,' the nigger said. 'Wood and hay kin burn.' That night my barn burned. I got the stock out but I lost the barn."

"Where is the nigger? Have you got him?"

"He was a strange nigger, I tell you. I don't know what became of him."

"But that's not proof. Don't you see that's not proof?"

"Get that boy up here. He knows." For a moment the boy thought too that the man meant his older brother until Harris said, "Not him. The little one. The boy," and, crouching, small for his age, small and wiry like his father, in patched and faded jeans even too small for him, with straight, uncombed, brown hair and eyes gray and wild as storm scud, he saw the men between himself and the table part and become a lane of grim faces, at the end of which he saw the Justice, a shabby, collarless, graying man in spectacles, beckoning him. He felt no floor under his bare feet; he seemed to walk beneath the palpable weight of the grim turning faces. His father, stiff in his black Sunday coat donned not for the trial but for the moving, did not even look at him. *He aims for me to lie, he*

thought, again with that frantic grief and despair. *And I will have to do hit.*

"What's your name, boy?" the Justice said.

"Colonel Sartoris Snopes," the boy whispered.

"Hey?" the Justice said. "Talk louder. Colonel Sartoris? I reckon anybody named for Colonel Sartoris in this country can't help but tell the truth, can they?" The boy said nothing. *Enemy! Enemy!* he thought; for a moment he could not even see, could not see that the Justice's face was kindly nor discern that his voice was troubled when he spoke to the man named Harris: "Do you want me to question this boy?" But he could hear, and during those subsequent long seconds while there was absolutely no sound in the crowded little room save that of quiet and intent breathing it was as if he had swung outward at the end of a grape vine, over a ravine, and at the top of the swing had been caught in a prolonged instant of mesmerized gravity, weightless in time.

"No!" Harris said violently, explosively. "Damnation! Send him out of here!" Now time, the fluid world, rushed beneath him again, the voices coming to him again through the smell of cheese and sealed meat, the fear and despair and the old grief of blood:

"This case is closed. I can't find against you, Snopes, but I can give you advice. Leave this country and don't come back to it."

His father spoke for the first time, his voice cold and harsh, level, without emphasis: "I aim to. I don't figure to stay in a country among people who . . ." he said something unprintable and vile, addressed to no one.

"That'll do," the Justice said. "Take your wagon and get out of this country before dark. Case dismissed."

His father turned, and he followed the stiff black coat, the wiry figure walking a little stiffly from where a Confederate provost's man's musket ball had taken him in the heel on a stolen horse thirty years ago, followed the two backs now,

since his older brother had appeared from somewhere in the crowd, no taller than the father but thicker, chewing tobacco steadily, between the two lines of grim-faced men and out of the store and across the worn gallery and down the sagging steps and among the dogs and half-grown boys in the mild May dust, where as he passed a voice hissed:

"Barn burner!"

Again he could not see, whirling; there was a face in a red haze, moonlike, bigger than the full moon, the owner of it half again his size, he leaping in the red haze toward the face, feeling no blow, feeling no shock when his head struck the earth, scrabbling up and leaping again, feeling no blow this time either and tasting no blood, scrabbling up to see the other boy in full flight and himself already leaping into pursuit as his father's hand jerked him back, the harsh, cold voice speaking above him: "Go get in the wagon."

It stood in a grove of locusts and mulberries across the road. His two hulking sisters in their Sunday dresses and his mother and her sister in calico and sun-bonnets were already in it, sitting on and among the sorry residue of the dozen and more movings which even the boy could remember—the battered stove, the broken beds and chairs, the clock inlaid with mother-of-pearl, which would not run, stopped at some fourteen minutes past two o'clock of a dead and forgotten day and time, which had been his mother's dowry. She was crying, though when she saw him she drew her sleeve across her face and began to descend from the wagon. "Get back," the father said.

"He's hurt. I got to get some water and wash his . . ."

"Get back in the wagon," his father said. He got in too, over the tail-gate. His father mounted to the seat where the older brother already sat and struck the gaunt mules two savage blows with the peeled willow, but without heat. It was not even sadistic; it was exactly that same quality which in later years would cause his descendants to over-run the engine before putting a motor car into motion,

striking and reining back in the same movement. The wagon went on, the store with its quiet crowd of grimly watching men dropped behind; a curve in the road hid it. *Forever* he thought. *Maybe he's done satisfied now, now that he has . . .* stopping himself, not to say it aloud even to himself. His mother's hand touched his shoulder.

"Does hit hurt?" she said.

"Naw," he said. "Hit don't hurt. Lemme be."

"Can't you wipe some of the blood off before hit dries?"

"I'll wash to-night," he said. "Lemme be, I tell you."

The wagon went on. He did not know where they were going. None of them ever did or ever asked, because it was always somewhere, always a house of sorts waiting for them a day or two days or even three days away. Likely his father had already arranged to make a crop on another farm before he . . . Again he had to stop himself. He (the father) always did. There was something about his wolflike independence and even courage when the advantage was at least neutral which impressed strangers, as if they got from his latent ravening ferocity not so much a sense of dependability as a feeling that his ferocious conviction in the rightness of his own actions would be of advantage to all whose interest lay with his.

That night they camped, in a grove of oaks and beeches where a spring ran. The nights were still cool and they had a fire against it, of a rail lifted from a nearby fence and cut into lengths—a small fire, neat, niggard almost, a shrewd fire; such fires were his father's habit and custom always, even in freezing weather. Older, the boy might have remarked this and wondered why not a big one; why should not a man who had not only seen the waste and extravagance of war, but who had in his blood an inherent voracious prodigality with material not his own, have burned everything in sight? Then he might have gone a step farther and thought that that was the reason: that

niggard blaze was the living fruit of nights passed during those four years in the woods hiding from all men, blue or gray, with his strings of horses (captured horses, he called them). And older still, he might have divined the true reason: that the element of fire spoke to some deep mainspring of his father's being, as the element of steel or of powder spoke to other men, as the one weapon for the preservation of integrity, else breath were not worth the breathing, and hence to be regarded with respect and used with discretion.

But he did not think this now and he had seen those same niggard blazes all his life. He merely ate his supper beside it and was already half asleep over his iron plate when his father called him, and once more he followed the stiff back, the stiff and ruthless limp, up the slope and on to the starlit road where, turning, he could see his father against the stars but without face or depth—a shape black, flat, and bloodless as though cut from tin in the iron folds of the frockcoat which had not been made for him, the voice harsh like tin and without heat like tin:

"You were fixing to tell them. You would have told him." He didn't answer. His father struck him with the flat of his hand on the side of the head, hard but without heat, exactly as he had struck the two mules at the store, exactly as he would strike either of them with any stick in order to kill a horse fly, his voice still without heat or anger: "You're getting to be a man. You got to learn. You got to learn to stick to your own blood or you ain't going to have any blood to stick to you. Do you think either of them, any man there this morning, would? Don't you know all they wanted was a chance to get at me because they knew I had them beat? Eh?" Later, twenty years later, he was to tell himself, "If I had said they wanted only truth, justice, he would have hit me again." But now he said nothing. He was not crying. He just stood there. "Answer me," his father said.

"Yes," he whispered. His father turned.

"Get on to bed. We'll be there to-morrow."

To-morrow they were there. In the early afternoon the wagon stopped before a paintless two-room house identical almost with the dozen others it had stopped before even in the boy's ten years, and again, as on the other dozen occasions, his mother and aunt got down and began to unload the wagon, although his two sisters and his father and brother had not moved.

"Likely hit ain't fitten for hawgs," one of the sisters said.

"Nevertheless, fit it will and you'll hog it and like it," his father said. "Get out of them chairs and help your Ma unload."

The two sisters got down, big, bovine, in a flutter of cheap ribbons; one of them drew from the jumbled wagon bed a battered lantern, the other a worn broom. His father handed the reins to the older son and began to climb stiffly over the wheel. "When they get unloaded, take the team to the barn and feed them." Then he said, and at first the boy thought he was still speaking to his brother: "Come with me."

"Me?" he said.

"Yes," his father said. "You."

"Abner," his mother said. His father paused and looked back—the harsh level stare beneath the shaggy, graying, irascible brows.

"I reckon I'll have a word with the man that aims to begin to-morrow owning me body and soul for the next eight months."

They went back up the road. A week ago—or before last night, that is—he would have asked where they were going, but not now. His father had struck him before last night but never before had he paused afterward to explain why; it was as if the blow and the following calm, outrageous voice still rang, reperculated, divulging nothing to him save the terrible handicap of being young, the light weight of his few years, just heavy enough to

prevent his soaring free of the world as it seemed to be ordered but not heavy enough to keep him footed solid in it, to resist it and try to change the course of its events.

Presently he could see the grove of oaks and cedars and the other flowering trees and shrubs where the house would be, though not the house yet. They walked beside a fence massed with honeysuckle and Cherokee roses and came to a gate swinging open between two brick pillars, and now, beyond a sweep of drive, he saw the house for the first time and at that instant he forgot his father and the terror and despair both, and even when he remembered his father again (who had not stopped) the terror and despair did not return. Because, for all the twelve movings, they had sojourned until now in a poor country, a land of small farms and fields and houses, and he had never seen a house like this before. *Hit's big as a courthouse* he thought quietly, with a surge of peace and joy whose reason he could not have thought into words, being too young for that: *They are safe from him. People whose lives are a part of this peace and dignity are beyond his touch, he no more to them than a buzzing wasp: capable of stinging for a little moment but that's all; the spell of this peace and dignity rendering even the barns and stable and cribs which belong to it impervious to the puny flames he might contrive* . . . this, the peace and joy, ebbing for

an instant as he looked again at the stiff black back, the stiff and implacable limp of the figure which was not dwarfed by the house, for the reason that it had never looked big anywhere and which now, against this serene columned backdrop, had more than ever that impervious quality of something cut ruthlessly from tin, depthless, as though, sidewise to the sun, it would cast no shadow. Watching him, the boy remarked the absolutely undeviating course which his father held and saw the stiff foot come squarely down in a pile of fresh droppings where a horse had stood in the drive and which his father could have avoided by a simple change of stride. But it ebbed only for

a moment, though he could not have thought this into words either, walking on in the spell of the house, which he could even want but without envy, without sorrow, certainly never with that ravening and jealous rage which unknown to him walked in the ironlike black coat before him: *Maybe he will feel it too. Maybe it will even change him now from what maybe he couldn't help but be.*

They crossed the portico. Now he could hear his father's stiff foot as it came down on the boards with clocklike finality, a sound out of all proportion to the displacement of the body it bore and which was not dwarfed either by the white door before it, as though it had attained to a sort of vicious and ravening minimum not to be dwarfed by anything—the flat, wide, black hat, the formal coat of broadcloth which had once been black but which had now that friction-glazed greenish cast of the bodies of old house flies, the lifted sleeve which was too large, the lifted hand like a curled claw. The door opened so promptly that the boy knew the negro must have been watching them all the time, an old man with neat grizzled hair, in a linen jacket, who stood barring the door with his body, saying, "Wipe yo foots, white man, fo you come in here. Major ain't home nohow."

"Get out of my way, nigger," his father said, without heat too, flinging the door back and the negro also and entering, his hat still on his head. And now the boy saw the prints of the stiff foot on the door-jamb and saw them appear on the pale rug behind the machinelike deliberation of the foot which seemed to bear (or transmit) twice the weight which the body compassed. The negro was shouting "Miss Lula! Miss Lula!" somewhere behind them, then the boy, deluged as though by a warm wave by a suave turn of carpeted stair and a pendant glitter of chandeliers and a mute gleam of gold frames, heard the swift feet and saw her too, a lady—perhaps he had never seen her like before either—in a gray, smooth gown with lace at the throat and an apron tied at the waist and the

sleeves turned back, wiping cake or biscuit dough from her hands with a towel as she came up the hall, looking not at his father at all but at the tracks on the blond rug with an expression of incredulous amazement.

"I tried," the negro cried. "I tole him to . . ."

"Will you please go away?" she said in a shaking voice. "Major de Spain is not at home. Will you please go away?"

His father had not spoken again. He did not speak again. He did not even look at her. He just stood stiff in the center of the rug, in his hat, the shaggy iron-gray brows twitching slightly above the pebble-colored eyes as he appeared to examine the house with brief deliberation. Then with the same deliberation he turned; the boy watched him pivot on the good leg and saw the stiff foot drag round the arc of the turning, leaving a final long and fading smear. His father never looked at it, he never once looked down at the rug. The negro held the door. It closed behind them, upon the hysteric and indistinguishable woman-wail. His father stopped at the top of the steps and scraped his boot clean on the edge of it. At the gate he stopped again. He stood for a moment, planted stiffly on the stiff foot, looking back at the house. "Pretty and white, ain't it?" he said. "That's sweat. Nigger sweat. Maybe it ain't white enough yet to suit him. Maybe he wants to mix some white sweat with it."

Two hours later the boy was chopping wood behind the house within which his mother and aunt and the two sisters (the mother and aunt, not the two girls, he knew that; even at this distance and muffled by walls the flat loud voices of the two girls emanated an incorrigible idle inertia) were setting up the stove to prepare a meal, when he heard the hooves and saw the linen-clad man on a fine sorrel mare, whom he recognized even before he saw the rolled rug in front of the negro youth following on a fat bay carriage horse—a suffused, angry face vanishing, still at full gallop, beyond

the corner of the house where his father and brother were sitting in the two tilted chairs; and a moment later, almost before he could have put the axe down, he heard the hooves again and watched the sorrel mare go back out of the yard, already galloping again. Then his father began to shout one of the sisters' names, who presently emerged backward from the kitchen door dragging the rolled rug along the ground by one end while the other sister walked behind it.

"If you ain't going to tote, go on and set up the wash pot," the first said.

"You, Sarty!" the second shouted. "Set up the wash pot!" His father appeared at the door, framed against that shabbiness, as he had been against that other bland perfection, impervious to either, the mother's anxious face at his shoulder.

"Go on," the father said. "Pick it up." The two sisters stooped, broad, lethargic; stooping, they presented an incredible expanse of pale cloth and a flutter of tawdry ribbons.

"If I thought enough of a rug to have to git hit all the way from France I wouldn't keep hit where folks coming in would have to tromp on hit," the first said. They raised the rug.

"Abner," the mother said. "Let me do it."

"You go back and git dinner," his father said. "I'll tend to this."

From the woodpile through the rest of the afternoon the boy watched them, the rug spread flat in the dust beside the bubbling wash-pot, the two sisters stooping over it with that profound and lethargic reluctance, while the father stood over them in turn, implacable and grim, driving them though never raising his voice again. He could smell the harsh homemade lye they were using; he saw his mother come to the door once and look toward them with an expression not anxious now but very like despair; he saw his father turn, and he fell to with the axe and saw from the corner of his eye his father raise from the ground a flattish fragment of field stone and ex-

amine it and return to the pot, and this time his mother actually spoke: "Abner. Abner. Please don't. Please, Abner."

Then he was done too. It was dusk; the whippoorwills had already begun. He could smell coffee from the room where they would presently eat the cold food remaining from the mid-afternoon meal, though when he entered the house he realized they were having coffee again probably because there was a fire on the hearth, before which the rug now lay spread over the backs of the two chairs. The tracks of his father's foot were gone. Where they had been were now long, water-cloudy scoriations resembling the sporadic course of a lilliputian mowing machine.

It still hung there while they ate the cold food and then went to bed, scattered without order or claim up and down the two rooms, his mother in one bed, where his father would later lie, the older brother in the other, himself, the aunt, and the two sisters on pallets on the floor. But his father was not in bed yet. The last thing the boy remembered was the depthless, harsh silhouette of the hat and coat bending over the rug and it seemed to him that he had not even closed his eyes when the silhouette was standing over him, the fire almost dead behind it, the stiff foot prodding him awake. "Catch up the mule," his father said.

When he returned with the mule his father was standing in the black door, the rolled rug over his shoulder. "Ain't you going to ride?" he said.

"No. Give me your foot."

He bent his knee into his father's hand, the wiry, surprising power flowed smoothly, rising, he rising with it, on to the mule's bare back (they had owned a saddle once; the boy could remember it though not when or where) and with the same effortlessness his father swung the rug up in front of him. Now in the starlight they retraced the afternoon's path, up the dusty road rife with honeysuckle, through the gate and up the black tunnel of the drive to the lightless house, where he sat on the mule and felt the rough

warp of the rug drag across his thighs and vanish.

"Don't you want me to help?" he whispered. His father did not answer and now he heard again that stiff foot striking the hollow portico with that wooden and clocklike deliberation, that outrageous overstatement of the weight it carried. The rug, hunched, not flung (the boy could tell that even in the darkness) from his father's shoulder struck the angle of wall and floor with a sound unbelievably loud, thunderous, then the foot again, unhurried and enormous; a light came on in the house and the boy sat, tense, breathing steadily and quietly and just a little fast, though the foot itself did not increase its beat at all, descending the steps now; now the boy could see him.

"Don't you want to ride now?" he whispered. "We kin both ride now," the light within the house altering now, flaring up and sinking. *He's coming down the stairs now*, he thought. He had already ridden the mule up beside the horse block; presently his father was up behind him and he doubled the reins over and slashed the mule across the neck, but before the animal could begin to trot the hard, thin arm came round him, the hard, knotted hand jerking the mule back to a walk.

In the first red rays of the sun they were in the lot, putting plow gear on the mules. This time the sorrel mare was in the lot before he heard it at all, the rider collarless and even bareheaded, trembling, speaking in a shaking voice as the woman in the house had done, his father merely looking up once before stooping again to the hame he was buckling, so that the man on the mare spoke to his stooping back:

"You must realize you have ruined that rug. Wasn't there anybody here, any of your women . . ." he ceased, shaking, the boy watching him, the older brother leaning now in the stable door, chewing, blinking slowly and steadily at nothing apparently. "It cost a hundred dollars. But you never had a hundred dollars.

You never will. So I'm going to charge you twenty bushels of corn against your crop. I'll add it in your contract and when you come to the commissary you can sign it. That won't keep Mrs. de Spain quiet but maybe it will teach you to wipe your feet off before you enter her house again."

Then he was gone. The boy looked at his father, who still had not spoken or even looked up again, who was now adjusting the logger-head in the hame.

"Pap," he said. His father looked at him—the inscrutable face, the shaggy brows beneath which the gray eyes glinted coldly. Suddenly the boy went toward him, fast, stopping as suddenly. "You done the best you could!" he cried. "If he wanted hit done different why didn't he wait and tell you how? He won't git no twenty bushels! He won't git none! We'll gether hit and hide hit! I kin watch . . ."

"Did you put the cutter back in that straight stock like I told you?"

"No, sir," he said.

"Then go do it."

That was Wednesday. During the rest of that week he worked steadily, at what was within his scope and some which was beyond it, with an industry that did not need to be driven nor even commanded twice; he had this from his mother, with the difference that some at least of what he did he liked to do, such as splitting wood with the half-size axe which his mother and aunt had earned, or saved money somehow, to present him with at Christmas. In company with the two older women (and on one afternoon, even one of the sisters), he built pens for the shoat and the cow which were a part of his father's contract with the landlord, and one afternoon, his father being absent, gone somewhere on one of the mules, he went to the field.

They were running a middle buster now, his brother holding the plow straight while he handled the reins, and walking beside the straining mule, the rich black soil shearing cool and damp against his bare ankles, he thought

Maybe this is the end of it. Maybe even that twenty bushels that seems hard to have to pay for just a rug will be a cheap price for him to stop forever and always from being what he used to be; thinking, dreaming now, so that his brother had to speak sharply to him to mind the mule: Maybe he even won't collect the twenty bushels. Maybe it will all add up and balance and vanish—corn, rug, fire; the terror and grief, the being pulled two ways like between two teams of horses—gone, done with for ever and ever.

Then it was Saturday; he looked up from beneath the mule he was harnessing and saw his father in the black coat and hat. "Not that," his father said. "The wagon gear." And then, two hours later, sitting in the wagon bed behind his father and brother on the seat, the wagon accomplished a final curve, and he saw the weathered paintless store with its tattered tobacco- and patent-medicine posters and the tethered wagons and saddle animals below the gallery. He mounted the gnawed steps behind his father and brother, and there again was the lane of quiet, watching faces for the three of them to walk through. He saw the man in spectacles sitting at the plank table and he did not need to be told this was a Justice of the Peace; he sent one glare of fierce, exultant, partisan defiance at the man in collar and cravat now, whom he had seen but twice before in his life, and that on a galloping horse, who now wore on his face an expression not of rage but of amazed unbelief which the boy could not have known was at the incredible circumstance of being sued by one of his own tenants, and came and stood against his father and cried at the Justice: "He ain't done it! He ain't burnt . . ."

"Go back to the wagon," his father said.

"Burnt?" the Justice said. "Do I understand this rug was burned too?"

"Does anybody here claim it was?" his father said. "Go back to the wagon." But he did not, he merely retreated to the rear of the room, crowded as that other had been, but not to sit down this time,

instead, to stand pressing among the motionless bodies, listening to the voices:

"And you claim twenty bushels of corn is too high for the damage you did to the rug?"

"He brought the rug to me and said he wanted the tracks washed out of it. I washed the tracks out and took the rug back to him."

"But you didn't carry the rug back to him in the same condition it was in before you made the tracks on it."

His father did not answer, and now for perhaps half a minute there was no sound at all save that of breathing, the faint, steady suspiration of complete and intent listening.

"You decline to answer that, Mr. Snopes?" Again his father did not answer. "I'm going to find against you, Mr. Snopes. I'm going to find that you were responsible for the injury to Major de Spain's rug and hold you liable for it. But twenty bushels of corn seems a little high for a man in your circumstances to have to pay. Major de Spain claims it cost a hundred dollars. October corn will be worth about fifty cents. I figure that if Major de Spain can stand a ninety-five dollar loss on something he paid cash for, you can stand a five-dollar loss you haven't earned yet. I hold you in damages to Major de Spain to the amount of ten bushels of corn over and above your contract with him, to be paid to him out of your crop at gathering time. Court adjourned."

It had taken no time hardly, the morning was but half begun. He thought they would return home and perhaps back to the field, since they were late, far behind all other farmers. But instead his father passed on behind the wagon, merely indicating with his hand for the older brother to follow with it, and crossed the road toward the blacksmith shop opposite, pressing on after his father, overtaking him, speaking, whispering up at the harsh, calm face beneath the weathered hat: "He won't git no ten bushels neither. He won't git one. We'll . . ." until his father glanced for an

instant down at him, the face absolutely calm, the grizzled eyebrows tangled above the cold eyes, the voice almost pleasant, almost gentle:

"You think so? Well, we'll wait till October anyway."

The matter of the wagon—the setting of a spoke or two and the tightening of the tires—did not take long either, the business of the tires accomplished by driving the wagon into the spring branch behind the shop and letting it stand there, the mules nuzzling into the water from time to time, and the boy on the seat with the idle reins, looking up the slope and through the sooty tunnel of the shed where the slow hammer rang and where his father sat on an upended cypress bolt, easily, either talking or listening, still sitting there when the boy brought the dripping wagon up out of the branch and halted it before the door.

"Take them on to the shade and hitch," his father said. He did so and returned. His father and the smith and a third man squatting on his heels inside the door were talking, about crops and animals; the boy, squatting too in the ammoniac dust and hoof-parings and scales of rust, heard his father tell a long and unhurried story out of the time before the birth of the older brother even when he had been a professional horsetrader. And then his father came up beside him where he stood before a tattered last year's circus poster on the other side of the store, gazing rapt and quiet at the scarlet horses, the incredible poisings and convolutions of tulle and tights and the painted leers of comedians, and said, "It's time to eat."

But not at home. Squatting beside his brother against the front wall, he watched his father emerge from the store and produce from a paper sack a segment of cheese and divide it carefully and deliberately into three with his pocket knife and produce crackers from the same sack. They all three squatted on the gallery and ate, slowly, without talking; then in the store again, they drank from a tin dipper tepid water smelling of the cedar bucket and of living beech

trees. And still they did not go home. It was a horse lot this time, a tall rail fence upon and along which men stood and sat and out of which one by one horses were led, to be walked and trotted and then cantered back and forth along the road while the slow swapping and buying went on and the sun began to slant westward, they—the three of them—watching and listening, the older brother with his muddy eyes and his steady, inevitable tobacco, the father commenting now and then on certain of the animals, to no one in particular.

It was after sundown when they reached home. They ate supper by lamplight, then, sitting on the doorstep, the boy watched the night fully accomplish, listening to the whippoorwills and the frogs, when he heard his mother's voice: "Abner! No! No! Oh, God. Oh, God. Abner!" and he rose, whirled, and saw the altered light through the door where a candle stub now burned in a bottle neck on the table and his father, still in the hat and coat, at once formal and burlesque as though dressed carefully for some shabby and ceremonial violence, emptying the reservoir of the lamp back into the five-gallon kerosene can from which it had been filled, while the mother tugged at his arm until he shifted the lamp to the other hand and flung her back, not savagely or viciously, just hard, into the wall, her hands flung out against the wall for balance, her mouth open and in her face the same quality of hopeless despair as had been in her voice. Then his father saw him standing in the door.

"Go to the barn and get that can of oil we were oiling the wagon with," he said. The boy did not move. Then he could speak.

"What . . ." he cried. "What are you . . ."

"Go get that oil," his father said. "Go."

Then he was moving, running, outside the house, toward the stable: this the old habit, the old blood which he had not been permitted to choose for himself, which had been bequeathed him willy

nilly and which had run for so long (and who knew where, battenning on what of outrage and savagery and lust) before it came to him. *I could keep on*, he thought. *I could run on and on and never look back, never need to see his face again. Only I can't. I can't*, the rusted can in his hand now, the liquid splashing in it as he ran back to the house and into it, into the sound of his mother's weeping in the next room, and handed the can to his father.

"Ain't you going to even send a nigger?" he cried. "At least you sent a nigger before!"

This time his father didn't strike him. The hand came even faster than the blow had, the same hand which had set the can on the table with almost excruciating care flashing from the can toward him too quick for him to follow it, gripping him by the back of his shirt and on to tiptoe before he had seen it quit the can, the face stooping at him in breathless and frozen ferocity, the cold, dead voice speaking over him to the older brother who leaned against the table, chewing with that steady, curious, side-wise motion of cows:

"Empty the can into the big one and go on. I'll catch up with you."

"Better tie him up to the bedpost," the brother said.

"Do like I told you," the father said. Then the boy was moving, his bunched shirt and the hard, bony hand between his shoulder-blades, his toes just touching the floor, across the room and into the other one, past the sisters sitting with spread heavy thighs in the two chairs over the cold hearth, and to where his mother and aunt sat side by side on the bed, the aunt's arms about his mother's shoulders.

"Hold him," the father said. The aunt made a startled movement. "Not you," the father said. "Lennie. Take hold of him. I want to see you do it." His mother took him by the wrist. "You'll hold him better than that. If he gets loose don't you know what he is going to do? He will go up yonder." He jerked his head toward the road. "Maybe I'd better tie him."

"I'll hold him," his mother whispered.

"See you do then." Then his father was gone, the stiff foot heavy and measured upon the boards, ceasing at last.

Then he began to struggle. His mother caught him in both arms, he jerking and wrenching at them. He would be stronger in the end, he knew that. But he had no time to wait for it. "Lemme go!" he cried. "I don't want to have to hit you!"

"Let him go!" the aunt said. "If he don't go, before God, I am going up there myself!"

"Don't you see I can't?" his mother cried. "Sarty! Sarty! No! No! Help me, Lizzie!"

Then he was free. His aunt grasped at him but it was too late. He whirled, running, his mother stumbled forward on to her knees behind him, crying to the nearer sister: "Catch him, Net! Catch him!" But that was too late too, the sister (the sisters were twins, born at the same time, yet either of them now gave the impression of being, encompassing as much living meat and volume and weight as any other two of the family) not yet having begun to rise from the chair, her head, face, alone merely turned, presenting to him in the flying instant an astonishing expanse of young female features untroubled by any surprise even, wearing only an expression of bovine interest. Then he was out of the room, out of the house, in the mild dust of the starlit road and the heavy rifenness of honeysuckle, the pale ribbon unspooling with terrific slowness under his running feet, reaching the gate at last and turning in, running, his heart and lungs drumming, on up the drive toward the lighted house, the lighted door. He did not knock, he burst in, sobbing for breath, incapable for the moment of speech; he saw the astonished face of the negro in the linen jacket without knowing when the negro had appeared.

"De Spain!" he cried, panted. "Wher's . . ." then he saw the white man too emerging from a white door down the hall. "Barn!" he cried. "Barn!"

"What?" the white man said. "Barn?"

"Yes!" the boy cried. "Barn!"

"Catch him!" the white man shouted.

But it was too late this time too. The negro grasped his shirt, but the entire sleeve, rotten with washing, carried away, and he was out that door too and in the drive again, and had actually never ceased to run even while he was screaming into the white man's face.

Behind him the white man was shouting, "My horse! Fetch my horse!" and he thought for an instant of cutting across the park and climbing the fence into the road, but he did not know the park nor how high the vine-matted fence might be and he dared not risk it. So he ran on down the drive, blood and breath roaring; presently he was in the road again though he could not see it. He could not hear either: the galloping mare was almost upon him before he heard her, and even then he held his course, as if the very urgency of his wild grief and need must in a moment more find him wings, waiting until the ultimate instant to hurl himself aside and into the weed-choked roadside ditch as the horse thundered past and on, for an instant in furious silhouette against the stars, the tranquil early summer night sky which, even before the shape of the horse and rider vanished, stained abruptly and violently upward: a long, swirling roar incredible and soundless, blotting the stars, and he springing up and into the road again, running again, knowing it was too late yet still running even after he heard the shot and, an instant later, two shots, pausing now without knowing he had ceased to run, crying "Pap! Pap!", running again before he knew he had begun to run, stumbling, tripping over something and scrabbling up again without ceasing to run, looking backward over his shoulder at the glare as he got up, running on among the invisible trees, panting, sobbing, "Father! Father!"

At midnight he was sitting on the crest of a hill. He did not know it was mid-

night and he did not know how far he had come. But there was no glare behind him now and he sat now, his back toward what he had called home for four days anyhow, his face toward the dark woods which he would enter when breath was strong again, small, shaking steadily in the chill darkness, hugging himself into the remainder of his thin, rotten shirt, the grief and despair now no longer terror and fear but just grief and despair. *Father. My father*, he thought. "He was brave!" he cried suddenly, aloud but not loud, no more than a whisper: "He was! He was in the war! He was in Colonel Sartoris' cav'ry!" not knowing that his father had gone to that war a private in the fine old European sense, wearing no uniform, admitting the authority of and giving fidelity to no man or army or flag, going to war as Malbrouck himself did: for booty—it meant nothing and less than nothing to him if it were enemy booty or his own.

The slow constellations wheeled on. It would be dawn and then sun-up after a while and he would be hungry. But that would be to-morrow and now he was only cold, and walking would cure that. His breathing was easier now and he decided to get up and go on, and then he found that he had been asleep because he knew it was almost dawn, the night almost over. He could tell that from the whippoorwills. They were everywhere now among the dark trees below him, constant and inflectioned and ceaseless, so that, as the instant for giving over to the day birds drew nearer and nearer, there was no interval at all between them. He got up. He was a little stiff, but walking would cure that too as it would the cold, and soon there would be the sun. He went on down the hill, toward the dark woods within which the liquid silver voices of the birds called unceasing—the rapid and urgent beating of the urgent and quiring heart of the late spring night. He did not look back.



THE SHAKESPEARE INDUSTRY

BY IVOR BROWN

THIS spring the little Warwickshire town of Stratford-upon-Avon celebrates the diamond jubilee of a permanent Shakespeare Memorial Theater. Though the population of the place is less than twelve thousand it sustains a theater which, with a purely Shakespearean program, fills its 1,350 seats every week from early April till mid-September and does business away in the Midlands which any West End management would envy, averaging £1,500 a week over a period of half the year. Meanwhile this same Shakespeare has recovered a long-lost position among the most popular dramatists on Broadway. Hamlet or Cæsar, Richard or Harry, all go well, and now even the musical playboys cannot forbear to raid the First Folio and drag thence the conquering "Boys from Syracuse." Shakespeare's popularity with American producers must be the greater since he exacts no royalties and belongs to no dramatists' producing group.

The statistics of the British Board of Trade do not yet include "Shakespeare, Cult of," as a British Industry. But in logic they should, and in fact they soon may. While everyone loves to argue, often in public places and at painfully great length, that Shakespeare is a British Asset, or an Anglo-American Link, the cash valuation of the asset and the gold-content of the link have never been properly examined. Nor has a proper study been made of the various subsidiaries which "Bardolatry," as Bernard Shaw called the cult, sustains. To speak of the

Shakespeare Industry would be to shock many cultured minds. Yet the cult has been something of that kind since the eighteenth century and has recently shot rapidly forward. The whole thing is the more astonishing when one reflects that in the modern world, America and Great Britain not least, there is so little use for poetry that only a fraction of the verse now written can be sold without severe loss, while the drama's demise is continually being announced owing to lack of popular favor and the strength of other rivals in the industry of entertainment. Yet the Shakespeare business in Great Britain proves that a man who was both these troublesome and costly things, poet and dramatist, and has been dead three hundred years, can be more than a cultural asset to his country: he can be an entire industry in his own person.

The Shakespeare Industry can be examined in various aspects, as a direct producer, pouring out books, plays, films, lectures, professorships, and so forth; as an indirect producer, stimulating travel by air, land, and water, shrine-cults, and the catering trade; third, as a source of raw material for such important subsidiaries as the proving that Shakespeare was somebody else, Bacon, Lord Oxford, or any of the boys, and for the manufacture and sale of relics, calendars, gew-gaws, and the like. It is important to notice that this last phase is not confined to Great Britain. The foreign sites and scenes of his more famous plays are visited by anxious tourists who have to be provided with museums, tombstones, etc.,

as well as with bed and breakfast. Verona, for example, despite Anglo-Italian tension, is going forward with its Shakespeare Museum, while Danish Elsinore, avidly sought out by pilgrims of the faith as the heart and kernel of the Hamlet Country, has had to provide the inquiring public with Hamlet's Garden, although the original Amleth was a remote prince of Jutland who never lived at Elsinore at all, and also to satisfy the tourists' incurable appetite for tombs by calling a strange old stone relic in the garden Hamlet's Grave.

II

But let us come back to first things first, the Industry in its most obvious form, that of direct producer. Now in his own time Shakespeare was well-esteemed in his profession, but by no means the ace of dramatists. If anybody held that rank, it was Ben Jonson, who became Poet Laureate and was buried with a nation's grief in Westminster Abbey. Shakespeare was quietly interred in his home town of Stratford-upon-Avon, being admitted to the modest honor of lying in the chancel of the church because he was an owner of tithes and not because he was a poet. His town proceeded to remember him by the erection of a dull, stodgy bust over the grave and thought very little more about the matter until David Garrick started a Remember Shakespeare Drive, involving a tremendous outbreak of slightly cultural, but mainly vinous, whoopee in Stratford in 1769. But, once clear of his own time and town, Shakespeare proceeded to surpass in fame all his rivals to such an extent that in the theater he is not the Tudor classic, but the whole of the Tudor classics. There may be a few academic, art-and-crafty, hole-and-corner productions of Jonson, Webster, and the rest, but all over the world in state, collegiate, or commercial theater Shakespeare *is* that period.

With what result? With the result that, if copyright existed in perpetuity

and internationally for books and plays and if Shakespeare's "rights" had been vested at his death in a family or charitable trust, that Trust, if shrewdly administered with funds put to reserve and wisely invested every year, would now be one of the richest corporations in the world. Suppose, for example, that the Trust insisted on a flat ten-per-cent royalty on all theater receipts—and with such a name it might very well ask for more—then a four months' run for a Shakespeare show on Broadway with a fashionable star, drawing, say, fifteen thousand dollars a week, would yield to the Trust twenty-four thousand dollars gross. And Broadway has recently had two or three Shakespeare successes in rapid succession or running simultaneously. Then we begin on the touring rights and finally we sell the play to Hollywood for not less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This of course takes no account of hundreds of productions of Shakespeare by stock companies and in little theaters in America.

Accordingly, if the Shakespearean dues really did accrue to a Shakespeare Trust, America alone might yield in one year in which a film was sold as much as a quarter of a million dollars. And then we have not begun to compute the sales of First and Early Editions of texts, commentaries, and the like. The late Mr. Henry Folger, with a wealth flowing from oil, secured a great many of Shakespeare's First Folios and other Tudor exhibits of the first-luster and housed them nobly at Washington for the public benefit. It was Mr. Rockefeller who so handsomely endowed the new Memorial Theater at Stratford-upon-Avon. Yet, if the Shakespeare Trust had had its royalties in continuance since 1616, it could have bought out Standard Oil and whistled for a new investment.

Shakespeare's English theater royalties vary much from year to year, according to whether there is a fashionable Shakespeare show in the West End. But the regular receipts from Stratford and the "Old Vic" in London would be

five thousand pounds a year on a ten per cent basis and the number of various "road," amateur, and repertory performances would double that. Add a West End show, and you get a likely minimum of seventy-five thousand dollars for the year.

Then we come to the books. The English Bible is generally accepted as the world's continuing best-seller; Shakespeare's Works have a strong claim to stand second over any period of years. This cannot be proved, but the facts are that Shakespeare has been translated into every printable language and is continually being retranslated and reissued. One popular English edition alone, the Temple, which offered the plays at a shilling a volume, sold a million copies and was recently replaced by a second Temple series, while the publishers of the Penguin series, the cheap, paper-covered sixpenny volumes which have been so popular in Britain, are offering all the plays at sixpence a time with excellent introductions and notes by a well-known Shakespeare scholar. Needless to say you cannot produce an annotated and illustrated play of Shakespeare's for twelve cents unless you expect to sell it by the hundred thousand. Thus, however small the author's royalty on these cheap editions, the amount achieved in the end would be enormous. Royalties on more expensive and luxury editions would be great in proportion.

But all this, you may say, is as fictitious as fairy gold. The royalties are never charged and so the money is not there. True, but the outlay on material and labor and the profits are very real things. The Shakespeare Industry does a great deal more than find work for actors, designers, directors, and theater workers of all kinds in front of and behind the house. It sustains editors and commentators, professors and teachers, and, in still more vast profusion, paper-makers, printers, binders, and book-sellers. From time to time, as we have seen, it contributes to the enormous wage bills of Hollywood, and when Hollywood starts to roll up its

sleeves and go Tudor it does not do things by halves. The film-mind likes to think in terms of quantity, not least when handling such impressive matters as "A Midsummer Night's Dream" or "Romeo and Juliet," and film and publicity tell the world accordingly. When Juliet's Verona was being built in the West there were employed "60,000 square feet of heavy lumber, 35,000 square feet of composition board, 24,000 pounds of tiling, 20,000 yards of cloth, 90,000 flagstones, 60 trees, 100 pigeons, 500 lipsticks, 40 Veronese ducats, and hundreds of jewelled daggers." So the Bard comes to the aid alike of lumbermen, builders, pigeon-fanciers, and cosmeticians. Like any spendthrift dictator, he arrives offering work for all.

III

So much, in brief, for the Shakespeare Industry as a direct producer of wealth in and around theaters, bookshops, schoolrooms, and libraries. Its indirect effect as a stimulant of travel and prop of hotelkeepers and caterers is another important aspect. If it is worth while to advertise in American magazines the pleasures of "a Shakespeare Fortnight" in Stratford-upon-Avon it is obvious that the Shakespeare Industry throws its net wide.

Stratford of course is the headquarters of the Industry on its tourist side. Occasional visitors had called for a peep at Shakespeare's tomb in the hundred years succeeding the poet's death, but it was not till the second half of the eighteenth century that the town woke up to its opportunities. David Garrick's Jubilee of 1769, in which every honor was paid to the Immortal Bard except the obvious one of performing his works, made the local people realize, for the first time, the cash-value of householding at a shrine. They hired out bed and board at fantastic prices to the swarm of Londoners who came to the tippling and masquerading on Avon's bank.

The American end of Stratford tourism was established by Washington Irv-

ing, diplomat and essayist, whose name so much abides in Stratford that the largest hotel in the town (the old Red Horse) has recently been renamed after the American traveler who loved to stay there. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Shakespeare racket in Stratford was being greedily carried on by a Mrs. Hornby who ran the poet's birthplace as her private venture and kept up a ready sale of bogus relics. One of her chief sources of income was a permit to sit upon the poet's own chair: such was the eagerness to achieve this contact and to derive inspiration *a posteriori* that the chair's bottom had to be renewed every two or three years owing to the incessant and profitable pressure of adoring buttocks. Irving was, on the whole, an amused skeptic: he loved to savor the tranquil spirit of the place and to wander by the lovely curve of Stratford's river from the old Clopton Bridge to Trinity Church, both still standing as Shakespeare knew them, and the affectionate writing of his *Note Books* did an enormous amount to popularize travel to Stratford.

The scandals of the Shakespeare racket have long been abolished in Stratford. In 1846 the Birth-Place was taken over by trustees on behalf of the nation and now the Birth-Place Trust owns, preserves, and administers not only that building, but the site and garden of Shakespeare's old house, New Place, with the dwelling of his son-in-law, Nash, Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery, a mile away, and the poet's mother's house at Wilmcote, a neighboring village. There is now no sale of bogus relics on these premises. Any genuine relic would of course be preserved by the Trust; everything shown is the genuine article and the caretakers are especially forbidden to gratify the ears of the credulous with romantic stories. These properties are not large or tiring to visit and are extremely well worth inspection. The favorite is the Birth-Place which is central. This attracts about 90,000 paying visitors every year, nearly all in the sum-

mer, while Anne Hathaway's Cottage ranks second in favor, drawing a few thousand less. The Shakespeare Industry swings up and down, naturally, with the general level of international prosperity. Its peak in Stratford was reached in the general boom year of 1929. On this occasion the Birth-Place scored 118,000 visitors, its record so far. Since then American travel has considerably diminished; the flow is steady and the spirit faithful, but the amount of money available for vacational journeyings has never been the same since those great days of easy money on the stock market.

Stratford is a small country town of the English Midlands. From the point of view of the tourist industry Shakespeare really could scarcely have chosen a better place in which to get himself born. It is only two hours by train from London and three hours by road; it is within easy motoring distance of Oxford; it is close to the Cotswold Hills in which linger the least spoiled and loveliest of English medieval towns, churches, and manor houses. They were built when the wool trade was enriching the land, and that prosperity coincided with the highest development of the medieval and the renaissance genius in architecture. So Stratford can be easily fitted in with a pleasant round-trip—and should be. For it remains a charming specimen of the Tudor town, rich in authentic half-timbered buildings as well as being marred by a few horrors in Ye Olde Style.

The way to get the feel of Stratford is to break loose from conducted parties, to savor Shakespeare's garden, beautifully kept with all the flowers mentioned in the plays, to walk along Waterside to the Church, and to wander round Old Town or up any byway. The truth is that Stratford remains a farming town of the English Midlands as well as being the headquarters of the Shakespeare Industry. Of course if it were only an ordinary English country town of twelve thousand people it would have two hotels with twenty beds each for the accommodation of commercial travelers and farmers who

had dined so well after market that they thought it safer to stay the night. But Stratford, with the Shakespeare Industry, is a nest of hotels, mostly specializing in picturesque antiquity, and can house as many as a thousand visitors a night in the town; that is to say, it can accept guests up to one-twelfth of its own population. None the less, its status as a shrine and a magnet for pilgrims has not overwhelmed its simple, rustic character. If you take your refreshment in the smaller taverns instead of the tourist hotels, you will soon realize from the conversation that bacon means more than Shakespeare to most of its citizens. Plums and apples too are matters of high courage, for Stratford is in the heart of England's best fruit-growing area, the Avon Valley offering a soil particularly well suited to orchards. The April visitor who goes to Stratford for Shakespeare's Birthday on April 23rd will see miles of country white with blossom. In a cold spring the orchards will be at their loveliest a week or two later.

The Birthday itself is an amazing affair at Stratford. The town is packed and invitations are sent (with free railway passes) to all the embassies and ministries and legations in London to attend the various ceremonials, invitations which occasionally draw an august ambassador, but more often one of his underlings. These arrive in top-hat and solemn black and next find themselves, shivering perhaps under the blast of the east winds so painfully common in an English April, at the base of a flagpole in the main street running down to the Avon where, at a given signal, the banners of all the nations are suddenly unfurled. There is a procession to the Church headed by the Mayor and the Councillors and the town band: many citizens join the march and leave simple bundles of flowers from their gardens on Shakespeare's grave. It is a simple rite, unaffected and done with dignity and feeling.

There is then a Birthday Luncheon at which great public figures orate and, at night, a gala performance at the Theater.

Next morning the foreign delegates discover that their hotel, unlike their railway ticket, was not free and, when faced with a bill, have been known to use strange oaths. Well, they have had a good deal for nothing and Stratford, after all, is in business like anybody else. The Birthday is one of the Industry's great occasions and money must be made when the going is good. We do not know a great deal about William Shakespeare, the base and center of all these rites and revels. But this we do know for certain, that he made money, liked money, kept money, and was a keen investor in real estate and country produce. Nobody would have been more angry than he if Stratford had failed to exploit a good commercial opportunity. In other words, nobody would have more encouraged a Shakespeare Industry than the poet Shakespeare.

IV

The invention of the motor car has notably influenced the Shakespeare Industry, as indeed it has affected every species of commerce. When a man has bought himself a vehicle which will carry him fast and far it becomes imperative that he start to travel. Now Stratford-upon-Avon, being a pleasant little historic town on a pleasant little historic river, and being reasonably adjacent to the vast Midland manufacturing area, has become one of these beauty spots to which father drives the family for an outing on Saturday or Sunday. The respect paid to Stratford's poet and hero may be no more than standing and staring and spitting into Avon's sacred stream, or it may involve a visit to one of the sights or even to the theater, the great new Shakespeare memorial theater, built with so much financial aid from America and having in its hall the Great Book naming all the American subscribers. One result of all this accessibility, made possible by the motor car, is that the Shakespeare Dramatic Festivals, which used to last only for a week or two at Easter and in August,

are now continuous from spring to autumn and continuously well supported. It is an astonishing thing that English people, who would perish rather than go and see a Shakespeare play acted in their home-town, will drive for miles in order to see one played in Stratford.

This metamorphosis of Stratford-upon-Avon to Stratford-on-Gasoline brings us to the question of the numerous subsidiary branches of the Shakespeare Industry. The pilgrim who is driving into Stratford-upon-Avon first of all finds that a big service station actually displays in front of its pumps a bust of Shakespeare as an incitement to patronage and as an indication of the local commerce. The traveler is now in the heart of the Shakespeare Country and he is not going to be allowed to forget the fact. If he stops to buy a bottle of beer he finds the familiar eggshaped and hairless dome of William's mighty brow upon the label. In the town he can buy any kind of memento with a Shakespearean side to it, from a Shylock nutcracker to a Falstaff corkscrew. These are honest factory products. There are no false pretenses of Elizabethan origin. Let us admit that modern candor has replaced the fantastic feats of exploitation practiced in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The game started about 1760 when "tourism" was beginning and a taste for ancientry and relics of all kinds was growing up. An acute Stratfordian called Thomas Sharp purchased the corpse of Shakespeare's mulberry tree from the garden of the poet's then recently dismantled house, New Place, and began to fashion from the sacred wood gew-gaws and toys for which there was a brisk market. That mulberry became as inexhaustible as the timbers of the True Cross and was venerated with a passion almost as devout. Forty years later Sharp was accused of scandalous deceit: he made an affidavit on his death-bed, calling the Four Evangelists and the Mayor of Stratford to witness his oath that he was still using the genuine wood. It would be harsh to suggest that Mr.

Sharp was perjuring himself before Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and His Worship the Mayor and so risking an eternity of hell fire; let us charitably suppose that it really was a very large tree.

So was the famous Crab Tree of the neighboring village of Bidford. This further asset of the nascent Shakespeare Industry was invented by one Jordan, a contemporary of Sharp's, a local wheelwright and amateur poet, who, observing that Shakespeare had come into fashion, determined, if one may put it so crudely, to muscle in on the Mulberry Racket. He set up as a guide and equipped himself, as a good guide should, with a handy stock of good stories. One of these concerned Shakespeare as young soak. The tale ran thus in Jordan's words: "Our Poet was extremely fond of drinking hearty draughts of English ale and gloried in being thought a person of superior eminence in that profession." So he and his fellow-practitioners of absorbency took on a rival fraternity in a drinking competition at a village called Bidford-on-Avon, which lies about seven miles from Stratford. Shakespeare's team was heavily defeated and the poet, endeavoring to stagger home, collapsed under a crab tree and there spent the night in a stupor. Later on, when challenged to compete in another alcoholic tourney, he declined, saying

I have drunk with
Piping Peabworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, Hungry Grafton,
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggarly Broom and Drunken Bidford.

On the strength of this legend and the jingle, for whose authenticity there is no sort of evidence apart from Jordan's gossip—and Jordan lived a century and a half after the poet's death—these places are known as the Shakespeare Villages and special motor-coach tours are made of them, while the crab tree, under which Shakespeare was supposed to have collapsed, became almost as sacrosanct as the mulberry and yielded a profuse flow of trinkets and mementoes over something like a hundred years. Of such, in

those days, was the Shakespeare Industry.

Indeed, until Stratford was "cleaned up" by the Birth-Place Trustees in the middle of the last century, there was no form of bogus relic which was not being briskly marketed. Now this department of the Industry is perfectly respectable: its promoters are merely engaged in devising new forms of Shakespearean gift or memento. In this respect the poet's works may be regarded as an enormous quarry of gratuitous raw material. Take, for example, the preparation of Christmas calendars: Shakespeare is the mainstay of this trade. It was once pithily observed by the American author Henry Cuyler Bunner that

Shake was a dramatist of note;
He lived by writing things to quote.

A great many people have profited by that serviceable habit of "Shake's." Novelists and playwrights ransack the Folio for their titles, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, as becomes a man of Shakespeare's own county of Warwick, could not leave for Munich without quoting a line of Shakespeare's about plucking this flower, safety, out of this nettle, danger, and that phrase again has been used by Sir Philip Gibbs to name a new novel.

Of course the trade in Christmas calendars would be hard hit if they had to pay a royalty for all their chippings from the Shakespeare quarry. Meanwhile Stratford-upon-Avon figures largely in all Christmas cards of England, and last winter Woolworth's had a special set of Christmas greetings featuring scenes of Shakespeare's home-town. Yet the millions attracted by these cards would never read poetry or see poetic drama if they could possibly avoid it. One of the most astonishing phenomena of last Christmas in England was the appearance in drug-store windows of a replica of Shakespeare's will neatly displayed among the soaps and scents and pills and potions. This document, in any case, being executed in a script that is strange to modern eyes, is completely unintelligible to the average man. Nor really has it any

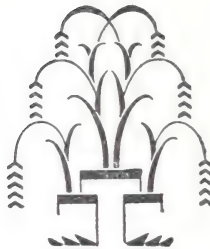
particular interest except in so far as William's interlineated (or afterthought) bequest to his wife of his second-best bed has caused some to descry therein the last bitter jest of a resentful man, while others explain that the best bed was in the spare room and that the poet was really leaving the old lady (she was seven years his senior) the authentic marital couch of their early bliss.

The belief that contact with relics will bring special virtue and power to those who touch is familiar in religion: it extends also to the Shakespeare cult. There were, as we have seen, the crowds who wore out a series of alleged Shakespearean chairs with their adoring flanks, and I have myself watched a whole stream of pilgrim spinsters apply their posteriors to a seat in the choir of Stratford church because somebody had, quite wantonly, told them that Shakespeare sat there as a boy. They rose suffused with rapture, evidently believing that grace ascendeth from below as well as dropping from the heavens. The most astonishing request for such contact came in 1936, when the director of the Stratford Festival Company received this cable: "Please send earth Shakespeare's garden water River Avon for dedication Shakespeare Theater Dallas Texas." Stratford was ready to oblige and with proper ceremonial (the American vice-consul at Birmingham attending) earth was dug from the garden of Shakespeare's Birth-Place and Avon water taken up and bottled in an aluminum vessel with Shakespeare's arms on the outside. The gift was then transferred, with suitable ceremonies on embarkation and landing, to the United States and finally the new stage at Dallas was sprinkled with the earth and water of William's Warwickshire. What was left over of the precious gift was exhibited in Dallas for all to venerate.

What an amazing monument then has mankind erected to the memory of a poet who was not regarded as supreme in his own day and was not buried in the Abbey in which even second-rate singers were

stowed away with all honor and glory! Now every librarian, embarrassed by the cluttered stacks of his Shakespeareana section, finds new editions, new commentaries, new suppositions fired at him in vast, incessant tomes. Of these quite a number are compiled by the enthusiasts who are determined to prove that "Shakespeare" was the mask of another author. Indeed, the anti-Shakespeareans constitute quite a formidable corner of the Shakespearean Industry. At Birmingham there is a special Shakespeare Library of gigantic dimensions. The building trade is another to profit as a subsidiary of the Shakespeare Industry. It hopes to commence work shortly on the National Theater (Shakespeare Memorial) in the South Kensington area of London, while there is a most ambitious

scheme for rebuilding on the south bank of the Thames (near Shakespeare's Southwark) a model of his Globe Theater and of his Mermaid Tavern. Even if the builders are not yet actually at work, there is abundant employment for appeal secretaries and much advantage to the printing and stationery trades. We must remember too all the scholars engaged on Shakespearean research and interpretation and the conferences which they summon and attend for the better study and comprehension of this same Shakespeare. It has been a strange progress. Country boy into actor, actor into poet, poet into country gentleman, squire into local hero, local hero into national, national hero into Immortal Bard, Bard into cult, and cult into industry. And still it grows.





One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



SATURDAY A full moon to-night, which made the dogs uneasy. First a neighbor's dog, a quarter of a mile away, felt the moon—he began shortly after dark, a persistent complaint, half-longing. Then our big dog, whose supper had not sat well, took up the moonsong. I shut him in the barn where his bed is, but he kept up the barking, with an odd howl now and again; and I could hear him roaming round in there, answering the neighbor's dog and stirring up Fred, our dachshund and superintendent, who suddenly, from a deep sleep, roused up and pulled on his executive frown (as a man, waking, might hastily pull on a pair of trousers) and dashed out into the hall as though the moon were a jewel robber. The light lay in watery pools on lawn and drive. The house seemed unable to settle down for the night, and I felt like moaning myself, for there is something about a moon disturbing to man and dog alike.

Once, when I was a child, I waked from a bad dream to find moonlight pouring into the room, falling across my face like the flashlight of a prowler. I was frightened; the moon seemed an intruder in the bedroom. Since that night I have been uncomfortable on moon nights and have seen to it that the shade was drawn. I don't know what it is dogs feel, but it must be something very deep troubling them—perhaps an ancient intimation of good hunting.

Last night my neighbor C. died. He was here at the house in the forenoon, driving his truck. He mentioned that he wasn't feeling just good. Later, in the afternoon, he took a chill. Before midnight he was dead. C.'s death came just a few months after he had got his life fixed up to suit him—a common enough

sequel to endeavor. After years of planning it, he built a new workshop last fall, his proper dream. I think the extra effort it took to get his life arranged to his liking was too much for his strength and brought on his death—a coincidence which, in milder form, happens to everyone.

Sunday Woke to find the wind blowing from the sea, and the sky overcast. Three starlings sat gloomily in the Balm o' Gilead tree, awaiting better times, and in the plowed field some crows held a special meeting and took a vote. In an hour it was snowing.

I read Thoreau's chapter on Spring, which has the passage about the dead horse. To-day, with so great a horse in our path and man feeding on man like vulture and carrion, the way around the carcass is long: one has to turn aside with a firmer step; but I still feel the assurance of "the strong appetite and inviolable health of Nature." You do not find this assurance in the daily columns of newspaper interpretation and prophecy, these being predicated on the somewhat tenuous theory that there is some extra significance about Man's affairs just because they happen to be Man's; you get it only if it is somewhat instinctive in you—a certain phrase in verse or music, a certain feeling of pause in a day. There is so great an impact of Thought in the prints and in the air, Thought which is not Thought at all but merely a sudden reasonableness in keeping with sudden event, that the mind is quite likely to grow numb under the blows and insensitive to the life which is all around. It takes courage to read (and believe) that "compassion is a very untenable ground." Men worry over men; ants

are concerned with ants, in their particular hills. It is like ants to rate themselves first, but I have no doubt mice think of themselves as at the head too. A certain divinity often does attach to Man's works and deeds (his dreams of revolution and Utopia do him credit as an emotional being, however much they give him away intellectually), but he does not excel among vertebrates, except in a sort of cunning and in variety.

Dameron, the lobster fisherman, stopped in to-night to return some books. He is the one book borrower I fully trust. He borrows more of my books than anyone ever has before, but he brings back more too, usually wrapped in paper and tied with a string—which is the proper way to transport a book in unsettled weather. Mrs. D. is one of the two people I know who has read *Joseph in Egypt*. I know many who own it, few who have read it.

Dameron stayed a while. He told me that at one time a great deal of clam bait for the Banks fishermen was dug here in this cove. An acre of clams used to be about the best crop any man could cultivate, but nowadays a man can dig a tide in and out and does well to make a dollar. Every tide was good for four to six dollars in the old days. D. says the gulls have ruined clamming: they eat the seed that the clammers leave—that is, the small clams which the rake turns up but which are too small to be harvested. The government protects gulls of course, but D. thinks gulls should be destroyed before they destroy us. Seals too. Seals are death to lobsters. Seals and gulls are the enemies to watch out for, in D.'s opinion, not Germany and Italy.

He told me of a narrow squeak in his life—when he came very close to signing on to go in a vessel carrying lumber up to New York. He had to back out at the last minute. The schooner set out in a norther which presently blew a gale, and she was never heard from. So he now belongs among that vast group of people who missed the plane that crashed, the train that went off the track, the boat that sank. I have been thinking that

the man I would hate to be is the man who, long before the catastrophe, received the letter from Captain Alderson of the flying boat *Cavalier*, complaining about the way the engines functioned. He must feel pretty queer.

The rumor got round that I was running for the school board. (There was nothing to it.) D. tells me that it was a lucky thing I didn't run. "You would have been murdered." He said he heard a woodcock yesterday and would take me to where I can see its sky dance.

Monday The cat, David, is lying beside me, a most unsatisfactory arrangement, as he gives me hay fever.

My sensitivity to cats defeats the whole purpose of a cat, which is to introduce a note of peace in a room. It is impossible to feel peace while sneezing uproariously and tending a runny nose. I would kick David out, but he is my first cat, and I owe him a show of leniency. Besides, I want to inoculate myself against cat, and possibly the simplest (certainly the cheapest) way is to sit here and breathe David in. As a matter of fact, I believe I have already begun to build up an immunity. I responded with great violence to David when he arrived on Christmas, but lately my seizures have been less terrible. True, when he scratches me—even the tiniest abrasion—the scratch itches intensely, becomes red and inflamed, and I run up and douse iodine on it, not to disinfect the wound but to take the sting out. But I think this frequent hypodermic, which a young cat administers so generously and naturally, has had a good effect, and I now have a tolerance for cat. Possibly I could develop the same sort of resistance to hay if I could get the stuff to claw me up a bit.

I recall an article on allergy in HARPER's by George W. Gray, which lent support to my cat-scratch theory. Mr. Gray suggested that the average individual's ability to stomach certain foods may be the result of a long, long immunizing process. After all, Mr. Gray pointed out, the man who first ate an

oyster must have been a frantically hungry, cornered individual who could find nothing else—and quite likely he regretted having eaten it.

To be affected adversely, made miserable, by a cat who is my friend and ward sets up a strange relationship between us. But there are people who stand in the same light: I am devoted to them even though they have a bad effect on me the minute they come into the room.

All my life I have been acutely aware that to the rest of the world hay fever is a comic condition. It is the funny misery, in a class with barber's itch. There was a sentence in Mr. Gray's article that threw light on this too. "Allergy," he said, quoting a medical man, "is . . . not a disease *per se*. It is a pathological exaggeration." That's precisely it! That's the key to this popular hilarity. A man whose body is racked in distressing spasms because of his own house-cat, or because he has eaten a strawberry or smelled a daisy, is a living whopper. He clearly overacts. His torment, being incomprehensible to those who have never felt it, is a plain case of pathological exaggeration. His misery is a mere embellishment of sickness, a parody of trouble—like the big feet of a clown, or the false face of a mummer. Nothing about his unhealth makes any sense. Instead of running a temperature or developing a pallor or an *ague* or an acute pain, he merely becomes physically grotesque and noisy; his face becomes unbuckled, his conversation drops apart, and he goes around rubbing a pair of bloodshot eyes and patting himself with an overworked handkerchief. And when you ask him what in thunder is the matter, he caps it by pointing crazily at the cat. It is no wonder the world roars with unaffected glee.

Mr. Gray not only interpreted for me the essential comicality of hay fever but he strengthened my belief that sensitivity to pollen and cat-fur may be the normal, or natural, or original condition, and that it is the persons who do *not* respond to the disturbing excitement of pollen

and cat-fur who are the pitiable, unnatural folk. In the long, painful process of adjusting oneself to the proteins of the world some never become accustomed. "The man at the banquet whose system cannot endure oysters may be the only one in the group who is in step with primitive nature, the only surviving remnant of prehistoric conservatism." Years ago, when I went behind a bungalow and vomited up my first clam, I probably came as near as I ever shall to my primordial state.

Tuesday News to-day from friends who are here in America from Vienna. They are able to stay one year, on a visitor's passport; but they say that one year sounds to them like eternity, after the day-to-day existence of European living. Although they are, in the phrase, Aryans, they are against the Hitler government; hopefully and patiently they await its end. So, they say, do the majority of the citizens of Vienna.

In Vienna the only topic of conversation is genealogy. You go out to visit friends and you spend the evening in the branches of their family tree. The matter of blood is so vital, no one can think of anything else. A writer whose wife's grandmother was a Jewess is not permitted to write; a doctor whose father's half-sister lacked the Aryan stamp is not allowed to practice. "These fine people are dying," says my friend.

"But we mustn't talk about it. Spies are everywhere. We dare not speak of Vienna."

Wednesday To-day the warmth struck through for fair and reached the earth, the sun boring into the snow, the ditches alive with overflow and gurgle, the daylight strong and ample along the planks bridging the mud in the yard. Under the spruce boughs which overlay the borders, the first green shoots of snowdrops appeared, the indestructible. When I walked to the mailbox, a song sparrow placed his incomparable seal on the outgoing letters. Spring, however, began

officially in the late afternoon when I went into the brooder house, thrust a handful of shavings into the stove and struck a match, starting the fire that must burn steadily and without interruption (dropping 5° a week) for six weeks, warming the two hundred and fifty chicks that are to be born to-morrow, a hundred miles away, on Maundy Thursday.

Thursday To-day read in the paper about a plan which the Catholics have for a sound hookup of schools in the Archdiocese of New York. According to the newspaper account, the plan is contingent on their finding a commercial sponsor. This was the most important item in the news, I thought, far out-distancing the day's aggression in Middle Europe. For although the parochial system is not the pattern for our American public schools, nevertheless, most children's diseases are contagious and I have no doubt this latest one is too. The desire to make one adult voice audible to all children, even though the expenses are best met by a commercial product, is too attractive to be denied for long. Such dissemination is inevitable, just as it was inevitable that one orchestra should serve a hundred hotel dining rooms and that music should be called Muzak. The expenses can be defrayed by the manufacturer of a licorice candy, who then automatically becomes a leading educational force in the nation, holding in his two hands the coveted gift of sound. Probably before these words reach print, the archdiocesan headquarters will be broadcasting direct to the classroom, and one more wall will have crumbled that once made a house. Instruction will be by experts—the invisible experts, speaking with the voice that is not a voice, delivering to the invisible pupil the canned lesson, courtesy of the advertised product.

One of the proponents of the Catholic communications system explained that it would be a most useful device in academic emergencies—as for instance in the case of an examination containing an

unfair question being distributed to the schools. "Attention!" he said, pretending that he was already wired to the children. "There is an error in the test paper for 6B in arithmetic. Question 3, part 2, does not belong . . . etc."

There would then presumably be a slight pause for diocese identification, and a two-minute plug for licorice candy.

This emergency of the faulty examination paper and the unfair question is, I should think, just a taste of the greater emergencies which a government-sponsored sound system could cope with. For when the time comes the public educator's voice will be heard in the tiniest schoolhouse on the farthest hill: "Henceforth all children will read only from the Brown book, and will raise the right hand in allegiance to the Third American Realm, saying 'Hail Peabody!'"

I have been trying to think who would be the perfect sponsor for the American educational network, the nationwide hookup which would instruct all children from coast to coast, giving them the Word. I have decided that Wheaties is the perfect company, for Wheaties gives flashlights as premiums—and these lights might help the children find their way out of a room that had grown dark.

Friday A letter this morning from John McNulty, my most satisfactory correspondent, as he writes infrequently and on matters that concern us both equally. His letter begins: "Dear Andy, Describe in detail the purchase and installation of a Welsbach mantle. In so doing, tell specifically of: (a) The carrying home of the Welsbach mantle and from what kind of store. (b) The kind of box it came in and the method of extraction from the box. (c) The putting of the mantle in place of the old one. (d) Describe the next steps and any attendant spectacle in connection therewith, which may have served to delight the onlookers. P.S. It so happens that on this, the eve of the invasion of Albania, I have spent the afternoon thinking of Welsbach mantles."



The Easy Chair



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HISTORY?

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

UNDER this same title Mr. Allan Nevins recently published in the *Saturday Review of Literature* an inquiry into American historical scholarship and a finding that our historians are a dull lot who have professionalized themselves out of touch with, and influence on, the popular audience. The Easy Chair read his article with the amazement of one who hears his favorite movie wench described as homely, who, wintering in upper New England, hears the Florida climate abused for lack of sunshine. For, from the sub-zero cave of literary scholarship in which the Easy Chair has spent so much time, professional history has always seemed a sunny summer land inhabited by a folk as splendid as the blond Indians who, in the legends of the Southwest, were some day going to appear and free the Zuni and the Pueblo and restore the ancient glories of their race. Sometimes, furthermore, that liberation has seemed to be under way: sometimes one of those fair gods has wandered into the cave and carried back some of its contents to sun and air, and his coming has always lighted hope among the cave-dwellers and roused the heady dream of escape. It is disheartening to have Mr. Nevins assert that the blond gods are only Diggers coated with whitewash.

Why, yes, there is always something wrong with the writing of history in America—usually the fact that people don't write it the way I wish they would. Parts of Mr. Nevins's complaint are jus-

tified, but whether anything can be done about them is another question. He favors the development of a caste of professional journalists who are semi-pro historians, and he wants them to form an association of their own and to publish a journal of popular history. He thinks there is a promising future for such a magazine—that an intelligent public hungry for history is being frustrated by the professional historians, who scorn popularization and don't give a hoot about that audience. Such a magazine, he says, "if well edited is certain of a resounding success."

A popular magazine of history is one of those beautiful illusions that make the human faculty for self-deception so fascinating to a historian. A group of (professional) historians has had the vision for some years now. A radio company, in deathly fear of being told by the government that it wasn't "educational" enough, got them to put on a half-hour of energized history, and a lot of fan-letters came in. They must have been the first fan-letters these unworldly folk had ever seen and, not realizing that a program dramatizing popcorn candy or air-conditioned cigarettes would have brought in far more, they began to have phantasies. At last, by God, there was a public for history! They projected a monthly magazine. Called into consultation, the Easy Chair prophesied that such a magazine might reach a circulation of fifteen or twenty thousand and so wouldn't need to lose more than twenty

or twenty-five thousand dollars a year. But Mr. Walter Lippmann was also consulted, a man of spacious ideas, and he told the historians that their magazine would begin with two hundred thousand circulation and go on from there to the starry heights. His estimate agreed with the historians' daydreams, and similar statistics seem to be fermenting in Mr. Nevins's mind.

It is hard to see where such a circulation is going to come from. The highest possible expectation of a magazine devoted to literary comment—a specialty which has at least twice the popular appeal of history—is from an eighth to a sixth of two hundred thousand. Mr. Nevins says, "Most monthly magazines have a rule, formal or informal, which excludes historical matter from their contents." Things aren't quite that bad, but he doesn't seem to see the obvious implication. The editors of general magazines know their job and they have found that the public won't take much history. The actual audience is much smaller than Mr. Nevins thinks: ask publishers what their sales figures are for the books by the journalist-historians whom he praises. And there is no effective way of increasing it. You can't get leg art and the candid camera into history, for instance. You can't photograph a social process or even, at this date, the battle of Yorktown. You can play up story and drama, and that helps a lot; but it brings you steadily closer to sensationalism and what we used to call debunking. You can probably get your two hundred thousand by crossing the line between, but when you cross it you automatically forfeit the audience Mr. Nevins is shooting at. The essential ingredient drops out and you aren't dealing with history any longer.

Mr. Nevins admires a group of professional literary men who have ventured into history. They have done a lot of good work, and he missed a point by not recalling that every so often someone like Parrington or James Ford Rhodes invades the profession from

without and succeeds in redirecting its energies. But also it is remarkable how solidly these journalists stand on the work of professional historians, how indispensable to them even the dreary monographs by fifth-rate professionals are, and how often what they write has to be manhandled by professionals into better accord with the facts. They are expert in the brushwork of history—in the spectacle, the fire, and the story. As a group they have two conspicuous virtues: they write well and they are not afraid to make judgments. As a group they also have two conspicuous faults: their judgments are apt to be weakly supported and they constantly, and usually unconsciously, over-simplify. They can be very good indeed, but when they aren't good they decline from history into surmise, polemics, propaganda, and literary gossip. They have their place, a pleasant and honorable place, but there is no reason to widen it and no reason to ask the professionals to abandon theirs in favor of it.

It seems unfair to ask a man who has mastered the profession of history to master the additional and disparate one of journalism too, but it is certainly true that most American historians write badly. There is only an occasional S. E. Morison, the average historian's style is awkward, and we should all be happier if the profession would realize that its mystery is also an art. But let us not too hastily encourage historians to be literary when they lack the gift, for a historian laboring at the grand style ornate can be pretty dreadful. He produces epigrams and metaphors by a kind of quarrying operation and pillages Bartlett for beautiful decorations duly supported by footnotes which explain that Shakespeare, not the historian, wrote "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Many a reader of Justin Smith, for instance, must have shuddered over the wit, poetry, and urbanity that are conscientiously distributed through the text with what appears to have been a seed-drill. Even Parkman, a very dis-

tinguished literary man and a historian so fine that no one has ever been disposed to work his field again—even Parkman can go too far when the urge breaks out in him. The Indians halt in the underbrush, the expanding British Empire pauses half-way through a ledger of the Hudson's Bay Company, and, genuflecting to Gibbon's ghost, Parkman sets out to do up the autumn foliage along Lake Champlain once and for all. The reader learns to skip the literature and get on with the history, and if Parkman puts him in that mood, other historians had better leave rhetorical autumn leaves alone.

And just what is "being interesting," and just what obligation rests on a historian to plaster a possibly austere subject with grease paint? A dividend of literary gracefulness is a pleasant thing, but it is safe to assume that some of the interest in any volume of history is brought to it by the reader. Thus during the past fifteen years the Easy Chair has used Paxson's *History of the American Frontier* as often as any book on the shelves but has never thought of it as interesting. It is packed full of information and judgments essential to this reader's work, but presumably it would hold few children from play and few old men from the chimney corner. Yet the other day a hardboiled publisher remarked that he had just finished it and found it the most interesting history he had ever read. Notably lacking in sex appeal, it had nevertheless held him from play and the chimney corner—because it had what he was looking for. . . . People, the audience whom Mr. Nevins has in mind, read history for entertainment, in which case they do indeed prefer the journalists he mentions, though they will actively cooperate with even the severest professional. Or they read it for use in their work, in which case the most appalling dullness is no handicap. Or they read it for enlightenment—the most important reason of all. Whether or not a book is entertainingly written for a popular audience has no bearing on this last

motive—but it is quite true that professional historians have tended to ignore it. And it is also true that the journalist-historians of Mr. Nevins's preferred caste tend to betray it.

The amateur historian, the antiquarian who spends the greater part of a lifetime investigating a single subject, may do invaluable work. But the literary man who may treat many subjects and must treat them all as only parts of his general activity runs many risks. He may lack the historian's training and technic and so may actually fail to cover his subject; if he masters his immediate subject he may lack the professional's broader knowledge and so fail to give it setting, perspective, and relationship. In either case he is in constant danger of over-simplification, and simplified history is no blessing to the popular audience that accepts it in good faith. The historian must deal with complexities and usually it is only a professional who can deal with them adequately. Take, for example, general American histories. One of the most memorable is the Beards' *Rise of American Civilization*. It has its insufficiencies but will always be important because, better than any of its competitors, it reveals the tremendously complex interrelationships of the forces in our past. No one who reads it will ever again think of any event or development in American history as single, simple, black, or white. Ability to handle such interrelationships can usually be acquired only by years of undivided attention to the study of history. It is the ability that the non-professional has usually failed to acquire.

But professional historians have increasingly come to prefer research to the synthesis and utilization of research and, what is more serious, they have increasingly avoided passing judgment. The reverence for fact that is the necessary condition of research has too often become a screen for timidity. They are as timid as the next man, as averse to getting out on a limb that may be sawed off behind them while irreverent people

look on. There is a ready comfort in believing that, because the facts come first, someone else will be along later to make use of them. But, professionally, few do come along later, and so the public that Mr. Nevins has in mind loses. With the facts in gross or the facts refined that public, in general, is concerned only in so far as they make good stories, which the journalists can compose much more ably than the professionals. But the public sincerely wants those facts appraised, judged, interpreted, and converted to an explanation of the present. It wants judgment, it wants guidance. What of the past is operating in the present? What in the present is significant because of the past? What of the forces around us can be recognized as originating in what we once were? What was their configuration, their limits, their outcome at other times? What can we think about them to-day in the light of what they used to be?

Such questions are the principal justification for the pursuit of history and they amount to a prayer for instruction. They ask historians to be confident of their knowledge, to take the cold plunge and render judgment. The tendency of the profession has been increasingly to refuse, to prefer the safe climate of research, to believe that the indispensable foundation, the establishment of facts, need have little or no superstructure of interpretation and judgment. It is too bad, for the journalists eagerly supply the interpretation and judgment they are less well equipped for.

Thus this age in America quivers with social conflict, but there is no history of the most violent conflict in our past—none that tries to establish its significance for the present, in terms of what we face. You can find a ton of monographs on the Civil War and several first-rate general histories of it but none that studies it as a pattern somewhat like our own, as a pattern of energies still to some extent operative among us. In a period of violent agitation there is no interpretative study of even such conspicuous agi-

tations as abolitionism. In a period of social experimentation there is no study, pointed toward to-day, of social experiment in America. At a time when communism and its mirror image are objects of great concern, there is no study of American communism, no history of the shape such energies have taken here. The daily press is full of debate over the relationship of the United States to the European system, but there is no history of the threat of foreign power in the Western hemisphere. On all these subjects there is an abundant monographic literature, the profession establishing the facts; but enlightenment, judgment, is wanting.

This situation is regrettable, though arrived at naturally enough. The realistic study of history in America is, after all, little more than half a century old. There were traditions of oratory and patriotic obscurantism to be overcome; there were mountains of myth, legend, and folklore to be cleared away. The sense of fact had to be established as the first condition of history—but by now the master-condition has become the end and purpose as well. That is where the professional historian is all too apt to let the public down—and where the semi-pro is all too eager to provide a substitute service. Precisely here is a real challenge to the profession. Let virtuosos take care of the department of popular entertainment, let lowly minds that can produce nothing else go on piling up the necessary monographs; but let first-rate historians resume the function of judgment. This amounts to a demand for more courage, or perhaps only for more first-rate historians. Satisfying it may require, as a first step, something to be done about the birth-rate or the laws of genetics; but it is the real problem that confronts professional historians. If they should solve it they would meet no competition from journalism and there would be no move to supplement the *American Historical Review* with a periodical modeled on the *National Geographic Magazine*.



Harpers *Magazine*

GERMANY WOULD LOSE

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

As I write this, no one can say whether or not Hitler will carry Germany to war. Up to now he has had no need to: he has gained everything he wanted, either by simply taking it or by having it handed to him. But now things have plainly entered a new stadium. Britain has set up a sign "Thus Far and No Farther." This attempt to halt Hitler, which if made two or three years ago, or even last year, might have been unchallengeable, seems to-day to carry within itself a double danger of war.

Either Hitler, confident in the strategic position handed to him in folly at Munich, may take it too lightly and overstep the mark, only to find that Britain means business after all; or he may take it so seriously as to feel that he must strike now, before the chain is forged round him.

Whether Hitler should stumble into war or choose it boldly, there seems no doubt but that he would plan to get it over with as quickly as possible. This would mean trying out that theory of a "lightning war" with which the Ger-

mans and Italians have toyed for so long, that "knockout blow" by air and swift mechanized follow-up by land which is the legitimate successor to the famous Schlieffen Plan for a six-weeks victory over France in 1914, and the unrestricted submarine campaign of 1917 which was to bring Britain to her knees in three months—but instead brought America into the War. Hitler himself has said, "When I strike it will be like lightning in the night." Goering broadcast to his fliers in March, "You men know best how Germany's unconquerable air force stood ready then (last September). One command, and a Hades, an Inferno, would have been prepared for our opponents, *a quick blow, but one which would have utterly destroyed them.*"

Probably Hitler himself does not know whether he will finally choose this desperate gamble. There is no real evidence, either from the World War, when Germany won all the quick victories but lost the long struggle, or from the Chinese or Spanish Wars, that such an onslaught could bring a quick and decisive victory.

But there is, unfortunately, evidence a-plenty that delusive beliefs in perfect plans, quick victories, weak or decadent opponents, and unconquerable German might—delusions which have already played a disastrous part in German history—still persist in the Reich. And consideration of the new German forces reveals strikingly to what extent the Nazis have concentrated their energy on those arms which would be counted on to win a quick war: the airplane, the tank, and the submarine, at the expense of the standard arms which decide a long conflict, the men on the ground and the ships on the sea, and a healthy economy and spirit behind them.

This being the case, the menace presented by the lightning war must be grappled with.

An interesting pattern for such an attack has emerged lately; to begin with an overwhelming aerial blow against the British and French Navies and their strategic bases. It may or may not have been actually contemplated, but the British *Chargé d'Affaires* in Berlin took the rumors he heard seriously enough to warn the Admiralty in London, and the latter to order the fleet's anti-aircraft defenses permanently manned; and it can hardly have been mere coincidence that the German fleet should at the same time have steamed out to Atlantic waters and the U. S. Navy been suddenly ordered back to the Pacific. In any case it will serve well enough as an example.

All the air power of Germany and Italy, and possibly Japan, was to strike at the various concentrations of the British and French Navies, and particularly at the larger ships, at Portsmouth, Toulon, Gibraltar, Malta, Bizerta, and elsewhere, in an attempt to smash this one arm in which the Entente Powers have a decisive superiority. The German and Italian fleets, now outnumbered by almost four to one, would then count. The oceans would be delivered over to their commerce raiders and submarines,

which would proceed to cut France off from her North African reservoir of colonial troops, both Britain and France from obtaining overseas supplies or supporting their threatened possessions, and Britain from sending a large army to aid France.

After the navies had been taken care of, the lightning would be turned against the British and French aerodromes, to gain complete domination of the air; against their communications, to dislocate mobilization; against power stations and arms factories, to disrupt their munitions supply; and against the great centers of population, to smash civilian morale. This "knockout blow" by air would be swiftly followed by attack on France, possibly from several directions, with all the German-Italian armored and motorized land forces, which would then be secured from detection or destruction from the air. (I couple Germany and Italy together to make out the worst possible case, and because Mussolini appears to be becoming more and more subservient to Hitler in policy. But it is not entirely certain that the Duce could carry his people into a war with Germany and against Britain and France, or still more, keep them in it.)

II

Can a battle fleet be readily wiped out by bombing from the air? A bomber-battleship controversy raged for years in Britain after the War. Some experts claimed that the development of air power would restrict the usefulness of the battleship in future wars to patrolling the high seas. It would be impossible for it to approach a hostile coast or operate in narrow seas like the North Sea, the Baltic, and the Mediterranean, defended by airplanes based on land. As late as 1935 this opinion ruled at the Admiralty, and in the Ethiopian crisis the British Mediterranean fleet was hastily moved from Malta, and the threat of bombing raids from nearby Sicily, to distant Alexandria.

This defeatist attitude is now long in the past. Britain has laid down a great new program of battleships and the Mediterranean Fleet has returned in force to Malta. Those who claimed all along that defense against the bomber could and would be developed to keep pace with the threat are having their day. Formidable anti-aircraft defenses have been devised, and new and old British battleships have been fitted with heavier deck armor. Some 50 over-age cruisers and destroyers have been equipped as special anti-aircraft auxiliaries. With no less than 14 aircraft carriers soon to be available, the Navy will be able to carry along a sizeable air force of its own. In face of this, and with all chance of surprise gone, it seems incredible that so many British and French ships could be sunk in a sudden attack as to raise Germany and Italy from their present position of hopeless inferiority (6 battleships to 24, and all together three-quarters of a million tons to two and a quarter millions) to one of superiority.

If the Axis Powers made the experiment only to find out afterward that they were wrong and that sea power still plays its traditional role in warfare, then their naval position would be desperate indeed. The union of their two fleets, conjectured when the German Navy moved to Spanish waters in April, would change nothing. A more plausible explanation of the move would be that the Germans are prepared to throw away their three "pocket battleships" and half-dozen cruisers as commerce raiders in order to keep the Anglo-French forces scattered and especially to prevent them from striking a hammer blow at Italy until the issue has been decided by bomber, tank, and submarine. This would jibe well with the mentality directing German policy to-day.

If the German-Italian reliance on the bomber against the battleship may be explained in part by their inability to compete in building the latter, how explain their reliance on the submarine, so plainly expressed in the numbers they

are building? Here is a good instance of one of those nameless terrors which seem to be all about us to-day, and which the dictators play up for all they are worth to frighten us into preferring peace at any price, but which can be in large part dispelled if one only comes to grips with them. In the three months following their declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare on February 1, 1917, the Germans sent to the bottom without warning over 1,000 British, Allied, and neutral ships. Yet by the end of the year courage and ingenuity had so completely reversed the roles on the U-boats that, in Winston Churchill's words in his *World Crisis*, "it was they who were hunted and their crews who were demoralized."

The introduction of the convoy system, rejected for years because of the argument that it would only give the submarines a better mark for their torpedoes (whereas in practice it gave them far fewer marks to shoot at), was the beginning. By October, 1917, over 1,500 merchant ships had been brought into the British Isles, with the loss of only 10 torpedoed while in convoy and 14 lost through straying. Another effective defense, and the one which accounted for the most U-boats, was the deep mine barrage. One of these, maintained across the Dover Straits and supported by destroyer patrols dashing back and forth from the British coast to the French, with their searchlights blazing by night and flares burning "until it was as bright as Piccadilly" (to force the subs to dive into the mines) effectively closed this shortcut to the Channel and Atlantic shipping routes.

A barrage laid and maintained across the Heligoland Bight, right in the teeth of the German High Seas Fleet, gave the Germans so much trouble that they finally had to route their homecoming submarines through the Kattegat. A barrage was then laid, on American initiative, and largely with American mines and effort, clear across from the Norwegian coast to the Orkneys, being

completed just as the Armistice came. Along with these passive defenses, an extremely active campaign for hunting, detecting, and "killing" prowling U-boats was developed, including the use of hydrophones, depth-charges, air-bombing, the gunfire of destroyers and armed merchantmen, stalking by submarines, and the famous camouflaged "Q-boats" which finally broke the morale of the submarine crews and forced them to stay under and use an expensive torpedo, of which they could carry only a small number, instead of a cheap shell or bomb. In all, 199 U-boats were destroyed, and long before Armistice time the terrorist had become the terrified. If the "next" war is only to take up where the last one left off, which seems the safest prediction, then judging from British preparations for submarine-hunting, recently revealed to the Commons, the most unhealthy place of all is going to be underneath the water.

III

The chief element in all modern quick-war plans is the "knockout blow" by air. "Give me 20,000 airplanes and I'll be master of Europe in a week!" Goering boasted in 1934. And Germany has built, by a truly immense effort—*how many planes?* Not, at least, the 20,000 that Goering wanted; for the Nazis themselves, masters of the scare technic, have never claimed more than 10,000. Not even, I venture, these 10,000 so assiduously propagandized during the Sudeten crisis. For if the Nazis had had 10,000 planes at that time it seems amazing that they should have been so anxious right afterward to get the British to limit their 2,000-odd air force to 35 per cent of the German strength, or 3,500!

French and American experts estimated at the time of Munich that Germany had between 3,500 and 4,000 planes organized in first-line formation and ready for use. Production was running at about 500–600 a month. Considering

loss through crashes, requirements for training, and obsolescence, Hanson W. Baldwin, military correspondent of the *New York Times*, reckoned that such a production would allow a net increase in the first-line force of 1,500–2,000 a year. Allowing for some increase in production in the meantime, a fair estimate of German air strength to-day would seem to be between 5,500 and 6,000 planes. The combined British and French forces would approximate very closely to this, but if the Italian strength is added to the German the totalitarian powers have a superiority of about three to two.

This German-Italian superiority, according to a reliable person close to the British Air Ministry, is due to reach and pass its peak sometime this summer. After that the Entente Powers, which already have a combined production of over 700 planes a month and appear determined to continue the race if necessary until they are back at their November, 1918, production of *5,000 planes a month*, will gradually overhaul and pass their Axis opponents. Germany and Italy, then, if they are going to strike must strike soon. If they should act in concert, what chance is there that they could get home a "knockout blow" against Britain and France under present conditions?

I have sketched the genial plan, named after the Italian Douhet, who claims that a war can be won in the air by paralyzing at a blow all of the enemy's nerve centers. Taking Britain and France together, and with German-Italian superiority only three to two, that is a big order. In the first place, complete surprise—an extremely important element in the plan—is quite impossible to achieve in a Europe which has lived through years of Hitler's Saturday surprises and is so nervous that even Switzerland and Holland are semi-mobilized all the time. Besides, it would be necessary for such an aerial blow to be accompanied with an attack in full force on land to consolidate the victory, and in practice the most secret mobilizations of Hitler and

Mussolini, those against Czechoslovakia in May, 1938, and February–March, 1939, and Albania in April, 1939, have always become known beforehand.

Then, in the hour of decision the Douhet Plan would probably be watered down, as the famous Schlieffen Plan for the sweep through Belgium was in 1914. The Germans and Italians would hesitate to put every ounce of their air strength into the blow, but would hold some back to ward off possible Anglo-French retaliation, or attacks from Poland, Russia, Yugoslavia, Roumania, or Turkey. Nor does one of the chief assumptions of the plan—that an enemy can be driven entirely out of the air—appear to be justified by any experience up to date. One can gain superiority, but never complete domination, as on the sea; as Major Eliot puts it in *If War Comes*, the air stretches too far up and too far across for that. In the Spanish War the Loyalists were always at a disadvantage in point of numbers, but always managed to put up a few fighters to worry the Insurgents' bombers; while in China the Chinese air force has been wiped out a number of times—according to the Japanese—but always seems to spring up again.

The ferocious Douhet theory has already had one large-scale try-out, in that Spanish War which was so cynically employed by the German and Italian military people as a "testing-ground" for their new ideas and equipment. This was at Barcelona in March, 1938. On the 16th of that month (*i.e.*, five days after Hitler's sudden grab of Austria) the Italian air force based on Majorca began a bombardment which was kept up, at first with two-hour intervals and later slightly longer, for three days and nights. The planes maintained a height of 15,000 to 20,000 feet, and dropped their bombs quite indiscriminately over the city. Great bombs of half a ton were used, to penetrate the Underground Railway shelters; time bombs, which pierced houses from attic to cellar and then exploded and brought the whole

thing down; small impact bombs, in clusters; and in particular, a new type of thin-shelled, low-bursting bomb with great lateral explosive force, intended for crowded streets.

The attack was, according to Herbert L. Matthews of the *New York Times*, "surely the most savage and most ruthless punishment any modern city has taken." The city was swollen with refugees to a population of nearly two millions, and so poorly defended that the raiders could come in broad daylight. What was the effect? Thirteen hundred people were killed. The power station continued to operate, street-cars to run, and movie theaters to remain open and find audiences. "As in Madrid in November, 1936," said the London *Times* correspondent, "the bombs utterly failed to produce submission. Whether they have had any secret effect remains to be seen; but it would seem that chastisement alone of a proud and courageous race can have no definite result. . . . There is anguish and terror, but no panic."

Chastisement alone could not produce the submission of Barcelona. The Nationalist ground troops had to fight their way step by step for nearly another year to conquer the city. They had to besiege Madrid for two years and a half. Would it be any different with London and Paris, Liverpool and Lyons, Glasgow and Marseilles? London and Paris might seem at first thought to present bigger and more vulnerable targets. But they are infinitely better defended than Barcelona, which was approachable without warning from the sea and had wholly inadequate fighter and anti-aircraft protection. They have farflung listening posts—Paris's on the French frontiers and London's on the Belgian and the Dutch borders, out in the North Sea, and all along the English coast—to give the fighter craft warning to get into the air. These fighters, on the British side at least, include the finest and fastest types in the world, the *Hurricane*, *Spitfire*, and *Defiant*.

Both cities have balloon barrages as a hazard for the raiders. They have subways and other air-raid shelters, and plans for quick evacuation of children and aged. They have the protection of powerful anti-aircraft fire, which, it may be noted, has shown such a remarkable development since Great War days that, whereas it only accounted for one out of five of the planes brought down then, the records of the Spanish War show that it was responsible for four out of five. The populations of London and Paris have had a chance to become morally "rearmed" since the big scare of September, 1938. They will not be chastised as severely as the Barcelonans or succumb more readily. Finally, Germany and Italy cannot send "myriads" of planes to bomb London and Paris day after day, as well as British and French railway centers, naval bases, power-houses, aerodromes, factories, and what-not, and at the same time bomb the Poles and the Russians and the Roumanians, and possibly the Turks and the Yugoslavs and the Czechs. For, as Lincoln would surely put it if he lived to-day, "You can't bomb all of the people all of the time," and if Germany and Italy attempted any such prolonged offensive they would find themselves without an air force in about two weeks. To maintain a force of about 5,000 planes in the field in 1918 Britain and France produced that many a month; the German-Italian air fleet of 7,000-8,000 planes is backed by a monthly production of certainly less than a thousand units, and it is doubtful if the totalitarian countries could maintain this, much less increase it, in the condition of their supplies.

IV

To follow up the aerial knockout blow and consolidate the victory, the final component envisaged in the lightning-war theory is a sweeping attack by land, led by tanks and motorized artillery and infantry. The obvious object of such an attack by the Axis Powers

in the west would be the overrunning of France and the wiping out of the French Army. If one were to consider that Germany could count on the full military co-operation of Italy and Spain and could really bring to bear the superiority in numbers indicated by a simple addition of their population figures, then France's position would be perilous indeed. The odds would be four to one against her, and attack could be made simultaneously on the Catalonian and Savoy frontiers, to close France's door on the Mediterranean, and through Belgium and Switzerland, to round up and destroy her main armies.

Fortunately, France's position improves on critical examination. General Franco, it is true, still has half a million or more men under arms; but it is hard to believe that he could launch them on a foreign adventure with millions of such bitter and recently subjugated enemies at home. Italy counts, in the mass, forty-five million people; but their equipment, industrial backing, and fighting quality are such that for our purposes they may be reckoned at about half that number. This reduces the odds to two and a half to one. But because "they who make many afraid of them have themselves many to fear," Germany and Italy would have to divide forces over many fronts.

Italy already has five armies overseas, in Ethiopia, Libya, Spain, Albania, and the Dodecanese Islands—five hostages to fortune, from the British point of view. Germany has twelve neighbors, if one counts Britain on the North Sea and Sweden and Russia on the Baltic, every one of whom has been given cause to fear her. She would have to keep considerable forces facing the east and south-east, sparing hardly more than three-fifths, say, of her forces for attack in the west. This brings the odds down to less than two to one, against France alone—and that could only be for a very short time. But it is reckoned that a superiority of at least four to one is needed to-day to prevail over a well-armed, fresh, and spirited defense.

If one rules out the Pyrenees front, except possibly for air action and a minor diversion by land; and the Savoy front, because the Alpine passes diverge as they enter France and leave the invading forces open to destruction in detail (so that all history does not show an example of successful conquest of France from Italy, but many of conquest over the *convergent* passes in the opposite direction); and if one rules out also a direct assault on the Maginot Line one is left with the choice between the routes through the Lowlands and through Switzerland.

Both routes offer Germany strong advantages, but equally strong disadvantages. The Lowlands route is the shortest line between the center of German supply and communications in the Ruhr, and Paris.⁴⁷ It offers good terrain for a motorized sweep, and access to the Flanders coast, from which to threaten Britain. The attack could avoid the Belgian "Maginot Line" by passing through Dutch Limburg; and in that extremely interesting book *The Berlin Diaries* an anonymous General in the Reichswehr Ministry reveals that Hitler himself approached their office and also President Hindenburg with such a plan in 1932.⁴⁸ On the other hand, the Lowlands route was tried last time, and failed. Belgian resistance might again give the British time to reach the scene, and British resistance time for the French to mobilize all their reserves. If Holland were violated Dutch resistance would have to be faced as well, and possibly an English landing in Friesland, in the German rear. Nor could Italy be brought into such a plan effectively.

The German military people, as I can personally testify, are in no way eager to bind the Reich's military fortunes to those of Italy. But if Hitler has come to consider Italy as a necessary extension of his front against the west which, if it could be anchored in Tunisia, would effectively shut out Britain and France from supporting the Balkan Powers and clear the road for Germany right down

to the Persian Gulf, then the military authorities will be overruled again. In that case they will at least want to use the Italian forces where they can stiffen them with German troops. The logical location for a common offensive by the two armies against France would be Switzerland, and it is known that a German-Italian staff plan for such a concerted attack, from the neighborhood of Berne and Basle, has existed since 1901.

The aim of this drive would be to outflank the Maginot defenses and the powerful fortress of Belfort, take the main French armies in the rear, and deal a blow at the industrial heart of France. The seizure of the Gotthard and Simplon doubletrack lines would be a vital part of the plan, as Graham Hutton demonstrates in a valuable study of European railway strategy in *Danubian Destiny*. But the Swiss, whose citizen soldiers sleep with their rifles, ammunition, and uniforms at their bedsides and are all assigned to their posts, might blow up the tunnels and otherwise disrupt the plan at the last moment. And even if the armies were quickly assembled round Soleure and Lausanne, they would have to pass into France through defiles in the Jura Mountains, hardly favorable to a swift massed attack by motorized vehicles. All in all, however, this remains the most likely place for a common German-Italian offensive.

No less than five German armored divisions and two Italian, counting at least 3,500 tanks, with accompanying motorized artillery and infantry, would be available for the drive. Now here is the swift land war-machine of the future, which German experts calculate will smash through enemy territory, given good roads and good weather, at the rate of 90-100 miles a day. In the lack of all supporting evidence it is hard to take this estimate seriously. It might be possible in the open, unfortified country of Eastern Europe, if the fuel supply and repair organization could keep pace—except that roads are scarce and bad in Eastern

Europe, under which conditions the German experts presuppose only an advance of 25 miles a day. It is unthinkable that daily advances of 100 miles a day are achievable in Belgium, Switzerland, or France.

In the Spanish War an Italian motorized division was going to "dash" the 40 or 50 miles from Guadalajara to Madrid, over the opposition of half-trained militiamen. The result was that the tanks outdistanced their supporting infantry, who were strung out in trucks along the roads, and the whole force was badly strafed from the air and thrown back in confusion. After that, armored attacks in Spain returned to the World War practice of strictly limited objectives of 5 or 10 miles a day, with heavy artillery preparation and strong support from the air, and infantry and supply services following up close behind. In this manner the Nationalist-Italian Armies succeeded in advancing on Barcelona last December and January, against the weary, hungry, and ill-supplied Catalonian Army, *at the average rate of 20 miles a week.*

Will the Germans and Italians do any better against fresh, well-supplied French troops bolstered by strong defenses? They have, as I said, seven armored divisions between them, totaling 3,500-odd tanks. To win a "quick victory" over the war-weary German forces "as early as possible in 1919" Winston Churchill, as British Minister of Munitions, made preparations to produce and use 15,000 tanks of all sizes, and 10,000 cross-country troop-carriers, the latter to be built by Ford. The Allied command didn't plan to build these thousands of costly machines for show, but because they knew how a fleet of tanks melted away in the face of shell-fire, land-mines, and heavy machine-gun fire. In a French offensive on July 18, 1918, described by Major Eliot in *If War Comes*, 324 light and heavy tanks were to be used. Only 225 got into action, of which 102 were destroyed in the first day's attack. On the second day 108 tanks started and 50

were hit, and on the third day only 32 were available, of which 17 were hit. The fourth day's attack, if there had been one, would have seen about a dozen out of the original 324 tanks go into action and three or four come out. Similarly, at Cambrai in 1917, out of 476 tanks which the British mustered for a surprise attack, only 150 were available to meet a counter-attack ten days later.

Since World War days many and ingenious defenses against the tank have been devised. Among the passive defenses are rows of up-ended steel rails set in concrete—"asparagus beds" the French call them; marshy pits covered with grass, in which the tank sinks and drowns; mines under roadways and in front of fortified areas, which may be set off either by contact or by electrical remote control; trenches 8 or 10 feet wide which leave the tank straddled helplessly; and slimy, flooded fields which stop it entirely. Those tanks which survive these hazards must face the active defenses behind, chief among which are the field guns and the new high-velocity anti-tank rifles. During one attack in the Great War one well-concealed German field gun destroyed 30 French tanks before it could be located and put out of action. All together, field-guns accounted for 95 per cent of the British tank losses. Alongside these, the modern defense has the lighter anti-tank gun. These are mounted in concrete pill-boxes along roads of approach or in the front line of trenches, and require artillery fire to destroy them, which robs the tank of the chance of surprise attack. Spare anti-tank guns may be kept in dugouts below during the artillery preparation and brought up in time to meet the assault. When all else fails there are cruder defenses, such as necessity developed in the Spanish War: gasoline-soaked straw laid in the path of the approaching tanks, ignited by the heat of the exhaust; a combination of a bottle of gasoline and a hand-grenade dropped inside by men daring enough to scramble up on the backs of the unwieldy and half-blind

monsters; and plain dynamite, with which one dauntless Asturian destroyed no less than 8 Italian tanks in an afternoon.

If tanks could gain only 5 or 10 miles a day against Great War defenses and no more against Spanish Loyalist defenses, if they fall out even in peace-time reviews, as I have seen them do before the Führer and the Duce in Berlin, and are left all along the road in a parade to Vienna, they are not going to overrun France suddenly against the Belgian, Swiss, and French defenses of to-day. We may take it that the 3,000-odd German-Italian tanks would fade away in the defiles of the Jura and the spurs of the Vosges or before the canals of Flanders just as the 3,000-odd British and French tanks did in the battles of 1916-17-18. The impetus of the attack would be lost, the great initial supply of equipment would be squandered, all hope of a quick victory would vanish, and the war would settle down to a matter of trenches and machine-guns on land and blockade at sea.

V

How would the totalitarian powers fare in such a war of attrition?

They would fare very badly, and no one will admit that more readily than Germans and Italians themselves. If it was true in 1914, as the German Ambassador at Constantinople said to the American Minister: "If we are not in Paris within forty days we have lost the war," it is much more true to-day. German and Italian strength would be quickly sapped by the enormous cost of the offensive, which the very nature of their regimes would force them to take and sustain. Stronger at the beginning than Britain and France, because they are permanently mobilized, Germany and Italy would have little reserve of spirit or material to call upon and would steadily grow weaker, while Britain and France would grow stronger as they mobilized all the great resources of their empires.

Italy could not last long. A poor country, she is strained to the breaking point to maintain the pretensions of a Great Power in peace-time. With no domestic iron, oil, or coal resources, and only about as much industrial power as pre-Munich Czechoslovakia, she has few of the sinews of modern war. Much of her war energy and much of her materials have been spent already. Cut off by an Anglo-French naval blockade from the 80 per cent of her supplies which normally reach her through the Mediterranean, she would be left entirely dependent on Germany. How long would it be before her people, who have now been under the strain of "living dangerously" for sixteen years and the sacrifice of actual warfare for nearly four, lost their stomach for the struggle and forced the government to sue for a separate peace?

Germany of course is a different proposition. The world is hardly likely to underrate her fighting power after the show she put up in 1914-18. It might be more inclined to overrate it. Let us for a moment compare the Germany of to-day with the Germany that went to war in August, 1914. That Germany had an army polished and perfected for decades until it was a gleaming precision instrument. Every able-bodied male in the country was a trained member of it. Its cadres of officers were complete from top to bottom, so that 100 first-class divisions could be placed in the field at once, to be rapidly filled out to 200. It had a long-determined strategic plan to cover a war on both western and eastern fronts, with a magnificent railway system tailored to measure and the staff work prepared down to the last detail. It rode high on a tradition of victory over the chief military powers of Europe.

Supporting this great land force, Imperial Germany had a navy large enough to protect her coasts, to raid enemy commerce on the seven seas, and present a real challenge in battle to such forces as Britain could maintain in the

North Sea. Behind this war machine and supplying it when war broke out was a blooming economy, large stocks of raw materials, a steel production (together with Austria-Hungary's) greater than that of Britain, France, and Russia combined and based on domestic ores, a flourishing foreign trade, large investments and many warm supporters and suppliers in neutral countries abroad, and a billion-dollar golden war chest. The population on the whole accepted the war with enthusiasm, confident in an early and glorious victory. Fresh and well-fed at the beginning, the country proved able to support four years of terrific strain.

Hitler's Germany is so much more ferocious and frightening than Wilhelm's that it is not apparent at first sight how much weaker it really is—for actual warfare, that is. (For the kind of banditry it has been practicing it is immensely strong.) The army is short of officers of every rank, but particularly majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels. Lieutenants and captains have been made out of the corporals and sergeants of the post-War professional Reichswehr, but it has proved quite impossible to build up the magnificent cadres and staff organization of the 1914 army in six short years. Many of the reserves have had only a hasty six-weeks training and behind them lie the 17 annual classes between 24 and 41 years of age, largely untrained. Nor is the same bulk of man-power available for service, despite the acquisition of Austria and Sudetenland: the German authorities estimate that, on account of the greater industrial demands of modern warfare, they will be able to put only about six million men in uniform in place of ten million last time.

When we look at the navy we see that, in place of Imperial Germany's redoubtable fleet of dreadnoughts, Nazi Germany could muster just two battleships, the 20,000-ton *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*. (At least they were launched long ago and supposed to be in commission by

now, although remarkably little has been heard of them.) The 35,000-ton *Bismarck* and *Von Tirpitz* launched this spring will not be finished until next year at the earliest. The 10,000-ton "pocket battleships" of the *Deutschland* class really rank as cruisers, though because they carry heavier guns than the 10,000-ton Washington Treaty cruisers which could catch them, and are faster than the big battleships which could blow them out of the water, they would take some running down as commerce raiders.

VI

But more important in a long war than the men and ships on the fighting front are the economic strength, the spirit, and the endurance of the home front. *The economic and psychological situation in Germany to-day is more like that of 1917 than 1914.* Men and machines have been worked at war tempo for years, with neither rest for the one nor replacement for the other. The State Railways has had to curtail its services and in its latest annual report declares that at least 10 per cent of its rolling stock needs immediate renewal. In a long study on January 22nd of this year the *Frankfurter Zeitung* found the state of Germany's industrial plant to be such that a full year's output of the German machine industry would be needed to carry out the necessary replacement.

As a result of the long strain man-hour production has fallen off generally throughout the Reich. In the Ruhr coal industry, for instance, again according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, this decline amounted to no less than 12 per cent between February, 1936, and April, 1938. Not only the productivity but the supply of labor is an acute problem, and Germany is now pressing small shopkeepers, dispossessed Jews, and conquered Czechs into manual labor service. Scientists and engineers are short on account of emigration of the middle-aged and preference of the young for the career of army officer or party official.

A decline in registration of 50 to 60 per cent at the universities and engineering colleges teaches that one cannot at the same time scorn the intellect and exalt the body, and build a super-scientific, self-contained state.

The raw-material situation is particularly reminiscent of 1917. Good materials have been short for so long that reserves have already been combed out of every corner in the country; the iron fence railings of Berlin have been melted down these many months past. Substitutes of all kinds have been explored, but these have their limits, imposed not by relative money cost, which the Nazis entirely ignore, but by the amount of imported raw materials required to build the installations and the labor to run them. Can Germany, facing the industrial man-power of France, Britain, the British Dominions, Russia, and possibly the United States, afford to divert half a million men—fifteen army corps—as would be necessary to make only the substitute gasoline and oil she requires for a major war?

It has been suggested in some quarters that Germany's breach into Danubia at Munich rendered her largely "blockade-proof" in a future war. Aside from the fact that many vital materials such as nickel, rubber, cotton, and wool are not to be had in the Danubian region, the 100 million people who live between the Axis and the Soviet frontier are not going to be willing slaves of the Reich. It seems extremely doubtful if the kind of empire which the Nazis have in mind, the rule of a master race over inferiors, can be imposed on the fervid nationalities of this part of the world. Hitler lacks the *idea* which could weld them together; his doctrine of hatred, anti-Semitism, and a great land-winning crusade against Soviet Russia may suffice to break up Eastern Europe, but never to unite it.

The only way Germany could really make sure during wartime of the supplies of food, oil, bauxite (for aluminum), and the small quantities of other things

which Danubia could provide her, would be to garrison the whole region. She had poor results from this method in the Ukraine in 1918, results which by no means compensated for the diversion of half a million troops, and even poorer in Roumania, the Roumanians blowing up the oil wells before handing them over. Unless she would run the risk of having this happen again, Germany must get her hands securely on the wells before war breaks out. Even so, and supposing that she got every drop of their production, *the Roumanian oil fields could supply only about a third of Germany's war needs*. Their production, now running about 6½ million tons a year, has fallen off rapidly lately in spite of the drilling of new wells, the decrease amounting to 18 per cent in 1937 and a further 8 per cent in 1938.

Then, strategic domination of Danubia in no way affects Germany's supply of that most vital of all war materials: iron. It is not sufficiently recognized that *the iron mines which carried Germany through the last war lie behind the Maginot Line in France to-day*. The only other source which would be adequate to meet Germany's war requirements and which would conceivably be available to her is in Swedish Lapland. Her armament industry is in fact based to-day on this rich Swedish ore, which provides almost half of her consumption while, in spite of strenuous and costly development her domestic ores, of very low quality, cover only one-fifth. During the last war Sweden sold Germany ore and other supplies—as long as Germany had gold or goods to pay for them; when it came down to promises, business fell off rapidly.

Promises are all Germany could offer to-day. Her financial condition, as much as any aspect of the home front, is reminiscent of 1917-18. Except for a possible secret hoard, which cannot be very large, she has already used up all her gold; and she has already liquidated her foreign investments, plundered the Jews, sucked dry the savings banks and insurance companies, the unemploy-

ment insurance and the old-age pension funds, largely exhausted the country's long-term and short-term lending power, and is now living on future tax returns. There will be neither gold nor goods to pay for Swedish iron, or any other imports from neutrals—if there are any neutrals next time. Will the Swedes sell their iron to Germany if she can't pay and Britain can? If not, could Germany seize and operate the distant mines? How much of the world can Germany take on at one time?

VII

But the greatest of the Nazis' worries on the home front in a future war would, I think, be neither machines nor supplies. It would be the morale of the population. It is not for nothing that the regime maintains an elaborate secret police system and the ever-present threat of the concentration camp, that it opens mail and listens in on telephone conversations and, above all, plans to keep the Black Guard at home in wartime. The German people of to-day are not the confident, cheerful, well-fed nation of 1914. There may be millions of young men raised in the Nazi school, healthy and willing enough, to fill out the first armies at the front. But the adult population which would be left to carry on at home is a people who have been through such a succession of disasters: the defeat in the last war, starvation, occupation, inflation, the world depression, unemployment, the Hitler Revolution, and the war crises which have followed it, that they are harassed, uncertain, really mentally sick.

Together with that, millions of them hate the regime bitterly for smashing their political parties, for breaking their trade unions, their housing co-operatives, and their sports clubs, for persecuting their priests and pastors, and for degrading the German name in the world through their assault on the Jews, the burning of the books, and the destruction of the universities and general

cultural life of the country. This is not a healthy population to carry into a war to the death, or into any war but one of absolute self-defense. Nazi propaganda is often credited with being devilishly clever, but Hitler and Goebbels have made many mistakes, and more Germans than you might imagine know perfectly well where the real "war-mongers," against which the Nazi press is always raving, are to be found.

Last fall, for instance, elated that they had made Germany the most feared country in the world, the Nazis were unable to refrain from boasting that the head of the great British world empire was forced to come to them to beg for peace. "Who, then," many Germans who had been living in terror for weeks asked themselves, "was threatening war?" Their question was soon answered when Goebbels boasted in a broadcast that "by threatening war we avoided war." Those threats, that nerve-racking war crisis, cost Hitler the confidence of many Germans who, while heartily disliking their local Nazi Party leader and his Storm Troop toughs, yet had believed in the Führer and trusted him to get what he was after without war, as he had always promised.

Another instance, which illustrates how propaganda can cut two ways, is the great scare campaign about enemy air raids put on in 1933-34 to justify the building of a big German air force. Month after month the Germans saw in their papers and on billboards drawings of flaming German cities darkened by myriad enemy bombers, and met in their main streets and squares huge up-ended dummy bombs. The fear of air raids which Hitler planted in his people then came home to plague him last year, when months of furious propaganda about the "terrorization" of three million German "brothers" in neighboring Sudetenland failed to rouse them to war fever but only left them quaking. They watched the troops march off to the front in silence, but rushed to the aerodromes to cheer Chamberlain.

A final mistake was in revealing to the German people the full extent of anti-Nazi feeling in the United States. At the back of every grown-up German's mind, when he thinks of war in the west, is the memory of that great transfusion of blood and resources which flooded over from America to defeat his country just as she was straining her utmost last time. For all the talk about the decadence of France and Britain, which he might like to believe, he cannot contemplate war with them without grave foreboding when he knows that diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States have been all but broken off even before it has started.

Can Hitler, who possesses such strong mediumistic qualities and has so consciously exploited the fear and hatred of war in other peoples to obtain his victories, be unaware of this mood among his own people which makes it dangerous for him to carry them into any war which they might so much as suspect was not thrust on them? Considering this mood and his raw material situation, the weakness and uncertainty of his allies, and the multitude of his enemies, one might well say that go to war is the one thing Hitler can't do. So far he has always drawn back before an actual threat of war: from Italy in July, 1934; France in January, 1937 (over landing troops in Spanish Morocco); and Czechoslovakia

in May, 1938, and carefully limited his grabs to weak or defenseless countries.

The elaborate fortifications on the Rhine, placed under a separate military command, are patently designed to give him freedom of action in the east and place on France and Britain the onus of starting war in the west. The chance for a "knockout blow" against Britain and France, if it ever existed, has slipped past with the development of their air power and defenses. The shadow of the United States grows bigger and darker in one direction while the enigma of Soviet Russia persists in the other. Italy is hardly the partner with whom Germany would engage in a struggle for very life and death. Taking all these factors together, it would seem that Hitler intended to continue to pursue limited objectives in Eastern Europe, while exploiting the nuisance value of Italy and Spain in the Mediterranean to the full, for a while yet before putting his fortunes to the supreme test in open war against France and Britain.

Intends—yes, Hitler may intend to avoid war in the west until he has consolidated the east. But he also once intended to win Britain as an ally or friend, to avoid naval or colonial rivalry with her, and "never again to fall into the pre-War errors of making enemies of the whole world, and thus ensure Germany's extermination."





AMERICA'S GUNPOWDER WOMEN

BY PEARL S. BUCK

SOME months ago I had the temerity to write an article entitled "America's Medieval Women." These women have had their full revenge on me, not, as I had hoped they would, by much disagreement with me, but by the most dismaying agreement expressed in so many letters, so much talk, and—whenever I had to speak in public—such urgent requests that I go on about women that I wonder why I ever began it.

And yet now, completely aware of my own folly in pursuing a course which can lead to none of the peace which I love above all things, here I go on again, not with any hope of accomplishing anything by doing so, but merely because I find there is still something more I want to say about women.

I observe of course that American women are not born all alike, whatever they achieve in this direction afterward. By nature they seem indeed among other possible classifications, to fall into three congenital groups. The first one is the talented women, or women with a natural vocation. This group is, naturally, a small one; for the women who are in it must have beside their talent an unusual energy which drives them, in spite of shelter and privilege, to exercise their own powers. They are single-minded creatures and they cannot sink into idleness or fritter away life and time or endure discontent. They possess that rarest gift, integrity of purpose, and they can work, day upon day, mentally and spiritually, as well as physically, upon the one necessity. Such women sacri-

fice, without knowing they do, what many women hold dear—amusement, society, play of one kind or another—to choose solitude, and profound thinking and feeling, and at last final expression.

"To what end?" another woman may ask. To the end perhaps of science—science which has given us light and speed and health and comfort and lifted us out of physical savagery; to the end perhaps of art—art which has lifted us out of mental and spiritual savagery.

I remark, however, in passing that I observe also that it is notable in the United States when a woman, even of this small talented group, chooses to spare herself nothing of the labor which a similarly talented man performs for the same ends. Why should this be unless perhaps it is because we are accustomed to expect so little from a woman?

The second group of women is, though far larger than this first one, yet like it in having a vocation; but here it is the vocation of the home. In this group is the woman who is really completely satisfied mentally and spiritually with the physical routine of motherhood and the activity of housekeeping. When her children grow up she begins again with her grandchildren. Her brain has been literally encompassed by the four walls of her home, and is engrossed and satisfied with its enclosed activities. As long as her four walls stand she is contented, busy, useful—a sweet, comforting, essential creature who perfectly fulfils her being and her function, who brings nothing but simple happiness to those

about her, though only so long as she gives them freedom to come and go as they will and does not limit them by her own simplicity.

But both of these, the woman born talented and the woman born domestic, may be dismissed from mind for the moment. In the first place, important as they are, their combined number in proportion to the whole number of women is very small, and in the second place they are safe and stable citizens, since they know what they want to do and are doing it—in short, they are contented; and any contented person is safe and relatively sane.

There remains a third group, a very large one, and these are the ones I call the gunpowder women. Here are millions of America's women, all those whose families are not undergoing actual adversity, who are not compelled to earn money to keep from starvation, who have no definite talent or vocation, who have only a normal interest in home and children so that when these are adequately tended they still have surplus time, energy, and ability which they do not know how to use. To make conditions more difficult for them they have usually a fair or even an excellent education and brains good enough at least to be aware of discontent.

It is these gunpowder women who suffer most under the burden of privilege which American women have been given to bear.

I set this sentence alone, I throw it like a rock, though I am aware that thus unexplained it will hit some gunpowder woman and, if it does not hurt her, at least it will make her angry. But I take the risk because the very existence of these gunpowder women is a result of this heritage of privilege which so oppresses American women. The talented woman can ignore the oppression and go on doing what she was made to do, as a man does. And a born housekeeper, if her disposition be amiable, as, thank God, it more often is than not, is a comforting and comfortable soul who cannot be

spoiled by privilege, since she is happy in her work. But here is this other and far more frequent woman, able, free, educated, who really quite often wants to contribute something directly to her world and not merely through husband and children. She seldom can, however. Privilege denies it—she is so privileged that her world makes no demand upon her. More than that, no one even expects anything of her. Her very friends discourage her, though they be her fellows in discontent. If she tries tentatively to do something a little more serious than her fellows are doing they cry at her, "My dear, aren't you *wonderful*!"—meaning, "Why on earth do you do it?"—meaning, "Aren't you queer?"—meaning, "You think you're smart!"—meaning, indeed, all those things which discontented helpless women do mean when they see one of their number behaving as the rest of them do not and being, therefore, a reproach to those who do nothing.

II

For the vicious result of privilege is that the creature who receives it becomes incapacitated by it as by a disease. Privilege is a serious misfortune anywhere and the more serious because American women do not realize that the privilege they boast is really their handicap and not their blessing. I am sure they do not realize it, because in the agreement and disagreement I had with my former article nearly all the women said, reproachfully, if they disagreed, "You seem to forget that women in America are the most privileged on earth," and, apologetically, if they agreed, "Of course I know women in America are the most privileged on earth, but—"

And every time this was said, in either fashion, a certain bit of Chinese history came warningly into my mind. This is the history:

Centuries ago when astute China was about to be conquered by the naïve and childlike Manchus, the Chinese used a weapon which gave them the final and

actual victory, though the Manchus never knew it. When they were conquered the Chinese said, in effect, to the Manchus, "You are our superiors. Therefore we will perform all unpleasant tasks for you. You shall live in palaces apart and there enjoy yourselves. Sums of money will be set aside for you. You need not labor or strive. We will do everything for you. We want you only to be happy and enjoy yourselves."

The Manchus were delighted with this. They laid aside their weapons, went joyfully to the fine palaces the Chinese gave them, and began to spend their lives in pleasure. In a short time the Chinese were ruling their own country again as they always had and the Manchus were as good as dead. Easy food and drink and plenty of leisure had reduced them to complete ineffectuality, just as the Chinese had planned it.

Now, therefore, whenever I hear an American woman begin brightly, "Well, anyway, we are the most privileged. . . ." I remember the Manchus and am troubled. There is something sinister in this matter of privilege.

And yet it is true—I cannot deny it, though I wish I could—the women of the United States are the most privileged in the world. We have never even had a very serious struggle to achieve our privileges, at least any struggle comparable to that of women in other enlightened countries. Privileges have been bestowed upon us, thanks largely to the inflated value which pioneer times gave to American women. That inflation still lasts, although happily it is decreasing. For the moment when American women hit what commercially is called an all-time low they will be forced to wake up, and then perhaps they will put an honest value on themselves, and thus the struggle which other women have made or are making will begin and the result ought to be valuable to everybody. But that moment has not yet arrived, and meanwhile women go on under the handicap of privilege.

Of course many women in other coun-

tries, not understanding any more than we do the effect of unearned privilege, envy American women.

I suppose thousands of Oriental women have said to me at one time or another, "How lucky you are to be an American woman! You have freedom and equality with man. Your parents do not groan when you are born and your brothers do not look down on you as less than they. You can go to school. You need not even marry if you do not wish to—at least, you need never marry someone you do not like."

I agreed to all of this and I still agree to it. I had rather be an American woman than a woman of any other country in the world because everything lies ahead of us still, as women. But if I had a chance now at those Oriental women, after these years spent among my own countrywomen, I'd answer something like this:

"You know, it's true we are very free. We can be anything we like, we American women—lawyers, doctors, artists, scientists, engineers, anything. But, somehow, we're not!"

"You're not!" the Oriental woman would say, astonished. "Why not? Do you mean the doors are open and you don't go out?"

"Well, we go out—" I would have to acknowledge. "I suppose most of us go out in some sort of work if we don't marry first; but we secretly hope to marry first, so that we need not, or we want to work just a year or two, and then come back into the home and shut the door and be secure in the old way."

"Don't you want to be independent, to be free to come and go as you like?" the Oriental woman cries. "Ah, if I could support myself, know I need not obey father, mother, husband, son all my life—"

"Oh, we American women don't obey anyone," I tell her quickly. "Our husbands support us in the home, but we don't obey them. We do come and go as we like. Of course we work in our own way at house and children, and for a

few years we are even quite busy. But we have a great many ways to save labor, and the schools take our children early and then we have a great deal of leisure—at least, *you* would think us very leisured.”

“Then what do you do?” the Oriental woman asks blankly.

“We amuse ourselves somehow,” I reply.

“You are fed and clothed for that?” she asks.

“Yes,” I reply. “Many of us—and we all expect it.”

She cannot understand this, and indeed it is difficult to understand and I cannot explain it to her. Why, in a country where everything is free to women and women are so privileged, is it remarkable when a woman is first-rate in anything? But it is. Thanks to our privileges which compel us to no effort, it is the truth that men excel us, numerically as well as actually, at everything except childbearing, and doubtless if men had to bear children they would soon find some better way of doing it. And women, seeing themselves outstripped without understanding why they are, and yet feeling themselves as able as men, grow discontented and join the crowded ranks of the gunpowder women.

The home of course has been the stronghold of this privilege. Behind its sheltering walls women have taken full advantage of every privilege—the privilege of security, the privilege of non-competitive work, the privilege of privacy. Yes, of privileges women have had plenty, and yet most of them have been denied the one great blessing of man's life—the necessity to go out into the world and earn their bread directly. And this one blessing is worth all privileges put together; for by it man has been compelled to put forth his utmost effort, whetting his brain and sharpening his ambition, and so he has accomplished much.

For Nature is not unjust. She does not steal into the womb and like an evil fairy give her good gifts secretly to men

and deny them to women. Men and women are born free and equal in ability and brain. The injustice begins after birth. The man is taught that he must develop himself and work, lest he and his woman starve. But the woman is taught merely to develop such things as will please the man, lest she starve because he does not want to feed her. Because of this one simple, overwhelming fact, men have been the producers, the rulers, and even the artists.

For necessity makes artists too. Many a talent is born without its mate, energy, and so comes to nothing unless energy is somehow created to develop the talent. Necessity is the magic of this creation for the man; for if he has talent he will, if driven desperately enough, apply his compelled energy to his talent and become at least a fair artist—for genius still remains the combination of highest natural talent and highest natural energy of a quality which functions without outside stimulus—and this combination is rare.

“But,” a gunpowder woman retorted to this yesterday, “a man can combine his talent with his bread-winning.” She looked round on the walls of her comfortable prison. I could feel her thinking, “If I had been free I might have been a great painter.”

To which I retorted, “How do you know it is not as easy to combine house-keeping and art as it is to make art a business? You have never tried it because you never had to.”

No, the man is lucky. By compulsion of society and public opinion, if he has any ability and pride, he simply must work. Nothing excuses him. Home cannot be his escape. And in desperation he somehow begins to try to make a living by what he wants to do. And whether he succeeds or fails in it, he has no refuge from work, hard and endless, and full of insecurity. He bears, indeed, the brunt of that heaviest load of all—insecurity.

The curse of too many women has been that they have this privilege of refuge in the home. Behind closed doors

they may or must work, it is true, but according to their own hours and ways. They escape all the discipline of concentration upon one task, often uncongenial, hour after hour, year after year, the mental discipline of hard creative thinking, the ruthless discipline of social organization. I have been both breadwinner and housekeeper, and I know that breadwinning is infinitely more tedious, more taxing, more nerve-racking, than housekeeping. Indeed, cooking, cleaning, caring for children, if you know necessary bills are pretty certainly going to be paid, is almost a soporific and as good as play after the insecurity of competition in business and the arts. For safe in the home a woman becomes used to flitting from one thing to another, and her mind forgets or never learns how to concentrate or perhaps to work at all. There, leaning upon another's efforts, she becomes lazy, if not physically lazy, lazy in that core of her being which is the source of life and development, so that when her children are grown—and in a few years they are—and her mechanical tasks are over, she is fit for nothing more. She has excused herself from a life of labor because of these short-lived tasks, which, necessary as they are for a time, should never have been considered adequate for her whole self.

III

The truth is that although women are needed to-day in every sort of life in the United States they do not even see they are needed. They have become so corrupted by privilege that they stare out on events and conditions around them with the same unseeing, lack-luster eyes with which women in India have looked out of the windows of their zenanas. The Indian woman was not educated and she could not pass out of her door uncovered, and this American woman is free to come and go and she has been given what education she wanted, and yet there is the same look of defeat in her eyes that there is in the Indian woman's.

Neither is fulfilling that for which she was born; but the American's discontent is keener because she knows it, whether she will acknowledge it or not, and the more clever she is, the more educated, the more of a gunpowder woman she is.

I do not in the least blame her for being a gunpowder woman. I can only sympathize with all her small daily explosions, her restlessness, her irritability, her silliness, her running after this and that in heroes, in arts, in clothes, in love, in amusements, her secret cynicisms and her childish romanticism, her fears and her explosions too of daring which accomplish so little because they never go far enough. She is unpredictable, not from a calculated desire to charm, but because she really does not know what to do with her inner self.

And why should she know? Why should so much more be demanded of her, if she does anything, than is demanded of a man? A man is educated and turned out to work. But a woman is educated—and turned out to grass. The wonder is not that she is unpredictable but that she is not insane. Nothing is arranged for her as it is arranged for the man who under the rule of society, by a series of efforts combined with ability, has his life laid out for him. I say that if a gunpowder woman with no boss to tell her what to do, with no office to schedule her days and force her to activity, with no financial necessity compelling her, no creative demand driving her, no social approbation urging her, if this woman can be her own taskmaster and fulfil herself by some accomplishment, then she is a creature almost superhuman. It is too much to ask of her very often, and when she achieves something she ought to be greatly praised.

For consider, please, the advantage a man has in our country over a woman. I repeat, for it is the key to all his success, a man must work or he starves. If he does not actually starve, at least society looks down upon him and makes him ashamed. But a woman within her home may live an absolutely idle exist-

ence without starving and without being despised for it. Yet an idle woman ought to be despised as much as an idle man for the good and happiness of all women if nothing else. Anyone who takes food and clothing and shelter for granted, even though it is given by one who loves to give it, and makes no return except privately to an individual, ought to be despised. A woman owes something to the society which gives her husband a chance to earn for her, and social pressure should compel her to make that return.

And yet this woman has not even the help of that social pressure. Society pays no attention to her so long as she "behaves herself" and stays at home. She is that most unfortunate of persons, idle because nothing is demanded or expected of her, and yet unable to be happy because she is idle. No wonder discontent is her atmosphere, that "discontent of women" which a visitor from Europe once said struck him "like a hot wind" when he landed in the United States. What is discontent but spiritual gunpowder of the fullest inflammability? Only the stupid woman can avoid it.

When I consider this handicap of privilege, then, which has produced these gunpowder women in my country, I cannot find a single word of blame for them. I know that men would never have risen to their present preeminence in all fields if they had had such a handicap—if, in short, they had not had the advantage of the compulsory discipline of work. I am sure that men would behave certainly no better than women if after the wife was off to office and the children to school, the man were left alone in the house. If he could sit down and read a mystery story at ten o'clock in the morning, he too would do so although a busy world hummed about him. He would curl his hair or waste an hour on his fingernails if there were no one to tell him it was not the time for that sort of thing. He would, it is true, have as she does a deadline to meet in the late afternoon, but with no one to check

on him to see how time-wasting he was in getting there, he would waste as much time. He could even be as poor a housekeeper as she sometimes is and no one would blame him very much. His wife would merely work a little harder so as to be able to hire a cook. No, without the discipline of regular labor, of fixed hours, of competitive standards, the man would be where the woman is now.

If women excel in nothing it is at bottom as simple as this, and not because men's brains are better than women's. It is a pity, for these gunpowder women are as much a lost source of power in the nation as are the flood waters that rise and rush over the land to no useful purpose. Spoiled, petty, restless, idle, they are our nation's greatest unused resource—good brains going to waste in bridge and movies and lectures and dull gossip, instead of constructively applied to the nation's need of them.

IV

"What can we do about it," some of them cry at me, "if that's the way things are?" "Nothing," is my reply, "nothing at all, unless it happens you also want to do something. Nobody will make you do anything. It all depends on how much of a self-starter you are whether or not you can overcome your handicap. Nobody will help you to set about finding out what you want to be or help you to be it. For I don't want to stress doing something as much as *being* what you want to be. Mere activity is the occupation of monkeys and lunatics. Still, unfortunately, doing and being are very closely tied together and unless you are doing what you secretly want to do, you aren't able to be the sort of person you want to be."

Yet perhaps it is too much to demand of women that, without any help or encouragement, and indeed often with active discouragement and ridicule, they put aside privilege and take their place in the world's work as ordinary human beings. The Manchus could not do it.

They too went on helplessly living in their palaces and houses, and then one day the Chinese realized there was no use in feeding them any more since they were no use to anybody, and so they put them all to death in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, and that was the end of the Manchus in China.

Of course exactly that will not happen to women anywhere unless some too enterprising male scientist succeeds in creating life without the help of the female. Women would then doubtless have a very hard time convincing the invincible male that there was any real reason for their further existence. But I hope that long before then the gunpowder women will have come to such a unified state of combustion out of sheer boredom that they will refuse to tolerate their condition of privilege any longer.

For the vital difference between the privileged Manchu and the privileged American woman is that the clever Chinese allowed the Manchu no modern education. He was born into his ivory tower and never left it. But the privileged American woman enters hers when she reaches her majority, and she takes with her the influences and the memories of a world in which she had a vital part in her youth and school years, and consequently she never becomes quite tame. If education improves enough, or if society suddenly develops a new need for women, the gunpowder may work more quickly than it is working now merely through the medium of individual discontent. The best thing of course that could happen to American women would be to have some real privation and suffering come upon us because we are women, instead of all this privilege. But we have had no such suffering and are not likely to have any. Everything has been too easy for us and is too easy now. We do not feel anybody's wrongs because we have never been severely wronged, except by all these privileges.

I am aware that at this point there are those who will insist that I am unrealistic when I say that the best thing

that could happen to American women would be to lose their privileges—that, in the first place, when adversity comes upon a family the woman has plenty of work to do, and second, if women should go out in any large numbers to find jobs, men would promptly pass laws to prevent women holding jobs. To which I reply, first, if she can be occupied thoroughly at home, let her be, and second, laws discriminating against women on a large scale would be a splendid thing for women—especially for American women, spoiled and wilful, but high-spirited daughters of the same fathers as their men. If laws so discriminated on any large scale, then gunpowder women would rise up against them, and this revolt would do them infinite good. It would bring them out of their seclusion into the life of the nation. In demanding their rights as human beings they would realize at last that they had to *be* human beings as well as women to secure and hold that which they demand. And having fought for something, they might go on from there.

As things are, the only real hope for the progress of women generally is in those women who because of some personal necessity do work and take an active share in the life of the world, who are participants and not parasites. The working woman—may her numbers increase!—will not perhaps ever fight for women, but perhaps she will fight to right a wrong near her, and by her work, even now, all women are brought more actively into the life of the world.

For I am convinced there is no way of progress for women except the way men have gone—the way of work or starve, work or be disgraced. A good many women are plodding, willingly or unwillingly, along that way, learning to take what they get and do with it, to live with hazard and competition, to push past failure and begin again, to keep their mouths shut instead of spilling over into talk or a good childish cry—in other words, they are becoming mature individuals in their own right.

It is a hard road for long-privileged creatures, and one is alternately amused and angry to see many of them avoiding it and retreating again into the home. The newest generation of women, frightened by the realities of depression and economic struggle, are clamoring afresh for marriage and the home, and to-day marriage competition is keener than ever. Women's interest in work and a profession has not been lower since the pioneering fight for women's rights was won than it is now. Indeed, it seems that the newest generation of women, having seen a glimpse of reality in the depression years, are in definite, full retreat into the safety of femininity, into the easy old ways of living to please one man, and catching him and persuading him to do the work for two. That more women now than ever before take it as a matter of course that they must find jobs and earn their living is meaningless so long as so many of them secretly hope to give up these jobs as soon as they marry—"stop work" as they put it—and go back to the traditional place in the home. Mind you, there are ways and places and times when a woman can find a full job in her home. But to one such woman there are fifty who do not and cannot, and there is no use in pretending they are earning their keep as human beings.

"Why earn if I don't have to?" someone asks. Well, why, if not simply to see if women do not feel happier, as men do, in using all faculties and capabilities? I am always glad when I hear a woman has to earn her own living. I scorn the usual talk, "Poor thing, she has to go out and work after all these years of being provided for!" Who gave anyone the right of being provided for all those years when everywhere in the world people have to work? Yet this is not the important thing. The real point upon which this woman is to be congratulated when she does have to work is that at last compulsion is upon her to exert her body and mind to its utmost, so that she may know what real fatigue is and honest exhaustion and the salutary fear that

maybe she is not good enough for the job which brings her bread, and above all, know the final inexpressible joy of complete self-forgetfulness which comes only in soul-fulfilling work.

Work is the one supreme privilege which too many women in America with all their extraordinary unearned privileges never know. And yet it is the one privilege which will make them free.

V

I ought really to stop here. It is a good stopping place. But I am uncomfortably aware of women who will cry out when they read this, "Why don't you tell us what to do? It is easy enough to say something is wrong, but the useful thing is to say what will right it."

To which I answer, nothing will right it for everybody at once. The most tragic person in our civilization is the middle-aged woman whose duties in the home are finished, whose children are gone, and who is in her mental and physical prime and yet feels there is no more need for her. She should have begun years before to plan for this. Her mind at least should have been working toward it all the times when her hands were busy. It is as difficult for her to begin something now in middle life as it would be for a middle-aged man to change his profession. How can she re-educate herself at fifty?

And yet I do not know that she is more piteous than the many young women, educated for nothing in particular, who now out of school are trying to find out what they are for. For the most part of course they occupy themselves in the enormously competitive marriage business which they carry on, unaided, in spite of their inexperience. If they marry, they follow the path the fifty-year-old woman has gone and arrive at the same dead end. The gunpowder group is made up of all of them, young and old.

"But what can we do?" When they are pricked, thus they bleed.

Well, what can women do in the United States, women who do not have to do anything?

I wonder if they realize, in the first place, how the United States looks to someone coming here freshly for the first time? It has of course many aspects. But all of these blend into one general impression. It looks like a bachelor's house. One does not see the much-talked-of "woman's touch" anywhere. It looks what it is—a country men have made alone. There are things and places of great beauty in it—and everywhere ugliness and untidiness and carelessness. It is a man's house, well furnished and with good pictures and rugs and considerable comfort, but there is dust and the rugs have not been swept under since they were put down, and things are lying about and there is disorder and lack of organization. I have driven through cities and towns and villages in many parts of the United States and thought to myself, "Can it be possible there are any women living here? How can they let this place be so hideous?" Billboards and tawdry stands, dirty streets and unpainted buildings, staring signs and dumps and filthy water—the much vaunted feminine instincts for beauty and organization and cleanliness seem not to extend beyond the four walls of immaculate individual homes. Women have the zenana outlook here too, it seems—these things outside the home are not their business.

I have not gone anywhere in the country without seeing something vitally necessary for women to do and which is not done—and without finding, too, these gunpowder women fuming with discontent because there was nothing to do. Can the American woman not see? It is simply foolish to list the things waiting for them to do. There is nothing they cannot do if they only would. They can make cleanliness and beauty in town and countryside in small ways and large, they can improve housing, plan houses and build them, go seriously after government positions, get better laws made

and kept, improve conditions locally and nationally for children, investigate and change obsolete education in schools and text-books—work for women is everywhere. Who said men's brains were better at politics and government than women's? Yet only yesterday an able woman, working for her political party, sat in my office and told me disconsolately that women were given only petty offices in the party, assistant something-or-other, vice-presidencies on small committees, where their only duty was to obey the man above them. And why should obstetricians be men, or dentists or scientists or architects? I heard a famous gynecologist say last week that gynecology could never be perfected until women entered the field seriously, for no man could ever understand completely what child-bearing was or a woman's needs at that time. Business has been built almost entirely without the practical, constructive hands of women. If women had not been so hidden in the home we might never have had this accursed relation between capital and labor, not because women's influence would "exalt" a work-a-day world in the ridiculous sentimental sense in which some women like to think it would, but merely because women are more practical about human relations than men are, more sensitive to justice in diverse claims, and above all, far more experienced in adjustment and compromise. They should be better bargainers than men.

But all this sort of thing is obvious and every member of a woman's club must be familiar with it. Modern young women of energy are indeed fairly sick of hearing of such work and damn it as "uplift," without, however, I observe, having done anything about it. Then let their interest, if they have any, be expressed in individual competence and achievement, too personal to allow of general suggestion here. Such individuals should take a good aptitude test and find out their own capabilities. My point still stands—to the newcomer, the United States presents the aspects of a bachelor's house.

Woman's influence has everywhere been lacking. Whatever has developed in the life of the nation has developed without her brains and her effort. I do not put any stock in this matter of her inspiration of man in his home. It seems not to have had much actual effect. He has done as he wanted to do, with or without it. I suspect woman's inspiration of man has been a good deal of what men call "kidding the little woman along." How can one inspire when one does not understand through ordinary participation?

Of course if women's work in the nation has scarcely begun, I am too much of a realist to believe that were it all done the nation would be completely changed for the better. Some things would be much better and some might be worse. The great change would not be in what women accomplished. It would be in the women themselves—that is, the gunpowder women. The talented women of the first group and the homemakers of the second group would be about as they are. Nothing will change them much. But the gunpowder women would be no longer fussing and fretting. Their energies would be happily released elsewhere than on harassed husbands and overwrought children.

But I refuse to be too cynical. I do believe the whole nation would be better off if women would do the work waiting to be done, and not only because these women themselves would be happier and

their relations with men more satisfying than they now are. I believe that by using the energy now idle and the brains now disintegrating in that idleness women could immeasurably improve all conditions in our country, if they would. And, I repeat, it is perfect nonsense for any woman to ask what there is for her to do. There is everything for her to do. If she wants a small job, let her look around her village or her neighborhood. If she wants a big job, let her look around her State, or think as largely as her nation or even realize there is a world beyond. Let her remember she can do anything she wills to do. Not to see the infinite number of things to be done is to prove the damage that privilege does to the perceptions; not to do after she sees, is to prove the damage already done to the will.

Is it hopeless? For the women resigned to privilege, it is hopeless—for these women give up even discontent and pass into nothing. It is not necessary to give them a group to themselves. Having died, they simply await burial.

But for the gunpowder women there is every hope. I listen to their discontent with all the excitement and delight that a doctor knows when he hears the murmur and feels the beat of an uncertain heart, however fluttering and unstable, beneath his instrument. I know this, at least—as long as a woman complains, she is a gunpowder woman—and still alive.





“THEY REQUIRED OF US A SONG”

A STORY

BY RALPH BATES

MY FRIEND Yeo had talked so often and with so much distinction of his village of Beauchamp St. Michael that when he suggested that I might some day be pleased to spend a week at the manor I at once expressed my desire to do so. We went to Beauchamp St. Michael that week-end. It was Yeo's curiously flavored speech that had awakened my interest; for his county of Berkshire neighbors my county and from our hilly eminences one may even descry his village.

Beauchamp St. Michael was indeed very lovely and very stately. Except for the rooks in the manor park, which made a kind of decanal chant with the parsonage rooks, and the occasional passage of cart wheels over the flinty roads, the village was utterly silent. A great wheat field, at that time freshly furrowed so that the rooks of both colonies flapped over it daylong, stretched away from the manor to the edge of an abrupt chalk escarpment, which fell into the soft, meadowed expanse of the Vale of White Horse. Behind the village rose a huge chalk down, faintly violet with a profusion of harebells; a folly of beeches stood at one end of the hill. The village was almost invisible from the fields. Not even the church tower overtopped the foliage of domy beeches which entirely hid Beauchamp St. Michael, and there were only two lanes and one field path within the village bounds which gave even a partial view of that lovely little building of the eleventh century.

The village was completely withdrawn from even the untroubled world that in all that region still resisted the clamor of modernity. During the whole of that week I did not see a newspaper in Beauchamp St. Michael except the very conservative *County Herald*, whose editor exercised his stately function with a sententious piety that was fortified by a stubborn conviction that the most creditable state of mind is an unalarmed doze. It was impossible to believe that anything had happened, or would happen, in Beauchamp St. Michael.

From the very first moment of conversing with old Mr. Mortimer Yeo I realized whence came the uncontemporary flavor in my friend's speech. It could not have been the mere effect of continuous propinquity, because my friend had spent a great part of his childhood and youth away from home. It must have been because of his admiration and affection for his father, and his continual remembrance of him. Squire Mortimer Yeo spoke a pure Addisonian English, which I fear to spoil in the remembrance, in which, if indeed his speech had in it anything that was not of that period, echoes of Donne occasionally sounded.

“You admire the sermons of the metaphysical poet, sir,” I ventured to say upon the third day of knowing him.

“Indeed I do, and have profit in them, but I would rather read the disquisitions of good Archbishop Laud,” he replied.

He was, I at once discovered, a Laudian High Churchman, and something of an antiquarian in the ceremonies of the Anglican church. In the church of Beauchamp St. Michael the Sarum Use was followed, at the Squire's request. The effect of that Use was of a most pure and solemn dignity; so early English, like the lovely carols of the fourteenth century. I still remember the voluminous, deep chasuble of green which the rector wore at Parish Eucharist, so much more priestly than your skimpy fiddle-back chasubles of to-day.

Squire Mortimer was not a humorless person, however, though one knew that he was amused by an anecdote only from the twinkle in his eyes and the way he paused and took a pinch of snuff. There was no grotesque exaggeration or forceful epithet in a week of his conversation. Such a method of provoking a smile would have been insufferably vulgar in his library or dining room.

Indeed, I do not remember him laughing, or laughing myself, in all that week, yet the Squire's conversation always amused or interested me.

I remember him telling, over our evening glass of perry, of his difficulties with the village blacksmith, "a violent, liquorous fellow, that for all his vaunting of atheism is a good man, or I would not permit him to remain in the village. When I persuaded the rector to introduce the Sarum Use I ordered Rankin, the blacksmith, to undertake the hanging of the seven sanctuary lamps before the altar.

"Rankin is incontinent of speech in whatever place he may be, whether in church or in the public house. Therefore, in order to check Rankin, Miss Cartwright, the rector's daughter, spent a great deal of time with him in the church. I imagine she must have tried to instruct him in the symbolical significance of church ornaments. You know, undoubtedly, that the seven lamps signify the seven churches of the Vision of St. John the Divine. That evening, when far gone in his cups at the Rose and

Crown, Rankin suddenly delivered a brief but heretical disquisition on the devil. His name was not Satan, according to the blacksmith. 'And I know,' he said, 'for right this very day I have hung up before the Lord God Almighty the seven devils of Asia, and the greatest of 'em is Antioch.'"

And as Squire Mortimer's humor was unforced, his occasions of tragedy—and there were such occasions—were never made too sharply dolorous. I had asked him whether the bounds of his village extended beyond the escarpment we could see from his gunroom.

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "The bourne at the bottom had always been our frontier against Beauchamp St. Mary since the eleventh century. But latterly, and at some pains, I have changed that. In this village we still observe the custom of beating the bounds once a year. That is, we go round the limits of the village, and at every traditional landmark we beat, or otherwise cause to suffer, a boy." Squire Mortimer's voice became graver as he spoke. He paused a while before continuing. "In that way the landmarks are impressed upon the memory of the generation next to ripen. Of course we do not beat our boundary boys severely nowadays; since the days of ordinance maps it has become a mere ceremony, but one whose passing I should regret. The bourne, I say, was always our boundary, and we used to jeer at the men of St. Mary every year, across the pond by Old Weir Mill, as we flung in our respective boys. But seven years ago our boy was drowned. Unknown to me, though he had volunteered for the office, he was a weakly lad and the cold water was too much for his heart. There had been a deal of boy's bullying before he had volunteered, it became known. The following year I bought all of the meadows that lie between two bridges over the bourne, and at the cost of some peremptoriness with my lawyer, secured from the county officers their consent to the alteration of the boundaries."

Of such anecdotes the history of Beauchamp St. Michael was made. The sadness of death and the risibility of life were in that village reduced, it seemed. There was a fine Anglican decorum in everything, and I imagined that no note of extravagant color nor passage of wild poetry could find context there.

Two days before I took my departure from the manor my friend and I drove over in the Squire's dog-cart to the county town. Over lunch at the Yeo Arms Hotel (named after another branch of the family) we heard of the persecution of the Jews in Germany, which had broken out that week with fresh violence. Upon our return to the village we told Squire Mortimer of this, and from the way he paused in filling his glass with perry I saw that he was moved. The twitch of his lips and a certain hardness in his gaze, that suddenly disappeared, indicated that for this gentleman, whose family had held Beauchamp St. Michael certainly since Domesday Book and probably since the tenth century, the hatred of Jews, or of any race as a race, was something impossibly *vulgar*. After dinner he told us the following story. I observed that he was a little inquiet as he began, and suspected he was about to speak of something unkeyed to the plain Matins of our normal discourse.

"No doubt you have seen the empty house which stands at the postbox corner, on the lane which goes from the manor gates to the church avenue." I had seen it, dark and slightly sinister, standing within a half-circle of beeches, whose leaves had destroyed all the grass about them, as beeches always do. "A London family once came to this village and lived in that house for a little more than a year. It had been unoccupied for many years before the arrival of the Goldsmiths; for that was their name.

"They were greeted with a certain courteous hostility by the village because they were foreigners; that is to say, they were not natives of either of the two Beauchamps or of the half-barbarian village of Somerford Parva,

our neighbor on the eastern side. The village tradesmen called upon them and reported that they were friendly people, a little too friendly, I remember the baker said, as if they wanted very much to be friends. The village children, who stared somewhat pugnaciously at the young Goldsmiths during the first week, finally left them alone, because they were city children.

"There were six people in the Goldsmith family. The eldest was the grandmother, an aged and white-haired lady of very active body and bright laughter who talked incessantly and indeed scared our taciturn children with excess of words. Her son, Mr. Goldsmith, was a quiet gentleman of unhappy appearance, and that was due to his wife's sickness. Mrs. Goldsmith was about forty years of age and very beautiful. Her face was of a perfect olive shape, with large brown eyes and lips that once, no doubt, had been attractively red, but now were bloodless and tinged with blue. That she was a very sick woman was plain to see. There was a daughter of about twenty years, a lovely creature, and a boy and girl of six or seven years.

"They were a quiet family, though unfortunately they brought an automobile into the village." Squire Mortimer paused awhile and filled our glasses with an apple brandy so excellent that I have not met its equal in Brittany and only once or twice in Massachusetts. I noticed the deliberation with which Squire Mortimer had chosen the un-English word "automobile" instead of "motor car" which the villagers would have used. It exactly expressed his opinion of such vehicles.

"Time went by and the Goldsmiths found their place in the village easily enough. Then it began to be whispered that they were Jews. That made no difference to their comfort or to ours, I do not need to tell you. The Goldsmiths were Jews, it was said, and the fact was sufficiently notable to demand expression, but that was all. There is something solemn about the Jews, some-

thing intense, so that the thought of Jewry is a little morbid to our villagers. But that is due to the way in which the Old Testament is read in our churches, and to the oppressive manner in which the doctrines of our faith are expounded. Anglican Christians cannot resist the temptation to consider Jews as belonging to a past age, and to another and very un-English land." He gazed out over the plowed fields to the hedge of wild rose and hawthorn, beyond which glimmered the White Horse Vale.

"If the history of our English Church were properly taught, so that we perceived its continuity with the Early Church, our mental gaze would be led back without gaps in our vision to those days, and to that place in which the Jews lived as a people, and we should not find them strange. As it is, the Jews are a people of another place and time, intimate with momentous things, from which we shrink as timorous children do from the solemnities of religion."

Squire Mortimer was seeking to define his own reaction to the Goldsmith family, narrowing his eyes as he spoke, as was his trick when engaged in refining his thought; but I was astonished to note how precisely his words described my own reactions to the Jewish race. I too was brought up in the Anglican church.

"I think I have defined our feeling correctly," the Squire went on. "Certainly, if anything more hostile existed it never showed itself."

"A tradesman, in speaking to Mr. Goldsmith, might say, '*You* like this,' or '*you* do not like that,' placing a light emphasis upon the word, thus disclosing that he thought of them as '*you* people.' Mrs. Cartwright called upon the Goldsmiths, but never on Friday evening or Saturday. Mrs. Woodward of the Priory at the other end of the village did not offer to sell them tickets for the County Ball, nor does she offer me tickets, by the way. The rector did not ask them for subscriptions to the Organ Fund. But when the annual effort on behalf of the Cottage Hospital was made the Gold-

smiths, without ostentation, gave liberally. They were very much esteemed, they were Jews; that was the village attitude toward them. Yet nobody was able to say with certainty that the Goldsmiths were Jews. I knew they were of English nationality, though they had recently been living in Germany.

"In about the fourth month of their living here Mrs. Goldsmith became more gravely ill. The husband made frequent visits to London and upon several occasions a doctor returned with him. A nurse came to stay with the Goldsmiths for a while, and afterward departed.

"Then, one Sunday evening, Mrs. Cartwright and her daughter and myself were walking to Evensong from the manor. They had taken tea here. That lane, as you know, runs past the Goldsmith house. I was beginning to frame a remark concerning the occupants when a most terrible scream rang out. I had never heard such a scream, it pierced not only my hearing but my imagination also. In that dark avenue, in the solemnity of evening, and at that corner where the beech trees make a denser gloom, the scream, which sank with exhaustion into a grieving wail, awakened fear in me.

"The rector's daughter wished to return and clutched my arm. We were for going on when again wild shrieks came out of the house, in the voices of the two youngest children.

"Miss Cartwright ran several paces toward the manor and stood trembling. Again the cries, now of three persons, disturbed the silence. I have never known such a terrible transformation of our village; the trees, the light, the silence that preceded and followed the cries were all changed; the place became a land of fear and most bitter woe. 'Please follow me,' I said to the rector's wife and opened the gate and hurried up the path. As I did this the little Goldsmith boy ran out of the house in a frenzy of terror and despair. He ran off by the beech trees and flung himself down on the ground

and wailed. I saw the rector's daughter hesitate, and then she jumped over the ditch and hurried through the avenue of trees and bent over him.

"I went into the house. The twenty-year-old daughter was screaming. It was her screams that became wails at every period of exhaustion. Mrs. Goldsmith was lying on the floor. The daughter at one moment would throw herself down upon her mother and at the next would fling up her arms and tear her hair. Her eyes did not see me. She cried, in a language I did not understand, a sentence which Mr. Goldsmith weeks later explained to me. She tore her hair and screamed,

"*'Vu hast du gegangen, mama meine.'*"

"Where have you gone, mother mine?" she was wailing.

"I thrust her aside and the little girl, and tried to lift the mother, but at the first touch I knew she was dead. Mrs. Cartwright came in, and in the failing light we carried the dead woman to a sofa and covered her with the tablecloth. The girl meanwhile clawed at us and at her mother like a wild creature of the brakes.

"Before we left the husband returned. Miss Cartwright stopped him on the path and told him what she had learned from the little boy. He did not hasten but came in slowly and quietly, so that I did not hear the door opened, and inclined his head toward his wife's body. 'Ah, woe is unto me, woe is unto me,' he whispered and fell upon his knees, beating his forehead. While he was thus mourning the little boy ran back into the house and in his despair began to seize the ornaments of the room and hurl them on the floor. Then he rushed headlong to the sofa and flung himself upon his mother, and all of them once more began terribly to cry their grief. Rachel, the eldest daughter, thrust her head back and with closed eyes cried again and again, '*Vu hast du gegangen, mama meine.*'"

"It was not only that I was shaken by their woe, but I was afraid. I had never witnessed such despair, and all the

security and the amenity of this village of Beauchamp St. Michael had vanished. The very external appearances of the trees outside and the slope of the downs seemed to have changed and I was in an alien land wherein the primitive passions of the heart wandered unconfined like terrible beasts. Presently Mr. Goldsmith stood up, and so stupefied by fear was I that I began to make the sign of the cross and only remembered that I might offend them when I had already half completed the sign. Presently the widower very quietly asked us to leave.

"Mrs. Cartwright at first wished me to take her home, but when we had gone but a few paces toward the church and the adjacent rectory she said: 'I think Evensong would steady my nerves.'

"She is a strong-minded woman and was already recovering from that experience. Her daughter chose to go to the rectory.

"As we approached the church we heard the choir singing, bravely and loudly. I cannot find words to describe my relief, in hearing that plain cheerful music, so characteristic of our Anglican church. Mrs. Cartwright felt the same comfort, I know, as if a breeze had touched her forehead and restored her sanity. We walked in silence through the churchyard gate. Suddenly, in a moment when the choir was silent she said:

"'Mr. Yeo, I am not . . . I am not unchristian, I hope; but why do Jews mourn so savagely? It is horrible, barbaric. . . .' She shuddered and closed her eyes.

"'Come,' I said, 'let us go into the church.' The choir began to sing again, and hearing the words, I shivered with the suddenness of a new understanding. Grief, like a rushing mighty wind, swept over me. It was not my grief, but Grief, a force of the hostile universe. I stood there even more shaken than I had been in the house of the dead, aware of the immensity of time past and time to come and the unassuaged sorrows of countless generations of oppressed and exiled men,

to whom the scroll of life was ever, and still is, mourning and lamentation and woe.

"Mrs. Cartwright pulled herself together and with a rueful smile said: 'I suppose it's their custom. There, listen, that is my favorite psalm and I am not in my place in church.'

"We entered as the choir sang lustily, with no grief, of the sojourn of a ravished people upon the banks of the rivers of Babylon.

'As for our harps, we hanged them up: upon the trees that are therein,'

the baker's voice sang out firmly. And I heard the village carpenter strive to outsing him with

'For they that led us away captive required of us then a song.'

"The sidesman went before me to open the gate of my pew but I stumbled and almost fell as the choir merrily trolled that awful, yes, awful poem. I knelt there while my villagers blithely chanted, and afterward I left the church and came here to the manor and called the rector to me.

"For weeks the Goldsmiths' sorrow endured. In the first week I called at their house and found a son, of whom I had not known, sitting upon the floor, mourning his mother after the prescription of his faith. Then Rachel, the twenty-year-old daughter, disappeared from the house one morning and was not found by evening time. When I was told I took my horse, and straightway, impelled by some awakened instinct, rode straight to the pool where our bounds-boy had been drowned. There I found her, crouched against a willow

tree, in a stupor of grief repeating in her own language, 'Why have you left us behind, mother mine?'

"I tied my horse to a fence and lifted her up. She took my arm and I led her back to the village by a lane which avoided her house. We passed the baker in the lane and he stood aside and took off his cap as she passed. There was a group of villagers at the manor gate and these, seeing the girl's face, also stood aside and were silent. I took her into my library, and left her there. When I returned she was asleep. For days afterward I felt that the library was not my own.

"So long as their mourning lasted it seemed that the village was no longer our English Beauchamp St. Michael. A month or so later they went away for several weeks, and I confess that we were all relieved.

"Afterward when they returned I became better acquainted with them, but despite all my efforts I was never really at ease in their presence. I not only sensed how alien I must be to them, but I was definitely ashamed. At the end of their year of tenancy of the house they took up residence in London. Some years ago I called upon them. Rachel, the daughter, was the first to greet me. When I put out my hand she took it and pressed her lips against it. She had become even more beautiful. She reminded me of one of those Madonnas of Botticelli whose faces are filled with a sad presentiment of rejection, painted during that late period of the artist's life when he was under the sway of Savonarola, thundering from Florence against the terror and iniquity of the Borgia, then misgoverning in Rome."



WALL STREET, MAIN STREET, & CO.

THE NEW SHIFT IN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

BY S. H. WALKER AND JULIA RIERA

FOR a year and a half the professional business men of the land have been learning how to co-operate: they have been working together to reorganize American business management.

It is high time they did so. Business management must function; for it is, in fact, a governing organization in charge of the nation's economy. When business management fails to function ordinary people run into debt, go broke, or lose their jobs. When business management pursues unenlightened or tyrannical policies the results are reflected in the conditions of work, in pay checks, in credit terms, in housing and transportation facilities, and in the cost of food, light, heat, and clothing. As business spokesmen like to point out, management controls the "American standard of living."

Ever since 1932 there has been an imperative need for reorganizing management to cope with modern social and economic conditions; nor have business men been unaware of this. Some few sized up the situation even in 1929 and began to plan reorganization.

However, one obstacle confronted them in those days: the so-called "Old Guard" controlled management, as it always had. Even to suggest reorganizing management in any fundamental way was to fly in the face of the Old Guard—and that was considered a fatal thing for a business man to do.

The Old Guard, it must be remem-

bered, consists of the heirs (spiritual and actual) of the "empire-builders" who constructed the American business machine in the first place. The Old Guard stands heir to the great tradition—the tradition of John D. Rockefeller, who saved his first dollar; of John W. Gates, who bet a million, and would bet on a raindrop; and of the elder J. P. Morgan, who formed the first billion-dollar corporation and built the grim and apparently eternal business house which stands at the corner of Broad and Wall.

Moreover the Old Guard has always been identified with a system of managing business—a simple, straightforward system, which once worked surpassingly well. Conceived by the original Rockefellers, Morgans, Astors, Harrimans, Vanderbilts, and Fricks, and developed by such men as Judge Elbert H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, it is the system of "boss rule," perpetuated on a semi-hereditary basis.

This management system is devoid of democratic forms; it is therefore difficult to change or even to modify. No "checks and balances" restrain the Old Guard boss. He is lawmaker, executive, and judge rolled into one. He is unfamiliar with the concept of responsibility to the mass of ordinary people: in the hierarchy of bosses which constitutes management under the Old Guard men owe responsibility only to their superiors; and on the topmost levels, bosses answer only to God.

Before the depression, business men simply did not criticize the underlying principles of this management system. Even when the depression revealed its weakness, business men hesitated to work for change. But the hard years wore on, the voters supported men "hostile to business," and the need for reorganizing management became too plain to overlook.

The times were favorable: in the face of strange new difficulties and dangers, many Old Guard members were decamping for their chateaux in Europe, their Manhattan clubs, or their yachts. Others, notably the unfortunate Richard Whitney, were resorting to criminal practices in a desperate effort to maintain their position.

By 1937 fundamental reorganization of management had become wholly practicable. The Old Guard was on the run and the Old Guard's opponents were finding support not only in the spirit of the times but also, in tangible form, in the New Deal (help, to be sure, which was offered, and accepted, with large reservations). Accordingly, in 1937 the open movement to reorganize management started; it has since been progressing steadily, step by step; and it works. In case after case, in the past year and a half, the Old Guard has been deprived of power in management, and extremist members of the Old Guard have been expelled from management.

Also, a new and more nearly democratic system of managing business is being shaped: that is, representation in management for more of the people is being provided; and the responsibilities and duties of the various business officers and managing bodies are being strictly and publicly defined. The new management of business is taking on the character of a "government of laws," as opposed to the Old Guard's "government of men." Finally, a new management personnel is being recruited. A new partnership is being cemented: the progressive forces of Wall Street and the professional business executives of the

West, Midwest, and South are co-operating to manage the nation's business. Men distinguished neither by wealth, nor by prestige, nor by "breeding," but simply by professional competence are making common cause: Wall Street and Main Street are teaming up at last.

However, one word of qualification is necessary: the new group which is coming into power in management is more democratically compounded than the Old Guard was, and is creating more nearly democratic forms of business organization; but that is not to say that the policies of the new management of business will necessarily prove to be socially and economically right for the people. Whether or not this consummation is actually coming to pass is a hard question, and we shall not try to solve it in this article.

This article will simply describe the movement of business men which has been creating a new kind of management, step by step, for a year and a half.

II

The capital city of the Old Guard government of business was New York. In the heart of New York, in Wall Street, the power of Old Guard management centered. Accordingly, during the past year and a half the opponents of the Old Guard in business have been openly criticizing the centralization of economic power in New York and they have been taking steps to modify it.

For example, on January 28, 1938, W. Averell Harriman addressed a luncheon meeting of the Bond Club of New York.

We have been hearing a lot recently [said Mr. Harriman] about holding companies, about interlocking directorships, about the so-called "Sixty Families" and the concentration of control in the hands of a few people, and particularly the concentration of control in New York. . . . I think we should frankly analyze what this concentration of control in New York, and the interlocking of directorships, means. . . .

We all know of cases of companies that

moved their headquarters to New York for one reason or another, because they thought they would get greater national prestige, or they would be financed better. . . . I think that to you all . . . there come to mind companies that would be better off with their headquarters in some other part of the country than New York. . . . I think New York would be better off with that decentralization of management. We wouldn't have the load to carry here of justifying why there should be so much of the business of the country centered in New York.

In speaking thus, obviously, Mr. Harriman avoided making a frontal attack on the principles of Old Guard business organization. He was issuing a very broad hint; and in order to evaluate his words it is necessary to read them in their context. The idea that the economic power of New York ought to be modified is not new. It has been expressed over and over again in the past fifty years—not by business men, like Mr. Harriman, but by the so-called “radicals” and “opponents of business.”

In 1896, for instance, Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina widely circulated a cartoon which he had had drawn to express the popular grievance against Wall Street management. By now everyone has become familiar with this cartoon, or variants of it. It shows a monster cow straddling the map of the United States: while the workers and farmers west of the Alleghenies labor to feed this cow, a silk-hatted banker sits in Wall Street and milks her.

Sixteen years after Tillman's cow appeared, Congress authorized the Pujo investigation, making this statement: “. . . there is reason to believe that the management of many of the great industrial and railroad corporations of the country . . . is rapidly concentrating in the hands of a few groups of financiers in the city of New York . . . to the detriment of interstate commerce and of the general public.”

Needless to say, neither Tillman's cow nor the Pujo investigation nor the subsequent writings of Louis D. Brandeis on the “money trust” and the “curse of bigness” solved the problem of concentra-

tion of control. Late in 1937 and early in 1938, just before the time of Mr. Harriman's Bond Club speech, the New Deal, through the then-Assistant Attorney General, Robert H. Jackson, and the Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes, was still uttering the familiar denunciations of “absentee financial control” and “concentration of economic power.”

Fifty years of this had charged the whole question of centralized control in New York with explosive emotional connotations. It had become a point of honor with the Old Guard to maintain the traditional power and prestige of New York.

Mr. Harriman, speaking as he did to the financiers and industrialists of the Bond Club, was touching a sore point indeed: he was speaking as the “radicals” and “opponents of business” had hitherto spoken.

Moreover, Mr. Harriman is in no sense a parvenu. His position and his inheritance entitle him to a seat in the inner circle of the Old Guard. His father, the late E. H. Harriman, did as much as any one man could do to concentrate the management of the great industrial and railroad corporations of the country “in the hands of a few groups of financiers in the city of New York.” Mr. Harriman himself is the chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad, chairman of the executive committee of the Illinois Central Railroad, and a director in nine other industrial and railroad corporations, besides being a partner in Brown Brothers Harriman & Co., Wall Street private bankers, a director of Brown, Harriman & Co., Wall Street investment bankers, a director of the Guaranty Trust Co. (a big Wall Street commercial bank considered to be affiliated with the House of Morgan), and chairman of the W. A. Harriman Securities Corporation. In short, W. Averell Harriman is a “Wall Street financier.”

Mr. Harriman himself will tell you that he could not and would not have made his Bond Club speech ten years

ago; the financial community in New York would have known how to resent it. When he did make his speech last year, however, he got very little opposition. The *Saturday Evening Post*, generally an indicator of arch-conservative opinion on such matters, editorialized benignly, saying that if industry were to follow Mr. Harriman's advice and move out of New York, "the moral standing of American business as a whole would profit."

What really happened at the Bond Club lunch on January 28, 1938, was this: a member of the Old Guard turned against the Old Guard, preferring to side with professionally competent business men in the task of remodelling management along rational geographical, social, and political lines; and he got away with it. It was a sign of the times.

III

Mr. Harriman sometimes practices his preachments. Last year, not long after his Bond Club speech, and in the same spirit, he initiated a thorough reorganization of the directorate of the Illinois Central railroad. On May 18, 1938, the "director-control" of this Midwestern road was transferred from New York to Chicago (where the road's operating headquarters are located). Moving the "director-control" out of New York meant moving the meetings of the board of directors; it also meant purging the board of its Old Guard members.

This was a pointed incident in the whole struggle between the Old Guard and its modern opponents in business, for the board of the Illinois Central had been an Old Guard stronghold from the earliest days.

"In the seventies and eighties," one historian says, ". . . stock in the Illinois Central became the favorite solid investment for many of the old New York families." Another remarks that buying stock in the Illinois Central "was considered the thing to do and regarded in much the same light as holding a pew at Trinity Church."

There is the root of the situation. In those early days the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Goelets, and the Cuttings held the largest shares in the ownership of the road, and also of course in the management. By 1938 the ownership had passed into the hands of 14,375 ordinary American common-stockholders; but the management still reflected the power, tradition, and system of the Old Guard.

Under the Old Guard system, inevitably, men were awarded rank and power in management not only because of possessing competence and ability, but also because of possessing the "right connections" in business and society, and the "right background" (meaning ancestry, breeding, and education). Before the Harriman purge, the board of the Illinois Central clearly illustrated the results of this feudal method of recruiting personnel.

Consider the five New Yorkers whose resignations were accepted by the board of the Illinois Central on May 18, 1938:

1. *Cornelius Vanderbilt*. At sixty-six, he is the head of the Vanderbilt clan and a director in ten corporations (excluding the Illinois Central). In his youth he puttered round railroad shops and invented a cylindrical tender which the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific adopted. However, he soon lost interest in invention and in business, and threw himself heart and soul into the National Guard. He has devoted most of his energy to military activities, rising to the rank of brigadier general.

2. *Vincent Astor*. He is the great-grandson of John Jacob Astor, and the present head of the Astor clan. He inherited a fortune of \$70,000,000, and, as of May, 1938, held directorships in eighteen large corporations. He has stated that "My interests are almost entirely in New York real estate"; but as this was written, he was engaged in collecting rare fish in the South Pacific, from his yacht, *Nourmahal*.

3. *Robert Walton* ("Bertie") *Goelet*. Before his marriage, he was known as "America's Wealthiest Bachelor." As

reported in the New York *World-Telegram*, Mr. Goelet visits "Newport in the summer, a Canadian hunting lodge in the early autumn, a French medieval castle during the pheasant season, New York for a brief time in the winter, then south to Georgia, to Florida—turkey shooting—and Paris in the spring." However the paper does not specify when Mr. Goelet customarily coped with the management problems of the Illinois Central and the six other railroad and industrial corporations of which he was a director at the time of the Harriman purge.

4. *John D. Peabody*. He is a member of the Manhattan law firm of Montgomery, Peabody & Grace; and he is the son of the late Charles A. Peabody, onetime chairman of the executive committee of the Illinois Central, onetime president of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. (of which Cornelius Vanderbilt is a trustee), and onetime real estate trustee of the estate of John Jacob Astor.

5. *Robert E. Connolly*. He is a native New Yorker who went to work as a clerk in the New York office of the Illinois Central in 1902; he has served as treasurer of the corporation since 1918.

Year after year, these men had been "elected" by the 14,000-odd stockholders of the Illinois Central; and year after year they had accepted the responsibility of successfully managing the system.

Now consider the men chosen in May, 1938, to fill the vacancies on the board of the Illinois Central (the size of the board was increased from 13 to 15 at that time, so seven new directors were chosen):

1. *John L. Beven* of Chicago. A native of McComb, Mississippi, who started with the Illinois Central as a clerk in 1899; by May, 1938, he had risen to be senior vice president of the system and he has since been elected its president.

2. *A. D. Geoghegan* of New Orleans. He was born near Fayette, Mississippi, and started working in the cotton business in the '90s, as office boy, messenger, and stenographer. In 1908 he organized his own business, and finally, in

1925, created the Wesson Oil & Snow-drift Co. of New Orleans, of which he is president.

3. *William R. King* of Memphis. Born on a farm near Washington, Arkansas, he started in business in 1898 as a stenographer for the firm which he now heads, the William R. Moore Dry Goods Co. of Memphis.

4. *Clifford W. Gaylord* of St. Louis. A native of Lockport, Illinois, he was in the construction business before the War and the paper business afterward. He is president of the Gaylord Container Corporation, the New Orleans Corrugated Box Co., the Texas Corrugated Box Co., the Southern Container Co., and the Florida Container Co.

5. *James Norris* of Chicago. Born in Montreal, Canada, he formed the Norris Grain Co. in Chicago in 1906, and has been one of the city's leading grain merchants ever since.

6. *Thomas E. Wilson* of Chicago. He was born in a small town in Ontario, Canada. He came to Chicago as a boy, working first for the Burlington Railroad and then in the meat-packing industry. He was elected president of the packing company, Sulzberger & Sons, in 1916, and the name was changed to Wilson & Co. that same year.

7. *General Robert E. Wood* of Chicago. He spent the first part of his life in the Army—ten years of it in executive positions with the Panama Railway Co., on construction of the Panama Canal. He entered business as an executive, and has been associated with both Montgomery, Ward & Co. and Sears, Roebuck & Co. since 1919. He became president of Sears, Roebuck in 1928; and this year he became chairman of the board.

The comparison between these new directors and the old ones speaks for itself. After the May purge, only five New Yorkers remained on the board. And one of these, an Old Guard financier named Jerome J. Hanauer, died the following September. The man selected to fill his place was John W. Rath of Waterloo, Iowa, situated on the Illinois Cen-

tral, who was born in Ackley, Iowa, on the Illinois Central. He has headed the Rath Packing Co. of Waterloo since 1898.

Before May 18, 1938, all the directors of the Illinois Central except one were New Yorkers. To-day a majority of the directors live in the territory served by the Illinois Central System. The new directors would seem better fitted to represent the System's 14,000-odd stockholders than were the old directors, whose background, experience, and geographical prejudice, for the most part, would seem to fit them to represent the original stockholder-owners of the 1870's.

Messrs. Geoghegan, King, Rath, and their colleagues are professional business executives of large general experience, possessing specific management knowledge useful to a modern Midwestern railroad. Messrs. Vanderbilt, Goelet, *et al*, are not professional business executives and they possess a highly specialized business knowledge, of a kind chiefly useful in Wall Street before 1929.

That leaves the most important question to answer: Does the new directorate of the Illinois Central actually "direct" the affairs of the system? Are the new directors fitted to conceive socially desirable labor and public policies for the corporation?

Such questions are matter for individual judgment. But however the reader may answer them, this much remains certain: the new directors know what the problems confronting the Illinois Central are, and have had experience in dealing with them, of a sort which the old directors, for the most part, did not possess.

IV

The largest industrial corporations in America, excepting the Ford Motor Co., were put together by the Old Guard and developed by the Old Guard. These giant corporations have always constituted the most impressive embodiments of the Old Guard system of management. During the past year and a

half the opponents of the Old Guard in business have been reorganizing the entire management system in several of these large corporations. Probably most important to ordinary people were the reorganizations of the General Motors Corporation and the United States Steel Corporation, which are worth examining in detail.

Prior to its reorganization in May, 1937, the General Motors Corporation had been strictly organized on the Old Guard model. Thus the managing or governing power of the corporation resided, in theory, in the following bodies: the board of directors, the finance committee, and the executive committee. Under this form, which prevailed in most large corporations at that time, the board of directors, the chairman of the board, and the finance committee—all, ordinarily, more closely affiliated with New York financial interests than with the working management of the industry—exercised the policy-making power. But the directors met infrequently; in most things, the finance committee ran the corporation.

In the case of General Motors, prior to the reorganization of May, 1937, Lammot du Pont was chairman of the board, chairman of the corporation, and of course a member of the finance committee. The chairman of the finance committee was Donaldson Brown, a son-in-law of one of the du Ponts (but also a working executive of General Motors). The membership of this powerful committee included, among others, four du Ponts, namely, Henry F., Irenée, Lammot, and Pierre S.; two Morgan partners, namely, J. P. Morgan's son, Junius S. Morgan, and George Whitney; and Seward Prosser, president of the Guaranty Trust Company (a "Morgan bank").

All the members of the finance committee were directors of the corporation as well, so the board of directors tended not to override decisions of the finance committee. The executive committee consisted of working executives of Gen-

eral Motors; it exercised authority over operations; but on the matters of critical policy, which affect ordinary people, it tended to carry out the wishes of the finance committee.

Of course all this practice had been changing gradually, under the new pressure of the depression; and on May 3, 1937, the directors adopted the formal reorganization. The finance committee and the executive committee were abolished. Two new committees were created: to the new policy committee was given the specific task of shaping the public and private policies of the corporation; and thus the importance of this truly political function of corporations was for the first time recognized officially. The new administrative committee was created to administer the corporation's business affairs.

This was more than a nominal change. Assorted du Ponts and Wall Street figures were weeded out of the committees. The new policy committee, for instance, includes George Whitney and Lamont du Pont, but the other members are working executives of General Motors, as is the new chairman, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.; and the new administration committee consists wholly of working executives.

In the reorganization Mr. Sloan took Mr. du Pont's place as chairman of the board and of the corporation. William S. Knudsen, who started with General Motors as a worker, became president of the corporation, in charge of operations (in addition, on May 1, 1939, Mr. Knudsen was made chairman of the administration committee, replacing Mr. Sloan).

The operating headquarters of General Motors remained nominally in New York after the reorganization. But in effect, the headquarters had been transferred to the center of operations in Detroit. As *Business Week* pointed out:

"Detroit swelled a bit with the announcement of the General Motors reorganization, elevating William S. Knudsen to Corporation President and naming Marvin E. Coyle and Floyd O. Tanner vice presidents . . . the city

now claims 10 of the 17 vice presidents of General Motors. The story has gone the rounds that Alfred Sloan . . . might have to shift his headquarters from New York to Detroit because of more intense focusing of executive responsibility in Michigan. This is unnecessary with Mr. Knudsen taking all the administrative duties except those of a strictly financial nature."

The du Ponts, the Morgans, and such of their associates as Seward Prosser and John J. Raskob, all formerly of the finance committee, retained their places on the board of directors after the reorganization. But every clause in that reorganization had had the effect of restricting the power of the Old Guard in some way and of putting more power into the hands of professional working management. Also the reorganization, contrary to Old Guard principle, tended to define the specific duties and responsibilities of the various managing bodies and executive officers. In the early part of this century cynics spoke of reorganization as "re-Morganization." To-day "de-Morganization" would be more apt.

V

The board of directors of U. S. Steel and the then-chairman of the board, Myron Taylor, reorganized that corporation between January and May, 1938. They modified Old Guard organizational forms in the Steel Corporation. They dropped certain members of the Old Guard and deprived others of their powers. They fractured the Old Guard traditions in "Big Steel." They formally moved the operating headquarters of U. S. Steel from New York, where they had always been maintained, to the center of operations in Pittsburgh.

Business Week, the McGraw-Hill magazine for business executives, remarked: "Big Steel's complete reorganization of production and policy . . . shocked Wall Street's hardshells down to their very spats."

This installation of a complete new

management system in Steel was indeed a monster task: the traditions and customs now to be broken had been shaping since 1901 in strong and able hands. In 1901, when the late J. P. Morgan formed U. S. Steel—the first “billion-dollar corporation”—he picked the late Judge Elbert Henry Gary to run it. And run it Judge Gary did, to the day of his death in 1927.

An Old Guard boss of the first calibre, Judge Gary made the policies of the Steel Corporation, picked men to execute these policies, and saw to it that his orders were carried out. He kept the operating headquarters in New York because he ran operations and, being a lawyer and financier primarily, he preferred New York to Pittsburgh. When he disagreed with his directors or with other business men about policies, he cracked down; when he disagreed with labor organizations about policies, he cracked down. He truly ran Steel, which meant running dozens of works for the manufacture and processing of iron and steel, besides railroads, ship lines, and mining operations of several different sorts. Running U. S. Steel is similar in difficulty and complexity to running all American industry. Judge Gary ran it all the same.

(It has been alleged that the late J. P. Morgan and his associates, in their turn, ran Judge Gary. It is useless to debate this point, which has been denied as often and as adroitly as it has been made. The very nature of the Old Guard system of management, which hinges on men and not on laws, makes it impossible to locate formally and finally the source of authority and the seat of responsibility.)

Whether the boss, Judge Gary, ran Steel well or ill will never be generally known. But at any rate, it is certain that after his death in 1927 those interested in the corporation felt strongly a need for reorganization and modernization of the organization and the property.

Myron Taylor, an associate of the present J. P. Morgan, was brought in in

1929 as chairman of the finance committee, and little by little he took over this task. In 1932 he got the necessary power: he took J. P. Morgan's place as chairman of the board and chief executive officer of the corporation. Already, with the help of accountants, engineers, and other such technicians, Mr. Taylor had been studying the giant corporation. He continued these studies and obtained the consent of the directors to a broad plan of reorganization in 1932. The reorganization finally went through in 1938.

The transfer of operating headquarters to Pittsburgh was accomplished, on January 1, 1938, by embodying operating authority in a new corporation, U. S. Steel of Delaware, owned by the parent, U. S. Steel of New Jersey. The president and directors of this new corporation, meeting in Pittsburgh, co-ordinate and supervise Steel's operations by negotiating and making contracts with the heads of such subsidiaries as the American Bridge Co., the American Steel & Wire Co., the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Co., H. C. Frick Coke Co., Michigan Limestone & Chemical Co., Oliver Iron Mining Co., Pittsburgh Steamship Co., and Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co.—in short, with all the subsidiaries of U. S. Steel except the public service and railroad companies.

Benjamin F. Fairless was chosen to head this operating company, U. S. Steel of Delaware. He is a miner's son and a one-time miner and steel worker. The twenty-one directors of his company are all professional, working executives in charge of various phases of Steel's operations, hailing from Birmingham, Chicago, Cleveland, New York, Pittsburgh, and San Francisco.

The Chicago *Tribune's* comment on this phase of Steel's reorganization is of interest:

“U. S. Steel Shakes Off Old ‘New York Rule,’” was the headline. “Practical steel men,” the story said, “will have full control of the operations of the subsidiaries which make up the United

States Steel Corporation. . . . They will shortly take over the powers formerly held by members of the board of directors, sitting in New York and largely chosen for their financial prestige."

The creation of this rational machinery for administering the production and distribution of from half a billion to one billion dollars' worth of iron and steel products annually was indeed important to the ordinary business men of the Midwest for whom the *Tribune* speaks. It was important also to the 200,000-odd employees of U. S. Steel, to the 200,000-odd stockholders who "own" U. S. Steel, and to the ordinary people of the land. But more important still to all the people was the creation last year of a planned management organization for determining the general public policies of the U. S. Steel Corporation of New Jersey.

When Myron Taylor completed his reorganization in April, 1938 and resigned as chairman of the board he did not turn the corporation and its policy-making function over to one man, a boss comparable to Judge Gary (who was chairman of the board, chairman of the finance committee, and chief executive officer of the corporation). Instead, he turned the corporation over to three men. And what is more important, the duties and responsibilities of these three men were formally and officially limited and defined: the men were subordinated to the offices.

Enders Voorhees, as chairman of the finance committee, helps to formulate and executes the financial policies of the corporation. Benjamin F. Fairless, as president, helps to formulate and executes the general operating policies of the corporation; and as president of the Steel Corporation of Delaware, he helps to formulate and executes the detailed operating policies of the corporation. Edward R. Stettinius, as chairman of the board, acts as a general liaison and supervising officer, and is in "general charge of and supervision of the public relations of the company."

This last feature of the new system is

particularly significant. In giving the chief officer of the Steel Corporation the full-time job of administering "public relations" the management recognized the essentially political nature of the corporation's activities, and the consequent necessity for dealing with the public—through the public representatives in Washington, and directly. This is the first such complete and formal recognition by an American corporation of the first grade. Hitherto "public relations" have been left to employees devoid of policy-making power or, at the most, to vice presidents, making something of a mock of the idea of "dealing with the public."

Also last April, when the three new officers took over, the by-laws of the Steel Corporation were altered. The changes, generally speaking, restricted and defined the powers of the executive officers and of the managing boards and committees; also arbitrary and irrational authority, built up during the Old Guard regime, was stopped off. For example, this significant change was made in the section of the charter governing the finance committee: the finance committee was deprived of its former "power to remove all officers, agents, and employees of the company, except officers elected or appointed by the board of directors."

Thus the finance committee of U. S. Steel has been limited to performing the function implied by its name. This limitation, in its small way, is a step toward creating a "government of laws" in business: in precisely the same spirit, the authors of the Constitution wrote down restrictive clauses, limiting the Congress to making laws, and the President to executing these laws.

VI

The attack on the Old Guard is being pressed also in the financial and banking community of the United States.

Of course such reorganizations as U. S. Steel's have already indirectly affected financial practice. Last year, for ex-

ample, the reorganized Steel Corporation made a \$50,000,000 bank loan, and it was announced that Chicago and Pittsburgh banks were to be included in the list of lending institutions in accordance with the corporation's new policy "to undertake an important part of its banking operations in the communities where major operations of the subsidiaries are carried on."

This innovation is of little intrinsic importance. But it illustrates how the new spirit in business management may make itself felt in all sorts of subsidiary transactions. The practice of the Old Guard was to keep as much business as possible—especially financial business—close to home, which is to say, close to New York; the new managements are moving in the direction of doing business where it rationally ought to be done.

The main attack on the Old Guard in finance, for the past year and a half, has centered in one man who sensed and expressed the spirit of the day. The man is William O. Douglas, chairman of the Securities & Exchange Commission during the period under discussion (President Roosevelt appointed him a justice of the Supreme Court in March, 1939).

Mr. Douglas was unique in the New Deal: he organized his official program of action round a philosophy which was coherent, continuous, and also practical. As chairman of the SEC, Mr. Douglas had several responsibilities: it was his duty to regulate the traffic in securities and the conduct of the securities exchanges; and also, under the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935, to bring about the dissolution of public-utility holding companies.

He translated these duties into a practical constructive program: by education, co-operation, and regulation he attempted to assist the development of strong regional financial centers, of securities exchanges organized as responsible public institutions, and of geographically integrated utility systems dispensing their legal, financial, and other business in their operating districts.

Accordingly, the opponents of the Old Guard in business found it advantageous to make common cause with Mr. Douglas on more than one occasion. Notably, the progressive members of the New York Stock Exchange, working with Mr. Douglas and the SEC, succeeded in defeating the Exchange's Old Guard under Richard Whitney and in reorganizing the Exchange completely.

The revision of the Exchange's constitution and the reorganization of its management took place in the late winter and spring of 1938. The new form called for a paid, non-member president—a professional, giving his full time to managing the Exchange as a public institution responsible to the public. The first man hired to handle this job was William McC. Martin, a former statistician, bank examiner, and broker from St. Louis.

The board of governors of the Exchange was reduced in size and was made more nearly representative of the public interest by the inclusion of six non-member partners of New York firms dealing directly with the public, six partners from out-of-town firms dealing with the public, and three "representatives of the public." The three chosen last year under the latter head were Gen. Robert E. Wood of Chicago, chairman of the board of Sears, Roebuck & Co.; Carl C. Conway, chairman of the board of the Continental Can Co., and chairman of the committee which worked out the plan of reorganization for the Exchange; and Robert Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago. (Note the similarity between these changes in the board of governors of the Exchange and the changes initiated by Mr. Harriman in the board of directors of the Illinois Central.)

Further, the standing committees of the Exchange were reduced in size; and in number, from 17 to 7. Formerly they were composed largely of governors; now the general membership is better represented on these committees; and they are organized so as to be effective policy-making bodies in their various fields.

Under the old organization this great Exchange, where roughly eighty per cent (by dollar volume) of securities transactions by American investors are executed, was unwieldy and stiff; duties and responsibilities were not defined. Thus the "Law Committee," containing a particularly well-knit Old Guard group, came to exercise the real, though unofficial, directing power in the Exchange before the reorganization (just as the "Finance Committee" had formerly exercised the main power in General Motors).

The objection to the Old Guard members who had controlled the Board of Governors, the Law Committee, and thereby, the Exchange, was not that they were dishonest or incompetent: none of them was (except Richard Whitney). It was simply that the Old Guard represented private and highly specialized interests; the Old Guard did not represent or understand the interests of the general membership of the Exchange, of the out-of-town business interests with which the Exchange continually deals, or of the investing public.

The active endeavor of Chairman Douglas and of the progressive group in the Exchange was to create a professional management more nearly representative of these interests. As President Martin has said: "The spirit and purpose of the reorganization has been to provide a simpler, more efficient, and more democratic structure adaptable to changing times and conditions."

The spirit and purpose of the reorganization, described in other words, was to purge the Old Guard out of the Exchange and to abolish the Old Guard system of managing economic activity. These are two sides of the same coin.

Co-operating with Chairman Douglas of the SEC, the opponents of the Old Guard in several other national financial institutions have recently been able to accomplish reorganizations based on a purge of the Old Guard. They thus remodeled the management organization of the New York Curb Exchange, for

instance. Again, at the convention of the Investment Bankers' Association in October, 1938, the Old Guard element was voted out of power; while the opponents of the Old Guard in this instance were observed to be co-operating with Chairman Douglas.

However, the Investment Bankers' Association is one thing and investment banking is another. The great investment banking houses, which underwrite, distribute, and sell securities and thereby supply American industry with capital, still are largely organized in accordance with Old Guard principles. They are concentrated in Manhattan more completely than any other business group.

Chairman Douglas was able to do very little about this during his term except to conduct an educational campaign. He spoke in regional financial centers all over the country, along these lines: ". . . well over one half of our capital market . . . is concentrated in lower Manhattan. . . . I should expect that a reduction in absentee financing would result in a reduction of absentee ownership and management, with all of the advantages which flow from keeping business at home for the home folks. . . . I should expect that the development of regional capital markets would bring new capital and new brains into the investment banking industry and the financial management of local business."

Thus encouraged by the Chairman of the SEC, financiers outside New York have in fact made a beginning toward changing prevailing practices in investment banking. For example, in July, 1938, the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce formed a "Committee of Banking and Investment Banking," intended specifically to enlarge the capital market in the Cleveland district and to bring a greater share of national financial business to Cleveland.

In evaluating this activity it is necessary to remember that the bankers and investment bankers of such cities as Cleveland have depended for business on the Old Guard in New York since the

earliest times, and that, therefore, even the gentlest act of revolt is a matter touching the bread and butter of the financiers of Cleveland.

This Cleveland Committee, the first of its kind, probably could not have been formed in 1930. To illustrate: Cyrus S. Eaton, Cleveland investment banker and utility magnate, made a speech in 1930 on the subject of financial decentralization. "Is the political independence of the sovereign state a thing of great value," he inquired rhetorically, "if at the same time the State is financially dependent upon some distant State?"

These mild questionings were not calculated to please the Old Guard; and in 1938, during an investigation by the SEC, Mr. Eaton testified that that "indiscreet speech" was a factor which forced him to surrender control of his investment trust company, Continental Shares, Inc., to other financiers. He said that in 1930 he had been having a tussle with certain financiers over his views. "The banks," he said, "were very powerful at that time and commanded enormous influence."

In the light of these remarks, and considering the recent activity of the Cleveland Committee, the following incidental note is enlightening. It appeared in the syndicated column, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," by Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, December 13, 1938:

The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad announced the flotation of a big bond issue and called for bids from investment houses. Halsey, Stuart & Co. of Chicago, and Otis & Cox of Cleveland, bid 100 each. Highly pleased with these par offers, the C&O prepared to award the issue to the two firms, when representatives of New York financiers descended on the railroad with a loud squawk.

The Wall Street bankers had handled most of its financing in the past and now they vigorously protested. They also spoke sonorously about the need to uphold the prestige of the New York money market.

C&O executives were not impressed, but offered to let them bid on the bonds. They retired and after a long wait returned with a bid of 95½.

The offer was rejected and the Wall St. men left in a high state of peeve.

The New York financial editors reported this illuminating incident with enormous restraint. For example, the New York *Herald-Tribune* said: "It is understood that spirited bidding took place in the Terminal Tower offices of the railway company, in which leading New York banking firms participated. In the past Chesapeake & Ohio financing has been handled by Morgan, Stanley & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and Edward B. Smith Co."

VII

The fundamentally weak and dangerous character of the Old Guard "government of men" was publicly revealed in two specific cases in 1937 and '38. No theoretical argument for instituting a democratic "government of laws" in business could have produced the effect of these two dramatic revelations. The first was the case of Richard Whitney; the second was the case of McKesson & Robbins and Philip Musica, alias F. Donald Coster.

The two cases were similar. In each case a criminal or swindler, of a type sufficiently familiar, succeeded in holding a responsible position in a public institution, at the same time siphoning off other people's money over a period of years; and in each case the swindler in question accomplished his feat simply by taking full advantage of the weakness inherent in the Old Guard system of management by personal authority.

Richard Whitney had twice been president of the New York Stock Exchange. At the time his crime was discovered he was the recognized leader of the Old Guard group in the Exchange and was waging an effective fight to keep the management organization of the Exchange from being modernized. It came out that he had been illegally using securities, which he had been holding as trustee, for his own purposes; and he was given a term of five years in Sing Sing. It came out that he had been carrying on his larcenies for a long period, and that several respected members of the Wall

Street financial community had known this for several months at least before the public revelation.

The case told much about the Old Guard method of management, as applied specifically to the Stock Exchange. The SEC, having investigated, described the Old Guard philosophy or method involved in these terms:

"This philosophy was characterized by the unwritten code of silence respecting misdeeds or misconduct of a member such as Richard Whitney. . . . It was evidenced by a tenacious clinging to the past when even sound business judgment indicated a contrary course. It was apparent in the failure to render more than lip service to the concept of a public institution. It manifested itself in the administration of the Stock Exchange as if it were a private social club."

This summary of the Old Guard philosophy is worth keeping in mind while studying the case of McKesson & Robbins, which revealed the Old Guard's weakness with even more appalling clarity. It boiled down to this. Philip Musica, an ex-convict operating under the alias of F. Donald Coster, had maintained a fictitious "wholesale drug department" within McKesson & Robbins for ten years; for ten years, he had caused this department, representing \$18,000,000 of fictitious assets, to carry on fictitious dealings with equally fictitious "independent companies." By means of this obfuscation, Musica had been able to help himself to McKesson & Robbins' funds for ten years without being detected. Musica's fictitious department, his fictitious companies, inventories, and transactions, existed only on the books of McKesson & Robbins: at any time, for ten years, any check or audit of these books against the actual facts would have given Musica's game away.

When all this came out the question naturally was asked: why *hadn't* the company's books been checked to the point of revealing Musica's criminal operations, during those ten long years? Musica did not own the company. Its stockholders

owned it; a board of directors, "elected" by the stockholders, was supposed to be managing it in their interests; and to administer the supposed policies of the board, officers had been appointed, not only "Coster," but also Julian Thompson, treasurer, and John McGloon, vice president in charge of accounting. Why then, with all this machinery, were the books of McKesson & Robbins never checked against the facts?

The answer to this question has appeared, piecemeal, in the testimony of the various officers and directors.

Why didn't Mr. Thompson, the treasurer, check the books? Here is one reason: Mr. Thompson was treasurer, "but with none of the usual responsibility for the organization of accounting or credits." Besides, Mr. Thompson testified, "Mr. Coster was always the dominant one because he was very forceful and hardworking. He was the largest common stockholder and everyone deferred to him in the fundamental decisions of the business."

So much for Mr. Thompson. Why, now, did Mr. McGloon, vice president in charge of accounting, fail to check the affairs of the crude drug department as set forth in the books?

The answer to that is simple. Mr. McGloon says that it never occurred to him to be curious about the crude drug department—"not when it had been approved by the board of directors." (Note: possibly it is necessary to discount this testimony. As this was written Mr. McGloon had just been indicted by the Grand Jury. However his reference to the directors, even if disingenuous, is revealing.)

This brings us to the board of directors: why did the directors fail to inquire into Musica's operations?

The answer to that is the simplest of all. Director Seeley testified that he had "never heard of the crude drug department until this case came up." He said he had never discussed it with other directors or heard them discuss it at board meetings. Director Van Vleet

said he had attended six or eight board meetings in 1937 and '38 and had never heard crude drugs discussed. However in August, 1933, the board of directors had commissioned Waddill Catchings, an expert corporation analyst and executive, "to examine the business and make constructive suggestions." Accordingly, Mr. Catchings reported to the board in 1934 that the crude drug department was in the "most chaotic condition" he had ever seen; and he said there were indications of "manipulations of accounts."

Appalled, the board hushed up Catchings' report and dropped the whole matter. Director John Wilson Cutler, a partner in the Wall Street investment banking house of Smith, Barney & Co., explained why this was done in one of the most curious statements in the whole testimony.

Mr. Cutler, who, like the other directors, had been "elected" by the stockholders of McKesson & Robbins, began by testifying that he was on the board "to protect the bondholders." Then he explained why he opposed checking up on the crude drug department, as follows:

"... I will tell you exactly how I felt about it. I thought Mr. Catchings was endeavoring to make a place for himself at or near the top in the management of this company, and I thought then, and I have no reason to change that feeling to date, that his record and standing did not entitle him to that position."

There is no use examining the details of the case any farther, because they are really pathetic. Quite apart from the fantastic depredations of the Musicas, the whole management plan of the company was revealed to be a tangle. Elected representatives of the stockholders conceived it to be their duty to protect the bondholders; the treasurer wasn't really a treasurer—instead he was a kind of liaison man with Wall St. bankers and investment bankers; the vice president in charge of accounting passed the buck to the directors, and the directors, in many cases, pleaded total ignorance of a department representing

\$18,000,000 of the assets of the company they were supposed to be directing.

More: Price, Waterhouse & Co., the leading firm of accountants in the country, had been chosen by the directors annually to prepare audits of the company's books for submission to the stockholders. Every year for ten years this firm certified to the stockholders that the affairs of McKesson & Robbins were as represented on the books, collecting \$1,000,000 in fees for doing so. In all this time Price, Waterhouse & Co. not only failed to discover the true state of affairs in McKesson & Robbins, but also these "blue-ribbon" accountants apparently failed even to become suspicious. What makes this fact even more surprising is the circumstance that individual examinations of the books *had* aroused the suspicions of comparative amateurs like Waddill Catchings, Treasurer Thompson, and others, over a period of years. Price, Waterhouse & Co. "spot checked" the inventories of all departments of McKesson & Robbins, except the crude drug department: that is, they made partial examinations of the actual goods represented on the books. "Spot checking" in the crude drug department would have revealed that its inventories were fictitious; but Price, Waterhouse & Co. did not "spot check" these inventories, because "Mr. Coster" said not to.

In considering this case it is necessary to remember that the officers and directors of McKesson & Robbins, excepting the Musicas and possibly one or two others, were neither stupid nor dishonest. On the contrary, they seem to have been well above average both in intelligence and probity. But they subscribed to the Old Guard method of management by personal authority; they set up a little "government of men" in McKesson & Robbins, placing all the real power in the hands of Philip Musica. They placed themselves, the business, and the owners of the business in the hands of this one man. Unfortunately he was a crook.

The sheer impact of this case added momentum to the movement to build a new system of business management. As this is written, the McKesson & Robbins case is four months old, and it has not been completely unraveled. But already it has brought results: already it has caused changes in management methods, and directed attention to the question of corporate responsibility to the public.

Several firms, among them the American Can Co., the Radio Corporation of America, and the Consolidated Edison Co. of New York have just amended their by-laws to provide that auditing firms be elected by the stockholders, not appointed by the directors. The Schenley Distillers Corporation, in preparing its annual report last March, hired a firm of accountants to check the books, as usual, and, for the first time, a firm of engineers to check the physical inventories.

Of course various suggestions for statutory regulation of accounting and corporate methods have been made—most of them, it is true, uninformed and superficial.

The main result of the case is that it has started people thinking about the functions and responsibilities of corporate managements and directorates, and about the meaning of such formal proceedings as "stockholder elections."

Even staid Philip A. Benson, president of the American Bankers' Association, was sufficiently moved by the case to state last January that the responsibility of corporate directors to "direct" is becoming more widely recognized.

"Directors may attend a hurried meeting," President Benson pointed out, "listen to a few remarks and reports by the presiding officer, pass a resolution, such as the declaration of a dividend, and leave the meeting. They have not thus altogether discharged their duty," he cautiously went on. "They should inquire how the business is being conducted, what have been the results, and what is its condition."

That statement is a criticism of Old Guard practice.

VIII

Taken separately, the events described in this article are not of great importance. But because they all press in the same direction they have combined to produce nationally important results.

For example: the Steel Corporation introduces a policy of making bank loans in the regions where it operates; the investment bankers of Cleveland band together to increase the amount of corporate financing handled in their district; and Chairman Douglas administers the Utility Holding Company Act with a view to creating regionally integrated utility systems, headed up regionally and not in New York, and dispensing their financial business regionally, not in New York. Here three separate interests, inspired by as many dissimilar motives, have undertaken to change prevailing practice; and the total result is a definite step toward decentralizing the financial mechanism of the United States.

Again: General Motors abolishes its finance committee; U. S. Steel, while maintaining its finance committee, deprives it of the power to dismiss employees, and deprives the chairman of the finance committee of executive control over operations (by assigning these two different functions to two different men); meanwhile the Stock Exchange abolishes its "Law Committee," and the Illinois Central moves its "director-control" out of New York. These are all different moves, arranged in terms of different specific situations. But taken together, they produce the net result of measurably limiting Old Guard power and of weakening Old Guard strongholds.

Again: the Stock Exchange provides places for "representatives of the public" on the board of governors; several companies provide for "stockholder election" of auditors; and several organizations strictly and publicly define the duties and responsibilities of their officers and managing bodies; all of which has the effect

of setting up a more nearly democratic system of management and of giving representation in management to more of the people of the country.

Again: the Stock Exchange grants representation in management to out-of-town brokers; the Illinois Central grants representation in management to business interests in the territories served by the system; General Motors increases both the number of committee members and the number of vice-presidents living in Detroit, and gives the chief operating authority to a Detroit man; and Steel creates an operating authority consisting of twenty-one working steel executives from all over the nation (as a substitute for Judge Gary). The net effect is that a planned partnership of professional business men from Main Street and from Wall Street takes over the key position in management once held by the Old Guard.

That is the pattern of events to-day. Perhaps a word of qualification or reminder is also necessary. This new business movement is not finished and its objectives are not fixed. It is based on mixed motives and a profound human fondness for compromise.

To cite but one illustration of this: W. Averell Harriman, who succeeded in moving the board of the Illinois Central

out of New York, has no intention of trying to move the board of the other railroad with which he is closely connected, the Union Pacific, to the center of operations in Omaha; the UP has stronger and more important financial connections than the Illinois Central, and a stronger "tradition."

Also, Mr. Harriman, who advocates moving industrial managements out of New York, considers the corollary movement toward financial decentralization unsound, unwise, and impossible.

No one should be shocked to find such a measure of inconsistency in a human undertaking.

It is possible to recriminate. It is possible to go on shouting about how those sharks, the du Ponts, run General Motors, and about how that octopus, J. P. Morgan, runs U. S. Steel. It is possible to scent out self-interest and hold it up to the light with loud cries. But this whole method has the one fault that it never gets any results. It is better to find out how business management works. It is better to become familiar with the forces which are shaping a new kind of management. It is better to form a clear national idea of what the economic government ought to be and of what it ought to do. . . . Understanding is better.





LESSONS IN LIVING FROM THE STONE AGE

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Slightly less embarrassing than owning to a philosophy of life is confessing that you have some idea, though vague and changing, as to what constitutes the good life. My ideas of it come chiefly from a comparison between civilization and primitive culture.

I feel that when Shaw intentionally speculates in his *Back to Methuselah* on the good life in coming millenniums he describes unintentionally the lives of some groups of our ancestors during millenniums of the remote past. For Shaw pictures the nearly ideal condition of the future in a way that has little relation to civilization as we find it about us to-day but which is reminiscent of a great deal that we call the lowest savagery.

So far as my picture of the good life is derived from experience, I get it mainly from people of the Stone Age with whom I lived in the Coronation Gulf district of northern Canada. Or, rather, I get from comparing ten years among savages with forty years in civilization the feeling that a better life need not be a chimera—that we have had it in the past and may attain it again in the future.

It is only those who know the savage at first hand who really believe his way better than ours. Nor does the savage convert everyone who sees him. He has a chance to make converts only when there are many of him and few of us, so that we are compelled to adopt his life and to live it through years, not as visitors or patrons but as self-supporting members of the community.

Occasionally, however, it is given to comparative outsiders to see the light. There are few more complete outsiders, as a group, than missionaries; for they go to teach and not to learn. But even among them you find understanding now and then. David Livingstone for Tropical Africa, Hudson Stuck for Arctic Alaska, were great admirers of the unspoiled savage. These and a few other missionaries join the majority of scientific travelers in proclaiming that the less savages are civilized the finer people they are.

My party of one white and three "Americanized" western Eskimos reached the Stone Age Eskimos of Coronation Gulf in late winter, traveling by sledge in a manner to which the local people were accustomed. We wore fur garments similar to their own, and gave the impression of being not foreign, though strangers. We were able to converse from the first day; for Eskimo is one language from Greenland to Bering Sea across the northern frontier of the New World.

In culture the Gulf Eskimos went back not thousands but tens of thousands of years; for they were just emerging from the age of wood and horn into the earliest period of stone. They knew that certain berries and roots could be eaten, although they did not consider them as real food, but only as a substitute for food in an emergency. Their proper diet was wholly animal tissues. Through two-thirds of the year it was chiefly seal, with an occasional polar bear. During the

summer they lived mainly on caribou, with some fish. There was no clothing except from the skins of animals. The tents were of skin and so were the boats. There were kayaks, the small boats used for hunting; there were none of the large skin boats in which other groups of Eskimos travel. The only domestic beast was the dog, and he was mainly a hunting animal. There was usually not more than one dog for each hunter; so that, although the dogs were hitched to sledges in traveling, there were so few of them in comparison with the people that essentially the Eskimos themselves were the draft animals.

The Coronation Eskimos knew of the Bear Lake forest but did not like it as a country to live in and made journeys to it only to secure timber for sledges, tent poles, and for a few other uses. They considered the treeless prairie north of the forest the best possible land in summer, and they considered the ice of the gulf and strait a proper and desirable home in winter. They were satisfied, then, with both their country and their climate, believing that any change would be for the worse.

These Stone Age people considered not only that the one proper food is meat but also that the most delicious things in the world are the preferred parts of animals. They had the highest average of good health which I have ever found in any community of like size; most of the deaths among them came from accident or old age. They had a religion by which they believed themselves able to control their environment; but it was a religion neither of hope nor of fear. There was no permanent future life; there was nothing resembling heaven or hell. The spirits were powerful but they were not in themselves good or evil, though they might do the good or evil bidding of men or women who controlled them—this Stone Age attitude toward spirits was something like the modern attitude toward explosives or steam power: things neutral in themselves but capable of being used for good or ill.

They had as much desire to live as any of us but less fear of dying than most of us have.

Of the seven hundred or so Stone Age people about two hundred had been in contact with whaling ships for a few days each of two years, 1906-7 and 1907-8. Our visit to them was in 1910. There were a dozen or less who had seen David Hanbury when he passed along the southern edge of their district in 1902. Another dozen had seen for an hour or two at close range some Slavey Indians a few years before our visit, and of course they had seen groups of them frequently at a distance. But at least four hundred had never heard the noise which gunpowder makes when it explodes or seen the lighting of a match. They had seen pieces of cloth and believed them to be skins of animals. They had received many guns by tribe-to-tribe trade, but had secured them only when the neighbor groups had run out of ammunition. They hammered and cut up the guns to make things which they wanted, such as knives, spear points, and especially needles.

When we first lived with these people they envied us greatly just one thing we had with us, our sewing needles. Among themselves the most valuable single possession was a dog. I purchased a dog for a large knife, worth about three dollars at American wholesale prices. Later that day the man returned with the knife and with a second dog—if I would take the knife back he would give me two dogs for one needle. They explained that, although they had seen the Eskimo woman member of our party sewing before we made the first trade of the knife for the dog, they had not then realized that she possessed two needles. Now they understood that she had not only two but several, and she had told them that, with my consent, she was willing to give up one.

We inquired and found that by local standards a No. 1 size sewing needle was worth much more than any knife and was well worth, in the common estimation, two good dogs. So we made the trade.

The point of the trading story is that these Stone Age Eskimos were as yet not discontented with their copper knives, although they had been familiar for decades with the better iron knives which they themselves had made through Stone Age technic from rifle barrels and other pieces of iron. But they were far from content with their copper needles, for the shafts were necessarily stout in comparison with the size of the eye, which made it difficult to sew a waterproof seam.

Waterproof sewing is apparently one of the early discoveries of man. There may not be any people on earth to-day except the Eskimos who still remember how to make, and do make, a really waterproof seam. For most or all other sewers rub grease into a seam to waterproof it, or use some trick of that sort; but the women of the Stone Age Eskimos considered it an insult if they saw anybody rubbing grease on the seam of a water boot which they had made. However, in spite of their skill, waterproof sewing was difficult with the use of a copper needle; but it was easy with one of our steel needles.

Perhaps we have gone too far already before saying that we have no thought of deriving the health, happiness, and other details of the good life of the Copper Eskimos from their backward state—from their being still thousands of years behind us in technological development. We are merely trying to sketch briefly, and without any necessary causal relation, how these people lived who were to all appearances so much happier than any other people whom I have ever known.

We were the first of European civilization to live with these Eskimos, and we saw during the first year the gradual, and later rapid, increase of discontent—which was a decrease of happiness. Discontent grew not always along lines that might have been expected. For instance, you would think that our matches would have been coveted, but this was not the case. Their method of lighting fires by knocking together two pieces of iron pyrite had advantages which to their minds (and

even to mine later on) compensated for the disadvantages. Certainly a match is handier for a cigarette; also for lighting a fire in good weather our matches were better. The advantage of the pyrite we discovered when we had to kindle a fire in a gale or in a rainstorm. It came to be our practice when we traveled with the Stone Age people to light fires with matches in good weather and to borrow their technic when the weather was bad. Then another advantage of pyrite was of course that two pieces of it, each the size of a lemon, would last you for years, if not for a lifetime. Nor did you have to worry about keeping these lumps of rock dry.

The Stone Age people had been discontented with their needles before we came. The first discontent after that was connected with the insect pests. They had never conceived of a mosquito net that would protect your face during the day and that might be used to cover your bed at night. At first they considered our face nets and bed nets frivolous. But after a few weeks of association they began to say what a fine thing it would be if a white trader should come in with enough mosquito nets so that everybody could buy one.

There were also the black flies. Eskimo garments are loose, somewhat as if the coat were a Russian blouse and the trousers in the style of our pajamas. Besides, in the heat of the summer, with temperatures sometimes running above 90° in the shade, they practically had to have rents and holes in their skin clothing. Through these holes, up their sleeves and down their necks would crawl the black flies as if they were fleas, stinging so that the hurt was greater than the itch. Against these pests we wore knitted cotton shirts and drawers, with long arms and long legs, the elasticity making them tight and flyproof round the wrist and ankle. A longing for this kind of underwear to use in summer was perhaps the basis of the second of the new discontents.

There grew slowly through the first summer an appreciation that a cloth tent

was better than one of skins—lighter, less bulky, and less difficult to preserve from decay. It was not until perhaps the second or third year that there was any real discontent with the bow and arrow for caribou hunting and a desire for rifles. The appreciation of the value of fish nets, as compared with spears and hooks, developed somewhat more rapidly than the longing for guns. During the first few years of Copper Eskimo association with Europeans there was no discontent on the score of diet. The local conception was, as said, that meat is real food and that things like cereals and vegetables are makeshifts.

II

The picture of Stone Age life which we have begun to sketch might not seem attractive to the reader even if we could spread it over a large canvas with the details completely presented. We endeavor to bring out our meaning in part by making a contrast between the Copper Eskimos of 1910 and those of 1939.

Perhaps the only thing with which the Coronation people are still content is their climate. You cannot describe to them the weather of Hawaii or California in such terms as to get a more favorable reply than that no doubt Europeans like that sort of thing but they themselves would never like it. They still prefer boiled meat to any imported food; but they now feel ashamed if they do not have, especially for visitors, a few of the costly imports to offer, among them tea, coffee, sugar, salt, bread, and syrup. They are as discontented now with the sewing machines which they own as they formerly were with the copper needles. They are less content with the best rifles they can get than they were with their bows and arrows. They still enjoy their own songs most, but they feel a social need of phonographs, and there is a developing need for the radio. They know that their skin clothes are best for the climate, but fashion has laid such hold upon them that they must have clothes of silk and other materials.

In 1910 they believed in keeping up with the Joneses. In this they used to be approximately successful; for under their communistic anarchy everyone shared the best of the foods and the best of all materials. There was scarcely any difference between garments except that one woman could make a more attractive dress than another out of a given material, or a man correspondingly could make a slightly superior bow or spear. To-day keeping up with the Joneses wears a different aspect. Formerly in that contest they had no problems which we classify as economic; now they compete, or want to compete, in things which are beyond their economic reach, some of them known through hearsay but not obtainable in their country.

The breakdown in native economy, and thereby in self-respect, is more easily described, at least so far as my own experience goes, from the Mackenzie River district, several hundred miles to the west of the Copper Eskimos.

Mackenzie habits of life began to change with the entrance of the New England whaling fleet in 1889. I arrived there in 1906. Between that year and 1918 I saw much change; the rest to date is known to me from dependable reports.

Comparing the reports of Sir John Franklin with what I saw a hundred years later, I would conclude that two thousand delta people had decreased in a century to less than two hundred. The chief cause was measles, one epidemic of which, in the memory of those still living, had killed something like two out of three within a few weeks. Tuberculosis had been rare or absent; now it was prevalent. Digestive troubles had been few, but now they were common. Tooth decay had been unknown, but now their teeth were as bad as ours. There is no reasonable doubt that in 1820 the Mackenzie people, then in the Stone Age, were on the average as healthy as my Copper Eskimos were in 1910; but when I reached the Mackenzie district in 1906 the average Mackenzie health was probably not better than that of our worst slum districts.

The Mackenzie people, however, were not living under a slum level of poverty in 1906. They still had their economic independence and the respect which goes with it. How this later broke down can be shown by the story of Ovayuak, who still held to the old ways of life and who was still a heathen.

Steamers come down the Mackenzie River in midsummer, usually arriving at Macpherson during early July. The first steamer brought the Bishop. It was known among the converts in the Mackenzie district that the Bishop wanted to see them on his annual pastoral visits. The people liked the Bishop, they wanted to purchase goods that had been brought by the steamer, and they enjoyed the outing of the two-hundred-mile trip south to the Hudson's Bay post. So they streamed to Macpherson in late June.

But, said Ovayuak, the Bishop's visit came in a fishing season. Not being a convert, he stayed behind and fished all summer with his family and a few who still took their lead from him. Most of the others went to meet the Bishop and the traders. By the time the religious ceremonies, the feasting, and the trading were completed and the return journey made to the coast, the fishing was nearly over.

But that was only part of the difficulty. The trader had said to the Eskimo husbands that they ought to dress their wives in the best possible garments. When the reply was that the Eskimos had nothing with which to pay, the trader said that he knew them well, that they were reliable, that he would be glad to trust them, and that they could take as much cloth as they wanted, paying him next year.

However, when the cloth had been sold the trader would give these men a talking-to of another sort. He would remind them that now they were in honor bound to pay for the goods a year later. They must not, therefore, spend all their time down on the coast fishing and gorging themselves; they would now have to go up into the forest or to certain promontories on the coast so as to catch the mink of the

woodland or the white foxes that frequent the shore floe. These would now have to be their chief concern; for they were pledged to see that the dealer should not suffer through having trusted them.

Accordingly, said Ovayuak, when the people returned from their summer visit to Macpherson they would explain to him that they had made promises not to stay very long at the fishing but to go to the promontories or the forest in time to be ready for the trapping season. And, said Ovayuak, naturally he could not argue against this; for, like them, he believed that a promise ought to be kept. So most of the families would scatter for the trapping districts, leaving him and his few adherents still at the fishing.

Ovayuak told me this just after the New Year. He forecast that when the mid-winter days began to lengthen, visitors would begin to arrive. The trappers would now be running short of food and they would say to one another, "Let us go to Ovayuak; he has plenty of fish."

Sure enough, they began to gather. At first we took them into our house, where twenty-three of us had been living in one room; but that accommodation could not be stretched for more than ten extras. So the others had to pitch tents or to build snowhouses in the neighborhood of our cabin. The stores of fish that seemed inexhaustible began to melt rapidly. There was not merely a steady increase of people; they all had their dog teams to feed, also.

Everybody went out fishing every day, we locals and the visitors, but we caught perhaps only one-tenth as much as was being consumed. This went on till the fish store was nearly gone. Thereupon everybody who had a sledge loaded it heavy with the last of the fish and then we scattered in all directions, to hunting and fishing districts. We went in small detachments, for it is a principle of the hunting life that you must not travel in large groups.

The system which I watched breaking down under the combined influence of Christianity and the fur trade was on its

economic side communism. Natural resources and raw materials were owned in common, but made articles were privately owned. The blubber of a seal that was needed for light and heat, or lean and fat that were needed for meals, belonged no more to the man who secured them than to anyone else. A pair of boots belonged to the woman who made them until she presented or sold them to somebody else. A meal that had been cooked was in a sense private property, but it was open to everyone under the laws of hospitality—it was very bad form to start a meal in any village without at the least sending a youngster outdoors to shout at the top of his voice that the family were about to dine or breakfast. If the houses were scattered and the people indoors, then messengers, usually children, would be sent to every household. People would come and join the family at their meal, either because they wanted the food or else for sociability. If the house was too small to accommodate everybody, then portions of cooked food were sent out to the other houses.

It is a usual belief with us that this type of communism leads to shiftlessness. But that was certainly not the case in any Eskimo community known to me so long as they still followed the native economy.

Among the Eskimos of northern Canada there was no law except public opinion. Although no one had authority, each person had influence according to the respect won from a community which had intimate knowledge of everybody. Nobody was supposed to work if he was sick; and still the permanently handicapped were expected to work, each according to his ability. Among the Copper Eskimos, for instance, I saw a man of about forty who had been blind since childhood. He was one of the most cheerful and constant workers, but naturally could do only a few special things.

It has been a part of European ethics that a debt of honor should be paid before other debts. Thus a debt which could not be collected through legal machinery was a heavier obligation than one which

had behind it the penalties of the state. With the Stone Age Eskimos every debt was a debt of honor; for there were no police, judges, prisons, or punishment.

The same force which compelled the Eskimo to pay his debts compelled him to do his share of the work according to his recognized abilities. I never knew even one who didn't try his best, although there were of course the same differences of energy and aptitude which we find among ourselves. If there had been a shirker he would have received the same food; but even in a circle of punctilious courtesy he would have felt that he was not being fed gladly. It is nearly impossible, when you know how primitive society works under communistic anarchy, to conceive of anyone with that combination of indolence and strength of character which would make it possible for a healthy man to remain long a burden on the community.

In the few cases where strength of character is enough for running against public opinion the issue is seldom or never on any such low plane as that of indolence. I have known one situation where a man was condemned to death. For there was no punishment among the Stone Age Eskimos except the disapproval of the community or death—nothing in between.

III

We may now summarize those things in the Stone Age life which we judge make for happiness more than do the corresponding elements of our own civilization:

The successful man stood above his fellows in nothing but their good opinion. Rank was determined by the things you secured and turned over to the common use. Your importance in the community depended on your judgment, your ability, and your character, but notably upon your unselfishness and kindness. Those who were useful to the community, who fitted well into the community pattern, were leaders. It was these men who were so often wrongly identified by the careless

early civilized traveler and the usual trader as chiefs. They were not chiefs, for they had no authority; they had nothing but influence. People followed their advice because they believed it to be sound. They traveled with them because they liked to travel with them.

There was of course the negative side. If you were selfish you were disliked. If you tried to keep more than your share you became unpopular. If you were persistently selfish, acquisitive, and careless of the general good you gradually became too unpopular. Realizing this, very likely you would try moving to another community and starting life there over again. If you persisted in your ways and stayed where you were there would come a period of unanimous disapproval. You might survive for a year or even a few years as an unwanted hanger-on; but the patience of the community might at any time find its limit, and there would be one more execution of a troublemaker.

Because few understand the workings of a communistic anarchy it is necessary to insist that most of the supposed difficulties which fill our theoretical discussions of communism and of anarchy do not arise in practice.

Under the communism we are describing you don't have to accumulate food, apart from the community's store; for you are welcome to all you reasonably need of the best there is. You do not have to buy clothes; for they will be made for you either by some woman member of your family or by some woman friend who will feel about your wearing a coat of hers just the way any number of our women feel when they see their men friends wearing a garment they have knit or a tie they have sent as a Christmas gift. You do not have to accumulate wealth against your old age; for the community will support you as gladly when you are too old to work as it would if you had never been able to work at all—say because you had been blind from infancy.

One common arrangement of ours, however, is useful under communism, though not quite as necessary there as

under rugged individualism. It is a good thing to have a family, for your children and grandchildren will look after you even more thoughtfully than mere friends.

The nearest thing to an investment among the Stone Age Eskimos, the one means of providing against old age, is children. For that reason a widow without a child would have to be loved for herself alone. A widow with one child would be a desirable match. To marry a widow with three or four children was, among the Stone Age people of Coronation Gulf, the New York equivalent to marrying the widow of a millionaire.

On the basis of my years with the Stone Age Eskimos I feel that the chief factor in their happiness was that they were living according to the Golden Rule.

It is easier to feel that you can understand than to prove that you do understand why it is man gets more happiness out of living unselfishly under a system which rewards unselfishness than from living selfishly where selfishness is rewarded. Man is more fundamentally a co-operative animal than a competitive animal. His survival as a species has been perhaps through mutual aid rather than through rugged individualism. And somehow it has been ground into us by the forces of evolution to be "instinctively" happiest over those things which in the long run yield the greatest good to the greatest number.

My hope for the good life of the future, as I have seen it mirrored from the past by the Stone Age of northern America, does not rest wholly on a belief in cycles of history. It rests in part on the thought that a few more decades or centuries of preaching the Golden Rule may result in its becoming fashionable, even for the civilized, to live by the Golden Rule. Perhaps we could live as happily in a metropolis as in a fishing village if only we could substitute the ideals of co-operation for those of competition. For it does not seem to be inherent in "progress" that it shall be an enemy to the good life.



TOTALITARIAN "PROSPERITY"

WHERE DOES IT END?

BY WILHELM RÖPKE

ECONOMIC collectivism of some sort or another is gaining ground everywhere in the world. The somber implications of this tendency for the future of our entire economic, political, and social system must be clear to everyone who realizes that economic collectivism means economic dictatorship and that economic dictatorship cannot be had without a political dictatorship with all its well-known comforts. We need no great amount of insight and imagination to see where this drift toward economic collectivism is leading our civilization and the inheritance of three thousand years which it represents.

Were we to analyze the principal reasons for this trend toward economic collectivism we should find, in the strictly economic field, no more powerful agent than the mass cry for economic stabilization and permanent full employment, and the belief that these foremost and quite comprehensible desires of our times cannot be fulfilled any more within the framework of the traditional market economy with its regulating system of prices, costs, profits, and private initiative. Historical evidence seems amply to prove that this traditional system is incapable of achieving permanent full employment. With all the greater fervor the new experiments in maintaining full employment on a collectivist or semi-collectivist basis are being watched.

Here on the side of capitalism, it seems, is disorder, anarchy, and slack-

ness, whereas on the other side of the fence we find order and hectic activity. True, nobody can be unaware of the inconvenient fact that these assets have to be bought at a heavy price—the loss not only of economic but also of political and spiritual freedom. He must be rather naïve who can believe that a rigid and really efficient control of prices, wages, profits, investments, consumption, and foreign exchanges is to be had without concentration camps, secret police, and the shadow of prison and death above everyone. But if at this price permanent full employment and economic stability can really be bought how many to-day would regard this as a square deal and be prepared to pay the price, especially as this means selling something which is not fully appreciated unless it is definitely gone? How many would resist the temptation to which Esau yielded?

In this situation we can do three things to stem the mass movement toward collectivism and totalitarianism:

1. We may point out the true value of the price to be paid: we may remind the people of the real significance of freedom in its broadest sense and stir the imagination as to what it means to lose it. This task of rekindling the flame of democratic faith and of re-establishing the scale of values which, after all, goes with Occidental civilization shall be left, on this occasion, to the sociologist and the social philosopher.

2. We may shatter the belief that economic stability is to be had only outside of the framework of our traditional economic system, by showing the alternative possibilities compatible with the essential features of this system. In doing so we are trying to smash the monopoly of totalitarian collectivism in offering permanent full employment at that truly extortionate price, and to show that the commodity can be had without such an appalling waste of good things.

3. The third and most aggressive way is to show that the price for totalitarian full employment is, in all probability, being squandered on an article which, though showy, is of doubtful intrinsic quality. In going this third way we are putting the straightforward question whether those who are impressed by the maximum of economic activity in totalitarian countries to-day are not entrapped by an illusion that, at last, the secret of "eternal prosperity" has been solved. Is it not a case where a kingdom is being paid for a horse which is too outworn to carry us very far? It is this question to which a tentative answer will be given in this article.

Not so long ago it was Russia which enthusiastic travelers were in the habit of presenting to us as the model of a bump-proof economic system destined to put capitalism to shame. Now that, for various reasons, this model has lost most of its attraction, Germany, under the new totalitarian regime, has taken its place. There is a very good reason for this, for nobody can deny that the economic policy pursued by this regime has, by a clever combination of bold measures, brought about in a few years a complete absorption of the several millions of unemployed and an unprecedented degree of economic activity. After this record, it is small wonder that the German system of collectivist full employment has gained some reputation even among those who cannot be said to sympathize with the Nazi regime, especially as the

real reasons for its undeniable success are not everywhere fully understood.

In fact, there is no mystery about the German system. What is more, it has gained its reputation so far by its initial successes during its first phase—the easiest and the least problematical phase. If a government is resolved to accept all possible consequences it can hardly fail to bring about a sort of artificial—one might say "synthetic"—boom by replacing the lacking private investments by public investments, and by substituting for a spontaneous credit expansion corresponding to private investments a public credit expansion in which the government appears as the main debtor. In doing so the government is providing the two main requisites of every boom period—an increase of investments and an increase of the national volume of credits (debts)—consciously and by force. Therefore, in its immediate effects and in its essential mechanism, such a synthetic and coercive boom is not altogether different from a natural boom of our traditional economic system.

There may even be cases where this governmental initiative achieves that aim which the expression "pump-priming" suggests: where it paves the way for a natural boom and, after having rendered this service, disappears into the background. The circumstances must be exceptionally propitious if this is really to happen. Especially, every care must be taken to preserve and enhance the elasticity and spontaneity of the private market and to create the general atmosphere of confidence without which no amount of pump-priming will sufficiently awaken private investments.

If this hope of paving the way for a natural boom by a synthetic boom fails, however, only two courses remain open. Either everything must be done to revise the economic policy in favor of business confidence and economic freedom, or else the governmental initiative must assume full and permanent responsibility for keeping up the economic activity on its high level by making public

investments and public borrowing a pivotal factor of the boom definitely and irrevocably.

This was exactly the choice before the German government in about 1935. In the beginning the idea was, in Germany just as in a number of other countries, to use the governmental initiative only for the purpose of "pump-priming" (or of "initial ignition" as the corresponding German phrase went). But then it became clear that the general conditions were absolutely unsuitable for this purpose. So Germany, in 1935, found itself at the crossroads of business-cycle policy.

A definite decision had to be reached as to whether a normal situation was to be restored or the road to collectivism was to be followed to its end.

At the end of 1938, France had reached much the same crucial point; but the real meaning of the new policy inaugurated by Paul Reynaud is that that country has been wise enough to take the first road—restoring an essentially liberal system and scrapping as many impediments to business confidence as possible. There is no doubt that if France had not done this last fall it would have been compelled in the end to turn to complete collectivism, with exchange control and all its other paraphernalia. Then it would have gone the way which Germany, for political reasons, has had to follow since 1935.

The example of Germany confirms the belief that once this way has been chosen a government is forced to take over step by step the responsibility for the whole economic process until there is left hardly any scope for private initiative. The coercive and contrived character of the boom becomes just as complete as the hope for a re-awakening of private initiative becomes unreal. As long, however, as the government is equal to the enormous task of organizing and administering such a system, and as long as the people can be made to contribute the indispensable minimum of obedience, the wheels of industry will turn at an ever higher speed. And ever more gi-

gantic become the schemes which the government may undertake until, finally, the fullest employment of the factors of production is achieved and the previous problem of unemployment is turned into an equally serious problem of the shortage of labor ("negative unemployment").

II

So far so good. But it is now, after full employment has been achieved, that the real problems and even dangers begin. Up to this point the means for the additional investments could be obtained by credit expansion without inflationary consequences, since the idle reserves of manpower and productive capacity made it possible to increase production as rapidly as the circulating media increased. So far, credit expansion is compensatory, not inflationary. Moreover, the limits beyond which credit expansion must not be driven without the danger of inflation may be considerably widened by a severe exchange control, and by ruthless efforts to keep down wages and prices. But although the limits may be made elastic they cannot be stretched indefinitely. Sooner or later it has to be realized that the ultimate limits of this policy have been reached. Then we have an *entirely new situation* in which three courses are open.

The first course is to stop the wave of investments and to run the danger of a severe economic crisis which such a sudden stop is bound to involve. The second course is to continue the credit expansion, which now means inflation pure and simple. The third course is the most promising: to try to preserve full employment without inflation, by pumping the means necessary for further investments out of the existing volume of general purchasing power. This means that, by force or persuasion, money has to be taken away from the consumers.

Is this last course likely to lead to stability? That is the question on which everything hinges.

As everybody knows, the making of capital investments means the use of productive forces for constructing new factories, installing machines, or building houses, instead of for producing consumption goods. The more is being invested the less can be consumed. A nation has to save in order to increase its equipment of machines, factories, and roads.

But does the nation really have to save? Or is it not conceivable that, under certain conditions, the very increase of investments, by bringing about prosperity in all lines of production, will increase the national income so that now even more can be consumed than before? That is, indeed, not only conceivable, it is actually the regular feature of every business boom up to that point where the idle reserves of labor and productive capacities have been absorbed by the increasing economic activity. These idle reserves make it possible not only to finance an increase of investments by credit expansion but also to increase consumption. We have here the rather rare case of a cake which grows larger precisely because we are eating it. Small wonder, therefore, that this must appear to most people an incomprehensible miracle. It is nevertheless what happens during every boom period. The idle reserves of productive forces represent something like a fourth dimension, allowing all kinds of conjuring tricks.

This idyllic stage, however, comes definitely to an end after full employment has been reached. The fourth dimension has disappeared, and now investments are openly rivaling consumption. The magic cake has changed back into a quite common one of which we cannot eat a single slice and still have it. The further investments which are being made amount now to a real deduction from what is available for consumption.

That is the reason why, from this moment on, further credit expansion is bound to have inflationary consequences, since the rise of prices becomes now the

way to compel consumers to restrict their consumption. We assume, however, that this is the course which the government does not want to follow. Then the restriction of consumption has to be contrived by the normal means of raising loans or of increasing taxes or of both; in short, by persuasion or by force. That is the point at which the German government finds itself now.

What are the chances of arriving thus at a state of *permanent* full employment? In answering this question it must be first admitted that the boom itself, however contrived and artificial, has by increasing the national income largely created the fund which may be expected to pour out the higher tax returns or savings put at the disposal of the government. For a while, therefore, no great difficulties are to be anticipated. But for how long? It is here again that a fundamental difference between the first "compensatory" phase of the boom and the subsequent phase of full employment has to be noted. Whereas, during the first phase, additional investments really made for easier money and capital markets, now, on the contrary, they mean a real tapping of the available capital resources and therefore a tightening of the money and capital markets. During the first phase investments were part of the machinery of credit expansion; during the second they are really consuming credit. The first frosts of financial tension will become noticeable: The interest rate tends to rise, the stock exchanges show an inclination toward bearishness, the banks cannot move as freely as before. And the apparent impossibility of doing anything to stop these tendencies—except by inflation in whatever disguise—is bound to give the first shake to the belief in permanent prosperity. There is no reason why, after these first frosts, there should not follow some warm autumn days, even if no veritable inflation is set in motion; it is clear, however, that the country is going into the winter season.

The problem which has to be faced

now is simply this: Is it conceivable that the total volume of purchasing power may be tapped by taxes and loans to such an extent as to keep up permanently the investment activity of the boom? In other words: Is it possible to restrict to the necessary amount that part of production which is catering to immediate consumption? Can the workers, the iron, and everything else be spared in this part of the national economy in order to be used for automobile roads, concrete fortifications, and similar governmental investments?

Now there would be no reason to be pessimistic in this respect if the part of total purchasing power which is claimed by investments of that sort were reasonable in amount and, what is more, represented a fixed percentage of the national income. It is precisely here, however, that the improbability lies. For a number of reasons known to every student of the theory of business cycles, every boom tends to gain momentum as it proceeds until, in this snowball fashion, a breakdown becomes finally inevitable. Every major wave of investments has the tendency to grow by its own momentum, since the increase of investments (construction, etc.) necessitates an enlargement of the industries supplying the goods needed for those investments, like iron, steel, coal, cement, machines, etc. The *scale* of investments is growing, and as long as the rate of increase remains constant or is even increasing the boom can go on. Vice versa: Even a mere slackening in the increase of investments may be sufficient to bring about a breakdown of the boom.

Now it is obvious that investments cannot increase for ever. Sooner or later, the movement must of necessity come to a halt; one must finally surrender before the stubborn fact that consumption can be compressed just so far and no farther. It is easy to mount the horse of investments but difficult to get off, as this horse has the unpleasant habit of going faster and faster. One must bear firmly in mind that this must be true for each and

every economic system, the collectivist as well as the capitalist.

III

All these are general considerations, which give only the bare outline of the most essential points. On purely theoretical grounds there will still be much scope for discussion and dissension. On the other hand, it is easy to exaggerate the importance of theoretical niceties in view of two facts which are aggravating the situation enormously and which belong inherently to the very essence of collectivist full employment as being practiced to-day in Germany.

One of these facts is the purely *exhaustive and unproductive character* which a large part of the public investments will have even under the most favorable circumstances. Whereas, during the first "compensatory" phase of the boom, this is nothing to be really alarmed about, the matter gains an entirely different aspect after full employment has been reached and the shortage of labor makes itself felt. Now, unproductive public investments become a sheer waste. This fact is likely to limit the possibilities of prolonging the boom.

The same is true of the second aggravating circumstance: the trend toward *autarky*, which is the more or less inevitable result of a policy of collectivist full employment pursuing its course regardless of foreign trade and the exchange situation. The effect of autarky is even more serious than that of wasteful investments. It is bound to set in motion a new wave of additional investments which tend to become ever more comprehensive and costly; and this waste is bound to reduce still farther the fund of capital and the labor reserves available for total investments and thus for continuing the boom. The invariable nature of autarky was well summed up by an English economist at the beginning of the eighteenth century: "The work which is done by few may rather be done by many." This means inevitably that the

national fund of available commodities will be correspondingly smaller, or that more people have to work and to work harder and longer, or both. In any case, autarky will have a strangling influence on economic life. And, sooner or later, the need for importing raw materials will become a very dangerous problem, which may jeopardize immediately the policy of full employment.

To be sure, there is no gainsaying the fact that the collectivist (totalitarian) State has its own and powerful methods for squeezing the utmost out of current consumption and out of the labor reserves of the country, and thus for prolonging the boom to the ultimate limit. The collectivist State can break all records in raising taxes, keeping down wages, lengthening the working day, speeding up the tempo of work, and driving consumers into a corner. And the collectivist State can rightly boast of knowing the secret of how to mobilize by coercion the last labor reserves.

It should be obvious that, seen from this more fundamental point of view, the actual *financial difficulties* of the collectivist government are merely outward signs of more deeply rooted calamities. It is not without interest, however, to give some special attention to them. Now it has already been made clear that, unless the collectivist government turns to the *ultima ratio regum* of inflation, it will be compelled to raise bigger and bigger loans or levy higher and higher taxes in order to feed the moloch of full employment. That the amount of voluntary savings going into loans will prove sooner or later to be altogether insufficient is evident enough; every major boom invariably breaks down on account of this essential deficiency. If the government decides to feed the moloch by increasing taxes, then the more it does so the more savings will be diminished, and the worse the prospects will become. I have already explained why this second course—that of increasing taxes—can hardly bring about a stable equilibrium. Moreover, as taxes are increased, what is left

of private initiative will become even less willing and able to invest. The more, therefore, the government puts the thumb-screws of taxation on the business world the more imperative it becomes for the State to take over the collectivist control of the economic process. In this way the economic system will get ever deeper into the mire of collectivism without coming really nearer to the goal of a stable equilibrium.

Summing up, we cannot help feeling that the situation is discouraging from a long-range point of view. It seems to end in an impasse. Since such neat conclusions, however, make one always rather suspicious, we must ask ourselves whether all possible outlets have been really examined in an unbiased spirit. Have we overlooked something? Why should it not be possible, we are asked, to lead back step by step this artificial boom based on State investments to a real boom based on private investments? This may be rather improbable under given political circumstances, but it is certainly not impossible. Nor can it be denied that such a change would be highly welcome in more than one respect.

It is hard to see, however, how it will solve the fundamental problem of getting off the galloping horse of investments. That is the point on which everything hinges. All depends on whether or not it is possible to reduce the investment activity to normal without a crisis and to stabilize it there. Weighing all the arguments on both sides and taking all possibilities into consideration, one may say that, after collectivist full employment has run its course, a reduction of investments to a more normal and stable condition is hardly imaginable without violent dislocations, heavy losses, and painful disturbances.

That is exactly what, under capitalism, is called an economic crisis. But after the State has assumed full responsibility for the working of the economic process, the breakdown of a collectivist boom will be a much more serious matter than the breakdown of a capitalist boom.



A NUMBER OF PEOPLE

PART III

BY SIR EDWARD MARSH

D. H. LAWRENCE

FAR too much has been published about the unhappy later period of D. H. Lawrence so that I wish I had more retailable memories of the time when I saw most of him, before the brute War made a hell of his world and sent him wandering "like night from land to land," never to find rest for the sole of his foot. In the earlier days he had a rich fund of gaiety and sweetness, and though I tried him rather high by carping, with what I see in retrospect to have been overweening presumption, at his use of rhyme and meter (he called me the policeman of poetry, and I was told he had said I ought to have my bottom kicked), we were excellent friends, and it is one of my regrets that I couldn't get away from my office on the morning when he asked me to be a witness of his marriage. I look back on my walking tour with Jim Barnes when "Lorenzo" met us at Spezia and, all three carrying bags, we walked by moonlight through the olives up the stony hillside path to the little house where the genial Frieda was waiting to welcome us.

It is amusing to recall that when I made Edith Wharton read *Sons and Lovers* she told me she would never take my word for a book again—how *could* I have recommended such a botched and bungled piece of work?

When Aldous Huxley was preparing his edition of Lawrence's letters I sent him as many of mine as I could lay my

hands on, and they are all in the book; but I have since come across a few more, which Mrs. Lawrence allows me to print here.

The Triangle,
Bellington Lane,
Nr. Chesham
25 Aug., 1914

DEAR EDDIE,

. . . We have got a little furnished cottage here, quite nice, though I don't love this exhausted English country-side. . . . We are sitting here very tight on our last sixpence, holding our breath.

The War is just hell for me. I don't see why I should be so disturbed—but I am. I can't get away from it for a minute: I live in a sort of coma, like one of those nightmares when you can't move. I hate it—everything. I'm glad to hear you're enjoying yourself slogging at work. I've whitewashed the house.

I liked Elliott Seabrooke very much indeed. I *did* like him. I think too that he's got it in him to do some real good work: whether it will always remain an undiscovered interior I don't know.

I met X up there too [a Liberal politician who afterward went Labor] and rather hated him. He's so God almighty serious. I reckon it's conceit to be quite so serious; as if he was the schoolmaster, and all the world his scholars, poor dear. . . . We are quite near Gilbert [Cannan]: I like him. Yesterday we had in Compton Mackenzie: very flourishing and breezy: a nice fel-

low, I think—for somebody other than me.

I can't say we're happy, because we're not, Frieda and I: what with this War and one thing and another. But the sun rises and sets as usual.

Au revoir,

D. H. LAWRENCE

DEAR EDDIE,

It now behoves me to bestir myself, lest I find myself merely an ignominious dependent, so I come to you for advice. You know I finished a novel, *Women in Love*, which I know is a masterpiece; but it seems it will not find a publisher. It is no good, I cannot get a single thing I write published in England. There is no sale of the books that *are* published. So I am dished.

I know it is no good writing for England any more. England wants soothing pap, and nothing else, for its literature: sweet innocent babe of a Britannia! Therefore I have got to get out some way or other.

Do you think they would let me get to New York? I know I could make a living there. And I want only to get a little connection and then go away right west, to the Pacific, and live with my back to mankind, for I am sick of it. I want to get people to publish stories, and my novels, and to write literary stuff. As for the War, I don't want even to mention it; it is such a nausea in my soul. We both want something new, not to have to do with this old mess at all.

I have got enough money to take us to America, if we could go fairly soon. You know they gave me total exemption from military service on score of health.

Or do you think I might get some little job, away off in one of the Pacific Islands, where we could both live in peace? I don't want to have anything to do whatsoever with quarrelling nations. If I could have some little peaceful job to do, I would do it and be thankful. But not in England—I couldn't stand it.

Perhaps you will think this all vague and foolish. I merely want you to tell me if you think I could carry it out at all.

Yours,

D. H. LAWRENCE

16 Jan., 1917

[After a paragraph about passports for America]

About the new novel, I am sure it is no good trying to get it done in England. It is not that it is so "improper," but that it is too directly in antagonism with the existing state of squilch. If you like, I will lend it you for a while—the duplicate MS.—though Pinker urges me for it; and I am afraid, to use your phrase, you wouldn't be able to follow it—which means, I know, that you feel entirely out of sympathy with it. Still you can read it if you like. Whether it is unsympathetic or not, whether it finds a publisher over here or whether it doesn't, it is a masterpiece and a great book, and I care no more. I have written it, and that is enough for me.

Be so good as to advise me if you can about this matter of our getting permission to go to America. I can't live here any more. The vital principle seems gone out of the air, and one feels one's soul gradually sinking down, like a lamp-flame in an exhausted atmosphere. I deeply respect Rupert, that he died. But shall we all die?

Monday, 29 Jan., 1917

Thank you very much for your note and the green form. I hope they will let us go away.

Have I showed any public pacifist activity? Do you mean the Signature? At any rate I am not a pacifist. I have come to the conclusion that mankind is not one web and fabric, with one common being. That veil is rent for me. I know that for those who make war, war is undeniably right, it is even their vindication of their being. I know also, that for me, war, at least this war, is utterly wrong, a ghastly and unthinkable falsity. And there it is. One's old great belief

in the oneness and wholeness of humanity is torn clean across, for ever.

So how should I be a pacifist? I can only feel that every man must fulfil his own activity, however contrary and nullifying it may be to mine.

Duckworth refused the novel: said he could not publish it. But no matter.

I am getting ready another book of poems. My last and best. Perhaps I shall never have another book of poems to publish: or at least, for many years. Would you like to see this MS. when I have done it? Then, if there should happen to be anything you would like for *Georgian Poetry*, ever, you can take it. . . .

If I go to America, and can make any money, I shall give you back what you lent me. I do not forget it.

D. H. LAWRENCE

P.S. Don't you think H. D.—Mrs. Aldington—writes some good poetry? I do—really very good.

The next, apart from its erroneous prophesying, has the interest of filling a gap in the published correspondence. He wrote to Douglas Goldring from Taormina on July 20, 1920: "Frieda wants to go to Germany. It is still inhospitable to foreigners (so they say). Therefore she goes alone. And I shall move about Italy . . ."; and in the next letter, to "Mrs. R. P.," again from Taormina, on November 16: "perhaps (I shall) do a book on Venice as John Lane asked me"; but I can find no other reference to this visit to Venice.

Ponte delle Meravegie 1061

Venice

13 Oct., 1920

DEAR EDDIE,

I found your letter at Cook's this morning: also check (for *Georgian Poetry*), which is inspiring: had a bottle of *Lacrimi Cristi Spumanti* [*sic*] on the strength of it, and in the clear, pure, pale-blue autumn sunshine felt the world magical. My thanks. Frieda is just back from Germany, which land seems to be

looking considerably up. *Tant mieux*. Meanwhile Italy is going socialist, not to be avoided. But I believe, with a bit of sanity outside as well as in, Italy might take to a socialist government fairly naturally—more naturally than anybody.

We are going to Florence to-morrow—shall be in Taormina next week. Secker hopes to publish *Lost Girl* beginning of November. I'll send you a copy.

Hope you're feeling nice.

D. H. L.

This was, I think, the last letter I ever had from him. I am glad to feel that we were always on friendly terms; but as the War dragged on he had drawn away from "constant connection" with me, for the considerate reason, which he set forth in his published letter to me of February 12, 1916, that it would be embarrassing for an official to have conspicuous relations with one so suspect. Perhaps it was just as well, for I could never have been a disciple, and he had at that time little use for any but disciples, potential or addict. I have often wished I could see the answers which people like Lady Ottoline Morrell and Lady Cynthia Asquith wrote to those interminable letters in which he urged them to demolish their mental superstructure and get down to the dark roots of their being. As for me, I should have had no idea how to set about this process even if I had wished for it. He was too great and strange for the likes of me.

T. E. LAWRENCE

I might say the same of this other Lawrence. It is honor enough for me to have been, as I was, on the fringe of his friendship; and I have no light of my own which could add anything to the countless published elucidations of his dazzling and bewildering personality. But I have two small anecdotes of him which I haven't seen in print, and though I forget where they came from, they are too characteristic not to be true.

He went to tea with the Thomas

Hardys at Max Gate in the uniform of a private soldier, and met the Mayoress of Dorchester, who, having never in all her born days been called upon to sit down in such company, made a remark to that effect in French. Perhaps Mrs. Hardy didn't know the language well enough, or perhaps she knew it too well, to understand what she said; or she may have been too much taken aback for speech—anyhow, there was a silence, which Lawrence broke by saying with the most perfect accent, "*Pardon, Madame, est-ce que je puis vous servir d'interprète? Madame Hardy ne sait pas un mot de français.*"

On one of his spells in the ranks he was assigned as batman to an officer of the class who used to be known in the War as "temporary gentlemen." Lawrence hated him at sight, and on the first evening, when he was unpacking his kit, looked round and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I can only find one of your razors." "I've only got one razor." "Indeed, sir? I thought most gentlemen had a razor for every day in the week." After a moment he looked round again. "Sir, I can't find your left-handed nail-scissors." The poor man rushed out of the tent and applied for a less exacting batman.

RUPERT BROOKE

My friendship with Rupert Brooke was certainly one of the most memorable things in my life. In his combination of gifts, of body, character, mind, and spirit he was nearer completeness and perfection than anyone I have known: intellect and goodness, humor and sympathy, beauty of person and kindness of heart, distinction of taste and "the common touch," ambition and modesty, he had them all; and there is no telling what he might have done if he had lived. But I said my say about him in the Memoir which was printed with his *Collected Poems*, and I will not hash it up again, but make here a chapter, with the kind permission of Mrs. Brooke's executors, out of unpublished fragments of our correspondence. [It

must be borne in mind that many of his best letters are in the Memoir.]

First, however, I should like to say a word about his position as a poet. His complete work has now been before the world for twenty years, and I make bold to say that in the eyes of those critics and readers who care for poetry in itself, its place is sure. It has in my belief survived the attacks both of those whom it is doubtless disrespectful in me to call the fools of fashion, and of those others, more sincere, who admit no poetry that is not written from a point of view they can approve or share. Rupert wrote his war poems at the very outset of the War, before the ideas of chivalry and generosity which throughout the centuries had attached to the fighting man were overlaid by the horrors of "scientific warfare," and when it was still possible and natural and human to write in the spirit of Crispin Crispian as poets had done from Tyrtæus to Tennyson. Since he was doomed to die before the Armistice, I could find it in my heart to be glad that his end came early, and that he was spared the disillusionment and the agony which were the inspiration of a Siegfried Sassoon or a Wilfred Owen; but if he had lived to suffer as they did I have no doubt that like them he would have risen to the height of the opportunity. A pacifist who lets his pacifism blind him to the poetry in Brooke's "The Soldier" or Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle" is surely as narrow as the temperance reformer who might ban the "Ode to the Nightingale" because it recommends the blushful Hippocrène.

I first set eyes on Rupert when he was nineteen, in the autumn term of 1906, his first at Cambridge, playing the tiny part of the Herald in the "Eumenides" with "grace invincible." I can't remember our first meeting, but he was in the set which filled the place that mine had held when I was "up," and as in those days I went to Cambridge pretty often, I saw him from time to time. By 1909 I had reached the point of spending the inside of a week with him at a house

at Clevedon on the Bristol Channel; but our deeper friendship was yet to come. I had always known that he was by way of writing verse, but I never asked to be shown it because I liked him so much that I should have hated not to like his work; so the first I saw of it was "Day That I Have Loved," which came out in the *Westminster Gazette* and completely reassured me.

On Christmas Eve, 1912, he wrote to me from Rugby about a Russian toy that he had stolen from my rooms. It was a group of little figures on what I believe are called "concertina-sticks," which you could shoot out to a great length by compressing a scissors-handle at one end—very fascinating.

DEAR EDDIE,

I entered and cleared out of the flat yesterday, leaving the key on the hall table, small pieces of paper on the floor, and my heart all over the place. . . . A thing dawned slowly on me during Saturday. I attended breakfast that day in a state of slumbroussness and exhaustion. You and Seabrooke and the eggs were phantoms on the horizon of my muddled consciousness. At one point you seemed to take something out of a box and say, "Buz buz buz this buz buz buz Christmas present buz buz . . ." I remember vaguely thinking you had said that Russian toys were your this-year's Christmas presents . . . and vaguely saying, ". . . oh! . . ." What else could a young man say, with his eyes full of sleep and his heart full of X—? As the morning wore on it came to me that *possibly*—and later *probably*—you had said it was your present *to me*. For it sat on the sideboard in an expectant way and was very attractive. If that's not so, the situation is awkward, for I have the thing, very firmly. If it is so (and you couldn't have the heart to deny it now!) I'm sorry I seemed so very ungracious. It was my stupor. I am sorry.

Ever,

RUPERT

I carried the toy about in buses, shooting it round the necks of acquaintances. A foreigner who shaved me was intensely interested in it, and said, "It is vary beautiful," rather solemnly.

In May, 1913, Rupert started on his *Wanderjahr*, writing me on the 19th a letter of valediction:

. . . I find it very hard to cut one's life abruptly, at a certain point. [Here he has drawn a horizontal line cut short by a vertical one.] I shall be back by January, I think. Perhaps America's nearer than I think though. I commend into your keeping all England, especially

Wilfred ¹

Cathleen ²

The Nine Muses

and the spirit of Wisdom and Goodness—some others, but I forget for the moment. I have already roughly planned out my *Tristia*. . . .

On the 26th he wrote from S.S. *Cedric*:

Behold me fairly launched on the Great World. Your letter was very nice. You're having a more romantic and pleasanter voyage than I [a Mediterranean trip in the *Enchantress*]. It does sound too lovely. I have my little romances though—a school of porpoises, and a whale spouting. And one of my fellow-passengers is [a poet of the day]. Oh, Eddie, he *is* a nasty man. He mouches about with grizzled hair and a bleary eye: and Mrs. — follows him with a rug. He eyes me suspiciously—he scents a rival, I think. We've not spoken yet. His shoulders are bent. His mouth is ugly and small and mean. His eyes are glazed. His manner is furtive. Is it to that we come? I feel like the Knights in Orcagna's picture (isn't it?) who ride out, and come on a hideous corpse, and hold their noses as they gallop past. I think I will drown myself at thirty: or turn schoolmaster speedily.

¹ Gibson.

² Nesbitt.

. . . I have started a ballade in imitation of Villon, but it may not be printed.

I found sitting next me at table a little man of fifty with a cold light-blue eye, with a pleasant turn of American humor. He appeared to be interested in theaters, so I took him into the smoking-room and delivered a lecture on Modern Drama in England, America, and Germany, on Theater-managing, on Commercialism in the Drama, and many other such topics. I got on to "The Great Adventure": which he thought the best entertainment in London. I patted him on the head. "Yep," he said, "I've just sent a marconi-gram to buy that play for America." I said, "Oh, have you a theater in America?" He said, "In New York I own the Grand Opera House, the Metropolitan Theater, the Knickerbocker Theater, the Gaiety, and seven more. I have some in every big town in the States. I'm coming back with a new Lehar, a Bernstein, two German comedies. . . ." I forget the rest. He turned out to be Klaw, of Klaw and Erlanger. I felt a little like Dominick [Spring-Rice] when he saw a lonely girl at a fancy-dress dance the other day, and took her out to dance, and it was Karsavina.

Otherwise there's not much to chronicle, except the Canadian girl who takes me into a corner to sing the Canadian National Anthem:

Splash me! Oh, splash me!
 Splash me with the ocean blue!
 Mash me! Oh, mash me!
 And I promise you that I'll mash you!

I feel nervous about my visit to Canada.

[R. B. to E. M., Calgary, Aug. 16th]

MY DEAR,

My progress is degenerating into a mere farce. The West insists on taking me seriously as a politician and thinker. Toronto, which is in the East, started in on me as a Poet, with an interview, which is only fairly funny, though it gets better when it's copied into *The Saskatoon Sentinel* and the rest, in fragments, as it does. Every little paper in Western

Canada has started its Society Column with "Dust" some time in the last three weeks. Solemn thought.

But in most of these towns they know me chiefly as a Political Expert. I average two reporters a day, who ask me my opinion on every subject under the sun. My views on the financial situation in Europe are good reading. And there are literally columns of them in the papers. I sit for an hour a day and laugh in my room. When I come back though I shall demand a knighthood from Winston. I've been delivering immense speeches in favor of his naval policy. What's really the matter with these Canadians is that at bottom they believe it's all play, and that war is impossible, and that there ain't no such place as the continent of Europe. They all live a thousand miles from the sea, and make an iniquitous living by gambling in real estate.

But the papers here are applying a nice story to Lloyd George. I'm only afraid they got it from London. I'd never even heard the story before, is it current "Over there"?—A mouse (L. G.) pursued by two cats, taking refuge in the darkest corner of the cellar, gets drunk on whisky-drippings, and is seen staggering up the cellar steps saying, "Where are those dam' catsh that chased me?"

I have been lying in bed for half an hour practicing to become American; the spittoon on the floor beside me. It's a lonely sort of game, and I'm not very good at it. I'm becoming the most expert of travelers though. I've even started washing my own clothes. . . .

England,—I dreamt, last night, that at Vancouver I got sick of the trip and came back to England, and landed at Grantchester (you should have seen how we drew up at the Boathouse), and wired to you that I was going to stay a night with you in London, and caught the 4.55, and, oh! woke. Would you have been there? I've sort of idea you'll go to Venice or some lovely place in September. I envy you. You can't think how sick one's heart gets for some-

thing *old*. For weeks I have not seen or touched a town so old as myself. Horrible! Horrible! They gather round me and say, "In 1901 Calgary had 189 inhabitants, now it has 75,000," and so forth. I reply, "My village is also growing. At the time of Julius Cæsar it was a bare 300—Doomsday Book gives it 347, and it is now close on 390," which is ill-mannered of me.

Oh, but I have adventures—had I anybody to tell them to! Friday I traveled with a Scotch whisky-manufacturer, a Radical. At Euston he had got into the carriage with a woman who turned out to have nursed the late Duke of Sutherland up to the last. "And she gave the most interesting particulars about the Duke's passing away." Isn't it extraordinary what things complete strangers will say to each other? . . .

[R. B. to E. M., San Francisco, Oct. 1st]
MY DEAR,

A post card from you, via England and Vancouver, arrived yesterday. It displayed a divine place called Tarragona—far lovelier than these gaudy skyscrapers. How perfectly imbecile I am, to wander over here, when Europe is infinitely more romantic! I began to realize it last week. I've gone soft through loneliness. I tossed up—back to England? or on to the South Seas? The latter prevailed: so I leave for Honolulu on Tuesday. Then Fiji, Samoa, Tahiti, and a resting-place at the bottom of the Pacific, all among the gay fish and lovely submarine flowers. Will you all come, like the Titanic widows, and drop some wax flowers, a Bible, and a tear or two, on the spot where I'm reputed to have gone down? I hope so.

You may continue to write to me. Letters will reach me occasionally, I suppose. And you may figure me in the center of a Gauguin picture, nakedly riding a squat horse into white surf. . . .

On January 16, 1914, he wrote me from Tahiti a letter which was memorable for giving me my first sight of

two of his finest poems, the "Psychical Research" sonnet and "Heaven."

MY DEAR,

I've been shamefully lazy. I've half completed so many things. But nothing finished bar these poor fragments. . . . I expected to find months and months of mail here. And lo! nothing. Whether the man in 'Frisco has played me false, and decamped with all my money and your descriptions of London life and Mlle. X and Fräulein Y's love letters, or whether he is merely lazy, I don't know. Something *may* come by the next post in two days. If not, I'm cut off from everything till I can tear myself from Tahiti—and that won't be for a long time, unless my conscience awakes. It's too fascinating, at first sight. And Gauguin *grossly* maligned these ladies. Oh, I know all that about expressing their primitive souls by making their bodies squat and square. But it's blasphemy. These goddesses—he'd have done Venus of Milo: [Here a drawing of a squat and square Venus with a palm tree on the horizon.] Aren't there steps one mustn't take with the body?

My homeward face is toward you. Farewell for a time. The moon is on the lagoon, and it's too warm, writing. I shall go and dream and float and woo nymphs.

Paradisally
and with love,
RUPERT

[R. B. to E. M., Rugby, Sunday, Aug. 2, 1914]

DEAR EDDIE,

I'm going (D. V.) on Tuesday to: c/o F. M. Cornford, Umtata, Cley, Norfolk, for at least a week. I give you my address, because you're the one link I have with the heart of things in this bloody time. Send me a card, once, to say how things are.

Mrs. Elgy, in a flood of affection for me at my departure, put any little gifts she could find into my bag. Frances Cornford's *Poems* and *Les Caves du Vati-*

can are the only ones I've found. Maurice Baring on Russia I took myself. All shall return to you, in time.

Also I have your green trunk. I demanded the bag Shaw-Stewart took away once. Mrs. Elgy said, "Ar. Mr. Marsh, 'e *thinks* Mr. Shaw-Stewart sent that bag back. But 'e 'asn't. But Mr. Marsh *thinks* 'e 'as." She spoke with gloom, as if it was a well-known monomania of yours. So she gave me your green trunk. I wonder if that is all right.

Now the thing has really come, I feel as if I *can't* sit still. I feel I must go as a correspondent if I can't as a fighter. Tell me if you hear of any job.

To-morrow I'm twenty-seven!

I feel as if I had left London for ages. I *did* enjoy July. It's now a far and lovely vision. I thought Violet quite adorable on Thursday night. All these things are past. Do you have a Brussels-before-Waterloo feeling—that we'll all—or some—meet with other eyes in 1915?

When Rupert and Denis Browne were at Blandford with the Hood Battalion of the R.N.D. they planned an evening at the Ambassadors Theater, and I had proposed dining at our old haunt the Moulin d'Or. Rupert had loftier views, and he wrote to me on the last day of 1914:

... For Monday evening. I'm so rich (thanks to the Admiralty paying me for my lost MSS.) that I think I'll give a dinner at (say) the Carlton Grillroom or Café Royal. I think the Moulin d'Or isn't good enough for a last dinner before the wilderness. I go on Tuesday afternoon.

Desideration in regard to companions at the Ambassadors is divided into three parts:

(1) People one *likes* to be with. I have secured to me the only two there are—at least, the only two available.

(2) Amusing people (very important after camp). If you know how rarely

desirable a good joke becomes to one after the mud—like a good liqueur or a divine sweet. If for instance Maurice Baring were back from the front—

You and Denis aren't excluded from your natural place under (2) by the fact that you come under (1) (in this so delightful world) as you *are* excluded from (3) Women.

There one hesitates. *Pro* is the fact that one *aches* after camp for femininity: the sound of skirts, the twitter of the creatures, etc. Oh dear! *Against* it the reflections that there *aren't* many amiable ones; and that, at the best, they're not very nice companions—not fully possessed of a sense of humor.

What about—if you don't go back to the ships—supper afterward? Is there still any place one can drink alcohol out of teacups?

RUPERT

The Carlton Grill was decided upon, and the additions to the party were Arthur Asquith and his sister Violet, who came under both (1) and (2), and under (3) as the exception which proved the rule; and after the theater we all went to the Edwin Monagus', where we drank our alcohol in a Christian manner.

I wrote to him on February 26th enclosing a charm in the form of a pentagram:

This is from a beautiful lady who wants you to come back safe—her name is not to be divulged. I have promised that you shall wear it, and I beseech you to make my word good. It's a very potent charm, she says, and even if you don't believe, it's a sign of the sort of way people care for you, even if they don't know you very well. . . .

He sailed for Lemnos on the 28th, and answered from "North of Tunis":

... I wish I were younger: then the five-pointed jewel would have been the height of my wish. Even now it thrills a little. I wear it round my neck with

my identification disc. Please thank Anonyma and say I'm quite sure it'll be me luck. But what "luck" is, we'll all wait, and you'll see, perhaps. I can well see that life might be great fun, and I can well see that death might be an admirable solution. At that, quote to her something appropriate from the *Anthology*, and leave her to her prayers. But first give her a kiss of pure

gratitude from me—hand or mouth at your discretion.

The end came on April 23rd. I will not here repeat the story which is fully told in my Memoir; and I will only add, what I did not know when I wrote it—that Wordsworth also died on the 23rd; so it was his day as well as Shakespeare's and St. George's.

SPADE SONG

BY GILBERT MAXWELL

WEEP now a whole race dying:
Weep in this fitful time the tried soul crying
Its last upon a God; say at the end
Of this no man alive may name a friend;
Say all, say nothing to the sorry last,
Yet will my earth-and-sea-sprung pulse contend
Some good in man holds fast,
Thaws out, bursts ground, shows green, turns shoot,
Stands upright in salute:
Dig then through frost and crust, dig deep, dig past
Decay and strike the root.



THE LAW FACTORIES

BRAINS OF THE STATUS QUO

BY FERDINAND LUNDBERG

THE bulk of the really lucrative law business of the United States is probably transacted by no more than three hundred metropolitan law firms. Many of these firms are extremely large, although importance in the field of the law does not always depend on the size of the firm; some of the most influential legal partnerships consist of only two men.

The big firms may include as many as fifty to seventy-five partners and associates, as well as a small army of salaried employees—stenographers, typists, bookkeepers, clerks, and investigators, and in special instances certified accountants, engineers, tax experts, investment consultants, lobbyists, and general research specialists. The big firms in New York, Chicago, Boston, and elsewhere occupy as much office space as a good-sized corporation does.

In general the law factories maintain a ratio of one and a half to two and a half associated, or salaried, lawyers to each partner and about two office workers to each lawyer in the office. A partnership of twenty lawyers, then, may have from thirty to fifty associated lawyers in the office. If such a partnership has forty salaried lawyers to assist it may employ as many as one hundred and twenty office workers of all kinds. But Newman and Bisco, of New York, to cite an exception, consists of two partners and thirty associates.

These big law firms have sprung up like shadows alongside the great corpora-

tions and banks. Since much of their work is quite impersonal, they have vitiated the professional precept that lawyer and client should maintain a personal relationship. They are an integral part of business, finance, and industry. They are not found in agricultural areas or in newly developing communities. They are, furthermore, a purely American phenomenon. They are the brains of American capitalism.

The term "law factories," widely used in the legal profession, may be derisive, but it is accurate. The great law firms are organized on factory principles and grind out standardized legal advice, documents, and services as systematically as General Motors turns out automobiles. Each large office is in charge of an office manager, who corresponds to a factory superintendent. Sometimes the manager is a lawyer, but his duties are seldom professional. His function is to see that a complex organization operates smoothly. Usually he works under the supervision of a managing partner. As in any factory, the partners and employees are checked in and out. Everything, in fact, is governed by system. The production line of the law office is constantly watched over and efficiency experts are sometimes summoned to recommend changes in equipment or in office arrangement that will reduce the number of operations in any given task.

Until fairly recently one large New

York firm regularly adhered to a three-shift factory schedule of eight hours a shift, its offices never being dark except over week-ends. Most of the work on two of the shifts consisted of course of stenographic transcription. But an efficiency expert pointed out that the cost in overtime salaries to office assistants was tremendous, since night workers had to be paid more than day workers. This firm had previously assigned certain stenographers and clerks to individual lawyers, but it now adopted the "pooling" system. Under this system, employed to-day by nearly all the large law firms, none of the lawyers has his own secretaries or stenographers, with the possible exception of one or two senior partners. When a lawyer requires a stenographer he communicates with the office manager's department or with a special clerk, and is assigned a worker from the "pool." As soon as a worker has completed one assignment she is routed to another lawyer. This method distributes the "load," assures the steady, uninterrupted utilization of every member of the staff, and eliminates overtime except when special events such as three-ring Congressional investigations are pending.

Most of the mechanical labor in a big law firm is done by women, and like the properly managed modern factory, the big law firms provide rest rooms, locker rooms, and similar facilities. Nearly all the large offices are highly mechanized and include in their equipment every possible labor-economizing machine. The contemporary industrial pattern is apparent even in the matter of labor unrest; a labor union is reported to have established a foothold in at least one large Wall Street office and is carrying on agitation in others in the face of the aggressive hostility of the partners. But no company unions have put in an appearance. Stenographers who were once paid nearly one hundred dollars a week and are now reduced to thirty-five dollars privately say they feel insecure, but have about them none of the militancy of workers in the heavy industries. They

are, at most, genteel wisps in the class struggle. Carrying out the industrial pattern farther, younger workers are preferred; but for certain confidential positions older persons are retained. Some offices are spoken of as sweatshops. One is said by some of its employees to utilize the speed-up and stretch-out.

Of such moment to the large law office is routine, which may seem overemphasized in this account, that some firms have special books that give detailed instructions on office procedure. In one office a volume of one hundred and fifty indexed pages is in use. Nonconformity with the routine, in this particular office at any rate, is severely frowned upon.

Every effort is made, in short, to keep the large-scale law office, with its tremendous overhead in rent and weekly payroll, operating with all the efficiency of a Diesel engine.

As in the factory, division of labor in the large law offices has been carried to extremes. The broad departmental divisions in which the lawyers operate are: general practice; litigation; trust, probate, and real estate; and taxation. There are of course subdivisions under these headings. One or two lawyers may spend all their time writing briefs, another may be an authority on constitutional questions and answerable for nothing else, and one or two others may confine their talents exclusively to pleading, income-tax law, Interstate Commerce Commission rulings, Federal Trade Commission actions, and so on. About half the force is found in the general-practice group, although the percentage will vary from office to office, depending upon the degree of specialization.

In the office and in each department the lawyers work in what are known as "teams," each usually including at least one partner. Teams may be composed of two to five men, depending upon the office, but an average seems to be three. Sometimes the smaller combine to form larger teams if certain involved accounts are being handled; and inter-departmental teams may be assembled if a

sufficient complexity of problems enters into some knotty case. Teams are assigned, in general, to handle all the work of one important client or some type of recurring problem common to many clients. Scores of important accounts are supervised systematically by permanent teams.

Because the many large firms list themselves in the law directories somewhat arbitrarily as devoted to general practice, corporation law, banking and business law, and the like, no acceptable classification seems possible within the group of larger firms. There are firms that specialize in taxation, criminal law, admiralty, and patents, but these are usually rather small. The big firms have, in fact, no specialty, but are as inclusive as department stores, avoiding, however, any contact with criminal law and retaining outside firms when special problems in taxation, admiralty, or patents are involved. If a respectable client becomes entangled in criminal proceedings, as in an attempt to circumvent the income-tax laws, his regular firm retains a criminal lawyer.

II

Under the system of office specialization a lawyer may after many years become an adept in the field of his specialty, but he may also be unfitted for general practice. There is so little room for versatility and the play of creative imagination in the large-scale law office that few produce original legal, social, or political thinkers, as did the smaller offices of the past. Law students are advised by many professors to shun the big law office and to enter general practice. Others advise a student to avoid if possible becoming an "office lawyer" and to pay greater attention to advocacy; for courtroom experience, they argue, leads the lawyer to a nicer understanding of how the law attains life and force. The best "office lawyers," in the opinion of many competent observers, are those that have had varied courtroom experience.

The robotization to which the members of the large law-office staffs lend themselves carries with it pecuniary rewards, but all the evidence seems to indicate that it deprives many practitioners not only of personal satisfaction in their work but of personal development as well. A complaint frequently heard within the Bar is that well-rounded or striking personalities are not produced by the big offices, whose members according to these critics run to a pattern of streamlined automatons. Many lawyers have quit the law factories to escape monotony. But those who remain are unquestionably well adapted to the tasks set for them by the business community.

The impression prevails among many lawyers, and some of them in the upper levels of the profession, that the most agile legal minds in the large law offices are those of newcomers from the principal law schools, fresh from the general study of law and the matching of wits with law professors and bar examiners. According to belief in some quarters, these newcomers are scandalously underpaid and exploited in proportion to the services they render, although after a period of apprenticeship, varying in length of time, they may achieve promotion. But with thousands of law-school graduates available each year, the supply tends to keep salaries down and to make possible the ready replacement of those men who are discontented with the progress they are making toward a better income or more congenial work.

Merit, while often recognized and rewarded in the large law offices, is not the only prerequisite to advancement. Some partners are relatives of the heads of big corporations or of big corporation stockholders, and are generally reputed in the profession to be kept in the firm solely because they carry remunerative accounts with them. While certain of these members with powerful connections are formidable as lawyers, others are not; and gilt-edged social connections and strategic marriages often give priority to

the less competent over the more competent.

It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of the well-trained novice in the large law office. But he brings into play a fresh, alert mind, and his value is indicated by the assiduity with which the leading firms angle for his services. For many years the outstanding graduates of the best law schools, especially of Yale, Harvard, and Columbia, have been rushed—and sometimes all but rushed off their feet—by the foremost law firms. Such eagerness, which has waned somewhat during the depression, provides a fair measure of the regard in which the newcomers are held.

The mechanical operation of the large law office is concealed from clients and outsiders by luxurious window-dressing. Clients enter usually through a special door or through a door on an "official" floor—a number of offices rent two or three floors in downtown buildings. Reception rooms are often elaborately decorated with Oriental rugs, paintings, paneled walls, softly shaded lights, and period furniture. The offices of the leading partners are often similarly ornate (although some partners cultivate a Spartan simplicity in furnishings) and may be fitted out like an eighteenth-century study with antique desks and bookcases. A famous novelist on a visit to one of these offices described it sardonically as a perfect setting for a Hollywood seduction. In another reception room that had a regal staircase leading to an upper floor an irreverent client, asked if he would have a cocktail while he waited, said, "Yes, thank you, but I really don't think I'll go upstairs."

III

Not all corporation law firms are classifiable as law factories. Those that specialize in litigation are nearly always small, composed of no more than six or eight partners and sometimes of only four, and having no associates.

The big firm usually devotes itself to

the affairs of the major corporations in certain fields, and may even specialize in the type of corporation it serves. Thus some law firms have among their clients mainly public-utility holding companies, chain-store systems, department stores, or theatrical producers; manufacturing companies, mining corporations, railroads, or holding and investment companies and banks. Ordinarily the clientele is headed by a bank or cluster of banks, after which the holding and operating companies in the sphere of this banking group follow in logical order. The private business that these firms handle for individuals is chiefly derived from officers or leading stockholders of such a segment of corporations and banks, or from members of their families.

The trust department of many large law firms is the most profitable, though there are few large trusts. Such trusts turn up now and then and are usually obtained through individuals connected with the corporations served by the firm. No single department yields enough revenue, it appears, to keep the firm going. To be profitable, the large firm must be active in all its departments, and its steadiest source of revenue is found in the retainers of the big corporations.

The law factory, a sort of composite lawyer, offers services to corporations whose interests are far beyond the capacity of one lawyer or a limited group of lawyers to handle. The division of labor in the large law office is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the giant corporation, which, served by a big law firm, knows that certain partners and groups of partners are devoting all their time to particular phases of its business. Furthermore, the corporation, touching society at so many points, is involved in such a mass of cases requiring simultaneous attention that a restricted group of lawyers could hardly begin to give it the attention it needs.

Yet, though the large New York and Chicago firms send their partners and associates into many distant jurisdictions on the business of corporations, and even

send them abroad to consult with associated foreign counsel, it is rare that the big corporation is serviced by only one law firm. The biggest corporations retain law firms in most of the metropolitan centers, firms that function for the corporation under the general supervision of the leading counsel, ordinarily located in Chicago or in New York but sometimes in Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, San Francisco, or St. Louis. The large corporation also often has its own departmental staff of salaried lawyers which handles small claims, collections, and accident cases. The legal departments of some corporations handle the major affairs, with outside firms assisting only in very big cases.

Surrounded by law firms, like a troop transport by cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, the corporation has its principal firm which, speaking figuratively, corresponds to a flagship. When it enters into legal battle the corporation may employ its whole fleet in the grand operation of winning a case, although the main strategy is directed from the flagship—the law firm in Chicago or New York. Against such a fleet the small contender, such as a free-lance inventor claiming patent infringement, stands little chance. Big operations are carried on usually, however, only against a hostile political Administration or another corporation. Legal battles of this kind drag on for years, every conceivable maneuver being employed by both sides.

The efficacy of the grand-fleet type of operation is illustrated in the story of a law-school graduate who in great agitation returned to a former teacher for advice. The former student was now an associate in a law factory. "We have a case that means three hundred thousand dollars to a client, but the other side is being handled by a very decent young fellow. Now if he located a certain case we wouldn't stand a chance in court. But I don't think he'll find it. We've had six men working for weeks digging up the cases and I found this one. Couldn't I tip opposing counsel off to the

existence of this particular case? It shows our client to be clearly offside."

The teacher advised his pupil that he was either acting as a lawyer for those who retained him or as a general information bureau; and if he conceived of himself as the latter he had no business keeping his job. He was told to say nothing. The controlling case was never mentioned. The client served by his firm won; the grand fleet defeated the lone cruiser.

In sending lawyers to all parts of the country to work with local counsel, the principal law firms of the corporations in time build up a tight circle of alliances among geographically separated law firms. The ties are often so close that it would be possible to speak of the large law firm as having branches in the hinterland. If this network of close legal interests, clustered about a group of corporations and maintained in a series of informal relationships, were to be incorporated, the observer would be able to see a chain of law firms presided over by a holding company in New York or Chicago. The various firms in the informal chain throw business to associated counsel in other localities. Thus a New York firm, asked by a client whom to consult in St. Louis, is usually given the name of a firm with which the New York lawyers have been associated. The St. Louis firm similarly recommends this New York firm when anybody in St. Louis has legal business in the New York jurisdiction.

Some of the largest law firms have branches of their own abroad, in Washington, and in other American cities. At least one firm specializing in the business of sugar companies has a branch in Puerto Rico. Another has an office in Havana. The trade association for these law firms is the American Bar Association, whose thirty-thousand-odd members include nearly all lawyers practicing law on behalf of the business, financial, and industrial community. For reasons of prestige, other than corporation lawyers also belong to the American

Bar Association, but the bulk of its membership is probably made up of active corporation practitioners from every part of the country.

The corporation law firm is concerned with politics as an important and often indispensable means to an end, the end being the welfare of its big clients. The political law firm, by contrast, is concerned with politics as an end in itself, for it draws a great number of its clients from the political world and establishes most of its connections through politics. Beyond this it has no particular interest in political issues or political philosophies.

The corporation law firm is involved in politics on a national scale; the political law firm usually concerns itself with politics only in local dimensions. The political law firms, in return for business turned in their direction by judges in the form of receiverships, real-estate reorganizations, guardianships under court supervision of the estates of minors, and the like, make substantial campaign contributions to local political machines, either directly or through relatives and personal friends. They even contribute valuable free services to the "boys" of a political machine who have come into conflict with the law by thoughtlessly committing rape, mayhem, or burglary. Members of the corporation law firms, on the other hand, tend rather to make their campaign contributions to the national political machines and to some of the more important State party funds, as in New York, Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan.

A great percentage of elected and appointed State and national government officials, legislators, and judges are drawn from among the partners of the political law firms, to whom such relatively modest tidbits are very welcome. But in the corporation law firms one finds former high government officials—senators and representatives, Cabinet officers, Federal prosecutors, State and Federal tax officials, ambassadors and ministers and, in brief, anyone who has been made ac-

quainted with the inside workings of government on its upper levels. Very often higher government officials, Cabinet officers, ambassadors, and judges, are drawn directly from the corporation law offices, the partners of which welcome the opportunity to be of altruistic service to the nation. Since the Civil War the corporation law firms have contributed a good many Justices of the United States Supreme Court. A majority of the Supreme Court at present consists of former corporation lawyers, some of them once partners and others associates.

IV

In scanning the educational background of the partners and associates of the law factories and of the general corporation law firms, one is struck by the preponderant number of graduates of Columbia, Harvard, and Yale, with generous sprinklings of men schooled at Cornell, Michigan, and Chicago. Even in Western jurisdictions the Columbia-Harvard-Yale combination seems to turn up most frequently. Graduates of local schools predominate of course in every jurisdiction, but the leading firms will usually be heavily staffed with Columbia, Yale, and Harvard men.

The law factories and the general corporation firms are made up predominantly of men of native or Anglo-Scotch stock; but the law factories all seem to choose at least one firm member or associate of recent immigrant stock—Jewish, Irish, German, Polish, or Italian, perhaps depending upon the nature of their clientele. The political law firms are presided over—predominantly it would seem except in the South, Southwest, and Northwest—by Jewish, Irish, Polish, German, and Italian elements, for the center of political maneuvering is the large city and the large industrial city is heavily populated by immigrants or the children of immigrants. Negroes are virtually blocked out of the law. They are not admitted to the American Bar Association.

The religious affiliations of the partners and associates of the law factories and the general corporation firms mostly seem to be with the socially aristocratic sects of the United States—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Unitarian, Christian Scientist, and Quaker—although the well-rounded office usually includes some members affiliated with one of the larger sects. But the political law firms draw their personnel almost entirely from among lawyers affiliated with sects of wide membership: in the industrial cities of the northeastern and north central States the leadership goes to Catholics and Jews, and in the South and West to Methodists and Baptists.

Owing perhaps to their feeling of greater social insecurity, the members of the political law firms give the impression of being more opportunistic than those of the corporation law factories. Opportunism in the former helps to make them appear more tolerant, more liberal, than their colleagues of more exalted social station. Many of the former, if not most, have obtained their education by working for it, gradually pulling themselves up from immigrant and working-class backgrounds. The majority of the latter appear to have arrived over a relatively smooth road.

The concentration of lucrative legal business in the hands of relatively few successful metropolitan law firms, which has paralleled concentration in American industry and finance, is shown in an unpublished survey of fourteen northern cities made eighteen months ago at the request of interests vitally concerned with the welfare of the Bar.

"In each city the cream of the law business tends to fall into and remain in the hands of a relatively small group composing the larger law offices," according to this survey.

"The legal work of large local industries, banks, insurance companies, railroads, large estates, and the legal affairs of the well-to-do families is divided among the leading law firms. These firms perpetuate themselves by employ-

ing the best young men available, paying them well at the start, and taking them into partnership as soon as their abilities warrant.

"With the exception of Chicago, there is a marked tendency toward nepotism. Jobs are given to the sons or relatives of partners and of important clients in preference to others. Local men are preferred to strangers, usually with the thought that such men, through their acquaintances, will bring in more business. Many offices pay their clerks a salary and allow them to keep all or a large part of the fees derived from the business which such clerks secure themselves. The clerk's only obligation is to do satisfactorily all the work delegated to him by the managing partner.

"In general, the tendency to prefer local men to strangers gives the graduates of local law schools (even if such schools are regarded as having less prestige) an advantage over the graduates of non-local schools of better caliber. In St. Paul, for instance, men graduating from such colleges as Harvard, Yale, and Princeton may take their law work in the St. Paul Law School because it gives them the chance to get acquainted with the members of the local bar who act as instructors in that school. This, in spite of the fact that the Law School of the University of Minnesota (an admittedly high-grade school) is only a few miles away.

"If, however, individual offices have learned to prefer the graduates of the better law schools, such offices, even when they prefer local men to strangers, are more interested in securing good men than in taking the graduates of any particular institution. In other words, a good student from any of the big six (Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Michigan, Pennsylvania, or Chicago) is taken on the basis of his quality rather than on the basis of the school he came from. Where you find a string (let us say) of Harvard men in an office, their presence is usually due to the fact that one of the partners is a Harvard man and through his natural

contacts with Harvard gets in touch with the men from that school. . . .

"Beyond the charmed inner circle of the leading firms exists a fairly narrow fringe of small firms and individual practitioners who pick up the better leftovers of the legal work such as the personal business of an occasional well-to-do citizen, an odd industry here and there, all the so-called plaintiffs' damage suits, the criminal defense work, and the divorce work. Many of these lawyers earn a respectable living; many do all their own work without even the assistance of a clerk; many are respected, though not liked, by the inner circle.

"Beyond this narrow fringe is the great realm of outer darkness, large in number, small in income, usually inferior in training and ability. In this outer realm are the men who haunt the courts hoping to pick up a reference, a receivership, a guardianship, or an assignment to a criminal case. They have little or nothing to do. They are usually the products of local schools. It is doubtful whether they even make a living. They are the cause of the statement in every community that the profession is overcrowded. Socially speaking, they are a serious problem and although they have little effect on the inner circle, they do affect the group just outside the inner circle. They take up a great deal of the small interstitial business which would otherwise be distributed among fewer lawyers, and they undoubtedly seriously cut into the potential income of the better men just outside the inner circle. They of course do tremendous harm to each other by necessitating a too wide distribution of the total volume of business.

"It is the general opinion and undoubtedly the fact that, unless a man gets a job in an inner circle office, his chances for financial or even professional success are very slim. This is the belief everywhere, with the result that the large offices are besieged with applicants for jobs."

V

It is significant that most of the legal cases handled by the big law firms, and by corporation law firms in general, place them on the side of the defense. There is a story told of an eminent lawyer who, upon appearing for lunch with some colleagues, said with evident relish: "Well, I'm representing a plaintiff for a change." The plaintiff, however, was a regular client whose previous legal business had invariably been of a defensive character.

So imbued do the corporation lawyers become with a defensive psychology that they have unconsciously evolved a folklore—familiar to all newspaper men who report Wall Street—in which plaintiffs figure as racketeers or Bolsheviks, in spirit if not in fact. To the average Wall Street corporation lawyer, in whose very fiber is burned the conviction that the management is always right, stockholders who bring suit against the management are simply racketeers and their lawyers are little better; anyone who is injured in a train wreck and who sues the great and good railroad company is little more than a scoundrel; and the jurors that award the plaintiff heavy damages are, as a matter of course, morons or potential rascals, unjustifiably prejudiced against the railroad company and its officials merely because it is wealthy.

Again, the bondholder who finds that he has been sold securities by means of a misleading prospectus, and who brings suit, is a knave, and his lawyer is probably more of a knave, meriting disbarment. The prospectus was perfectly proper, for did not the corporation lawyer himself draw it? The charges against his client are malicious and scurrilous, for hasn't he played golf on many occasions with the man, and does he not know that he is a fine, generous chap? The newspaper publicity that ensues is improper, all part of a vast continuing plot by mean-spirited people to impugn the reputation of an upright client.

Similarly, lawyers who chase ambulances in search of clients are little better

than pickpockets and their clients hardly more than criminals. But the insurance-company claim adjuster or lawyer who fights his way to the bed of pain, and seeks to stampede an injured person into signing away all rights for fifty dollars, is a noble-spirited gentleman, working hard for public-spirited insurance-company stockholders. Do not those stockholders include churches, hospitals, universities, and orphan asylums? Are they not agencies of human kindness? What, then, does the accident victim want the world to infer by his refusal to sign?

VI

These are some of the representative law firms of the United States (the list is not offered as all-inclusive):

	<i>Number of Part- ners</i>	<i>Listed Asso- ciates</i>
Sullivan and Cromwell, New York City.....	29*	..
Milbank, Tweed, Hope and Webb, New York City.....	25**	..
Ropes, Gray, Boyden and Perkins, Boston.....	24	..
White and Case, New York City...	21	..
Kirkland, Fleming, Green, Martin and Ellis, Chicago.....	20	28
Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner and Reed, New York.....	20	..
Shearman and Sterling, New York City.....	19	..
Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine and Wood, New York.....	18	..
Chadbourne, Wallace, Parke and Whiteside, New York.....	17	..
Kingman, Cross, Morley, Cant and Taylor, Minneapolis.....	16	..
Mitchell, Taylor, Capron and March, New York City.....	16	..
Winston, Strawn and Shaw, Chicago.....	16	24
Breed, Abbott and Morgan, New York City.....	15	..
Wright, Gordon, Zachry and Parlin, New York City.....	14	25
Simpson, Thacher and Bartlett, New York City.....	14	..
Root, Clark, Buckner and Ballantine, New York City.....	13	..
Cadwalader, Wickersham and Taft, New York City.....	13	..
Chadbourne, Hunt, Jaeckel and Brown, New York City.....	13	..

* Includes principal associates, number unspecified in the Martindale-Hubbell Law Directory.

** Firm recently reorganized, with some partners forming the new firm of Curtis, Belknap and Webb, thirteen partners.

Cooke, Nathan, Lehman and Greenman, New York City.....	13	..
Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam and Roberts, New York City.....	11	..
Sidley, McPherson, Austin and Burgess, Chicago.....	11	..
Drinker, Biddle and Reath, Philadelphia.....	11	..
Pepper, Bodine, Stokes and Schoch, Philadelphia.....	11	..
Defrees, Buckingham, Jones and Hoffman, Chicago.....	10	..
Coudert Brothers, New York City..	10	..
Carter, Ledyard and Milburn, New York City.....	9	..
Sage, Gray, Todd and Sims, New York City.....	9	..
Beckman, Bogue, Leake, Stephens and Black, New York.....	8	..
Hughes, Richards, Hubbard and Ewing, New York City.....	8	..

The largest law firm of all is reputed to be Sullivan and Cromwell, which has a legal staff of seventy to seventy-five lawyers, the total varying from time to time.

None of the leading New York firms discloses the names of its clients, although the principal clients of all are known in Wall Street and the names of the majority of them can be discovered without much difficulty. One large Chicago firm, however—Kirkland, Fleming, Green, Martin and Ellis—lists its major clients in the Martindale-Hubbell Directory, and the listing enables one to examine the social cross-section of interests represented by such a firm. This firm is counsel for the American National Bank and Trust Company, the Baldwin Piano Company, the Board of Trade of Chicago, the Catholic Bishop of Chicago, the Chicago Coal Merchants Association, the Chicago *Daily Times*, the Chicago *Tribune*, the Chicago Yellow Cab Company, the Cline Electric Manufacturing Company, Edwards and Deutsch Lithographing Company, the Mutual Broadcasting System, etc., etc. One of its partners, Dwight P. Green, recently ran for Mayor of Chicago on the Republican ticket. Col. R. R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, is a former partner of this firm.

One popular school of thought in Chicago holds that the city has been "run" for decades by three law firms—the one mentioned above; Winston,

Strawn and Shaw; and Mayer, Meyer, Austrian and Platt, of which the late Levy Mayer was the chief partner. Another school has it that the city has really been "run" by its newspapers. Actually, the city is dominated by its biggest banks, which act on behalf of their chief stockholders and customers, and enforce their mandates through law offices and newspapers.

In New York the firm of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine and Wood represents, among others, Kuhn, Loeb and Company, and the phalanx of companies within what is known as Kuhn-Loeb's "sphere of influence," including the Bethlehem Steel Corporation and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. It is also counsel for the Ford Motor Company. Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner and Reed have for many decades represented J. P. Morgan and Company and the Guaranty Trust Company, and various interests affiliated with these two potent institutions. Shearman and Sterling represent the National City Bank and many allied interests; Milbank, Tweed and Hope represent the Chase National Bank and are of counsel for numerous Rockefeller interests. White and Case represent the Bankers Trust Company, E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company (which, like General Motors, has its own complete law department), and various railroad interests. The New York Trust Company is represented by Cooke, Nathan, Lehman and Greenman, and by Sage, Gray, Todd and Sims. The Bank of Manhattan Company is represented by Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam and Roberts; the Manufacturers Trust Company is represented by Beekman, Bogue, Leake, Stephens and Black and by Chadbourne, Wallace, Parke and Whiteside. An extensive manual would be required for the listing of all the important clients of all the leading law firms.

The great law firms do much more than practice law; in fact, it is possible that the major part of their incomes is not derived from *simon-pure* practice. In 1925 Judge Learned Hand said, "In

my own city the best minds of the profession are scarcely lawyers at all. They may be something much better, or much worse; but they are not that. With courts they have no dealings whatever, and would hardly know what to do if they came there. Indeed, the situation has become such that I cannot quite see how a system of jurisprudence dependent upon precedent is permanently to get on at all with its best talent steadily drawn away from the precedent makers."

When the big lawyers are not acting as lawyers they are acting on behalf of their clients as the stewards and bailiffs of the medieval world acted for the gentry. The large law offices are less law offices than switchboards of social control for the dominant beneficiaries of the established social system. On behalf of these beneficiaries the law offices collect rents, advise on reinvestments, administer estates, suggest political attitudes, and give counsel on dealings with the villeins.

The business man may believe with Henry Ford that history is "bunk," and he may frown upon "long-haired" theorists, but when he steps into a law office he enters into unconscious collaboration with history and social theory. Left to himself the business man may be the most practical and downright of people, the most ardent believer in rule-of-thumb, grass-roots thinking, and Edgar Guest sentiment. But as soon as he is closeted with his attorney, whom he cannot do without, he is in the embrace of dogma and theory. Scorning theory and history, the modern business man paradoxically is sustained by both as a feather is sustained by an air current. Compared with the business man collaborating with his attorney, the most absent-minded college professor is a dyed-in-the-wool positivist and exponent of practicality. For the steward and bailiff of the business man's estates is himself a philosopher, and not a philosopher of the modern anti-metaphysical schools. Rather does he belong to the class of philosophers that reminded Dr. Samuel Johnson of a blind man groping

in the dark cellar for a black cat that was not there.

When the business man says to a lawyer, "What should I do now? What course shall I adopt?" he is making an appeal partly to the experience of history and partly to theoretical hypothesis. What the lawyer holds to be possible for him to do is what is historically and theoretically possible. Only experience can test the lawyer's judgment. Satisfied with the lawyer's theoretical conjecture, determined to act upon it, the business man hurries off to speak at a luncheon. In the course of his remarks he denounces long-haired theorists and professors down in Washington, not realizing that he has just consulted a theorist. His lawyer may go along with him, and may glow in approbation of the message, not conscious that his lawbooks are only books of theory and history, at most guides of probability in a highly uncertain world. What the Delphic oracle was to the Greeks and what the privately retained Sophists were to the Roman magnates, the lawyer to-day is to the business man.

In their capacity as stewards and bailiffs we find lawyers from the leading law firms strewn through the directorates of America's corporate system, sitting among the directors of banks, insurance companies, railroads, manufacturing and merchandising corporations, and among the trustees of schools, universities, hospitals, churches, charitable institutions, and philanthropic foundations. They are the social overseers for the gentry of the world of business, who, unaided, would scarcely be able to cope with these multifarious affairs. Apart from business people, lawyers appear more frequently than any other class of men on boards of directors.*

* Of the 902 members of the American Bar Association, as of February 1, 1938, whose names begin with the letter A, 83, or nearly 10 per cent, held 306 corporation directorships according to *Poor's Register of Directors* (1939). An average of 7.27 lawyers per page of the A. B. A. directory held an average of 26.7 directorships—these data being derived from the 11½ pages of the directory that dealt with names beginning with the letter A. Projecting these findings to cover the 394 pages of the directory, one discovers that out of slightly more than 30,000 members approximately 2,864 held 10,520 corporation directorships. One Ohio member holds twenty directorships and is an executive of ten more companies, most of them important. A New York lawyer-banker holds thirteen directorships and trusteeships. But as we find in *Poor's Register* the names of some important lawyer-directors who are not A. B. A. members it is possible

Legal theorists listen in at every major corporation directors' meeting, even though legal problems are not being discussed. Questions of general policy and the public attitudes of the corporation, the phrasing of public statements on labor policies, prices, and on many other matters, are passed before the gimlet eyes of the metaphysical theoretician known as the lawyer, the practical academician styled an "officer of the court." The one-dimensional world of the business man, made up of a straight line between investments and profits, must be put into theoretical three-dimensional focus, and this is done, with varying degrees of plausibility, by lawyers.

The firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, for example, holds sixty-five corporation, bank, and insurance directorships. One of the partners is a trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation. Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner and Reed holds twenty-two directorships, two on the board of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, in which there is a tremendous concentration of lawyer-directors from the largest Wall Street firms. One partner is a trustee of the New York Public Library and of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine and Wood holds nine directorships, and is prominent on the "cultural front" because the chief partner is president of the Metropolitan Opera Association. One of the partners is a director in the Chemical Bank and Trust Company and another is a trustee of the Parents Institute. Breed, Abbott and Morgan holds eight directorships, one of its partners is chairman of the F. W. Dodge Company, and another partner is trustee of the College of the City of New York, a member of the Board of Higher Education of New York City, and trustee of the Greater New York Federation of Churches.

that out of approximately 175,000 lawyers in the United States (about one-third of whom are not very active) at least 4,000 must hold at least 15,000 company directorships. *Poor's Register*, which is virtually exhaustive, contains in all the names of about 85,000 company directors, so that on the basis of the foregoing inference at least 5 per cent of all directors are lawyers. Among the larger companies and banks the percentage of lawyer-directors is greater. More than twenty per cent of the directors of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, for example, are lawyers.

Cadwalader, Wickersham and Taft holds twelve directorships, one in the Mutual Life Insurance Company. Shearman and Sterling holds thirty-six directorships, one in the National City Bank and another in the Chemical Bank and Trust Company. Milbank, Tweed, Hope and Webb before its recent reorganization held thirty directorships—one each in the Metropolitan, Mutual and Equitable insurance companies. One partner was a trustee of the Commonwealth Fund, a philanthropic trust established by the Harkness family. Ropes, Gray, Boyden and Perkins holds thirty-four directorships. Root, Clark, Buckner and Ballantine holds nine directorships—one each in the Mutual Life Insurance Company, the New York Life Insurance Company, and the Fiduciary Trust Company of New York. Winston, Strawn and Shaw holds thirty-three directorships. And so on.

In every city and town of the nation we find a duplication of this pattern. In the small town the lawyer for the principal bank and industrial company is also a member of the boards of directors and is a trustee of the leading church, hospital, charity fund, school, and college. The lawyer is omnipresent in modern society.

He is also protean in the variety of uses he lends himself to. Thus the *New York Times*, August 5, 1938, reported that Ray L. Thomas, attorney for two "independent" unions in the "Little Steel" strike, had testified in Washington that he had himself armed employees remaining ready for work and had advised them to "go in shooting" if necessary. It is not often that one sees the lawyer as a munitions purveyor, but if one searches long enough one will discover that lawyers do everything. They are general handymen, jacks-of-all-trades, in the contemporary world.

VII

The lawyer in his guise as steward and bailiff, especially the lawyer from the

larger firms, functions as well in the private world of the upper classes, and here his adventures are often amusing.

If he is the social and political brain of the business world he is the whole brain of the class of rich pensioners and trust-fund beneficiaries that has followed in the wake of the bold entrepreneurs of the roaring nineteenth century. Many of these pensioners voluntarily place themselves under the supervision of the great law factories, confessing to their lawyers that they do not understand the world in which they live, that they do not know how to distinguish between swindlers and honest men. But they have learned, through their own experience and through the experience of their friends, to place themselves under the tutelage of others. Worldly guides have been provided for others of this class by testators, who have designated trustees that are lawyers or trustees that retain lawyers.

The great law firms function on behalf of the improvident rich precisely as social service workers function on behalf of slum dwellers. Every important detail of their lives is supervised by lawyers, who recommend employment agencies, schools, and tutors; conduct investigations into plausible new friends; intervene as buffers when their principals become entangled with members of less privileged classes; and who even advise on marriages, the choice of residential sites, and the selection of physicians, gardeners, private detectives, and chauffeurs. Such advice usually takes the form of telling the baffled clients where to go, without fear, for more detailed information.

A lawyer tells me that early in his career, when he was a young associate in a large Wall Street office, he was put in charge of many of these personal accounts. There was a certain client who had voluntarily placed himself under the jurisdiction of the law office, declaring that he did not have enough sense to look after his own affairs. He was the beneficiary of a very large trust fund and received his income quarterly. But al-

though the income was very large, he was always broke several weeks before his next check was due, and would then endeavor to borrow money from the lawyers in the office. The problem in this case was to make each quarterly installment of income last three months. As the client could give no coherent account of what he did with his income, the young lawyer was told to investigate; but to this day does not know where most of it went. As a means of checking on expenditures, all of the client's creditors were told to submit their bills to the law office, and this is done in hundreds of such cases where lawyers supervise the personal affairs of the improvident rich. An effort was to be made to weed out those items for which the client had been charged but which he did not order.

A bill came in one day from Boston showing the purchase of twelve grand pianos and six flageolets. Inquiry disclosed that it was a genuine purchase, from a reputable house. The bill was paid and the goods were traced to a storage warehouse. As in the case of other similar purchases the goods were sold at a sacrifice by the lawyer in order to realize cash for future similar purchases by their client. This client was in the habit of disappearing at intervals, and he would be heard from in the most unexpected foreign places, sometimes telegraphing or telephoning for money. The money at his disposal had given him a spending and roving mania, which is a form of occupational disease with many rich pensioners.

The attempt of the law offices in cases of this type is, generally, to make it understood in shops, hotels, and resorts frequented by their clients that their credit is good for anything reasonable but that if their weakness is taken advantage of, the dealers will have the lawyers to contend with. As there is little prestige in work of this caliber the lawyers say as little about it as possible.

Their improvident clients are constantly being given opportunities to invest in unknown gold mines, theatrical

ventures, and patented preparations, and it is up to the lawyers to investigate all such projects and to report on them to their clients. Although the law firms exact heavy fees, they are about all that keeps the heads of some of these clients above water. This role of the giant law office is an outgrowth of the long-established role of the individual lawyer as the family counsellor. In many families the appeal against rebellious members is not to the head of the house but to the head of the firm of family solicitors. If he vetoes the purchase of a new yacht because a portion of trust income must be reinvested to offset recent capital losses the veto is apt to be respected by everybody.

In short, the children and grandchildren of those whom Veblen described as predatory entrepreneurs are themselves protected by lawyers, usually by the great law factories, from a new generation of freebooters. In this sphere, then, lawyers tend to perpetuate a status quo.

Although the incomes of the general run of lawyers are not great, the incomes of the outstanding practitioners in all departments of the law are very great. Max D. Steuer, celebrated criminal lawyer, recently testified in court that his income was \$500,000 annually. The great corporation lawyers are rewarded no less handsomely. Some fairly good-sized fortunes have been made in the law. The late John Sterling, "brains" of the late James Stillman, left a fortune of about \$20,000,000 to Yale University, and before Yale could expend the bequest it had more than doubled in value. Most of the prominent corporation lawyers have become wealthy men. A good part of their wealth has undoubtedly been derived, not from the mere practice of law, but from the insight which their legal work has given them into investment opportunities. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and the valuable services the legal profession performs for the upper economic classes are heavily rewarded, both directly and indirectly.



WORLD'S FAIR, NEW YORK

BY GARDNER HARDING

FROM almost any point of entrance, the New York World's Fair assaults the beholder as a carnival of color in architecture. Great stretches of eye-filling hues, canary yellow, orange, blue, green, and rose, carry the eye along unbroken wall surfaces, set among fountains and lawns, and softened by long vistas of tree-lined avenues. From the central axis, dominated by the pearl-white perisphere and the slender, sky-piercing trylon, more than five hundred graduated tints and shades contribute to the palette which the Fair has devised to depict the World of Tomorrow.

Coming in, let us say, from the Interborough gate, on the northwest side, you get a breath-taking first impression of the amazing uses to which the architects of the Fair have put the tools of the present in projecting, on these once flat and dreary marshes, their ideals of the city of the future. Tall pylons carry the eye over the flat roofs of the exhibition buildings. Great domelike structures, bisected and connected on the flat side with huge ramps to the ground, invite you to the massive buildings of the big exhibitors. Arclike roofs resembling huge railway stations loom in the transportation section. Bold masses of color catch the light everywhere. Dominating the skyline, as you look from the adjacent perisphere toward the massive bulk of the United States Government Building far down the central axis of the Fair, protrude the heroic statue of star-bearing young Russia, Italia seated on a pyramid throne, the bronze-hued glass tower of

Poland, and the solid, superbly located mass of the British building. To the far left rises, like a rococo mausoleum, the beautifully proportioned little turret of the League of Nations building; on the far right, across Fountain Lake, are the gemlike roofs and tortured ironwork of the Amusement Zone.

Within this glamorous and dynamic vista the American people will have an unforgettable opportunity this summer to see themselves as they would wish to be. For this fair has set out to have a disciplined design. A visitor can seek the exhibits in which the World of Tomorrow has a personal significance to him. Each such primary interest is zoned on the map of the Fair; and with the exception of the Amusement Zone and the zone allotted to State and foreign governments, each has a focal exhibit which has the special purpose of orienting the public toward what the future holds in that particular phase of life. All round the theme center of each zone, according to the scheme of the Fair, are the large and small exhibitors in its field. Thus, the railroads, automobile companies, steamship lines, and aviation companies are all in the Transportation Zone across the Bridges of Wings and Wheels on the southwest side of the Fair. In this theme center is unfolded an immense panorama, designed by Raymond Loewy, showing the actual process of all the early methods of transportation, graphically measured before you in miles per hour, and ending with the fastest contemplated mode of travel, an

amazingly ingeniously contrived journey in a rocket ship through interplanetary space. This thrill, which can be enjoyed by a thousand people at a time, like all the theme-center attractions (except the perisphere) is free to all.

This general structure is carried out in all the other theme centers, which include Communications, Community Interests, Science and Education, Medicine and Health, Production and Distribution, and Food Industries. They constitute the Fair's major defense against the over-commercialism of its original purposes, and have constituted a tremendous selling point to the public on behalf of the purportedly civic character of the enterprise. For it was essential that the Fair should give some evidence of presenting a substantially disinterested and socially significant picture of the World of Tomorrow. Otherwise, Grover Whalen's oft-repeated words to the public, repeated on the first page of the *Fair's Own Guide Book*, "This is *your* Fair, built for *you* and dedicated to *you*," have very little meaning but ballyhoo and promotional claptrap.

It is still too early to be completely definite in any sweeping judgment regarding the Fair. But this reviewer, who has been to a very small degree back stage where the strings are pulled but who has contributed many foot-pounds of energy to studying the Fair as it has been put on show before the public, testifies unhesitatingly that it is a more nearly honest performance, on a more comprehensive and beautiful scale, than any event of its kind with which comparison in degree of public service and usefulness is possible.

I mean by this that although the New York World's Fair has glaring deficiencies—even some cases of bad faith and bad taste which cry to heaven for correction—nevertheless, as it now stands it abundantly justifies the faith of the people who first conceived and organized it. It is a better Fair than the American people deserve, and probably a better one than they wanted. It really has a

unified plan, not merely in its glamorous exterior but in the triumph of a spirit of intelligence and order in the control it has exercised over the greatest individualists of all time, the business men and industrialists of the United States.

Whoever you are you can get a liberal education on its grounds, and you had better allow a week to do it justice. The Fair is not merely a representation in diorama form of the advertising pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*, as it once threatened to become. It has a dimension in the future which should be tremendously stimulating to the average man and woman and to any visitor from abroad. It gets away from the immediate job of selling goods. General Motors, Westinghouse, General Electric, the utilities, the other automobile companies, the railroads, and the great food companies, to mention but a few, have all sponsored exhibits of a significance far beyond the limits of even their great businesses. Ten great industries—notably aviation, oil production, glass manufacturing, pottery making, the gas industries, the railroads, and the distillers—have pioneered with exhibits which play down trade names and emphasize the social contributions of their professional calling to the average man and woman. This conception of the Fair alone, though realized with only partial success, departs entirely from the practice of previous shows almost exclusively devoted to competitive advertising promotion. It deserves a recognition from the public as a courageous step toward enlightenment and common sense.

Advertising enterprise has been curbed in other salutary ways. The Board of Design has strictly adhered to three rules, among others, in the regulation of buildings erected by exhibitors. There shall be no signs in neon lights, no red lighting on any part of a building, and no names of exhibitors more than fifteen feet off the ground. The result is that the Fair controls absolutely the integral effect of its own night-lighting and its own skyline as the designers conceived it.

The crude glare of the average American city by night and the blatant hodgepodge of the skyline by day are, therefore, entirely subordinated to as civilized an effect of power and beauty, of significantly emphasized highlights, as any American has ever seen in any city in the United States.

American industry contributed more than forty million dollars to the Fair under these rigid limitations, and spent many times that on the equipment and staffing of its exhibits. For the first time—and I say it in no disrespect to that indispensable profession—the salesman is subordinate to the industrial designer, the engineer, the architect, the scientist, and the research man. It is these men who show you the future, and it will be another generation before the complex promotional problem of putting into common use the products shown at the Fair will be solved through the still imperfect and clumsy system we call the American way. But in order to sell to the public a Fair they would attend, Grover Whalen had to use all the resources of his high-powered salesmanship to sell the idea first to the industrialists. His success in terms of the Fair he has now produced is a tribute both to his appreciation of how good a Fair the public wants and to his super-salesmanship with the industrial leaders—the same industrial leaders who showed their unmistakable preference, only five years ago, for the kind of Fair represented by the Century of Progress.

II

There are of course glaring exceptions to the prevailing order and design, gaps where whole patterns have been left out of even the minimum planning for the World of Tomorrow. Away down in the southern corner is the Marine Building, designed by Ely Jacques Kahn, with the prows of two immense ships fifty feet high providing one of the most spectacular objectives of the Fair. It is a hollow shell. Scarcely a single large shipping

company has contracted for space, the largest being Moore-McCormack, operators of the lines to the east coast of South America. The United States Lines came in provisionally; then when it saw the other lines were not following, it backed out again. Even including the U. S. Coast Guard, the U. S. Maritime Commission, and the Port of New York Authority, there are scarcely a score of exhibitors, and lessees of small booths have been given three times what they paid for to fill up the space. Shipping men say that the man first put in charge of the promotion of the building did not command their confidence; it is a sad and complicated story, and now is revealed as an indefensible miscalculation by the management of the Fair.

Over at the other end of the grounds the Communications building is hardly in better shape. Its magnificent murals look down on camera manufacturers, dictionary publishers, photographers, sellers of children's encyclopedias, the McFadden publications, and two jewelry importers. The appearance of the Independent Order of Foresters in these surroundings, amid wide areas of empty space, also reveals that the blue-print theorists who devised the zones thought up a problem in this one which the space salesman could never conquer.

Behind the beautiful yellow façade of the House Furnishings Building, opposite the Interborough entrance, things are not much better. Here is one of the finest focal exhibits of any of the zones, that of Community Interests, designed by Gilbert Rohde, showing man's interest in shelter, education, recreation, religion, and art through the ages, and his freedom now to conquer new fields in richer and freer living. The private exhibits which assist in this noble work include makers of household brushes, rewoven rugs, vacuum cleaners, floor polishes, and pianos, in conventionalized displays which arouse no appetite for generous community ideas for the future. The only exhibit in the true spirit of the Fair, as this reviewer saw it, was a very

elaborate and faithful showing of pottery-making, jointly set forth by the U. S. Potters Association and the National Brotherhood of Operative Potters—a unique case of a trade union joining in the expenses of an exhibit for the benefit of the industry.

These examples contribute to the conclusion that in contrast to the magnificent showing made by manufacturing, the trades contributing to consumers' interests in most of their phases are among the weakest at the Fair, either in significant showing of their products or in the form of any imaginative indication of their relationship to the community. The Consumers Building is, indeed, the most nearly empty shell of all, with playing cards, artificial flowers, footcase, a private loan company, and the only bank exhibiting at the Fair, the Manufacturers Trust Company, catering to the wants of to-morrow's consumer. Happily, the consumer himself is there in the person of the Consumers Union, with its testing materials, the apparatus of its skepticism of modern advertising, working in full view of the public. But the appropriateness of the presence of this association of sixty thousand consumers only makes the surrounding muddle more conspicuous, and the whole relationship of the Fair to the community effort of the outside world even more immature and painful to witness.

During the first few days of the Fair I put the question of this discrepancy before one of the administrative officials who had been on the project from the beginning, and his answer was most illuminating. "Of course," he said, "to be fully representative of community interests, the Fair should include the co-operative movement, the granges and farmers' groups, the many useful and important social organizations that make up life in every American community. But you can't sell space to those folks. They haven't any money."

This perfectly sound answer raises the whole question of whether a Fair bold enough to embark on so many wholly

unconventional ventures, might have realized the flatness of its appeal to people who "haven't any money." The presence on the Fair grounds of a group of WPA exhibits in full working order, with arts and crafts projects and pictures and plans of the enormous work-gap this organization fills day by day in the lives of our people, raises the uneasy question whether the whole Fair isn't geared quite unrealistically for these "folks without any money" who are anticipating the World of Tomorrow with the rest of us.

For that three-quarters of our people, for example, which doesn't earn three thousand dollars a year, Tomorrow Town, one of the most industriously publicized features of the Fair, is in point of fact a definite breach of faith. At the beginning the Fair was disposed to be very realistic about the World of Tomorrow. Beyond the exhibit area it proposed to show an actual modern residential community. This was to be a living proof that, with the materials of to-day, houses could be built to-morrow that the poor man's pocketbook could afford. The house fabricated by mass production methods was freely spoken of, styled for climate, good taste, and permanent use. Production costs were to be cut by machined materials of construction, as every architect knows they can be cut, by as much as fifty per cent from prevailing prices to-day.

By successive degrees this vision has dimmed. The Board of Design presented the cost of building these houses and a cold chill of economy greeted the idea. Why not let the building industry sponsor them and save the money? Nobody was to blame as Tomorrow Town by imperceptible stages became an orphan. For the building industry is a competitive, niggardly, hindsighted group of business men; otherwise their business would not be at the present time one of the farthest behind in cumulative recovery in the whole country. Individual members of the industry admit this. They admit that it was hard to sell them the separate houses of Tomorrow Town, as it has

always been hard to sell them any idea involving joint action. Some of the houses never have been adopted by any sponsor, and with chagrin the Board of Design now realizes that the cost of promoting their sponsorship by building-material manufacturers and their furnishing by the department stores has exceeded the sum they originally dreaded in the clean, straightforward proposition of putting up the houses themselves.

The result is a very pretty little village of fifteen houses, of which exactly six meet the absolute minimum requirement of social usefulness in costing less than \$10,000 apiece. The department stores have furnished them out of stock. There is not a genuinely integrated kitchen in the lot, the least a housewife could ask for in any reasonable glimpse in the future. The town of Montclair, New Jersey, could easily provide as good an exhibit for its own citizens and might even do better in meeting the middle-class requirements with which this tidy little Town of Tomorrow has pathetically concerned itself.

I have related this incident fully for two significant reasons. A model town is an irresistible magnet for every serious visitor to the Fair. This could well have been one of the best ever shown in the United States. As it is, it simply proves how innocuous a group of well-meaning people can be when they go in for the exterior and forget the significance of what they are doing.

You will like the wooden house, sponsored by the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, and you will be astonished that it can be produced for \$2,500 without a garage, with six economical kinds of wood (and practically no other material) in its construction. You will be interested in the house of plywood and the little house of brick, one with a roof of treated canvas and one with flat roof treatment as a secret of its economy. But if you poke about among the other choice little dwellings, ranging in price up to \$22,000 and \$35,000, you will understand the second reason why I

have dwelt on Tomorrow Town. That is that the price ranges of the Fair are not, in many such conspicuous cases, geared to the pocketbooks of the fifty million people whom the Fair has staked its credit (and its return to its bondholders) on attracting through its turnstiles.

III

The first acute reaction from the public was against the high prices of food. Nobody could find a dinner for a dollar; and most of the concessionaires coyly avoided any table d'hôte prices whatever. The nickel is a coin no one recognizes at the Fair. Even bus rides round the Fair cost a dime, and sightseeing trips (though this is not out of reason) are fifty cents. Hot dogs and hamburgers are all a dime. It would cost \$14.10 to see all the attractions of the Fair, including the shows in the Amusement Zone, according to Fair statisticians. Nobody could see them all; but for bare necessities—a few rides to the places you want to see; entrance to the perisphere, the art exhibits, the Railroads on Parade Show, the Gardens on Parade, and Tomorrow Town, together with two reasonable meals for two people—there isn't much left of a ten-dollar bill before you get to the Amusement Zone at all. The average amount needed for such a tour is about \$7.00, and it is too high. As I write, the amusement concessionaires have already begged the Fair to cut the price for general admission during the evening from 75 cents to 50 cents, and this is symptomatic of a general discontent with the whole price structure.

No American likes to be thought cheap, and Grover Whalen, wherever he has had a choice in the whole history of the Fair, seems to have picked the higher unit price as contributing in some way to the prestige and dignity of his privileged conception of the World of Tomorrow. But he forgets that the World of To-day around him objects to paying high prices. New York City happens to be one of the communities in the United

States where good government is measured by getting a great deal for your money. New York fought twenty years to get a five-cent fare to Coney Island, and to dispossess the usurers from the shore line. You can now have a grand day with your children at Coney, and more than a million people do it every Sunday. You have a nickel ride on any subway, cheaper taxis than in most cities. You have La Guardia in the city, Lehman in the State, guarantors of as good government as any American community possesses. In other words, you have a public which is big enough to know it can get a decent unit price if it fights for it; and it has done a lot of fighting.

It is going to be discovered, this reviewer predicts, that the Fair has been too clever both in prices and ballyhoo. The officials may be pretty late in discovering it, but already they are experiencing some instructive reactions from the public. The opening day's attendance was admittedly not as large as the Fair originally predicted. The official register gave it as over 600,000. A million had been expected. The newspapers coldly reported that studies of all means of conveyance pointed to a figure nearer to 400,000. The Fair has now admitted, by breaking down the figures, that only a little over 60 per cent is represented by full-priced paid admissions. This is a ridiculous controversy to dog the footsteps of the Fair's estimators from the very start. But the excessive cleverness of Mr. Whalen has made it inevitable. Every employee gives up a ticket on entering the Fair; so does every holder of a pass. If they go off the grounds they give up another. They can have plenty of these tickets, so they surrender them willingly. But it is all rather uncandid of Mr. Whalen, and contributes a bad taste to a magnificent achievement.

This leads to a necessary reminder that the New York World's Fair, though it is a non-profit-making enterprise, has a reputation for sharp dealing that is already on the borderline of the down-

right objectionable with large classes of local citizens, not excluding its own employees. Its treasury department presumes on its civic status to the extent of refusing to render accounts and at first even refrained from reporting on the gate. It maintains that its non-profit-making character absolves it from the regulation of the National Labor Relations Board. Yet it pipes in city water free and charges what the concessionaires consider a stiff price for it; it exacts a toll from garbage removal, enforces the use of its own cash registers, frankly favors its own bondholders in the furnishing of supplies, charges high rates for insurance, and is, to say the least of it, a high-handed entity sheltered by the tremendous and admitted ability of Grover Whalen to get things done.

What is the legal essence of this Fair? It is an incorporated body run like any business, with a self-denying clause in its articles of incorporation which purports to distribute all its profits, after its bondholders have been paid, successively to the city and the State in return for their investments and contributions toward its success. After these contributions all other profits are to be devoted to social and educational purposes in New York City, presumably those agreed upon with the city administration.

This is square enough, and were the Fair to strive less frantically now to insure itself against loss no criticism would be offered. Likewise, the Board of Directors, once an important guide to the Fair and a guarantor of its wider purposes, has been displaced by inner administrative councils of which the chief is the President's Management Council. This body rules the Fair, and though it can be theoretically overruled by the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors, it has in fact become the Fair's general staff. The Fair needs such a closely integrated body to get quick action, and the presence on this management council of the chiefs of design, engineering, promotion, counsel, protocol, and other necessary functions gives

it a soundly representative quality. A disinterested oversight of the matters tied up with the personal success of the members of this all-powerful body will, however, doubtless be needed for their own sake as the Fair progresses; and the Executive Committee, including Mayor La Guardia and Comptroller McGoldrick, will most certainly be heard from in case anything goes seriously wrong.

That Grover Whalen, as the autocrat of the organization, enjoys the esteem, and in some cases the worship, of his confrères, is freely evident among the working force of the Fair. He has made the ideas of a splendid group of people work out in practice, and he has marred fewer of them than his detractors believed he would. Temperamentally not a reformer, he has worked probably fifteen hours every day for a stretch of three years on a Fair which has throughout promised to be revolutionary in its contrast with all other Fairs; and by now he has proved his sincerity in carrying out the job he was given to accomplish. It can be a much better Fair than it is, and if it goes on next year it will be. But Grover Whalen, unless something quite sensational happens, will not be displaced. He knows too much about the average man for whom the Fair is intended.

IV

Two other phases of the Fair remain to be discussed in any summary of its first impressions.

Fair designers themselves believe that the really novel architectural triumph of the Fair is the fact that it is truly integrated: every part of it was conceived when the site was sixty million cubic feet of ashes on a flat plain, and it rose in a common harmony of design in which architecture, lighting, landscaping, and color forms grew up with complete interdependence for the final effect. Pre-eminent among all the satisfying beauties to the average beholder is the lavish use of color. Under its spell great areas of wall surface lose their monotony and the

flatness of buildings seldom more than fifty feet high is enlivened with vitality and beauty. At night capillary mercury tubes and mercury vapor lamps are used on a scale that revolutionizes all our ideas of the use of light. A softened but brilliant radiance, with no glare or concentrated intensity, diffuses light over color in a way that makes the color produce its own life. To the beauty of the central Ballet of the Fountains, where living flames play among the water jets, and streams of water spring fifty feet into the air as a hidden symphony orchestra plays, color adds the final touch—one of the most superlatively beautiful sights we shall ever see. The fountains, played like a great organ, change from rose to amber to a rainbow of all colors to purest white again, in forms of dramatic and indescribable beauty.

The mass of the buildings is also relieved, where the surfaces are unpainted, by free-standing reliefs; sculpture is so applied to architecture as to challenge you with its dynamic simplicity. By far the most satisfying glimpse into the future is gathered from a group such as Edmond Amateis has placed against the building of Medicine and Public Health, showing the three heroic figures of traditional America, Johnny Appleseed, Paul Bunyan, and Strap Buckner. Here the sculptor has dared to give us humor in statuary: broad, ribald lines that bring an answering grin to all who behold them. Another bit of high humor is provided by Walter Teague's plastic figures in the Ford exhibit, showing people all over the world in most unconventional poses providing the materials that go to make an American automobile; still another is the Bell Telephone's sculptured cartoons of the Seven Ages of the Telephone—humorous sculpture in color visible for several city blocks. Sculptors, muralists, painters, architects, industrial designers, landscape and lighting artists have all added their arts; and no individual conception, though there are many of great distinction, is nearly so great as the blended power of the whole.

No less impressive is the fact that in a world swept by terror and hysteria and an unparalleled preparation for war, sixty nations have participated in the Fair. It is a positively embarrassing compliment to the United States. The international area is humanly the most impressive of all the sights of the Fair. The presence in the British building of the Magna Charta of England, reinforced by the unique favor of a Royal visit, embody a British tribute in fitting conformity with the powerful influence accorded to the United States in world politics by her closest kinsman among the nations. But it was the resolve of Russia to exhibit at the Fair to an extent of four million dollars that first made so elaborate a foreign display possible. This was the first big concession that Grover Whalen secured, and emulation thereafter became inevitable. Only Germany and China, of all the important nations of the world, are absent. The foreign nations' exhibition space, productive to the Fair of thirty-five million dollars, is almost as big an item in the Fair's budget as the entire exhibits of American industry, which are estimated to produce something over forty million dollars. The value of the foreign exhibits in their

buildings is estimated at over one hundred million dollars; no other fair has ever had anywhere near so great an international participation.

More than a third of the exhibit space of the Fair, and a greater proportion of things worth while, are in the world tour a visitor may take in the international section. Poland's magnificent tower of glass; Belgium's Flemish tower with its priceless carillons; the dramatic exhibit of Czechoslovakia, rescued by the defiance of her ambassador and completed by the Czechoslovak community in this country; the social reforms of Sweden superbly depicted to a public already eager to see them at close hand,—all symbolize the mental horizon of Americans of to-day, and to an even greater extent, of the World of Tomorrow. If they emphasize the inadequacy of some of the American exhibits it is but further evidence—and badly needed evidence—that we cannot possibly, in the World of Tomorrow, live to ourselves alone. In expanding the world that Americans now live in, the New York World's Fair will perform its greatest service in planting that idea solidly in the minds of the fifty million people it is inviting to come and visit it.





AT THE SPA

A STORY

BY MARJORIE WORTHINGTON

THE sunshine this afternoon brought out nearly everybody who had come to Vichy for the cure. Round the counter under the pavilion stout French girls, in what looked like boudoir caps, dispensed the water in large punch glasses. In the crowd that gathered there were the usual middle-aged *rentiers*, in neat black suits and broad-brimmed black felt hats, with their heavy watch-chains, symbols of their respectability. And there were the elderly ladies in bucketlike hats with veils attached, dressed in layers of silk jackets, propping their handbags and their knitting bags and their black parasols against the counter, while with tight wrinkled lips they sipped the water.

Angela Throop watched them until she grew bored. She had hoped that the crowd at Vichy would be smarter than at Aix-les-Bains, but it was almost the same. She glanced at her husband, who was sitting across from her at the round iron table. She didn't really think these cures did him any good. He was getting heavier all the time and, in spite of hours spent like this, sitting in the sunshine, his skin was gray, not healthy and weatherbeaten like that of the Frenchmen of his age. She felt very sorry for him but just the same, as she crossed one slim leg over the other and picked up her knitting, her sigh was one of impatience.

They were registered at the Grand Hotel de l'Europe as Mr. and Mrs. Martin R. Throop, from Boston, Massa-

chusetts. He was about fifty years old or so, and she was perhaps thirty, though at a quick glance she seemed much younger than that. She was a thin little blonde with a small oval face and large, opaque blue eyes. She wore her hair in a long bob that reached the shoulders of her pink linen suit. He looked the prosperous, wellborn American that he was, but she might have been almost anything, show girl, post-debutante, or small-town belle. She was a type that grows like the daisies in smalltown America. When she graduated from high school in Fairfield, Mass., she had been voted the prettiest girl in her class. She had had the pick of the town boys, but as she watched her friends marry and settle down to do their own housework, Angela had waited for something better. It had come at last, in the person of a wealthy Bostonian nearly twice her age. Sometimes now, when she was bored or restless, she would remember the triumph of that sailing away to Europe, leaving her friends behind on the pier. She had felt them envying her. It was sweet to remember that now.

She glanced at her husband absorbed in a little French book, too small for his large hands. He was peering down at the fine print through his thick-lensed glasses. She felt sorry for Martin. He was not naturally a man who would spend hours reading. In his youth he had loved to sail boats; he had told her about that. She was fond of Martin,

and though she had never been sick a day in her life, she tried to imagine what pain felt like.

"Martin," she said at last, "we've been here nearly a week now. I don't think this cure is doing you much good, do you?"

Her husband raised his head and looked at her. "I don't know," he said heavily. Then he added, "I suppose it's very dull for you, Angela."

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "I wasn't thinking of myself but of you."

"You are very kind," he said. "You are a good child, Angela." He waited politely to see if she had more to say, then he went back to his reading.

Of course, she told herself, it wasn't all like this, sitting in the sun, taking a cure. There had been weeks in Paris and London, where Martin had many connections, and she had been introduced to fascinating people. She had lots of money to spend shopping, and that was fun. And there had been parties, and theaters now and then, and expensive restaurants. In her letters home she loved to mention the names of important people she had met: the Countess This and Lady That. Last year there had been a few weeks at St. Moritz, to reward her for a tedious month at some German spa, and there had been a whole month at Cannes in the south, where she had gone about half-naked most of the day, sunning herself and getting brown. She was remembering that month when she saw the two stout American women seat themselves at the next table. One of them, the stouter of the two, with crimped hair and a neat blue straw hat, might have been her own Aunt Sarah, president of the Ladies' Aid back in Fairfield. Angie smiled.

"Martin," she said in a voice that was loud and clear and meant to carry, "why don't we run down to Antibes for a while? Lady Benzingham has taken a house for the season and you know she insisted on our visiting her."

"Would you really like to do that?" Martin asked slowly. "I guess you

would, wouldn't you, Angela? I remember Lady Benzingham. She seemed to take a fancy to you. Interesting woman."

"Oh, yes," Angie said, with a toss of her long bob, "we are very fond of each other. And she's a wonderful hostess everyone says. I think it would be lots of fun."

She was using her sophisticated voice now, the one with the slow drawl that she had been practicing. It had been hard to correct the nasal tones she used to have. Martin wanted her to be sophisticated, and she had tried to please him. He was proud that Lady Benzingham liked her, as she said. He wanted her to be popular, to be well liked. After every party he would listen while she told him the nice things that had been said to her. She knew that he wrote home to his sister in Boston, who hadn't approved of Angie, and told her what a success his young wife had had in European society.

"I think Prince Bertyl will be there; at Antibes I mean. I read in the paper that he was at a party there."

"Prince Bertyl?" Martin asked heavily. "I don't seem to recall . . ."

"Oh, yes you do," Angie said impatiently, "the one who skied so divinely at St. Moritz last winter. Remember, we were watching him and I said he was like a god—a god with wings!" Angie's cheeks were flushed now. She seemed so eager that he remember. So Martin said with a vague smile, "Ah, yes . . . Prince Bertyl!"

"He promised to teach me to ski if we came again," Angie said, still excited. She could see the two American women out of the corner of her eye. They were listening, the way strangers do in a public park.

"But I don't know if I should let him," Angie continued. "I don't think I ever told you, Martin, of what happened one night—there, in St. Moritz . . ." She was gazing now into space, into the sunshine, dotted with people going or coming from the pavilion.

"Well," she went on, with a deep sigh, "you were dressing, and I was ready for dinner before you, so I went down and I walked out on the verandah of the clubhouse to look at the sunset on the snow. Suddenly I knew there was another person on the verandah. It was he, Prince Bertyl, whom we had been admiring that afternoon. He came close to me and he said, 'Your name is Angela. It is a perfect name for you.' I didn't know what to say to that. I guess I answered something or other. Then the next thing I knew he had taken my hand and was kissing it. I tried to pull away, and he said, 'Angela, I am what you call mystical. . . . I feel that we are to meet again, and that we are to mean a great deal to each other.'"

She had let her voice drop to a whisper, a very clear whisper, like that of actresses on the stage, who are talking only to the audience and themselves. She kept staring into the sunshine for a few minutes, then she laughed lightly and turned to her husband. "So you see," she said, "I don't really think I should pursue him, do you?"

Martin's head had dropped again over his book. He looked up now with a start.

"Eh?" he said, with that old man's habit. "Eh? No, I guess not. Listen to this that I have just been reading, Angie. It is by Victor Hugo, written in 1847, about a spa like this . . . listen, Angie."

He started to read the French, in his Bostonian accent, and Angie, who hated being read aloud to in any language, picked up her knitting and began counting stitches.

"These, then, are the pleasures of the rich," he was reading in English now. "They pass their days at these things. And meanwhile old Europe dies, weeds are growing in the cracks of the old social order. To-morrow is somber, and the rich are in question in this age as they were in the last."

Angie had finished counting. She smiled brightly. "Well," she said, "I think that's amusing."

"Angie," Martin Throop asked patiently, "don't you grasp what I read?"

She shook her head charmingly and admitted her guilt. Martin closed his eyes, and Angie for a moment thought he was having another spasm of pain from his arthritis. But when he opened his eyes again she knew he was all right, so she went on with her knitting. It was a bright-red scarf to go with a gray suit she had just bought.

"Angie," Martin said quietly, "I think I must go back to America at once. I am tired of sitting in the sun. There must be something I can do at home. I'll go into politics—something."

She hardly heard him. People were passing, on their way to the pavilion. A dark foreign-looking man slouched down in a seat at the left of them and stared gloomily at the shadows on the ground. An old man in a wheel-chair passed in front of them, pushed by a jaundiced attendant. The two American women got up and left their table.

"What did you say?" Angie asked politely, without any interest.

"I said, I am going home, at once, today, if there is a train to Paris this afternoon."

"Home?" Angie said, suddenly interested. Then she settled back against the hard metal chair and said, with a frown, "I don't think so, Martin. They don't have such good 'Cures' over there, do they? Besides, what's the point? What would we do if we did go home? We'd just be sitting in the sun in Bar Harbor, instead of here."

"That's just it," Martin said testily, "I won't be sitting in the sun. I'll be doing something. I'll go into politics—civilization needs us all in these perilous times."

"Now, Martin," Angie said soothingly, "you know you hate politics. You've always said they were dirty . . . and you don't like President Roosevelt . . . and . . ."

"Angela," Martin said sternly, "apparently I can't make you understand how strongly I feel. I am going back

home, to America, but I had no intention of forcing you to go back with me. On the contrary."

"Why, what on earth do you mean?" Angie said, her blue eyes widening.

"I mean just this. . . ." Martin closed the little book he had been reading and reached for his cane. "I mean that since you are capable of getting so much enjoyment out of life over here, I shall leave you—with plenty of money, naturally—to enjoy yourself. You can go on down to the south of France. You can visit Lady Benzingham, who will be pleased to have so charming a young guest, I am sure. And . . . and . . ." His voice grew thick but he cleared it with a dry cough, "you can have your romance with your Prince What's-his-name."

Angie had dropped her knitting. She bent down to pick it up. The tips of her ears that showed through the long bob had reddened.

"In other words, my dear, I am not going to hamper you any longer. I shall go home, alone, and leave you free to enjoy your life."

"You mean a divorce, Martin?" Angie asked as quietly as she could manage.

"Just that, dear child. It can be easily arranged over here. I am sure my lawyer in Paris will fix one up for you quite simply. You need only stay over here a few months, if after all you want to return to America later, when your visit to Lady Benzingham comes to an end. Yes, I am sure it won't take long, with a good lawyer who is familiar with the French courts."

The pavilion was emptying. People were going back to their hotels for the rest hour. An old French woman, all in black, like a crow, was sipping the water and reading the sign above her head, "*Vous êtes prié de ne pas fumer sous la Pavillon.*" . . . Angie noticed the puddles on the cement where water had splashed from cups held in shaking hands.

"Shall we go back to the hotel now?"

Angie picked up her knitting and rose. She helped him get up from his chair. He leaned on her arm as they walked through the park; then, as they reached the street he walked ahead of her, limping painfully, but with an unmistakable eagerness to get to his packing.

They had tea together in the ornate Victorian parlor of their hotel suite.

"Don't eat that plum tart," Angie said, "it's not on your diet list."

Martin pushed his plate away with disgust. He lighted a cigar and Angela decided not to remind him that cigars were forbidden him. She finished the rest of the cakes on the tray, nibbling daintily but efficiently. It was funny, she thought, how one could still have a keen appetite for things like cake when one's whole life was being overturned, as it were. She wiped her lips on the large serviette and ruefully noticed the streak of rouge her lips had left on the linen. She folded it so the waiter wouldn't see when he came for the tray.

"I'm sorry to leave you so abruptly," Martin said once, to break the silence, "but I must go to-night if I am to catch the *Normandie*. Otherwise I'd have to wait."

"That's all right," Angie said mechanically. "Don't worry. I'll be all right."

"You'll send a note to Lady Benzingham at once, won't you? Tell her you've decided to accept her kind invitation but that I've been called back to America on . . . on business. Later of course you can explain to her, when you see fit."

"Oh, yes," Angie said. "I'll write to her this evening."

When the bags were ready for the porter Angela sat down on the hideous chintz-covered chair near the window. She was wearing a new dress and a crazy little hat. The fresh layer of rouge on her lips was smeared at the corner, like strawberry jam that a child has hastily gobbled. Her husband stood in the doorway, waiting for her. He was im-

patient but, somehow, she couldn't seem to rise out of the chair.

She said slowly, "Martin, don't you love me any more?"

He looked as though he were in pain, but he spoke distinctly. "I guess not, dear child," he said. Then he opened the door and waited politely for her to pass through it.

She stood on the platform with him waiting for the train to come in. She was holding the magazines and newspapers she had bought for him at the station kiosk.

"You needn't wait," he said nervously. "The train will be along any minute now."

"But I want to wait," she said stubbornly. "After all, we're not really mad at each other, are we? I mean, we're still friends . . ." She smiled and patted his arm. The train was rushing into the station. Everyone was getting excited and noisy.

"I hope your arthritis gets better," she shouted, handing him the papers and magazines. "You'll write and let me know how you are feeling?"

"Yes, yes, of course," he said. Then he bent down and kissed her cheek.

"Good-by," Angela said, standing on her toes to kiss him. "Good-by," and then she added quickly, as though it were something she had almost forgotten, "and thank you very much." She saw the expression of relief on his face, the look of a man who has done a very kind thing. Then she turned and walked rapidly down the platform.

In the hotel suite, that was even uglier than before now that she was to occupy it alone (when you were with somebody else you didn't have time to suffer from shrieking wallpaper and topheavy furniture), she sat for a long time, doing nothing. All her life, more or less, her moves had been dictated by someone else, first by her aunt, then by Martin Throop. Now she was supposed to be free, she could go anywhere she liked—and she was afraid to move from the chair in that ugly parlor.

There wasn't any sense, she decided, trying to figure out why after so many years, Martin Throop, in one afternoon apparently, had decided to leave her. He had said he had thought about it for a long time, the way he always deliberated his moves, but she had never had an inkling that such thoughts were going on in his head.

She didn't feel especially sorry for herself. It was one of Angela's best traits that she never felt sorry for herself. She was sad about Martin, she missed him. You could be very fond of a person without being in love. She had found that out, to her relief, soon after her marriage. And now they would never have anything to do with each other again. Well, she couldn't sit here for the rest of her life. She had to decide where to go, where she wanted to go, where she would have the most fun.

She went to the writing desk, because whatever she did would involve writing letters. She would write to somebody and ask if she might visit them. That's what Martin suggested, didn't he? Who was it he told her to visit? Oh, Lady Benzingham! Angie put down the pen and bit her lip. She had never dared tell Martin of the time in Paris—the last time they had seen Lady B. It had been a large dinner party, very nice people . . . the ladies had left the men at table, and gone into the drawing-room for their coffee. Angie found a chair and sat down, but the rest remained standing by the fireplace, talking to one another. It was like a game, everybody in a huddle and one person left outside, the person who was "It." After a while she decided to join them, but as she approached, Lady Benzingham, who had been telling a story, stopped in the middle of a sentence, stared at the approaching Angie, and—turned her back with a gesture of impatience. Angie had returned to her chair, trying to look unconcerned, a silly smile on her face, until the men joined the ladies. And Martin had been so proud of her at that dinner. She had told him the nice things Lady Benzing-

ham had said to her. It was just a way to keep Martin happy of course.

St. Moritz? That foolish story she had told him about Prince Bertyl! There *had* been a Danish prince who skied divinely, but she had never even spoken to him all the time they were there. One evening before dinner she had gone out on a balcony to enjoy a sunset and she had seen him with another woman, a beautiful young American it was, with wonderfully smart clothes (somehow Angie's clothes were never really smart). Because the air was so clear she could hear them talking. And she did hear Prince Bertyl say to the other girl, "I know some day we are to mean much to each other." At any rate, he

had said something like that, and she just kept on remembering it. She shouldn't have lied to Martin though, just because she knew he liked men to admire her.

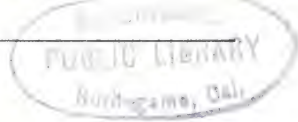
She started a letter to her Aunt Sarah and then, because she felt so blue, she tore up what she had written. She couldn't bear to stay in that room a minute longer. She had missed dinner at the hotel but she would go out and listen to the band concert, and maybe order some coffee and cake. Maybe she could find those two friendly looking American women. Maybe they would let her travel along with them—until her divorce went through, and she could go back home.

I THINK THAT THERE IS LAUGHTER . . .

BY ROBERT AVRETT

I *THINK* that there is laughter after death,
 But quiet as are footsteps in new snow;
 And wordless colloquies that need no breath
 To ring more clearly than the sounds we know.
 Nor may we vision sorrow as a mesh
 Designed to snare none but unwary feet
 Still shackled with the bonds of sentient flesh,
 But wanting in that ultimate retreat.

*Both grief and laughter may be timeless things,
 Eternal though intangible as dreams
 That drift into the mind as if on wings
 Of gossamer, or phantom barks on streams
 Descending into consciousness from vast
 Horizons out of some pre-natal past.*



SCIENCE AND THE NEW LANDSCAPE

BY PAUL B. SEARS

MODERN science provides us with two first-rate generalizations about the landscape. The first of these arises from the science of geology and its modern offshoot, physiography. From them we know that the landscape is not inert or changeless; it is intensely dynamic and genetic. Time, no less than space, is an essential part of its character.

For the second great generalization we are indebted to ecology and anthropology. These sciences have taught that man himself is not a watcher, but like other living things, is a part of the landscape in which he abides. This landscape, including its living constituents, is an integrated whole. To use the analogy of health and disease, what happens to one part must affect the rest.

There have been many attempts to analyze and classify the landscape. These efforts arise from the most varied sources. Any concern which is doing a national business—and this includes bureaus of the Federal Government—finds itself obliged to divide the map of the United States on some sort of a basis in order to get its work done. Recently in a courtroom I saw a calendar setting forth the regions used by a law-book publishing company in reporting judicial decisions. Students of folklore and literature find themselves toying with the problem of regionalism and attempting to sense the course of cultural history in terms of endemic folk creation.

Yet if one considers all of these attempts and compares them carefully he will discover that there is no practical,

working agreement. Even the more acute students of climate, despite the remarkable progress they have made, are forced to agree with Albert Giles that there is no finality in dividing up the continent into climatic units. The process may be continued indefinitely, depending upon the refinement and the nature of the criteria employed.

A few years ago I was tramping along a tributary of the great Kaw River in Kansas with an elderly friend who had crowded more of adventure into his lifetime than ordinarily falls to the lot of three generations of men. As we sat on a rock to catch our breath he glanced at the head of the valley and then across it from one rim to the other. Meanwhile I had made some remark about the condition of the native vegetation. "Strange," he said, "what this one valley would mean to different men. You see it as a scientist and measure it in terms of the work of water in building it, the plants and animals which have occupied it, and the changes wrought by human occupation. An engineer coming into it would immediately see that site for a great and stable dam. With this dam he would impound the waters and use them to produce an industrial community. A farmer would select a site for house, barn, and well; he would locate his pastures, fences, and fields for feed crops. An army officer would instantly select the spot from which his forces could dominate the valley. He would locate his outposts, emplacements, and lines of communication.

"Being myself an old actor and stage manager," continued my friend, "I see here a great and majestic setting for pageant and drama—a natural amphitheater. And I realize that the play of human tragedy and comedy which this valley has witnessed could be made to adorn any stage in the world."

What my friend was saying has been said in more technical fashion by such great geographers as Sauer and Isaiah Bowman. It is in brief this: that the only way a landscape can be classified or its regional character designated is in terms of the human culture which occupies it. And when the culture is as complex as ours the meaning of the landscape becomes accordingly complex.

A number of years ago, having completed a rough but useful map of the native vegetation of Ohio, we were much interested to discover if possible how this pattern might be related to the pattern of Indian cultural sites. Miss Anna O. Shepard, now of the Laboratory of Anthropology at Sante Fe, made a careful study of the maps of Indian village sites, mounds, and trails which had been prepared by Mills and Shetrone. To our great disappointment, we found that there was no relationship to be discovered between the two patterns, namely, vegetation and human culture. To the Indian, lacking, as he did, steel tools and domestic work animals, the location of streams and their rich, flat, easily tilled terraces was paramount. The differences in texture between oak and maple wood and the differences in quality of various kinds of forested upland soils did not concern him as they did the later industrialized European. Neither was he concerned with the great buried beds of iron and coal which have created the manufacturing area of the upper Ohio valley. He was concerned with these no more than we are with the location and quality of flint ridges, salt licks, and pipestone quarries. It is well to recall that the Indians were at first amused when the Spaniards and British exhibited their greedy preoccupation with yellow

gold. Later of course this greed ceased to be laughable for anybody concerned. And to-day, with over half of the world's supply of gold in the United States and much of that buried in the hills of Kentucky, we are on the verge of finding out that some of our rival nations can get along as neatly without it as did our Indian friends.

One cannot over-emphasize the importance of human culture as a key to the meaning of the landscape. One of the most evil blots upon the American scene has been the pauperization of the inhabitants of the Dust Bowl and their change to a hungry and distressed class of wandering workers. The landscape on which they lived was unable to support them. Yet I have the word of a banker from this region that distress was unknown so long as his trade area practiced a cattle economy. In that time he had even effected some improvement by refusing to lend money to the cattle growers for buying eggs, condensed milk, and vegetables which they could produce themselves. Later, however, the landscape was utilized almost exclusively for the growing of wheat as a cash crop. Under this regime both the landscape and the human culture went to pieces. Within the past few years the area has undergone a profound reconstruction, but of that I shall speak later. My purpose now is merely to emphasize the fact that a landscape must be read in cultural terms.

It is necessary for scientists to realize more clearly than they do that science itself is a manifestation of human culture. They have been too much accustomed to think of it as something aloof from, and independent of, the culture which gave it birth. Our histories of science portray the great discoverers as geniuses living in ivory towers, working quite outside the common life of man. Certainly science has encountered and occasioned tremendous conflict with entrenched phases of the culture pattern—quite as though it were something alien and incommensurable with what had preceded it. Yet

the scientist, for all of his boasted independence, is, in a sense, as great a slave to convention as any individual within the social pattern. If you disbelieve this, try publishing the reports of a genuine discovery in words or symbols which have not had the social approval of your fellow scientists.

This whole question of the cultural origin and conditioning of science has been so well developed by the British school of historians that it is not necessary to go farther with it. It is more to the point at this juncture to examine those phases of the cultural pattern to which science has been particularly applied, and in which it has produced the most remarkable changes.

II

If we try to examine the world of western Europe and its extensions into other continents we find, first, that the applications of science have been chiefly on the basis of unrestricted individual profit. Through a faulty analysis this is sometimes confused with the profit motive in general, of which it is merely a special case. In the second place, as a result of the motive of unrestricted individual profit, scientific technology has been preoccupied with the elaboration of raw materials into consumers' goods. This involves great technological advance in transportation; but just as it is important not to confuse the various possibilities of the profit motive, so it is essential not to confuse physical transportation with the much more fundamental matter of distribution. The problem of distribution has been essentially ignored in the application of science to modern culture.

It might be objected that the pure scientist is not in any sense concerned with financial profit or even the cultural significance of his work. This may be approximately true so far as the individual is concerned, but fails to carry conviction in view of the immense returns which have accrued from the application

of pure science. It is neither accident, philanthropy, nor unworldliness that explains the heavy endowment of pure research in numerous great industrial laboratories. A study of the origin and growth of the concept of pure science among Americans would be a very fruitful and, I guess, very revealing piece of work. One has only to consider the history of various experiment stations and university departments of science to learn that the battle for pure research was essentially a fight to do scientific work that was worth the paper it was written on; in other words, it was a struggle for the right to do scientific work that was good enough to serve some useful end. Often unreasonable pressure from so-called "practical" sources for speedy or showy results had to be met. Where this was done by publication of superficial work, practical needs were ultimately ill-served.

It is necessary to remember too that science arose as commerce was breaking the pattern of feudalism. In quick succession a mercantile society shot through with vestiges of feudalism became a highly industrialized society and then one manipulated in terms of concentrated and fabulous financial power. Feudalism, mercantilism, industrialism, financialism—the landscape of to-day bears the scars of these four successive and deep-seated phases of human cultural activity.

Feudalism, for example, has persisted in religious, educational, and social relationships. It was transported to the new world in the form of great estates contemptuous of physical labor, it sunk to its nadir in slavery. This slavery, under various names, still persists—north and south, east and west. And the prestige of the feudal lord transformed into reasonably modern idiom still represents the goal of most human striving. Feudal forms still persist in schools; if there is any civil institution much less democratic in certain respects than the average State university I have yet to see it.

In the beginning, feudal estates were

subsistence enterprises with mutual obligations running through the whole pattern. But in every great culture that has ever existed, the concentration of wealth has resulted in a degradation of the man who worked the land and the eventual ruin of the land itself. From this fate the mercantile development of the late Middle Ages seemed to offer an escape. Men in towns and cities, through the accumulation of gold, could carry farms and owners about in their pockets. No wonder we developed so much respect for money in spite of the fact that it was and is nothing but a symbol for wealth.

The chain does not end. Goods were the key to wealth. Markets were expanding. Labor was scarce. Rich prizes lay at hand for those who could multiply goods and dispose of them for gold. This became possible through the development of machinery and power. There was no counterbalance offering rewards to those who would have us pause and ask to what end this feverish activity was leading. The final step took place when rapid communication made it possible to centralize financial control of the processes of production, the sources of supply, and the labor of men. Some idea of the power of this change may be secured when we recall that one may now go from Cleveland to New York in less time than it used to take an Ohio farmer to drive to the county seat and visit his banker. Yet the distance a farmer could drive in a half day has determined the number and size of counties in Ohio with all of the attendant organization of institutions, human effort, and values. It would be more logical to-day to have Ohio divided into not more than a score of counties, but imagine the practical difficulties that would be encountered if an attempt were made to do this.

Cotton growing affords an even more pungent example of the effect of change in technology combined with the encrustation of the successive phases of culture-forms of the past four hundred years. Cotton grown in the Southern States under a feudal social system on

land heavily mortgaged is shipped abroad for manufacture in the highly industrialized, low-wage, and slum areas of western Europe. Computing our entire export of the past century to Europe, for each bale of cotton that has been shipped, one hundred and thirty tons of soil have been washed into the Gulf of Mexico. (I am indebted to Robert Montgomery of the University of Texas for this figure.) In exchange, we receive one ounce of European gold as a token for each bale with its investiture of soil. "And then," adds Mr. Montgomery, "we bury the gold in northern Kentucky."

The effect of such confused and irresponsible procedures as this upon the landscape ought to be well known by this time. Certainly it has been presented to the public in a rich diversity of books and magazine articles. Nevertheless, it is characteristic of our confusion that many otherwise intelligent citizens regard this information as calamity howling, special pleading, or a sinister sort of political propaganda for the present Administration at Washington. One of the most curious contradictions in the American character is our utter failure to see the connection between the word conservative and the word conservation. Undoubtedly this is due to our persistent habit of reckoning wealth in numerical terms, using the medium of exchange as the reality instead of that vastly more complex thing, the actual wealth of which it is the symbol. Beyond this lies the fact that great masses of our population can, at present, be appealed to only on an intensely personal basis by arousing their emotions concerning very immediate matters. These things being true, it might be well to gauge the present status of the American landscape.

Roughly, the land surface of the earth consists of almost a quarter desert, one-third forest, and nearly a half grassland. For the United States, the proportion of forest originally ran much higher than this. To-day, with great areas cleared for agriculture and other purposes, more than one-fourth of the United States is

still classified as woodland. Eighty per cent of this is in private hands, subject to no check in its exploitation. It is commonly stated that we are cutting timber four times faster than it is being replaced. At the same time we are facing, in spite of the extensive use of substitute materials, an increased dependence upon forest products. The new discoveries in the realm of cellulose chemistry look increasingly to the cheap and continuous production of wood as a source of supply. The gracious fig tree which afforded clothing to our legendary first parents was, after all, a symbol of what was coming. The step from lingerie, stockings, and raincoats to breeches and aprons is not insurmountable. The past generation has seen an increase in the price of certain types of lumber amounting to almost five hundred per cent, a revolution in structural design, and a scarcity of adequate housing which is not pleasant to contemplate. This of course is in part due to the diversion of capital and energy into the field of pleasure transportation. Even so the fact remains that home-building has become a costly luxury because of the scarcity of once-abundant structural materials.

In a recent drive of two hundred and fifty miles through eastern Ohio I saw only two farm woodlots in which young trees were present. So far as quality was concerned, most of the standing trees were culls—good only for firewood. A great deal of the cleared land which I saw was really suited for but one crop: namely, trees. The woodland floors had been trampled, pastured, or burned. The leaf mold was gone and with it most of the constructive and beneficial influences which a healthy forest contributes to the landscape. Essentially, then, what I have described represents a destructive, rather than a wholesome, relationship. The entire aggregate of planted and protected forest in the United States represents in economic terms but a drop in the bucket. The value which it has is symbolic and

monitory, an example merely of the way in which we could recruit our capital wealth.

Substantially the same situation holds true for our grassland. It has been ruthlessly sacrificed, in the interests of a cash economy, to grow crops which could be exchanged for money. A few years ago Weaver and Fitzpatrick were obliged to travel thirty thousand miles in the prairie States to find adequate samples of native grassland. The economic importance of a huge reserve of natural grassland is not so easy to establish as that of the forest because the grass cannot—like wood, wheat, or cotton—always be directly harvested; and there are times when the market appears to be oversupplied with livestock produced by grazing. This latter situation, be it said, by no means indicates that every American has all the beefsteak he needs to eat.

A major importance of the grassland lies in its capacity to yield organic material under any variations of its severe and fluctuating climate. Unlike the crops which replace it, it is never caught napping by heat, cold, flood, or drought. As in the case of the forest, its persistent destruction represents an unwholesome condition of the landscape.

Both forests and grassland are a necessary means in establishing the intricate relation of material and energy which is designated as soil. For soil is a great deal more than the chemical mixture we so often think it to be. It is the expression of prolonged activity on the part of living and inanimate nature—a phenomenon in delicate balance, and precious stuff to boot. Thanks to the devoted studies of Hugh Bennett and his associates there are ample figures to indicate the degree to which the soil has been destroyed by the white man in the United States. A general average of about one-third of the top soil gone is usually quoted. This figure is, if anything, too low. The only thing which saves the country from complete agricultural disaster is the presence of great areas of

glacial till and broad alluvial valleys with the accumulation of centuries. Elsewhere we have cleared, farmed, abandoned to pasture, and then—as the last desperate step—abandoned the worthless pasture to whatever native growth might take it over. Decreased yields we have for a long time attributed to chemical exhaustion—a theory which we reluctantly altered only in the presence of the unanswerable gully. With half our area in farms, less than a quarter is in cropland to-day,—and much of that fraction is of doubtful utility. On a continental scale, we have arrested the process of soil construction and sent the bulk of our residual upland soils into the ocean. Here, as in the case of the forest and grassland cover, we are underwriting a relationship which is destructive and unwholesome.

In similar fashion, we might assay those other resources of the landscape, namely the water and wild life of all descriptions. The water table is unquestionably dropping beneath our feet, while the frequency and destructiveness of floods increases. Wild life and fish have come so near the vanishing point that the American sportsman spends much more of his time agitating for better hunting and fishing than he does carrying a gun or rod. He is, in fact, no longer the symbol of destruction, but one of the most effective and intelligent forces at work to-day in a battle for the restoration of the landscape.

I recently heard Mr. Montgomery, already referred to, give a most dramatic emphasis to our present situation by reading Andrew Jackson's Thanksgiving proclamation for 1837—one hundred and two years ago. Reviewing the "inexhaustible" resources of the United States, Jackson predicted an endless period of abundant good living for every citizen. He specifically mentioned unemployment as an ancient specter of the human race which would be forever banished. Yet in the year that Jackson died, 1845, Sir Charles Lyell, the great British geologist, was expressing his hor-

ror at the gullies of Georgia and the inequitable, irresponsible social pattern of the agricultural United States. He was horrified too at the opinions expressed by some of Jackson's own followers. In Kentucky, Lyell was told by the Jacksonians that no man should hold a chair in a State university for more than three years because such a good job ought to be passed round. This indicates a fundamental contempt toward the kind of knowledge which might have averted some of our present disaster. The capitalistic greed which Jackson opposed was not the only force working toward the ruin of the American landscape. Let us keep the record straight on this point. It was the American pattern—and not any group or individual—which led us into disaster.

In terms of human consequences, the conditions which we have described are all too apparent. Population shifts, bank failures, decreased land ownership, and a standard of rural living below that of the average European peasant all speak for themselves. "Tobacco Road" has had the second longest run in the history of the American Theater, largely, it may be suspected, because of its vulgarity. It will hardly do as an accurate picture of the Southern sharecropper; yet it fairly symbolizes a standard of living far too prevalent in the United States and, at the same time, absolutely needless. I cannot forget that in the winter of 1932, three hundred miles west of the breadlines in Oklahoma City, I saw vast heaps of wheat left to rot in the open air beside the railroad tracks.

III

If we turn from the landscape to the political scene, we see increasing numbers of organizations devoted to special phases of what is called Conservation. Conservation, I have observed, is a word which the politician loves. For him it is a natural. Like the classic Mother Hubbard dress described by Mr. Joe Cannon, it can be made to cover a great

deal of territory without touching any very vital spot. The result has been that vast sums of money have been expended to the great satisfaction of the politician and to the temporary appeasement of these diversified conservation groups. Perhaps one of the most interesting expenditures, because one of the oldest, is the breeding of fish to be turned loose in waters which would not support them.

Slowly, however, these organizations are beginning to learn that all of them are concerned with different facets of the one great central problem,—that is, the restoration of the American landscape to a condition of health and constructive activity. And so the scientist awakens to find really potent delegations at his doorstep, asking guidance and promising effective support. This challenge can be embarrassing. The layman realizes, for example, that education is essential to the conservation movement. One group has appointed a committee on education, of which I am a member. This committee is assured of unlimited and effective political support for its recommendations. There is every inducement to prepare a manifesto and have it widely adopted. Unfortunately, the sober truth is that Conservation is not a subject which can be taught. It is a way of life into which we must grow as a people.

The scientist is on the spot. Accustomed to getting results from him in chemistry, medicine, and industry, the American public now turns to him with an almost pathetic confidence for relief in its present plight. What may it expect? Certainly science faces a far more profound and serious task than the kind of ingenious trouble-shooting to which it has been accustomed. It is one thing to streamline an automobile, improve radio reception, invent a new dye formula, or devise a new structural design. It is a very different thing to aid in reshaping the attitude and way of life of a nation, especially one which has been accustomed from the first, with a few notable excep-

tions, to despise the earth upon which it depends. The only analogy in applying science on such a nation-wide basis is to be found in the field of public health. We know enough of the painful and fumbling progress in sanitation, hygiene, and prophylaxis to have some notion of what lies ahead in attempting to reshape the landscape. Fortunately for my optimism, I have just had a chance to revisit the Dust Bowl, after an interval of three years.

The Southern Dust Bowl is an area of fifty million acres and it is by no means healed—we still have dust storms. But in Deaf Smith County in the Texas Panhandle an extensive area is being put under conservation measures by co-operation between the government and the owners organized into conservation districts. This is in a short-grass, semi-arid climate, best adapted to the grazing economy but capable of rich yields of wheat in favorable years. The climatic pattern is such, however, that long periods of drought alternate with periods of ample moisture. When the drought comes the wheat blows out and the soil goes with it.

In this co-operative area I saw land on which, in three years, the native buffalo and grama grasses were beginning to reappear. This was accomplished mainly by the extraordinary and unusual means of leaving it alone. The process was of course visibly hastened by scattering a cover of native hay with its many seeds and by the use of nurse crops, even weeds. Willingly and effectively, the co-operating farmers were shifting their economy back toward a greater dependence upon natural grassland. The overgrazed and discouraged pastures which had not been plowed up were being rejuvenated by voluntarily decreasing the load of cattle and by a system of contour furrowing which conserved every drop of moisture. Wheat farming has not been abandoned but is being carried on with the thorough-going precautions which are demanded under such critical conditions. Wheat fields are carefully terraced and the terraces planted to grain sorghum which

resists washing, acts as a windbreak, and furnishes necessary cattle food. Special types of terrace have been devised which hold and absorb practically every drop of water that falls. Of particular interest were the great syrup-pan terraces where water must flow from one side of the slope to the other, back and forth, on its way down. On one such hillside, water from the hilltop would travel a distance of seven miles to reach the depression a quarter of a mile below. Thus far no water has completed the journey; it has all soaked in. This spring the wheat fields are green. The cattle in the pastures are sleek and fat. The occasional non-co-operating farm with its blown-out wheat, dirty gray pasture, and thin cattle merely serves to point the lesson. One gets an impression of a landscape under control—which is the only kind of a landscape, aside from one in its untouched natural beauty, that is fit to look upon. This has been accomplished at an average expense of about a dollar an acre. I asked Mr. Williams, the director in charge, what he could do with the price of a battleship. He said, "I could heal the Dust Bowl: every one of its fifty million acres."

I am describing merely one limited area. This area is by no means free of human prejudice, inertia, and stupidity. Yet the striking fact remains that successful, mutual action is under way on a large scale among those traditional and genuine individualists, the Texans. It may be objected that a considerable force of public servants has been employed in this enterprise. I watched these public servants carefully. They are keen young men; many of them are native to the region. In what some are pleased to call a happier day, their energy and zeal would be devoting itself to real estate promotion, the sale of unnecessary farm implements, fly-by-night banking, and various brands of fast stuff which is the prerogative of a certain lean and hungry fringe of the legal profession. I leave the reader to choose which is the better use of human ability.

IV

What are some of the things which the scientist must face if he accepts the invitation to lend his aid in redesigning the landscape? In the first place, he must supply a perspective in terms of time and change. It is perfectly feasible to-day for the ecologist to examine a landscape and tell whether its capacity to support life is increasing or decreasing. He can tell whether the plant and animal life is in reasonable equilibrium with soil, topography, and climate. He can tell whether the process of soil construction is proceeding or whether there is a net loss. He can tell whether erosion is going on at its natural rate or being accelerated. He can tell whether there is the most efficient use of water during that period of its cycle when it is available for the support of life; one drop on the land is worth two in the sky, and three in the sea.

We are crippled in this task of analyzing the landscape at present for the same reason that the astronomer before the days of Newton and Leibnitz was handicapped: there is as yet no adequate system of notation for dealing with the great complex of facts and shifting relationships that are known. Like the astronomer, the ecologist is dealing with relationships in flux. Yet despite this handicap, for practical purposes, substantial help can be given.

A second service which scientists can render is in locating and interpreting the many communities over the country which are going concerns. In almost every type of region in the United States there are to be found communities of people whose soil and economy are healthy. The words *boom* and *depression* are unknown to them. Largely these people practice diversified subsistence farming and skillful land-use. The one-crop, cash-crop system is avoided. Yet curiously enough, these communities have cash reserves. Many of them have ways of living that may not appeal to a jazzed-up and jaded American, or even

to one who is soberly reflective and educated. Yet it is essential that we somehow bridge the gap between the twentieth-century American who is destroying the landscape and these medieval communities in our midst which are conserving it.

Science must be prepared to take an increasing responsibility in American education. I am not talking about more money for laboratories and research, and not necessarily for more time on the schedule. I am talking about better teaching, with more concern for the individual who may be taking his only course in science. He deserves to get the sort of thing which we may reasonably expect to stay with him and be useful to him as long as he lives. Consider for a moment how little in common exists to-day among the four following groups of our population: engineer, biologist, lawyer, and artist. Yet it is essential that these and other groups be mutually articulate in the great task of redesigning the landscape.

Interest in education is of course an aspect of a broader responsibility which the scientist must cultivate. I refer to an interest in and sympathy for the social problems of his fellow-men. As a biologist, I blush to record that the net product of most biological thought upon social problems has been a statement of despair. The biologist has been so impressed with the rigor of the laws of heredity that he is often positively illiterate on the matter of cultural influences and processes.

Once an understanding of the nature of the cultural process is attained the natural scientist will lose a certain rigidity and naïveté when he comes to prescribe measures for social betterment. He will realize that ex cathedra pronouncements, however well-meaning, are dangerous. Practically, this means that he will understand each human community as a problem in itself, to be so approached and studied. Complexity, with its resulting variability and individuality, which the scientist already knows as attributes

of the living human being, will be reckoned with as characteristics of the group as well. Certain simple postulates of the working politician will be seen to be as rudimentary and essential as the lore of the farmer is to the geneticist or the plant physiologist who must work with living plants and animals.

This technic of working with the variable, the complex, and growing is by no means the common possession of scientists, not even of this generation of biologists, preoccupied as they have been with analysis. In the eighteenth century the neat dynamics of Newtonian science certainly affected religion, architecture, biology, social theory, and political action. It is inevitable that the relative, rather than the mechanical approach, is long overdue in the application of science to human affairs.

Partly as a consequence of this new approach, the scientist who must counsel us on the landscape of the future must scrutinize the basic assumptions of economic theory. I believe this scrutiny will have to deal with something far more fundamental than the conventions of modern exchange, or even the threadbare set-up of supply and demand. The balmy group which gathered about technocracy should not blind us to the fact that the landscape can be viewed as a great manifestation of the principles of thermodynamics, an endless cycle of material and energy interchange. Under a condition of nature undisturbed, or even in the presence of a primitive culture such as that of the American Indian, the effect of this cycle registers upon the landscape as a net gain in energy and elaborated chemical compounds. These constitute the resources of a virgin continent. Our civilization, and to a large extent that of western Europe, is the expression of these great reserves, converted to human use. But the distribution has been most unequable, and the use has been at the expense of the process of building further reserves. In plain terms, we have consumed our capital and stopped the process of its replace-

ment. This is not an economic process, and cannot be justified. If a new approach to economics will help in the solution of our difficulty let us not hesitate to make it.

Not only must the scientist of the future work in awareness of social and economic processes, but he must clear a further hurdle. No doubt this may sound preposterous, but assuredly it is not. The scientist must be aware of the relation of his task to the field of æsthetics. What is right and economical and in balance is in general satisfying. Not the least important symptom of the present decay of the American landscape is its appalling ugliness. The almost obscene character of American domestic architecture during the past seventy-five years corresponded sharply with a period of contempt for craftsmanship and material. Incidentally it coincided precisely with the period of plunder of the great American forests. It is the expression of a thoroughly rotten situation, and looks it.

The highways of Texas are to-day a model of water and soil conservation practices, as well as objects of beauty. Not long before they had been like the highways of Oklahoma which we have studied, one of the worst sources of land and water waste. We had found, for example, that the average road in central Oklahoma had sunk three feet in forty years and was responsible for an average of ten gullies to the mile, running back into adjacent farm lands. The situation in Texas was not very different. But in Texas the highway chief hired a Dutch-trained landscape architect and backed him with a club against the resistance of local engineers. Out went the ugly V-shaped ditches with their bare walls, to be replaced by broad, grass-covered

spillways and reservoirs back from the road. Native herbs, shrubs, and trees were used as far as possible. To-day the roads are sound, right, and beautiful, and the engineers are converted. There is an inescapable relation between balance and beauty—ask any physiologist who has ever plotted a curve.

And finally, the scientist who must help us redesign the landscape for better living is entitled to a new dignity. I can express the situation best by telling of an old engineer friend whose son was in college. When I asked him about the boy he said, "Yes, I want him to be an engineer and he has been trained as one. But he is in law school now, and I'm not going to turn him loose until I can be sure the world won't impose on him as it does on most engineers."

Social and industrial institutions have preferred to use the scientist too often as a tinkerer rather than a counsellor. This is a situation which he should no longer accept meekly. The society about him lives by virtue of a technology which he has developed. It is high time he have something to say about the ends toward which his work is directed. Naturally this means more than insistence on his part—it means a strenuous self-discipline as well. Those who sit in the seats of power are a cagey lot who give nothing for effort in their system of grading.

The landscape of the United States, with its two billions of acres for a potential population of one hundred and fifty million, or even two hundred million, can be made a place of plenty, permanence, and beauty. But this most assuredly cannot be done without the aid of science. Nor can such aid be rendered by men of science unaware of the task which confronts them.



One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

THERE is no movie house in this town so I don't get to many pictures; but I keep in touch with Olympus by reading *Motion Picture* magazine and the daily papers. On the whole this is a higher type of entertainment than seeing the films—although I miss Tarzan and Lamour, and I am not getting ahead very fast with my study of trees in the movies, a work I have been engaged in for some years.

The newspapers of course keep one informed of the marriages, births, deaths, separations, divorces, and salaries of the stars. If Gable weds Lombard, I know about it. When Tone and Crawford reach the end of the road, I am informed. Separations and divorces are scented with the same delicate orange blossoms as marriages and elopements, the same romantic good fellowship. One of the most interesting accomplishments of the film community, it seems to me, is that it has made real for America the exquisite beauty of incompatibility. Divorce among the gods possesses the sweet, holy sadness which has long been associated with marriage among the mortals. There is something infinitely tender about the inability of an actor to get along with an actress.

When it is all over, and the decree is final, the two are even more attentive toward each other, are seen oftener together, than ever before. It was a writer in *Motion Picture* who expressed the whole thing most eloquently. He was telling the inside story of the marriage of Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey, a union which, however felicitous in other respects, was unfortunately not solemnized until after the expiration of Mr. Markey's union with Joan Bennett, described as "Hollywood's perfect marriage," and

until after the gift (to Miss Lamarr) of a five-thousand-dollar swimming pool by Mr. Reginald Gardiner, described simply as a five-thousand-dollar swimming pool. The writer is explaining how Mr. Markey, after being given his freedom by Miss Bennett, is again seen around Hollywood in the company of glamorous stars, but not really caring for them half so much as he still cared for his ex-wife. "In the finest Hollywood tradition," says the journalist, "they remain affectionate friends."

This tradition of post-marital affection, which is discernible everywhere, is having its effect, I do not doubt, on the culture of our land. Occasionally a divorce-court judge is heard pouting about it, but the girls and boys of America eat it up. Marriage is becoming just a sort of stepping-stone to the idyllic life which lies ahead for the graduates of the course; the wedding march is just a prelude to the larger music of the spirit which accompanies the communion between ex-spouses.

There is something else which Hollywood has done and is doing. By its adherence, over so long a period of years, to a standard of living well in excess of anything known in the lives of its audience, it has at last communicated to its audience a feeling of actually living in this dream world and a conviction that the standards of this world are the norm. I noticed this phenomenon recently when I was watching a picture called "Dark Victory."

In this film a wealthy young girl named Judith, played by Miss Bette Davis, on discovering that she has only a few months to live, gives up her swank horsey existence on Long Island and goes to dwell peacefully in Vermont with

her newly acquired husband, who is referred to as an "eminent doctor." This Vermont home is certainly a lovely place—nicely located and well kept up. But in one scene, when Judith was talking about how happy the new life was making her, she remarked, in approximately these words: "Why do people clutter up their lives with horses and things? There (in Long Island) I had everything and was miserable. Here I have nothing and am happy."

It is this jibe of hers about having "nothing" which I propose to explore. Remember, she was in a remodeled New England farmhouse. At the moment of making the remark she was standing in a kitchen which had been modernized at considerable expense. It contained a large new electric refrigerator worth somewhere around two hundred and fifty dollars, or maybe three hundred. It also had an enamelled stove and (I think) a Monel metal sink. These things run into money, as anybody knows who has ever tried it. With her in the kitchen were two domestic servants and two English setters. One of the maids was a sort of housekeeper, the other was a cook. I should guess that the housekeeper was pulling down around eighty dollars a month; and she was earning every penny of it too, for in another scene Judith came plunging in with a tray of nicely prepared food and gave the order to throw it away because she had absent-mindedly taken it into the doctor's laboratory and exposed it to germs. That sort of rough and tumble living is tough on housekeepers and they put up with it only if well paid.

All right, we'll say eighty a month for her. The cook was probably getting sixty-five.

Now let's look at the rest of this set-up which Miss Judith tossed off as "nothing." The dwelling was a large Colonial farmhouse which had been restored to make it modern and comfortable. With Vermont the way it is to-day, full of writers and artists, such houses have quite a market value. I would say that

the taxes on the house and land might come to around two or three hundred dollars a year. The insurance would be another two hundred. There would probably be a ninety-dollar annual interest charge on a fifteen-hundred-dollar mortgage which the eminent doctor was carrying either because he had to or because somebody had once told him that a house was more saleable if it had a small mortgage on it.

As for food, heat, light, repairs, etc., I have jotted them down, and on an annual basis they might easily add up to something like this, judging from the glimpses I had of the house, grounds, servants, and general tenor of life there:

Taxes.....	\$250.00
Insurance.....	200.00
Interest.....	90.00
Heat (15 tons stove and nut mixed @ \$16 per ton).....	240.00
Light and power (water pump)....	184.00
Telephone and telegraph.....	116.00
Housekeeper.....	960.00
Cook.....	780.00
Gardener-chauffeur.....	1,100.00
Repairs.....	210.00
Seeds, fertilizer, grain.....	200.00
Registration on two motor cars, taxes, insurance.....	120.00
Household furnishings.....	100.00
Movies, books, medical journals, etc.	200.00
Charity.....	150.00
Postage, stationery.....	362.00
Miscellaneous.....	500.00
Life insurance.....	350.00
Travel.....	400.00
Food.....	1,900.00
Lumber, hardware.....	60.00
Liquor.....	150.00
Personal taxes.....	1,500.00
Veterinary.....	10.00
Meat, biscuits for 2 setters.....	45.00
Laundry, dry cleaning.....	470.00
Gas and oil.....	346.00
Clothes.....	700.00
Total.....	\$11,693.00

I have worked out the above budget carefully and believe it to be conservative and in keeping with what I know of New England property and New England standards in households where there are three in help. So it would seem fairly safe to say that this little establish-

ment where Miss Judith was finding such peace in having "nothing" was costing somebody (probably her eminent doctor) somewhere between eleven and twelve thousand dollars a year.

The interesting and really absorbing thing, to my mind, is that to the members of the audience, sitting there with me in the dark, suffering with Judith through her ill health and sharing her joy in her "simple" surroundings—to them the illusion was perfect: this twelve-thousand-dollar country estate for a brief cinematic moment *was* indeed nothing. It represented the ultimate simplicity, the absolute economic rock bottom. It is disturbing to realize that even after we have been reduced to Hollywood's low, we are still rolling in the sort of luxury which eventually destroyed Rome.



I WOULD like to hand down a dissenting opinion in the case of the Camel ad which shows a Boston terrier relaxing. I can string along with cigarette manufacturers to a certain degree, but when it comes to the temperament and habits of terriers, I shall stand my ground.

The ad says: "A dog's nervous system resembles our own." I don't think a dog's nervous system resembles my own in the least. A dog's nervous system is in a class by itself. If it resembles anything at all, it resembles the New York Edison Company's power plant. This is particularly true of Boston terriers, and if the Camel people don't know that, they have never been around dogs.

The ad says: "But when a dog's nerves tire, he obeys his instincts—he relaxes." This, I admit, is true. But I should like to call attention to the fact that it sometimes takes days, even weeks, before a dog's nerves tire. In the case of terriers it can run into months.

I knew a Boston terrier once (he is now dead and, so far as I know, relaxed) whose nerves stayed keyed up from the twenty-fifth of one June to the sixth of the following July, without one minute's peace for anybody in the family. He

was an old dog and he was blind in one eye, but his infirmities caused no diminution in his nervous power. During the period of which I speak, the famous period of his greatest excitement, he not only raised a type of general hell which startled even his closest friends and observers, but he gave a mighty clever excuse. He said it was love.

"I'm in love," he would scream. (He could scream just like a hurt child.) "I'm in love and I'm going *crazy*."

Day and night it was all the same. I tried everything to soothe him. I tried darkness, cold water dashed in the face, the lash, long quiet talks, warm milk administered internally, threats, promises, and close confinement in remote locations. At last, after about a week of it, I went down the road and had a chat with the lady who owned the object of our terrier's affection. It was she who finally cleared up the situation.

"Oh," she said, wearily, "if it's that bad, let him out."

I hadn't thought of anything as simple as that myself, but I am a creature of infinite reserve. As a matter of record, it turned out to be not so simple—the terrier got run over by a motor car one night while returning from his amorous adventures, suffering a complete paralysis of the hip but no assuagement of the nervous system; and the little Scotty bitch returned to Washington, D. C., and a Caesarian.

I am not through with the Camel people yet. Love is not the only thing that can keep a dog's nerves in a state of perpetual jangle. A dog, more than any other creature, it seems to me, gets interested in one subject, theme, or object, in life, and pursues it with a fixity of purpose which would be inspiring to Man if it weren't so troublesome. One dog gets absorbed in one thing, another dog in another. When I was a boy there was a smooth-haired fox terrier (in those days nobody ever heard of a fox terrier that *wasn't* smooth-haired) who became interested, rather late in life, in a certain stone. The stone was about the

size of an egg. As far as I could see, it was like a million other stones—but to him it was the Stone Supreme.

He kept it with him day and night, slept with it, ate with it, played with it, analyzed it, took it on little trips (you would often see him three blocks from home, trotting along on some shady errand, his stone safe in his jaws). He used to lie by the hour on the porch of his house, chewing the stone with an expression half tender, half petulant. When he slept he merely enjoyed a muscular suspension: his nerves were still up and around, adjusting the bed clothes, tossing and turning.

He permitted people to throw the stone for him and people would. But if the stone lodged somewhere he couldn't get to he raised such an uproar that it was absolutely necessary that the stone be returned, for the public peace. His absorption was so great it brought wrinkles to his face, and he grew old before his time. I think he used to worry that somebody was going to pitch the stone into a lake or a bog, where it would be irretrievable. He wore off every tooth in his jaw, wore them right down to the gums, and they became mere brown vestigial bumps. His breath was awful (he panted night and day) and his eyes were alight with an unearthly zeal. He died in a fight with another dog. I have always suspected it was because he tried to hold the stone in his mouth all through the battle. The Camel people will just

have to take my word for it: that dog was a living denial of the whole theory of relaxation. He was a paragon of nervous tension, from the moment he first laid eyes on his slimy little stone till the hour of his death.

The advertisement speaks of the way humans "prod" themselves to endeavor—so that they keep on and on working long after they should quit. The inference is that a dog never does that. But I have a dog right now that can prod himself harder and drive himself longer than any human I ever saw. This animal is a dachshund, and I shall spare you the long dull inanities of his innumerable obsessions. His particular study (or mania) at the moment is a black-and-white kitten that my wife gave me for Christmas, thinking that what my life needed was something else that could move quickly from one place in the room to another. The dachshund began his research on Christmas eve when the kitten arrived "secretly" in the cellar, and now, five months later, is taking his Ph.D. still working late at night on it, every night. If he could write a book about that cat, it would make *Middletown* look like the work of a backward child.

I'll be glad to have the Camel people study this animal in one of his relaxed moods, but they will have to bring their own seismograph. Even curled up cozily in a chair, dreaming of his cat, he quivers like an aspen.



The Easy Chair



UNREST IN THE KITCHEN

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

MR. THOMAS BEER once wrote a story whose plot turned on the bitterness felt by the owner of a department store when a newspaper commented unfavorably on the quality of the merchandise displayed in his show windows. He believed that comment of that kind was against the interests of society, but the newspaper reporter who wrote the story wondered why, if novelists and playwrights must take criticism of their products in the public interest, manufacturers and merchants should be immune. The reporter was acting on an excellent theory of criticism but it would not make sense to a manufacturer who has written in denouncing the Easy Chair's discussion, three months ago, of various industrial products that give it pain. Such a discussion, the manufacturer says, is dangerous at times like these and its author is clearly a communist. That would be news to the literary left, if the literary left had not disbanded.

The Easy Chair was voicing what felt like a private grievance, but an astonishing number of letters have come in and they make plain that it wasn't so private as it seemed. This column is not the Gallup Poll and does not know how to weight an average. It is not the *New Republic* and so refrains from announcing that a widespread uprising is at hand. But it knows emotional pressure when it sees the signs and does not hesitate to inform its friends the manufacturers that this month's mail indicates enough dissatisfaction with manufactured

goods that aren't what they claim to be to vitalize several further crucifixions of American business in Washington. It will even name the area where pressure is highest: the first street barricade is going to be erected by the American housewife.

The housewife is not going to protest any mayhem that Washington may inflict on the cutlery business. True, some dissent has been expressed from what the Easy Chair said about it. The *Boston Evening Transcript* calls the Easy Chair fussy and says that the cost of putting enough chromium in steel to make it rustproof is prohibitive—but the *Transcript* misses the point. The Easy Chair and the American housewife are protesting about there being any chromium at all in a paring knife. It was put in to make the blade shine, to make a gadget of it, to make it sell. But we see no reason why a knife need shine—we want it to cut, and it won't take an edge when it has chromium in it. Again, a retailer of hardware mourns, "People don't expect a ten-cent knife from the dime store to cut but they raise hell with me because my twenty-five cent knife won't cut. Why do they expect a twenty-five cent knife to be any good—why do they buy it? Why don't they buy seventy-five cent knives?" But our point is that the seventy-five cent knife won't cut, that you have to pay a couple of dollars to get a satisfactory knife—and we can remember when much cheaper ones were so good that the heirs quar-

reled over them when the estate was distributed. Any manufacturer who will provide seventy-five cents' worth comparable to what came from Sheffield, or even Bridgeport, thirty years ago can, if the letters to this column mean what they say, discontinue his twenty-five cent line, crowd his competitors to the wall and help along the revival in heavy goods by expanding his plant.

He can save on paint too. The public-relations folk who persuaded the manufacturers to make shiny knives were also wrong when they decided that what American women want is color in the kitchen. It isn't. They don't give a damn about color and have an active aversion to green handles: what they want is kitchen equipment that will work. "Do you know, have you ever heard, of an egg-beater that won't bend or get jammed or strip its gears?" No. "The one [vegetable slicer] I've got now is a lulu—three different colors of paint on it. But what goes into it as material for a soup or a salad comes out looking like the stuff on the bottom of a silo. Do you suppose there is any solution for this problem?" Yes: try grandmother's wooden bowl and the best knife you have; the combination is better, neater, faster, and easier to use. And so it goes. Is there a teakettle that won't separate from its handle? Is there a flour-sifter that will work? And, a question rising from the grassroots all across the continent, is there such a thing as a good can-opener? There isn't; there is no attempt to make one; and one has an impression of a mass drift toward the Boy Scout Axe, which costs sixty cents but can be depended on to open cans. The movement could be halted—for a camp axe is bulky in a cupboard drawer—by anyone who cared to produce a smaller implement that would be as dependable.

Such procedure, however, would violate sound business principles. If the grassroots rise in revolt against the kitchen-goods industry, convinced that its products have deteriorated, the thing to do is to beautify and educate. Paint the

can-opener green and they'll buy it because it's pretty. Then, when it develops that they won't buy a pretty one, the next step is to fire the advertising manager. Buy more display space, get out some demonstrators dressed in Red Cross uniforms, and see what can be done about a tie-up with the domestic-science departments in the schools. To approach the problem through metallurgy and mechanics, to make a can-opener that would open cans, would be a confession of weakness, and in times like these industry must maintain its morale.

The Easy Chair's original assertion was that the women's department of the household is being treated shamefully; letters call that treatment contemptuous. What is more interesting, the grievance includes foods. The intricate organization that has given us strawberries in December, insured the excellence of oysters in Oklahoma, and made the ordinary American diet more diverse and healthier than it ever was before, has some ominous weaknesses, and the housewife is aware of them. Cheese, for instance. One correspondent names a brand that is widely advertised and says that it looks like laundry soap and tastes like laundry soap (of a poor quality) but that she has found it worthless for dishwashing. She is quite right, but when she asks "Can nothing be done about it?" the unhappy answer is, not much. This pumpkin-colored atrocity is one of the greatest crimes ever committed against the American people, a lusty folk who have a diverse and healthy diet but are not allowed to enjoy eating as much as they once did. It is an abomination and so are the messes advertised along with it as "process cheeses," which consist of the sweepings of the dairy eked out with what appears to be the pith of weeds—tasteless, indigestible, unfit even to bait mice with. But they are products of a system that has brought something like stability to both business and dairy-farming; the bank smiles on them and so does the Department of Agriculture and they are here to stay. Yet our native "mouse

cheese" was one of the great foods, regional, individual, a vintage product of innumerable flavors and varieties. It is far gone toward extinction but can still be come by, if you search for it hard enough, if you can get about the countryside, if you have luck. You must find a dairy that is both independent and solvent, one that can afford to store its product long enough to ripen it—usually a small co-operative in a better than average farming district. Or you must find a rural grocery store that can afford to buy from such a dairy at least a ton of cheese at a time. Both institutions are getting rarer, and the cheese sandwich may soon vanish from our national life. It was a noble thing; its successor is just a slab of pulpy matter that might have exuded from a tree, between pieces of carbonated and probably pre-sliced bread.

For such deterioration there is no remedy; only the millionaire farmer and the subsistence farmer can make their own cheese. But remedies do exist for a number of the housewife's dissatisfactions, notably those that are caused by packaged foods. We must take whatever cheeses we can get, but few manufacturers can go pot-hunting for us with a monopoly. Here (New England) is a breakfast food that was advertised to be a regal mixture of health-giving, life-sustaining, palate-delighting cereals combined with mysteriously irradiated ingredients straight from a laboratory of biochemistry—and turned out to be stale bread cut up in cubes. Unquestionably its advertising was misleading but, even supposing that one expected much from breakfast foods, the fraud was slight: at the price of a single package one learned not to buy that brand again. Here (upper New York) is a package of bread crumbs that turned out to be cracker crumbs—and so was altogether useless for cutlets, puddings, and the like. The remedy is at hand: there is time enough in the most crowded life to roll your own and room enough in the smallest kitchen for a glass to hold them. Similarly with

many other products, including the one that has begotten a grievance as widespread and as virulent as the one created by can-openers. The American housewife hates sliced bread with a heartening violence. She regards it as a scurvy trick of the bakers, a blatant device to make bread grow stale faster. She is right. But she can patronize the small bakeries. If she can't find any small bakeries she can choose the nobler way—she can make her own bread.

Making bread at home is easier, cheaper, and less time-consuming than the modern housewife has been systematically educated to believe. In a week's time anyone, man or woman, can learn to make better bread than can be bought; in a month he can learn to make bread so much better than can be bought that that family will eat homemade bread forever after. Any housewife can mix, knead, cut down, and bake a batch of from two to six loaves without adding more than a half-hour to her day's labor, and the manufacturer of dishwashers will be happy to make up that half-hour.

There is here no wish to restore the shackles that women have struck off, but only to point out that any consumer who is impatient with the bread she is forced to buy—and considering what most of it is, impatience widens out to disgust and horror—has the answer in her own kitchen. It happens to be also an answer on the side of the angels, for it works toward the restoration of a fine art. You can make bread to your individual taste and in many more varieties than the delicatessen will ever carry. And you can also, with little trouble, make jams and jellies and marmalades superior to any that can be bought. Preserving time was a dreadful season at grandmother's house, for she had to work hard and long when fruits were ripe. But whereas grandmother made fifty or a hundred pints of strawberry jam at a time, her granddaughter can count on finding strawberries at the corner grocery during many months of the year, and can preserve a couple of cups of them

while a roast is browning, with no extra time consumed beyond that of washing and stemming them. That is not slavery; it is only an intelligent use of our economic system. It is recommended to everyone who is optimistic about American civilization and to everyone who likes to eat. Crusading spirits also should think highly of it, for it provides an effective leverage. If enough housewives were to begin making bread and jam there would be an abrupt change for the better in the products sold in stores.

The Easy Chair will not again interfere with the function of Consumers' Research and has undertaken to instruct the housewife only with a reluctance bordering on panic, but, thus committed, may as well defend its favorite manufacturers against an unrest that appears to be sex-linked. Only one male has dissented from the praise printed here of the modern automobile. He admits its mechanical excellence but says, "I have never had a car that failed to leak in some window or in the windshield, that failed to have some cranky window that would not go up or down properly, that failed to have some door that shut improperly or that failed to have upholstery of very dubious quality." He has had worse luck than the Easy Chair, whose only objection to the upholstery, that it is not proof against a young son's Good Humor bar, seems hypercritical. It is true, however, that the doors and windows of automobiles look good only in comparison with those made for houses. The automobile is our finest machine but remains far from perfect as a carriage, and manufacturers are advised to spend less time making the front end look like something from the World of To-morrow and devise a window that will keep the rain out while it lets the air in.

But a number of women complain about the automobile's liability to squeaks and rattles, and here the Easy Chair must refuse to bring in a true bill. There is a limit, girls, to what Detroit can do. The modern automobile is made to take and thrive on a disregard,

an abuse, a contempt even that would horrify the repair crew of a railroad shop. But it remains a machine, and as a machine it must have some attention. If you will have the car greased every two or three thousand miles, if you will have the body bolts tightened twice a year, put a drop of oil on the hinges now and then, keep the accessories screwed down tight, and have the springs looked at occasionally, there won't be any squeaks and rattles. An instruction book comes with every car, and every garage and oil station has a set of charts that show the manufacturer's prescriptions. They are honest—so honest that they recommend less oil and grease than the garage would like to sell you. Few women buy and use cosmetics without reading the instructions on the package.

Here, however, we touch on an essential conservatism of the female sex. Automobiles are not the only machines that women subject to what is, in men's eyes, intolerable abuse. The households of America shriek with vacuum cleaners, mixers, electric fans, and other appliances that have not been lubricated since they were bought. Many more women may be converted to a belief in the immediate perfectibility of the human race than to a belief in the existence of friction or the principle that moving parts should sometimes be oiled. That jewel of her sex who knows the location and function of the fuse-box is not likely to have learned the use of an oil can, though she may have used a sewing machine since her childhood. The manufacturers are guiltless here; they are even praiseworthy, for more and more they are producing appliances with sealed lubrication. But the lubrication system of an automobile can never be completely sealed and the effects of wear can never be automatically taken up. Women's instinctive skepticism and distrust of the machine age are certainly justified, but are also futile if women desire to use machines. They are better drivers than men: they should learn how to take care of their cars.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE RETURN OF JOHNNY APPLESEED

BY CHARLES ALLEN SMART

IF YOU should mention the name "Johnny Appleseed" to any farmer in Ross County, Ohio, he would look at you quizzically, wondering how much you know, and then he would withdraw silently into his own memories and reflections. Just what those reflections are, and whether they have resulted in any decisions, I don't know, but I suspect they are very important indeed, simply because they may suggest the future of American agriculture and democracy.

The familiar response to the name would be there of course. Most of us know better than any schoolchild the story of the gaunt, bearded, long-haired man who wandered alone through the Middle West during its settlement, carrying a Bible, a staff, and a sack, dressed in burlap, with a rope round his waist and his cook-pan for a hat. We know that he befriended both the white people and the Indians, preached the Gospel, and set out and cared for the first nurseries and apple orchards in that savage and beautiful wilderness. We know that there was a man who did all

that, and that his name was Jonathan Chapman, but the facts are less important to us than the legend. I know I am not alone here in liking Johnny Appleseed because he represents the America that has never been interested in money or public opinion, that has been friendly, sensible, and brave instead of aggressive and bloody, that has nurtured life instead of destroying it, and that has been sensitive to the beauty of this continent, and done something to create here a civilization. Johnny Appleseed stands for ourselves at our best, and that's why we all felt so keenly what happened.

The question of our being represented at all first came up at one of the monthly meetings, at our co-operative grain elevator, of the board of directors of the Ross County Farm Bureau. There is a complicated network of farm organizations, enterprises, and government services; but the sad fact is that, even taken all together, they are not actually representative. Yet it was natural and just that when a countywide activity was under way the approach was made to the

directors of the Farm Bureau, and that we co-operated on equal terms with the Grange in acting for the farmers of the county as such.

I served on the Farm Bureau board for a year. Significantly and hopefully, I felt, many of us who served that year, including myself, were not re-elected. I should like to describe those meetings but will content myself with saying that in my opinion we talked too much and did too little. I can say this because no member was longer on talk and shorter on action than myself. (I am too much a writer and too little a farmer to have been on that board at all.) We were usually very tired, we didn't listen enough to the women, we were unused to collective action, and we were rightly very tender toward minority opinion, very unwilling to boss or be bossed. All of this came out very clearly in the tragic-comedy of Johnny Appleseed.

At the meeting of which I speak, the President said: "Now about this Sesquicentennial Celebration. The Committee wants us to have a float in the parade. Now what do all you folks think about that?"

We stiffened a little in our seats. The celebration was obviously going to be a big thing, and as farmers we obviously had to be represented. All of us had had enough to do with floats to know that they are not produced by people sitting in their seats. During two hours of discussion we nerved ourselves to vote twenty-five dollars and a committee of three, to get together if possible with an equal fund and committee from the Grange and produce a float. I had talked too much, and found myself on the committee. Still I went home that night feeling less guilty about my dollar for attendance and twenty-five cents for mileage.

The celebration was of the founding of the Northwest Territory. Chillicothe was an early capital of this territory and the first capital of the State of Ohio. Some of the ultimately most important political activity in American history had

taken place in vanished seats within a few hundred yards of our own. Memories of profitable fairs and celebrations elsewhere stirred in the minds of our merchants. Our slightly older rival town, Marietta, was making great preparations to celebrate, and the sly rascals had got the Postmaster-General to issue a special stamp showing the Territory with Marietta but not Chillicothe. Town organizations had appointed committees to organize the whole celebration. There were going to be a costume ball, an enormous pageant by schoolchildren, a great historical parade, and the next day after the parade an appropriate reception of the ox-drawn covered wagon that was coming all the way from Massachusetts via Marietta, darn them. There were to be street decorations, and each merchant was ransacking his attic and cellar to find old tools of his trade for display in his windows. The whole thing was being financed successfully, chiefly through the sale of "wooden nickels," which all of us were sure would soon be worth fifty dollars apiece, especially those with "sesquicentennial" spelled wrong.

Congenitally, or perhaps because of the climate, which is vitiating in its irregularities and extremes, we are not apt to act hastily or vigorously about anything; but after several weeks the whole county, with all its remote towns, hamlets, and crossroads, became aroused. We had not approached a community of interest and action like this since the War.

One rainy Saturday afternoon in April, while our wives were up on Paint Street, shopping, the six members of our joint farm committee on a float met in a smoky little office at the co-operative. With the exception of myself, they were probably as reliable and competent a committee as could have been named from all the men in the Farm Bureau and the Grange. No women had been appointed, ostensibly because the work would be fairly heavy and mechanical, and actually because we had decided

that for once in our lives we were going to do something well without our women. My neighbor Mr. Oak, the master of the Grange, intelligent, reticent, and very tired, and Joe Copper, for the Farm Bureau, a stout, slow, genial, gray-haired farmer who was running for County Commissioner, were the joint chairmen. Actually, since Joe Copper was less busy than Mr. Oak, he undertook to run the show. First he tried to unload the ultimate responsibility on to me because I was supposed to be less busy than any of them, but I declined to accept it, quite definitely.

Knowing that we should have to decide on the subject of our float, I had brought along an old Ohio history with a few paragraphs on Johnny Appleseed, illustrated with an imaginary sketch. To my surprise and pleasure, several of the others had thought of the same subject. Some thought it might be fun to play Indians in some historical episode, but it was reported that the Order of Red Men and several other organizations were going to provide swarms of these. After some discussion of Johnny Appleseed, not by me, the feeling for him grew and he was unanimously selected to represent us.

Then we talked about the possible ways of presenting our hero and agreed to mount a large apple tree on a wagon, on which Johnny would ride. Each of us volunteered to do one or more special jobs of preparation, and Joe Copper correlated these quite expertly. He and Ed Raven, a lean, bright-eyed Granger who lived near him, were going to find a tree that could be spared, dig it up the week before the parade, and water it in the interval, so that it would have time to wilt and revive. They would also find a low wagon on which the big tree could be mounted, and transport both to the County Garage, where the work of assembling would be done. Harry Schermerhorn, a quiet, ingenious, and reliable little man, had some good ideas about decoration and would provide the materials and his own skill in working with

them when the time came. He would be assisted in this difficult job by Mr. Oak. I said that I would get more information about Johnny Appleseed, weave a fence such as he used to protect his seedlings, and provide costume and make-up for the actor of the part. They wanted me to play the part of Johnny, but when I declined firmly, Joe Copper said he had in mind an old man with a beard who lived out his way. We had a long discussion of Johnny's age, and finally decided not to be too finicky about that. To our great delight, Elmer Graves, a powerful, good-natured fellow, said that he could get two yoke of oxen to pull the whole float when the great day arrived. We arranged to have another meeting soon and broke up cheerful and confident. By golly, it wasn't only the business men who could do things in Ross County!

II

In the following weeks we had several good meetings to report progress, check up on details, and integrate our efforts. Evidently everything was going very nicely. One afternoon I stopped at Joe Copper's house and he drove me some miles to the place where he and Ed Raven and others had dug up a large old wild apple tree, complete with a huge ball of earth, and were watering it daily. At home in odd moments I busied myself with cutting pliant willow wands and weaving a section of fence to be put on the back of the float. With the eager assistance of the Librarian of Cincinnati and a scholar at the State university, I managed to get together a few books over which the other committeemen pored with an interest that astonished me. Before we were through we were debating about historical details like a group of scholars, and I may say that these farmers showed more ability to find the wheat in the chaff than some Ph.D.'s I have known. Like the other five, I was finding the job more difficult and interesting than I had expected that it would be.

The parade was to take place on a Friday afternoon in May, and the morning before, the six of us assembled at the County Garage with most of the materials. Tree, wagon, lumber, and tools for a special bed, green and yellow cheese-cloth, sawdust to simulate earth, apple seedlings for the nursery, costume and properties for Johnny, and plenty of other little things were all soon assembled, and we set cheerfully to work. When I admired the tree, which was at least twelve feet tall and equally wide, with a good shape, and still green, Joe Copper reported nonchalantly that the first tree had withered a second time, and they had had to find and dig up another.

It appeared that the old man with the beard had demanded five dollars for his services, and had been told what he could do with his beard. Then Joe had secured Mr. Amos Locksley, a good farmer and fine old Granger who, everyone assured me, would do very well. Soon Mr. Locksley appeared, and I saw at once that they were quite right. He was a tall, dignified, clean-shaven, very handsome old man with brown skin, white hair, and wonderful dark eyes. He was also very intelligent and willing, had read up on Johnny, and came supplied with costume and properties to supplement what I had gathered together. What delighted me most was that Mr. Locksley, it appeared, was the man who had a huge tract of woodland, full of wildflowers, and who every spring could and did open it to the public, to cut and dig and transplant as much as they chose. Except for Mr. Locksley's very neat appearance, which he didn't mind altering, it was almost a case of type-casting.

The weather was clear and warm, but there was a slaughter-house in the next lot, and I was pleased to note that I wasn't the only sissy who found the odor extreme. No one did any bossing at all, and everyone consulted everyone else almost before driving each nail, and yet for a significant wonder, the job went right along, and when in the late afternoon we had the tree mounted, the

apples wired on, the nursery and fence arranged, and the float decorated with apples and practically finished, the whole thing had design and charm. With that beautiful tree, no advertising at all, and everything done with meticulous care, that was no ordinary float, I assure you. Some of our wives were working on a Garden Club float in a neighboring garage, and when they came over to fetch us home to our chores but first to inspect our work very critically, they had to admit that we had done a real job without any help from them. We attached a hose and watered the tree and seedlings for the last time that evening.

Then the problem arose of how to protect the apples from theft by small boys that night. The County Garage, with road-scrappers and so on, is big, but our float was much bigger, and couldn't possibly be put back in and locked up. We finally agreed to hire a watchman for the night, if we could, for two dollars and a half. City people on comfortable and regular salaries cannot possibly appreciate the difficulty of that decision. We were all tired and had work to do at home, and yet to net two dollars and a half you have to produce and sell a surprising number of eggs, for instance. Finally it was agreed that I'd get my hired man for the job if I could, and that Mr. Locksley would guard the tree until he came. My wife, Peggy, and I hurried home, and I propositioned my Leo James, assuring him that if he sat up all night on this job he could have the next day off. He accepted gladly and hurried to town in my truck.

Much later that night my wife and I and an old friend of ours named Helen Clive, who was visiting us, went to the costume ball and had a wonderful time. Helen made such an impression on all the local gentry that the first thing we knew we were mixed up with a lot of politicians, and the sheriff was telling me he wanted me to meet the Governor the next day. "You needn't be afraid of him, Allen," he assured me; "he's just a farm boy like you and me." I have been

flattered in my time, but never more grossly and yet effectively. And I was certainly put on a spot, because our Governor at that time . . . well, I wouldn't have touched him with a ten-foot pole. One reason I had such a good time that night was that as I caroused with my luckier town acquaintances, I could keep thinking: "There aren't any farmers here, for several reasons, good and bad, and you may think they aren't up to this celebration, and can't get together and do something. Ha, ha, ha!"

And while we were there . . . The next morning James appeared as usual and reported that Mr. Locksley had not let him take over the job of watching the tree, because he, James, had had no proof that he had authority to do so. Thanks to my thoughtlessness, Mr. Locksley, who was not young, who had a cold, and who was about to take a long ride clad in almost nothing but a burlap sack, had sat up alone all night in his car, watching that float.

I hurried down to the job. Everyone else was there, already at work, and Mr. Locksley was fit and cheerful. We watered everything again, and made sure that every apple and every bit of decoration was secure. Then Mr. Locksley and I set to work on his costume and make-up, which included a long white beard to be put on almost hair by hair with gum arabic. I am far from an expert in these things, but I knew more than the others, and went ahead trusting to luck. While I worked on him we discussed his performance on the float, and agreed to make it very simple. I knew that we could trust that man's instincts. When we were through I must say he looked right and quite worthy of the legend and the float. Even in that outrageous costume, with a tin pan squashed to fit his head, he had superlative dignity. I had supplied an old leather-bound book as a Bible for him to carry, but at his suggestion we substituted a less valuable book that he had brought along for the purpose, and that looked quite as much like a Bible. I

don't know why, but I was delighted when I noticed that Mr. Locksley's book was a school edition of Virgil's *Aeneid*.

It was getting on toward noon, and feeling very happy about the whole thing, we began to drift home to dinner. The parade was to assemble uptown at 2:30, and Elmer Graves said that the two yoke of oxen would appear by truck at 12:30, or 12:45 at the latest, and he would show up at the same time. Joe Copper, the Chairman, said that he would wait around with Mr. Locksley until the oxen came. With much discussion everything had been arranged to yoke the oxen properly to the float and to take them by a good back route to their appointed place uptown. We were all very proud about those oxen. Most of the floats were going to be drawn by teams, and a few organizations were going to have one yoke of oxen. Well, we were going to have two yoke. I was the last to leave. I wished Mr. Locksley luck, waved to Joe Copper, and hurried home to lunch. Still, somehow, at that moment, I didn't feel very good. I might stay and . . . No, it was none of my damned business. It is in moments like that that men are made and broken and history is altered.

III

When I got home, Peggy told me that the sheriff had called up twice—a disconcerting phrase to a farmer or a writer—but only about the Governor. She had said quite truthfully that I was working on the Farm Bureau float and, rather less truthfully, that I could not be reached by telephone.

Immediately after lunch we hurried into town—that is, to the edge of town, where we had to leave our car. The three of us had been invited by our old friend Miss Mary Bell to see the parade from the front steps of her house, which is down near the center of town. The outer streets of Chillicothe were crowded with floats, horses, oxen, and people in costume, so that one got an impression that someone had been working on the

place with a Wellsian time-machine, slightly out of order. Emerging from an alley, we would make our way through a nonchalant group of pioneers in buckskins and beards, with long rifles, or past an almost naked Indian in war paint and bonnet lighting the cigarette of a girl in crinolines. Ohio is where all the good bands come from: there must have been twenty different ones, in all kinds of costumes, tuning up on street corners. It was all so bizarre and exciting that I almost succeeded in forgetting that I hadn't seen our great apple tree anywhere, and couldn't remember the street corner where it certainly was waiting by this time.

We found Miss Mary in holiday mood on her front steps, equipped with all kinds of robes and pillows. Hardly to our surprise, because, like everyone else, we were feeling very superior and smug about our celebration by this time, the parade started almost on time, and moved along regularly, exactly as numbered and explained, with historical notes, in the program. Every single one of the forty or fifty floats was historical, and as near as any of us could tell, authentic, down to small details. Most of the properties were originals, not reproductions. Each float bore a simple placard but there was no advertising. There was almost no one in that parade without an historical costume, and there was not one single motor vehicle. Acting through nearly all of its too many organizations, with imagination, energy, and loving care, most of the people in the county had created a living record of our history from the prehistoric mound-builders to the Civil War and a little later. It was by all odds the most moving and interesting parade I have ever seen. An Armistice Day parade by the French Army and Navy, at the Arc de Triomphe—and the French know how to put on a parade—now took its place as a poor second.

Early in the parade there appeared a remarkable old rig of some kind, drawn by a handsome horse and driven by one

of our best farmers, costumed as General St. Clair, the first Governor of the Northwest Territory, who had been chased out of Chillicothe a century and a half before. He was now received with cheers. There were other great pioneers and territorial and State governors. Then there came another handsome horse, drawing an interesting old rig with a liveried groom up in the back. This was driven by one of our most powerful local political bosses, who calls himself a Democrat and is the attorney for our electric company. His passenger, according to the placard, which was hardly necessary considering the multitude of his photographs on posters and public works, was "The Present Governor of Ohio." His Excellency kept bravely smiling and removing his hat to right and left, although he was recognized and his progress was accompanied with a unanimous and almost audible silence. We heard afterward that he cut several engagements and went right back to Columbus in a rage.

But no mere reminder of the quality of American politics could spoil that parade. There was every conceivable kind of a horse-drawn vehicle and several surprising early bicycles, all produced from old barns here and there. Four of our horsier and younger landowners, in costume, were driven by in a victoria. "That's charming," I thought, "but wait till you see what the real farmers have done." There were accurate reproductions of an early schoolroom, with teacher and pupils, of an early printing and newspaper office in action, and of several early churches, one Negro, with an excellent choir. The Conservation League produced some early hunters with hounds baying at two live raccoons in a dead tree. One of the best exhibits was that of a small outlying community: they produced a whole company of pioneers moving west—men, boys, and hounds walking ahead, a fine prairie schooner with women and children, a cow in tow, and even chickens, and another armed guard bringing up the rear. There were old gardens (kept fresh at what labor

Peggy and I could appreciate), early firemen with equipment, and many notable old buildings now gone. There were mound-builders, hundreds of Indians, French-Canadian priests and voyageurs, all kinds of soldiers of the French and Indian Wars, the Revolution, and the War of 1812. There was, in fact, every kind of a living and dramatic historical exhibit of that period and place that one could well imagine.

As the parade went by, in perfect order, with everyone clapping and cheering, and the bands blaring gaily along at regular intervals, I began to think that maybe our Johnny Appleseed wouldn't be so outstanding after all. But then I remembered that tree—much bigger, finer, and fresher than anything of the kind that had come along, and Mr. Locksley, who somehow was more real than anyone we had seen yet. In the program, "Johnny Appleseed: Farm Bureau and Grange," with historical note, was placed towards the end, say No. 33. As the twenties went slowly by I felt my heart pounding heavily and I didn't dare to run out to the curb to look down the street and see that great tree coming. "Almost now: that must be it!" exclaimed Helen. I managed to look, and saw some little shrub in some other float. "No, not that," I said. No. 31, No. 32 . . .

And then No. 34, some damned thing or other, No. 35, and No. 36.

"It must be later, certainly," said Miss Mary.

"Yes, they may have had to calm down the oxen or something," said Helen.

Peggy said nothing, and I didn't dare to look at her.

And although I could now hardly see it, the parade went inexorably along, to the very end, which was marked by a couple of State troopers on motor cycles, followed by a crowd of small boys.

Miss Mary was touching my arm and saying: "Come on inside, Allen. It's grown quite chilly. I think you all need a glass of sherry."

"Thank you, I think we do," I said.

We drank Miss Mary's sherry and nibbled her biscuits almost in silence and hurried away. Miss Mary always understands things.

It was raining now, and I ran almost all the way to get the car. On the way I passed some farm friends sitting rather pointlessly in their car.

"Hey, Allen!"

"By God, don't ask me!" I yelled and ran on.

I got the car, picked up the girls, and drove grimly, madly, to the County Garage.

There was our float, exactly where it had been, dripping gently in the rain. Joe Copper was just standing there, looking at it and through it, with raindrops falling from his hat-brim. Without looking at me, he said: "The oxen never showed up." I asked some rather violent questions and made some rather violent comments, and he just said it again: "The oxen never showed up."

Mr. Locksley was there, still in costume, still with that tin pan on his head. He had pulled off his beard, but there were still tufts of it sticking to his face. He was up on the float, jerking the apples off the tree and throwing them to a gang of ragged children who had gathered there from nowhere. I went up to him but I couldn't say a word.

"These things happen," he said. "These things happen and there isn't any use getting sore about them."

"Thank you, Mr. Locksley," I said, and turned away.

Helen, watching Mr. Locksley with the apples and the children, was weeping unashamed. I couldn't have said whether Peggy was going to burst into tears or kick someone in the shins. Cars began to drive into the lot round the float. Some of the men jumped out, exploding as I had, but they fell silent quickly enough too, and then just stood there looking at that tree and at Mr. Locksley. Elmer Graves wasn't there.

"Let's get out of here," I said, and we did.

IV

I am not really sure just what the three of us did that night. It may have been the night when we went to the big pageant, and I helped Peggy and her Girl Scouts hawk programs and W.P.A. *Guides*, and we all nearly froze. I don't like pageants myself, but this was a good one. Or perhaps this wasn't that night. Perhaps we just stayed at home and got quietly pickled. Or perhaps we did both. I do remember that we thought people would keep calling up, and that no one did. Of course not: there wasn't anything to say. We didn't talk about it much ourselves. The unanswerable questions, the painful implications: there were more and more, the more we thought about it, and each seemed worse than the last.

The next morning we got up horribly late and James and the girl were already at work. When I got downstairs I found Fred Keeler, our County Agent, in the library with three professors of agriculture or something from the State university. I never did find out what that impressive call was all about. While I was shaking hands with them the 'phone rang and I dashed to it. It was Joe Copper, down at the County Garage. He said the *Gazette* had called up and wanted to know why we didn't get our float into the second parade, smaller and less important, that was going to greet the oxen and the covered wagon from Massachusetts via Marietta. They were going to arrive about noon. Joe wanted to know whether I thought that was a good idea, or maybe an anticlimax, and worse than not being in any parade. "Hell no, let's get it in," I said. I didn't even go back and apologize to Fred and the professors in the library. Fred always understands things too. I beat it out the back door and into the car. Peggy appeared and hopped in too, and I didn't tell her it was a stag party either. When we got to the float we found that there were at least five other wives there working on it too. And there wasn't a

nasty remark out of one of them. Elmer Graves was there too, this time working like mad, and so was his wife, and her face was wet.

We didn't do any unnecessary talking: there wasn't any time for that for one thing. We got some more bright red apples, and everyone wired them on that tree again, and into the festoons along the side. It was a big job, and all our fingers weren't working their best. We restored the nursery and gave the whole thing another good soaking with the hose. The leaves were still fresh. Someone called up a neighbor of mine who had a handsome team, and he was a good egg and took them right out of the harness when they were plowing. Mr. Locksley, quietly cheerful as ever, got into his burlap sack and tin hat and found his staff and Virgil Bible. I had brought along the remnants of beard and make-up and went to work on him. I didn't have enough artificial hair left to make his own hair long in the back, but I made him a beard and he looked almost as good as he had the day before. We had arranged to hook the float on behind my truck and meet the team at an appointed place uptown. Peggy had got a big silver watch from someone and was standing over Joe Copper saying: "Only ten minutes left now, Mr. Copper," and then: "Only five minutes now, Mr. Copper." Everyone else heard her too, and as we were hooking up the float to the truck, the excitement, or the smell of the slaughter-house, or something, made me come near to emptying my stomach.

I drove my truck, and everyone piled into cars and made a little parade behind the float. I drove as slowly as I could, I thought, with that truck, but the next big boner was pulled by me, personally. Going over the railroad spur to the paper mill, I gave the whole thing such a shaking that most of the apples fell off. I stopped and got out and the street was full of our people who had climbed out of their cars and were picking up apples and wiring them on to that tree and float for the third time. We were all a little

hysterical by that time, but we did it quickly and started moving again. I drove on very slowly but I didn't stop for stop-signs, or red lights, or a State trooper, or anything else. We met the team and their owner all right. His hired man, who drove them from then on, was a very sad Negro with a peg leg, and something in his face made me know there wasn't any use getting so excited: it would turn out all right, one way or another.

Then we had a long wait for the covered wagon and oxen from Massachusetts via Marietta. We all spent the time tinkering with the float and I did some more work on Mr. Locksley's beard. While we were busy at this another old man came up to me and said: "That's just what the world needs to-day."

"What's that?" I asked. "Beards?"

"Religion," he said.

"It's all right with me," I said, plying the scissors.

Finally the celebrated covered wagon and oxen appeared, and they didn't look like much to us, after all. Perhaps we just didn't like the oxen. They took the lead, and they were followed by an ox-drawn float of the Seal of Ohio, which was followed by a couple of stupid floats of the ordinary kind, with cuties, tissue paper, and advertising. Johnny Appleseed brought up the rear.

V

When the little parade finally started I got a hammer and some pliers and nails out of my truck for emergencies and followed along the sidewalk with Joe Copper. It was a good thing I did, because one yoke of oxen ran away and smashed a car, which in turn smashed the Seal of Ohio, but not beyond a few hasty repairs. I also had to grab a State trooper to help me because our tree had to go way round the traffic lights instead of under them, and at the street corners people were crowded far into the street and had to be pushed back. When I took up farming I didn't know it was

going to involve handling people at parades, but then I didn't know much about it.

And it was worth it, all right. It was all worth it. A few hasty glances back at our float proved that. At the end of that silly little parade our great tree, with its leaves and apples shining in the sunlight, was really something. And Mr. Locksley wasn't there any more. Standing there before the tree in the little nursery leaning on his staff, with his Bible in his hand, looking out remotely in his incomparable dignity and beauty at the clapping crowd and staring, awe-struck children, was Johnny Appleseed himself. It sent a shiver down more spines than mine.

When we reached the end I was in a bit of a daze, but I remembered that someone had said Johnny could be got on the radio in front of the courthouse. This seemed a bit out of key, but I remembered that farm organizations, like all others, can use good publicity, and I knew that Mr. Locksley could dominate any situation. The old Negro with the peg leg knew where to take the team and float, and I got Mr. Locksley off the float and we hurried silently through the crowd. When we got near the courthouse the crowd was so thick that we couldn't make any headway. An old newspaper editor I know, who has a bad heart at that, saw our plight and jammed his way through ahead of us like a trooper. The announcer saw us and made a few remarks, and then Johnny Appleseed was standing there before a microphone. Once again that strange thing happened, and quiet spread out a little way.

"My name is Johnny Appleseed," he said. "I lived in this part of the country a long time ago, when it had hardly been touched. I liked the Indians and I liked the white people and I liked the animals, and I didn't hurt any of them. I planted seeds and set out apple trees for the settlers, and I took care of them. I told the people about God, and I tried to be a good man myself. I tried to be a good

American, on this land we had found. Maybe I was, a little. Maybe I'm not dead yet."

With that he turned away, and after a minute there was a kind of exclamation from the crowd, mixed with clapping. Then he got down from the platform and gave the seedlings he had left to the children in the crowd, until they were all gone.

Then I found Mr. Locksley, and we smiled at each other a little wearily and shook hands and found our cars and went home.

This all happened a year ago, and Peggy and I have seen all these people again and again since then, and we haven't heard one word said about it. I feel sure that there has been little or no talk about it of any kind. I feel equally sure that there has been some tall thinking about it. To what effect, I don't know. But in another hundred and fifty years we may not miss the big parade, and in another hundred and fifty years we may still be producing the real thing.

FUTILITY AT DAWN

BY ELFORD CAUGHEY

WELL, we have dreamed enough, and smoked enough, and talked
enough for now;

*For life demands some time for silence and for sleep.
The sinking moon is tangled in the hemlock bough,
And up the eastern hill the steps of morning creep.*

*Let us lie down and to that ape of death present
This lonely flesh, these futile, angry minds—
There will be other grave concerns for argument
When next year's summer morning filters through these blinds.*

*The graph line of the world will not be bent by midnight words of rage
And sorrow for a time that can never be set right;
As none who, pitying the Moor's wife on the stage,
Though he cry out, can save her. So, good-night.*



BRIGHAM AND AMELIA

A STORY BASED ON HISTORICAL FACT

BY VARDIS FISHER

THE moment he saw her he was startled—for he had always admired tall and queenly women, and this girl was tall and fair, with an excellent figure and a proud lift to her head and throat. For a moment he hesitated. Then he quickened his stride and came abreast of her, lifted his tall hat, and spoke.

"I think I haven't met you before. Are you one of the sisters?"

"Yes," she said, glancing at him a little fearfully.

"I am Brigham Young," he said.

"I know that," said the tall fair girl. Her gaze noted that he was portly, that his soft brown hair was getting thin. Quietly she added, "I am Harriet Amelia Folsom."

"You have not been here long?"

"Not very."

"Are your people recent converts?"

"Yes," she said, and walked more quickly, as if afraid of him.

Brigham was not to be outdistanced; but he did become aware that his heart was beating rapidly. He had never been in love, not really, though he would have said nonsense to that. He would have said he had loved all twenty-four of his wives and still loved those who were living; but he had never loved in a way to make him giddy, to make his fancy turn—as it was turning now—to the soft and alluring and unpredictable qualities in a woman.

"Sister Harriet," he said, "are you trying to run away from me?"

"I have to go." Her clear gray eyes looked at him and again she quickened her pace.

"I won't hurt you. Am I somebody to be afraid of?"

"No," she said, still walking briskly, "but I am late."

"Then I'll escort you," he said; and he added dryly, "There are hoodlums in the city."

"Thank you, but I need no protection."

He kept at her side, though he was panting a little, for she walked with the ease of youth—and he was sixty-one. At the door of the adobe house where her parents lived he asked with dry amusement for himself, "Will you ask me in?"

"I—I don't know." She was looking at him as no woman, so far as he could remember, had ever looked before. Most of the sisters were flattered by his attentions but this tall girl acted as if she wanted to see the last of him. That was something new for Brigham Young, Lion of the Lord, empire builder, and the shrewdest statesman in the nation in this autumn of 1862.

"I'd like to meet your parents. I haven't, have I?"

"No."

"Then I'll go in with you."

He liked her parents. They were devout, he perceived, and they were overawed. The mother trembled when he clasped her hand; for that Brigham, president and prophet, should call at her

humble home was hardly less than a miracle. The father stumbled about seeking chairs.

"I met your daughter," Brigham said, "and I liked her so well I wanted to meet her parents."

"We're mighty proud to have you visit us," the father said; and the mother, recovering her wits, added, "We feel highly honored, President Young."

"Sister Harriet seems afraid of me. Do I look like a brigand?"

Harriet flushed and turned away. The mother said quickly, "She is hard to get acquainted with." After a long moment of embarrassment she added, "Our daughter is very accomplished. Would you like to hear her play or sing?"

"Mama, please!" said Harriet. "I don't care to."

"But you will for President Young."

"I will not."

The mother sighed and gazed at her daughter as she might have looked at any riddle. "I think she will, President Young, if you'll come again."

"Then I'll come again." He turned to Harriet. "Sister, will you?"

When Harriet did not answer, the father said sternly, "Will you answer President Young's question?"

"No," said Harriet icily.

"I'm sure she will," said the mother, unhappy and chagrined.

Brigham's stern face broke into a rare smile. "Anyway, we'll ask her to."

He went up the street feeling twenty years younger, feeling almost light-headed, with his heart pounding absurdly like that of a boy in love. For the first time in all his years, something had happened to him spontaneously, deeply, inexplicably—a strange and adventurous emotion of the kind he had never felt before. His step was so light and awake that when he met his old friend Heber Kimball that good man was startled.

"You act like you had good news," said Heber, searching Brigham's face.

"Heber, I think I'm falling in love."

"At your age!" cried Heber.

"What is wrong with my age?"

Heber was alarmed. If the Great Pioneer was falling in love at sixty-one what would happen to the Church! "Who is she?"

"Harriet Folsom."

"I don't know her."

"I didn't two hours ago."

That giddy statement left Heber speechless. He peered at Brigham as if he were seeing him for the first time; and at last he asked, "You mean you're falling in love with a girl you've just met?"

"I know it, Heber."

Brigham went to his office and gave himself critical attention, wondering meanwhile why Harriet had been so unimpressed. Formerly women had been glad to marry him: had he not said in sermons that he could find more wives in a week than younger men could find in a year? He had grown stout, but he was still vigorous and healthy, and he certainly did not feel like an old man to-day. His hair was thin, his beard needed trimming; but a lot of men were bald at forty.

Going to his room he changed his homespun suit for one of excellent broadcloth; put on a stiff white shirt with a high collar, and chose a dark cravat. He wore no mustaches and no whiskers on his lower lip, preferring to have his strong mouth fully exposed; but his beard was six inches long and came down his cheeks in soft luxuriant growth. His brown hair, almost as fine as silk, fell in tangled curls over his ears. Perhaps, he reflected, he looked too stern—and he peered at himself, noting the heavy ragged brows, the cold gray eyes, the long nose that rather flattened out at the base. Nevertheless, he was a handsome man.

Not vain, and given little to thoughts of himself, he now gave time to the most thorough self-searching of his life. He would call on Harriet this evening and learn if she liked him better in fine clothes. She might. He wanted to marry her. He intended to.

Harriet could not restrain a smile when

she observed that he had gone home and groomed himself. He looked like a statesman, all right—but not like a lover. He looked as if a tender word or a clinging kiss would be as alien to him as to granite. After a few moments the parents excused themselves, saying they must call on a neighbor; and Brigham gave them a statesmanlike smile for their courtesy and tact. When he was alone with Harriet he looked at her a little sheepishly and asked, "Do you like me better now?"

She admitted to herself that she did not. He was too boyishly gawky and eager to please. With soft malice she said, "You look like President Young."

"This is a fine suit," he said. "I suppose it's still true that feathers make the bird."

"At least they look better with their feathers on."

He chuckled at that. Then he gazed at her so unwaveringly that she blushed. "Sister Harriet, why don't you like me?"

"I haven't said I don't."

He rose and sat by her. "Do I scare you?"

"No."

"I scare a lot of people." His voice sounded as if the matter worried him. After a long moment of consideration he went straight to the point. "I want you to marry me." She caught her breath with sudden, swift resentment; and he said, "Will you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"President Young, haven't you wives enough?"

That question angered him a little. "Not until I have you."

She looked at him curiously. "How many wives do you have?"

"I have had twenty-four. They are not all living."

"I'd think that many would be enough even for a prophet."

He was not used to such rebukes. He was silent, hardly knowing what to say or whether to speak at all. If he spoke as president and prophet she would find

him in bad taste; and if he spoke as man and lover she would find him foolish.

"Will you play or sing for me?"

"I'd rather not."

"I love music, Harriet. I'd like to hear you sing."

"Please, not now."

"Would you rather have me go?"

"Don't you usually do what you want to do?"

Again he was nonplussed. Observing that she looked at him with eyes a little frightened, he wished he could be more gentle. "Sister Harriet, I've fallen in love."

"Is that anything new? You've fallen in love twenty-four times."

"No, I've been too busy. I'm beginning to think this is the first time."

Harriet shrugged. "It hasn't taken you very long."

"I always do things in a hurry," he said, smiling. "Will you marry me?"

"Of course not."

"If you marry me you will share my glory in the next world." She moved quickly as if to leave him but he caught her hand. Angrily, she drew her hand away. Still baffled and not knowing what to say or do, Brigham rose and took his hat. "Sister Harriet, you think it over. You pray to God and see if He does not tell you to marry me."

Her lips curled. "In such matters I consult my heart and not God."

Within a few days Salt Lake City knew that Brigham was wooing the tall and disdainful Harriet Folsom. Tongues wagged. Wagers were laid. Would she marry him? Would she dare say no? And if she did, what would Brigham do? The other Mormon leaders were annoyed and troubled: only five years ago Brigham had stopped a Federal army sent to exterminate him, and now the Congress was passing anti-polygamy laws and getting ready to put the Mormons in jail. And here their leader was making a daily call like any lovesick lad! They frowned and watched him and wished Harriet Folsom were six thousand miles away.

But they did not understand that this unsentimental empire builder had been swept off his feet. Brigham did not understand it either. He had troubles enough, heaven knew, for a dozen men, what with violent denunciations back East, Colonel Pat Connor in his city with a Federal army, and insane prophets trying to depose him right here in Zion. He was worried by the troubles, but he was worried a great deal more by this obstinate woman who gazed at him with frankly scornful eyes.

"Harriet," he asked one day, walking in unexpectedly, "will you sing for me?"

"No."

"Harriet," said her distressed father, "I'm ashamed of you."

The awe the parents felt when Brigham was there had not diminished. That their accomplished daughter should refuse to sing and play for the president and prophet was the most intolerable grief in their lives. That she should refuse to marry him was incredible.

"Harriet," said the mother, "why are you so stubborn?"

Harriet was annoyed. She entered another room and closed the door.

Heber Kimball was annoyed too. More and more frequently he peered at his old friend as if to learn whether Brigham was losing his mind. One day he spoke with blunt candor.

"Brigham, there's a change in you since you met this girl. And don't you realize if you marry now you'll make our enemies howl all the harder back East? You'd better come to your senses."

"That," said Brigham, his eyes twinkling, "is what I'm doing."

In a bitter evening of late December he marched with determination to the young lady's home, resolved to take only yes as an answer. She had refused him too long. Week after week she had sulked or gazed at him with unabashed scorn or ignored his questions. He rubbed his heavy hands in the warmth of an open fire and then turned.

"Sister Harriet, why won't you marry me?"

Harriet rose and went to a window. The mother spoke. "We've argued with her and explained that it's the Lord's will. She is very foolish and stubborn."

"Very foolish," the father said.

The parents said they had a visit to make and withdrew; and then, unexpectedly, Harriet came over, walking very slowly, gazing at Brigham, and sat by him at the fire. She looked at him a long moment and said, "President Young, if I marry you it will be on certain conditions."

"What are they?"

"I mean you will have to make certain promises. In the first place, I must have a home of my own."

"All right," he said, after considering. "I'll build you a palace."

"In the second place," she went on in her businesslike way, "I won't sit around and spin and sew and knit and wash and iron. I'll go with you where you go."

It seemed to Brigham she was driving a pretty stiff bargain. "It isn't very nice riding hundreds of miles in a carriage over dusty roads."

"Just the same, I must go. In the third place, don't expect me to try to be friendly with all your wives. If I like some of them, all right, and if I don't, that will have to be all right too. I think some of them are nice, but some of them are terrible."

He looked at her and considered. Some of them, it was true, were jealous and shrewish; but it seemed to him nevertheless that Harriet was not properly humble. "If you can't like all of them I suppose you can't. Anything else?"

"Yes. In the fourth place," she said, speaking as if she had arranged all these demands, one by one, "I must occupy first place in public. I mean if you take more than me to a dance or the theater, I must dance with you first and I must always sit on your right."

That demand annoyed him. It had often been said that he had favorites: if he yielded to Harriet in this it would be

said he had a new favorite, and he would not like that. "You insist?"

"I do."

"Is that all?"

"No. This might not seem important to you. You already have wives named Harriet, so I must be known as Amelia."

"That's easy to grant. I wish the other requests were as reasonable."

"They are all reasonable. You are not a woman."

"Well, is that all?"

"I must have some nice clothes. Some of your wives look outlandish. I won't wear old homespun things that look as if they came across in a handcart. And out in public I won't act as if I love all your other wives, as some of them do, making little smiles and saying sweet things they don't mean. I won't be a hypocrite because you say God likes it better that way."

Brigham was chuckling within. He looked at her full brow, her intelligent eyes, her firm chin—and realized that he was offering marriage to an uncommon woman. Just the same her demands were most unreasonable. "And is that all?"

"You'll have to spend a lot of time with me. You can't come to my house once in six months and kiss my hair and say 'hello' and then disappear for another six months. I will sit at the head of the table with you. If that makes the others jealous, then you'll have to settle it with them. I'm going to be more than just wife number twenty-five."

"It looks like it," he said. "Well, if I make all those promises, will you marry me?"

"Yes."

"Will you marry me if I don't make them?"

"No."

"Then I guess I'll have to promise them. Have you thought of everything?"

"If you keep those promises you'll have your hands full." She turned to look at him, her gaze coldly steady. "Do you promise?"

"Sister Harriet, I think you're unreasonable."

"You're not a woman. In plural marriage, it seems to me God didn't pay much attention to the woman's side of it."

Brigham looked at the fire and considered. "I promise," he said.

Brigham set men to work at once to build a magnificent palace for Amelia. It was to be a huge and ornate mansion of many rooms; and meanwhile, after the marriage, she took a little cottage by herself. Often she ate with Brigham in the large dining room of the Lion House, and he kept his promise to sit with her alone. They shared a small table at the head of the room; and the other wives and many of the daughters were flanked on either side of a long table. Amelia had lovely clothes, jewels, and a carriage of her own; and in the theater she sat with her husband in his box, and the other wives sat in a special row of chairs in the parquet. She was, as she knew she would be, both envied and feared. She stepped into the great household as queen, and she held her position as queen, no matter how bitter the gossip behind her back.

Her first dinner in the dining room was an adventure that would have paralyzed a girl with less spirit and courage. She entered on Brigham's arm and went to the small table reserved for them, allowing him to assist her to her chair. The other wives were already seated. Amelia appraised them with swift glances, but swift glances were enough. They were a most unusual group. In age they varied so widely that among them there seemed to be daughters, mothers, and grandmothers; and they ranged through every conceivable size. Some were tall and some were very short; some were as gaunt as a starved ox, and some were great mounds of flesh and fat. Some sat bolt upright; some spread in their chairs as if boneless. Some looked as if dressed for the nursery, some for parties, some for the kitchen. All of them watched

her with friendly or jaundiced or vindictive eyes; for none of them had ever sat apart with Brigham, or enjoyed such favors as the new bride received.

Amelia ate gravely, quietly, but she was all eyes and ears; and one by one she sized them up. Nearest to her, and on her right, was a large and shapeless woman who looked very old: her gray hair was parted severely and combed down, her gray eyes were rheumy and tired, her mouth, without bitterness, was two thin and wrinkled lips. Amelia liked her—for her face was kind. On this woman's right was a small elderly person with a small pinched face. This woman looked as if her disposition, while not mean, were cramped within a few axioms and prejudices and content to rest there.

Across from her was one of the queerest in the whole lot. She had a huge horse face, long and gaunt and bony, with a high forehead and a huge chin. The woman on her left was as unlike her as a woman could be. She was dainty and feminine. She looked scared. She had her hair combed, like so many of the others, in a topknot—but with a difference: there were two parts that made a T of clean white scalp on this woman's head. Younger than most of them, she was, it seemed to Amelia, the only shy and self-conscious one in the entire lot.

Next to her was one of two women who looked venomous. This wife's hair, though done in a braided knot high on her head, was skinned back so tight that it drew all the wrinkles out of her forehead and slightly lifted the brows above the small and malicious eyes. Her mouth was a sharp little arc. Perhaps she was one of the barren wives—else why, Amelia wondered, should she look so soured? Across from her sat a sweet grandmotherly old soul who wore a quaint starched bonnet, with the ties of it laid back over her thin shoulders. Her faded eyes were full of kindness and soft humor; her hair was snow-white. When Amelia entered, this wife had

looked at her and smiled in welcome.

The woman on the same side of the table and two seats down had not smiled. She had a long oval head and a face slightly dished, but she was one of the handsomest women there. She seemed fond of jewelry; for besides the large bar pin that held the high lace collar, she wore rings in her ears and a rope of beads knotted at her bosom. It was obvious that this wife felt aloof and tolerant pity for most of the others.

Some of the women kept looking Amelia's way, either to stare at her or at the food she and Brigham were eating; for on Amelia's table, she admitted with more chagrin than triumph, were delicacies denied to the rest of them. The food on the long table was abundant but plain. On Amelia's table were choice preserves and jellies and pickles, though she did not touch them. She was not hungry.

She was, she admitted to herself, almost morbidly curious—for a stranger assortment of women she had never beheld. Halfway down the table was the largest hulk of all, a woman middle-aged, with sleek dark hair plastered in shallow waves to her big round skull and roped in an immaculate braided knot. She gazed at Amelia with eyes serenely stupid in her full, smooth face. There was nothing serene in the wife two seats beyond her. As a matter of fact, Amelia wondered at first if this person was a woman. She looked like a man, like a fierce Italian patriot; she had a fine dark mustache. The brooch at her throat and the big artificial flower in her dark hair made her look preposterous: a pipe over her ear and two pistols at her waist would have seemed more appropriate.

After studying all of them, Amelia decided that only two could, even by stretching the truth, be called lovely; and in them it was less perfection of feature than womanly softness. They were younger. Their hair was not done up in grandmotherly knots. Their mouths looked as if they had been kissed

—and that was more than Amelia could say of the other lips there. Gazing at her husband now, Amelia wondered why he had chosen so many wives who were unwomanly. Perhaps it was true, as he had said, that he had been too busy to fall in love, and had been interested only in intelligent mothers and healthy children.

Nevertheless, it made Amelia shiver to think of the courage a husband must have to embrace so many wives with such stubborn chins, such cold eyes. He was a brave man, she decided, and smiled within—or a most obtuse one. Amelia fell to thinking next of the countless rumors about these women. Of Harriet Cook, a tall woman with light hair and blue eyes, it was said that she caused Brigham more trouble than the Federal army; for she often denounced Mormonism, heaped scorn upon marriage, and frightened Brigham right out of the house. Susan Snively, gossip said, spun and dyed and passed unnoticed from year to year; Ellen Rockwood, in poor health, was visited once in every six months; Twiss, childless, waited on Brigham with faithfulness that neglect only whetted; and Clara Chase, ignored during her fourth confinement, had gone insane. It was now being said that Emmeline, long Brigham's favorite, was dying of a broken heart since he married Amelia.

How much truth there was in the many rumors, Amelia did not know; nor did she know whether she would ever learn the names of all these wives and children. Among the wives there had been, she remembered, a Mary Ann and a Lucy Ann, several Harriets, an Augusta, an Emily, a Clara, Margaret and Louisa, Susan and Ellen and Maria, Miriam and Eliza. It was all very confusing; for among the daughters were Elizabeths and Marys and Emmelines, Zinas and Miriams and Louisas. She sighed, thinking that perhaps it would be best not to try. Brigham himself hardly knew the names of all his children, especially now that grandchildren were

multiplying round him; and sometimes he mixed the names of his wives. She knew by sight the tall, graceful Emmeline, the round, sandy-haired, blue-eyed Twiss, the tall, sharp-nosed Harriet Cook. But most of them were only unfriendly faces, and she thought it would be best if they remained so.

"Are you through?" asked Brigham.

"Yes," she said, and rose from the table.

Every gaze was upon them as they passed out; and she knew that as soon as the door closed behind them, there would be a deluge of gossip.

"I want to go home now," she said.

They went to the cottage where she stayed, and she found it cosy and warm, with a great log burning in the fireplace.

"Are you happy?" Brigham asked.

She smiled, wondering if he had ever asked that question of a wife before. "I am all right," she said. "Most of your wives do not like me."

"You imagine it."

"No. A woman senses these things."

"Well," he said, removing his coat, "do women ever like one another anyhow? I sometimes doubt it."

"Some of them will like me and I'll like some of them. But I say again, don't expect me to be with them."

"That was a promise," he said, and warmed his hands.

She thought he looked old and tired to-night; he was a little stooped, and his face was pale and drawn. It was hard to think of him as husband and lover. It was hard to imagine herself in his embrace. Drawing a chair close, she sat by him and laid a soft hand on his knee. She felt compassion and tenderness. He had never known love—not really, not deeply; for all his life he had been too busy plotting against enemies and building his kingdom. Only now did she realize how lonely he was and how alone he had always been. It had not mattered much perhaps when he was young; but now that he was growing old, now

that most of his work was done, he was turning without knowing it to gentler things and seeking tenderness. She hoped she could be what he needed and what none of his other wives had been. For none of them really loved him, it seemed to her; and how could they be expected to? They had married him for the celestial glory and because he was president and prophet; and he had married them because it was a duty and because he wanted many children in the next life.

"Brigham," she said, "do you love your other wives?"

"Of course," he said, gazing at the fire.

"What does love mean to you?"

He looked at her. "What does it mean to you?"

"Oh, tenderness chiefly. A wish to help my husband be a greater man. But you have always lived alone. Your closest friend is Heber Kimball but you really have no close friends. Haven't you ever needed friends?"

"I guess I've always been too busy."

"Haven't you wanted friends?"

"I've never thought about it."

"You need friends now. That's why you thought you fell in love with me. But you're not in love with me really."

"Of course I am," he said.

"You've always been so fierce," she said, patting his big strong hands. "Now most of your work is behind you and you need something else."

"What?" he asked, a little amused.

"A woman perhaps. That's why I want to go with you on your trips. You need softening."

"I don't have a job for a soft man. Soon I'll be arrested and tried for bigamy and jailed. What does softness have to do with that?"

"You're a great man, Brigham. You would have been a greater man if you had had a woman's love."

"I have had," he said. "I have had the love of many women."

"Nonsense. You don't even know what love is."

That statement troubled him. After a few moments he said he was tired and guessed he had better go to bed; but when he rose she took his arm.

"You are going to stay with me to-night."

"No. I've always slept alone. It's better for a man."

"That is your trouble. You've been alone too much."

And forthwith she began to undress him. He was amused. Most persons, even his friends, were afraid of him; but this woman seemed not to be.

"Lean forward," she said; and when he leaned forward she drew his coat off. Then she sat on the floor and unfastened his boots and drew them off and his stockings, and patted his strong white feet.

Brigham meanwhile was wondering about her. His other wives had urged him to curl his hair and trim his beard and wear more expensive clothes; but none had undressed him or told him where to sleep. None had told him he was a lonely man who knew nothing about love.

"You don't think I'm going to sleep here all the time, do you?"

"Oh, no. Habits are too strong. Besides, you have other wives." She rose and drew two chairs close to the fireplace and led him to one of them. Had he, she asked, ever sat before a blazing fire with a woman he loved—had he in all the sixty-one years of his life?

"No," he said, remembering, "I guess I haven't."

"A fire," she said, "is such a friendly thing."

She sat by him and took one of his strong rough hands. She laid her head on his shoulder, with her soft brown hair piled against his cheek; and after a few moments he put an arm round her waist and drew her close to him and looked at the fire. She was wondering if he had ever been so gentle with a woman before. Brigham was wondering too.



A PRIZE FIGHTER IN THE NINETIES

BY EDMUND RUCKER

AT THE age of seventeen I was virtually a cripple. A childhood injury had brought on osteomyelitis, and as a result my right leg was shorter than my left, my left hip-joint was semi-rigid, and I suffered from painful abscesses. Lame, feeble, neurotic, I was only a wistful onlooker at athletic sports.

But a miracle was about to be wrought. Two blocks north of my home in Louisville, Kentucky, some Jewish citizens had built a one-storey gymnasium as the nucleus of a Y.M.H.A. It was large and well equipped and it had an extraordinary physical director.

I used to loaf at the side door and watch the members go through exercise drills. One of my friends, "Banty" Murphy, had suddenly blossomed into an all-round athlete, boxer, tumbler, and performer on the horizontal bar. Banty had urged me to join the gym; he told me other afflicted and deformed boys and men had been built up into vigorous health there, and he was sure I could be cured of my hip trouble by Instructor Gearhart, whom he idolized. One day while I was watching Banty do stunts on the horizontal bar an impulse prompted me to follow his advice. I paid five dollars for a year's membership and bought second-hand tennis slippers, and Murphy lent me old running trunks.

So it happened that one day I stood naked on weighing scales in Athletic Director Gearhart's office. With clinical but compassionate interest he inventoried my physical assets and liabilities. Then he said, "Rucker, you should loaf

in our back yard. It's covered with tanbark. Our track boys train there. Take plenty of rest but little exercise. Never get tired. Lie naked in the sun. Come indoors every hour for a cold spray, then back to the sun."

What luck to meet so kindly and intelligent a healer and to have an outdoor gymnasium within two blocks of my home! I doubt if there was another within three hundred miles. Three months later I had gained weight, my corpse-like pallor under the brushwork of sun and air had changed to tan, and the rash on my face was clearing. Best of all, the abscesses were definitely shrinking. Cautiously, I began exercising. I slept each night ten to twelve hours. I practically lived in the gymnasium and its tanbark-covered back yard.

After six months I was perceptibly less lame. Prodigal Nature had set about compensating for the pulled-out socket; my legs now seemed of equal length; I walked almost erect, and heaven be praised, the last abscess had closed! Mentally I was metamorphosed as much as physically: low spirits and fear were replaced by buoyancy and confidence; I seemed to be living in a new world.

"Kid" McCoy and Joe Choynski, star fighters, were exhibiting at the Buckingham Theater, and the management had offered fifty dollars to any local fighter who could last four rounds against them. A huge Negro from Tennessee was billed to try his luck against Choynski. Though I had no money for a ticket, the doorman,

fat Tom Whallen, lame half-brother of the theater owners, the famous Whallen Brothers, let me into the gallery.

Through a murk of tobacco smoke I looked down on a brightly lighted stage where a rangy athlete in purple tights was thumping a punching bag. He was Joe Choynski. His bag stunt ended, he skipped lightly over the ropes of a prize ring, the first I had seen. From the opposite side of the stage lumbered his giant opponent. A baldish little man in a wrinkled tuxedo climbed into the ring, held up a hand for silence, and shouted, "Introdoocin' the heavyweight champion of Tennessee." The Negro towered over spindle-legged Choynski, and looked mighty enough to tear him apart.

A bell clanged and the black giant leaped across the ring, rushed Choynski to the ropes, tore free of clinches, and let fly a barrage of whistling swings that seemed sure to knock Joe through the stage walls. Some of his sledgelike blows appeared to land on the white man. I marveled that anyone could withstand such an onslaught.

How the crowd yelled! In all my life I had not been so excited. Suddenly Choynski stopped retreating. I saw him land a right against the black man's ribs, and start another. But the second blow seemed to hang in midair. Yet, for some inexplicable reason, that gigantic Negro crashed to the ring floor. His handlers dragged his body off as if it were the carcass of a horse. The first knockout I had seen.

Mystified and thrilled, I resolved as I walked home that I would study boxing; I would learn to defend myself. My researches began immediately. Daily I practiced footwork, feinting, blocking, ducking, and leading. I hammered a punching bag and I closely watched the boxers at the Y.M.H.A. In thirty days I had developed a bothersome left jab and a bit of defensive skill. New boys in the gymnasium began to shun me; I had to take on bigger ones. In two months I had learned to relax, to keep the other fellow moving, to tuck in my

chin; and I was gaining surprisingly in stamina. My arms had begun to thicken.

Six months after the Choynski knock-out Instructor Gearhart asked me to appear in a public boxing exhibition. My opponent was the star lightweight of the gymnasium, but I felt no uneasiness. I won a four-round decision. My picture was published in the papers as a promising amateur boxer. A few weeks later an inter-club tournament for boxers was held at the swank Louisville Athletic Club. Director Gearhart entered me in the lightweight class. I went triumphantly through the preliminaries, and took the final with ease.

The outstanding amateur lightweight boxer of Louisville was Henry Richardson, of the Neat-Richardson Drug Company family. Henry was my ideal athlete. Lithe in build, he was astonishingly versatile, a crack football player, tumbler, and performer on the horizontal bar. Two acrobatic feats he could execute which to me have always seemed inexplicable—the backflip and the giant swing. Richardson's following finally took notice of my rising reputation and his brother Bill proposed a fight. I accepted; I had grown cocky enough to fight Joe Gans had I been asked.

"How many rounds shall it be?" asked Bill.

"As many as you like," I replied.

"How about a finish fight?"

"Suits me," I said.

Richardson and I met in a suburban hall. Following current custom, we waited until the gloves were on before choosing the referee. The man who was finally chosen was Isaac F. Marcossan, then a cub reporter for the *Louisville Times*, later a well-known journalist and author.

Henry Richardson and I mauled each other that night for fifteen bloody rounds—one hour elapsed time. Then, with both of us battered and tottering, Referee Marcossan decided that he had had enough even if the fighters had not, and he mercifully called it a day—and a draw.

I had been hearing of a middleweight fighter in a tough neighborhood called Limerick, a hard hitter who licked all comers with or without gloves. He was Jack Burke, nephew of Mike Hickey, owner of a saloon, and a ward boss in the potent Whallen political machine. Hickey announced that he would back Burke against any white man in Kentucky, Ed Rucker preferred. Why he singled me out for special mention I never learned. But it was more than a cocky young boxer could endure. Down to Hickey's I hurried and in less than a quarter of an hour had arranged all details for a meeting with Burke in his own bailiwick. In making this match I had no thought other than it would be just another lark. I had not the slightest intention of turning professional.

Burke and I fought in a large dance hall back of a Limerick saloon. He was ten pounds heavier than I, but lacked my skill. My chief second that night was Thompson Buchanan, who was himself a bit of an athlete. I knocked Burke cold in the first round and the referee had counted to seven when—the lights suddenly went out! In the darkness I could hear Mike Hickey cursing the referee and grumbling demands for a square deal. It was ten minutes before the lights came on, and by that time Burke was fully recovered. But Hickey was still squawking for a fair deal.

"Let Hickey referee," I offered.

But those who had bet on me demurred. Finally a cousin of Burke's was proposed by Hickey, and I agreed.

I knocked Burke out again in the second or third round. I don't know what restrained the cousin-referee from disqualifying me on a foul, maybe for hitting below the Adam's apple. That fight was for me of the greatest importance, for Irish Mike Hickey now became my loyal supporter and staunch friend, and his saloon served me as a club, office, and commissary.

There were other fights, and within two years of the time when I joined the Y.M.H.A. gymnasium, "Kid Rucker of

Louisville" had been signed to fight Steve Crosby, a nationally known professional.

II

Bewildered at being catapulted into professional boxing, I went out into the street after signing to meet Crosby. I had never had the slightest thought of professionalism. Only yesterday, it seemed, I had limped unnoticed along this same sidewalk. To-day I felt as strong as Sandow, and every few seconds someone called, "Hello, Ruck," or "Luck to you, Ed." But this certainly was not what I had dreamed life would be. What was I getting into? Was I the Rucker black sheep? Perhaps I should chuck it. But no, it was too late; I must not show yellow, especially in this match, which I had decided would be my last.

As I swung south on Fourth Street it began to rain, and I paused in a doorway. Someone slapped my shoulder. It was Norvin Harris, a well-to-do Kentucky horseman. He had read the news in the late editions. He offered me his country lodge for training, and I jubilantly accepted. Another acquaintance, fat Will Botto, extended his hand. When Botto heard of Norvin Harris's offer, he said, "I'd like to kick in too; let me furnish the groceries."

The Harris lodge perched on the slope of a hill adjoining Jacob's Park, now officially named Iroquois Park. A large living room looked down on a countryside dotted with farmhouses. Behind the lodge we built a boxing ring and put up a punching-bag platform. Bag thumping drew kids from miles around, and soon their fathers followed to see how the contraption worked. Thereafter punching bags drummed in half the county farmyards.

Among our visitors was a lumbering youth, a year older than I. He volunteered as a sparring partner, but peeled off his shirt with plain misgiving. He had scrapped in stables and sandlots but of boxing he knew next to nothing. He

was big and willing, however, and he had thick wrists and huge paws. This youth was Marvin Hart; five years later he became heavyweight champion of the world. I tried to go easy with Marvin, but punches will slip, and often his knees buckled. When I offered apology for a hard smack he smiled and said he didn't mind getting socked, that he wanted to learn to take it. He took plenty in those days.

Will Botto, usually called "Fatty," used to drive out daily in a high-seated Stanhope. Only five feet one inch tall, he weighed two hundred pounds and was almost globular in appearance, but always wore expensive tailored suits. A former theater usher, he was at the moment delirious from sudden riches, the steamboat riches of Capt. James Irvin, eccentric miser of the river, dead these five years. He had just married the Captain's aged widow.

The underworld sent its representatives. There was "Dago Joe" Leon, who smoked opium, but was an expert rubber. He was a small, bent, sallow Sicilian who stuttered; he had lately migrated from New Orleans where he had been a trainer for Andy Bowen, the Creole terror, who was killed in a glove fight with "Kid" Lavigne. There was "Dago Foley," pickpocket, chattering of pokes and ices, snitches and harness bulls, gats and shils. Like Fatty Botto, he was always faultlessly tailored and could have passed for a youth of social position.

Among Louisville theatrical men who loved the smell of resin were Col. John Whallen, of the Whallen Brothers, owners of the city's burlesque palace, and gentle old Charlie Shaw, resident manager for the Avenue Theater. You can imagine how I swelled with pride when Colonel Whallen said, "Ruck, any time you want tickets to the shows just send word," and Shaw added, "That goes for the Avenue too."

The theater was also represented at the camp by Baker Rock, who later became a high-salaried dance director for the New York stage, and by Ben Harney,

the song-writer. Harney brought his guitar, sang his own compositions, and talked ragtime. How he talked ragtime! He sometimes called it syncopation or negro dance time. He had recently toured the South in vaudeville, had scored a big success in New York where he appeared in a piano program with a tiny Negro dancer, and had just published *The Ragtime Instructor*. Among his own song-hits that he played at the lodge were, "Mr. Johnson, Turn Me Loose," which was being whistled throughout the nation, and "You've Been a Good Old Wagon, But You Done Broke Down." He showed how to rag standard music by playing on the piano in ragtime "Annie Laurie" and "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo." When Ben Harney died in obscurity in 1938, *Time* magazine justly referred to him as the father of American ragtime.

Another talented entertainer who contributed to our camp gayety was a Negro cakewalker, "Frogeye," who claimed, perhaps justly, the world's cakewalking championship. His nickname was derived from his comically bulging eyes. He had won first prize in cakewalks from Louisville to New Orleans. Cakewalking was as popular in those days as jitterbug dancing is today. It was chiefly a Negro frolic, but was patronized by "white folks." "Frogeye" was on hand several nights a week, eager to perform when Harney strummed his "Cakewalk in the Sky."

Publicity was handled by another picturesque character, Verney ("Screw") Sanders, Louisville newspaper veteran, whose daily column, "Gimme a Match," in the Louisville *Times*, amused race fans for a quarter of a century. Grinning over the advance sale for my fight, Screw appeared daily shepherding groups of visitors.

"It'll be a sell-out," said he. "Orders coming from Nashville, Evansville, Indianapolis, Lexington. It's a natural for Kentucky: nigger against white, slugger against boxer, professional against amateur! Wow!"

One day we entertained the great Joe Choynski, from whom I got a boxing lesson and a timely tip. Joe stopped over in Louisville on his way home to Chicago from Galveston, Texas, where he had knocked out Jack Johnson. I told him I was worried about my weight; for in spite of five to eight miles of roadwork before breakfast and an hour's drill each afternoon I was still too heavy. When I did melt off a pound or two, just a light meal or even a glass of water put them right back.

"You can dry out three or four pounds," said Choynski.

"How do you dry out?" I asked.

"Take no liquid for two or three days before a fight. You get hellish thirsty. Gargle with cold water."

Joe had just been released from jail at Galveston where he and Jack Johnson served thirty days for prize fighting. But the sheriff treated Joe as a guest, gave him a comfortable bed and good food and even permitted him to go out at night.

"What about Jack Johnson?" I asked.

"They're kind of tough on darkies in the South," smiled Joe. "They kept him in a dungeon on bread and water."

One day when Screw Sanders called he brought bad news. City and State officials had turned thumbs down on the fight. Kentucky's Negro population had got steamed up, and the police feared race excitement; they would not permit a meeting between black and white.

"But don't stop training," admonished Sanders. "We'll find a way to pull off the fight."

And so they did. Plans of the promoters were closely guarded. Even the principals didn't know where they were to meet until four hours before they entered the ring. About dusk on the day of the fight I got word to be at the river front at eight o'clock. There I found a swarm of tugboats and other small river craft. One by one as the boats filled they chugged upstream in the darkness, and passengers were permitted to know

their destination was Six-Mile Island. (Six miles above Louisville.) As I stood in the gloom of the levee watching the crowd troop aboard the boats, a slim figure in a long gray overcoat appeared beside me, and a small, soft hand grasped my fingers. A girl! She wore a felt hat pulled down over her hair and her coat collar was turned up to hide part of her face.

"Please don't give me away," she said. "I'm crazy to see the fight and to root for you. My brother said no women were allowed. I put on his clothes. Won't you take me with you?"

Through her disguise I recognized a beautiful blonde girl often noticed in Louisville! I handed her a small satchel containing my fighting equipment and she followed me aboard my tug.

III

Soon I was sitting in my ring corner. One end of the mile-long island in the Ohio River swarmed with hilarious sports from the city. A roped arena had been set up in a sandy clearing encircled by scraggly trees, from the branches of which hung kerosene reflector lamps that split the dark with a weird yellow glare.

On my left, pressing against the ropes, white spectators eyed me appraisingly as an upstart amateur. Members of the Pendennis Club, young men of wealth and fashion, judges, physicians, bankers, and politicians stood cheek-by-jowl with gamblers, bartenders, thieves, and street-walkers. Almost close enough to touch, Young E. Allison, composer of the American opera, "The Ogallalabs," chatted with the Democratic boss, John Whallen. Congressman Oscar Turner, in a Prince Albert coat, linked arms with cartoonist Paul Plaschke; Thompson Buchanan, the young playwright, was discussing the fight with Will S. Hays, who wrote that popular ballad of the seventies, "Mollie Darling."

At the right of the ring Negroes grinned and chattered, and awaited a triumph of black over white. Most of the crowd

stood, the only available seats being half a hundred deck chairs and benches dragged from the waiting tugs. A score of youths had climbed to lower limbs of trees and hung there like monkeys in a zoo.

I had stripped in a crisp breeze that blustered from the river. Though I had been nervous and fidgety at first, I found myself surprisingly at ease after I stepped through the ropes.

The bell clanged, and I whirled into a struggle, the ferocity of which remains vivid after forty years. After the first round, the ring surface was so scuffed that we fought ankle-deep in sand, and all my patiently mastered footwork availed naught. A dogfight it had to be, and believe me, a dogfight it was. It lasted the full twenty rounds.

Here is a part of the description of it in the *Courier-Journal* of September 18, 1897, written in the characteristic fight-reporting style of the day:

... In the eleventh and twelfth rounds Crosby seemed to have the better of the argument, because it was plain to all that he landed with greater force than did his antagonist. At times Rucker looked weak and a little dazed, but he invariably came up smiling and fresh. One man offered to bet \$10 to \$2 that Crosby would win, and his offer was snapped up so readily that he backed down. Later he offered to bet \$10 to \$8 and was accepted.

Then came the unlucky thirteenth round—unlucky, as the sports said, because Crosby had evidently received instructions to finish his man as quickly as possible. It is all over his face as he stands there in a gravely-quiet crowd, under the light of the kerosene lamps. Rucker's seconds have evidently told him to play a waiting game, and he bides his chances. A few light taps were exchanged, then from somewhere out of the dusky body comes a chocolate-colored fist, which lands heavily on Rucker's chin. The pink body flops against the loose ropes and springs back again to meet another dusky fist, which finds a resting place against the ear, and the nineteen-year-old boy drops to his knees.

"He is out, he is out," cry his friends and they groan and shower curses on the entire African race.

But Rucker is game to the core. He rises slowly on one knee and then by great effort he pulls its companion up also.

Bang, and the chocolate fist again collides

with the pink and white ear and again the young athlete sprawls in the deep sand.

Down there to the left where the kerosene lamp is dying out a broad-shouldered man pushes his way through the ropes, knocking down several of the howling spectators and declares that the fight shall be given to Rucker on a foul. Half a dozen of his companions yank him back through the ropes, for the fight is going on with a viciousness intensified and the referee has seen no foul.

Once, twice, four times Rucker goes to the sand from the effect of those awful swings. The fight will be over in the next punch. But no, a dozen men have yelled, "Call time," and mistaking the call for the time-keeper's call, Crosby returns to his corner, and ten seconds of precious time are lost to him. Rucker's seconds take advantage of this short time and spurt pints of water on his bleeding face and polka-dotted body. When he finally resumes his position he is hardly able to stand, but Crosby has not the reserve strength to put over the finishing blow.

Back and forth the crowd surges, howling like demons—Crosby calm, silent, smiling; Rucker pale, blood-bespecked, but game. The gong stops Crosby's vicious rush and the crowd yells its satisfaction at the close of the round with Rucker still standing. It is a Rucker crowd, there is no doubt of it. It is in every remark hurled at Crosby and in the hundreds of monosyllabic advices thrown to Rucker.

Then they come up again. It is the fourteenth round and each succeeding round to the end is exactly like it except the last. Rucker spurred on by the cheers of his associates, makes a few charges which are almost impossible to withstand. He essays right and left swings in the face, gets innumerable punches in the ribs, but finally lands a rib roaster which makes the colored man's teeth chatter. They fight like beasts. "Bang" they go at each other, and "bang," they collide like a couple of steam engines. The spectators have never witnessed such a fight before. Amid the babel of voices the referee orders them to quit and makes them shake hands, and then turns to the howling mob with uplifted hands and says:

"Gentlemen, this is the best fight I have ever seen. I declare it a draw."

Then the crowd gives one long cheer and scrambles down the banks to the wheezy tugs which pass on down the moonlit river.

But the real story of that thirteenth round, or of the fight as a whole, is not found in the *Courier-Journal* report. The "broad-shouldered man who pushed through the ropes" was one of my seconds, a medical student, John Glover South, who in later life became United States Minister to Panama and to Portu-

gal, and President of the Kentucky State Board of Health. I had another second named James Frew, then physical director of the Louisville Athletic Club, later a physician in Milwaukee. Both South and Frew were famous football players of the nineties, big fellows and superb athletes.

A few days before the fight South and Frew had called at my training camp asking permission to try on me a scientific experiment.

"If you should get hurt," explained South, showing me a pill-box of amber-colored pellets, "we want to smash one of these under your nose. They're nitrate of amyl pearls, and they'll almost revive a corpse. If you get dazed they will set you up."

"We'll take 'em along just in case," said Frew.

Up to the thirteenth round Crosby had not hit me effectively. Despite the soft sand underfoot, I had tied him up by ducking and blocking and he was beginning to tire. Enraged at his inability to solve my defense, he wrestled me against the ropes. What terrible strength he had! As we came out of that clinch he shot a hook to my jaw. We had agreed to break clean, and it was an obvious foul. Down I crashed in the sand. What actually happened from then until the close of the round I can't say of my own knowledge. I thought I was hurtling through limitless space in a thick mist. I learned later that I was knocked down half a dozen times by sledgehammer swings, and was led to my corner, out on my feet. But suddenly the fog lifted and the ring stopped whirling. South was holding a towel under my nose and begging me to breathe deep.

In the next round I came up stronger than Crosby. His efforts to finish me had tired him, and he was beginning to feel the incessant body-pounding I was giving him. Whether the nitrate of amyl saved me I can't say. I have never heard of any other fighter using it. But I know that I got through the last six rounds, during which I felt Crosby's gorilla strength steadily ebbing.

That spectacular fight on Six-Mile Island was more than a nine days' sensation in Kentucky and Indiana. It was argued angrily, and partisans punched noses.

Regardless of diverse opinions, that battle was for me a marvelous, indeed a miraculous, experience. Can you conceive what it means to fight twenty rounds? One hour and nineteen minutes of physical strain even if you don't get hit! I had shown endurance worthy of a champion, had stood up under severe punishment, and had finished stronger than a seasoned professional—I who had been an invalid only two years before!

As I dressed after the fight a gaunt, be-whiskered gaffer, steeped in corn licker, shuffled out of the circle of friends and offered his hand. In the other he gripped a long rifle.

"Rucker," he said, "I want to shake your hand. When I seen that nigger foul you I went home and got the old squirrel gun. I been livin' on this here island more'n twenty years. If that ape had'a tried that agin I sho' would'a put him out'n his misery. Come purty nigh lettin' him have it anyhow."

I learned later that the old fellow actually attempted to sight his rifle at Crosby, but bystanders held him back. Mind you, the chances of my getting hit instead of Crosby were one in two!

As I moved to the waiting tug for the return trip to Louisville the girl in man's clothes caught up with me and took my hand.

"It was thrilling," she said. "I wouldn't have missed it for worlds. But I almost fainted when you were knocked down. How did you ever pull through? Are you hurt?"

I assured her that beyond a slight headache I had never felt better in my life. On the boat ride she held my hand and it seemed as though we had known each other always—though I didn't guess then that she was to become my wife.

IV

The thrill of the game, I must confess, was getting into my blood despite my qualms about professional fighting. It seemed that everyone was trying to do me a favor. I was on the inside of every phase of Louisville activity. Even youths of the oldest and wealthiest families sought me and were actually flattered if I called them by name. I had more social invitations than I could accept. Then too I had developed a love of combat.

Nevertheless, I would have kept my resolution to quit the game after the Crosby fight but for the unfavorable conditions under which I had fought, and the unsatisfactory outcome. So when promoters proposed a second meeting I decided to fight just once more. Again the State and city authorities, fearing race disturbances, turned thumbs down on a meeting between white and black. Again a scheme had to be devised to outwit the law. Promoting the match became a game of wits, and the Louisville sporting public looked on with amused curiosity.

Again I had no inkling where the fight would be held until a few hours before ring time, when I got word to be at the Southern Railroad station at eight o'clock. A special train took us all out to a picnic place in Crossroads. Again Crosby and I slashed through twenty rounds, but this time I had a firm footing. I could slide about, in and out, to outspeed the rugged Negro. At the finish I did not have a mark, while Crosby was leg-weary and battered. I felt chesty that I had marked up Crosby more than had Joe Gans.

The special train, waiting on a siding, filled quickly and steamed back toward Louisville. A carnival-minded crowd sang, laughed, drank, shouted scabrous repartee. Friends swaying through the aisle paused to offer tipsy congratulations. Presently I heard a staccato voice at my ear.

"Ed, how about barnstormin'—you and me?"

Turning, I saw behind me Charley Poretto, one of Louisville's Italian colony, a swart, garish, ribald tout, who talked out of the side of his mouth.

"I got a bankroll—enough for a get-away. We'll have more fun than a barrel of monkeys and pick up some coin. You need experience—knockin' over bums. I be manager; I keep you busy. Fight every week—maybe every night—what th' hell! A few months bumpin' off chumps and you're a champ. Then we go after Gans."

A barnstorming trip! Well, why not? Serious life would begin soon enough. Wasn't I entitled to a frolic—one final fling? And so I acquired a manager. (Poretto in later years became a plain-clothes detective of the New Orleans police department.)

"We gotta grab a ring monicker," said Poretto next day. "Ed Rucker ain't no ring name. It's gotta throw the fear of God in 'em."

"How about Frankenstein?" I asked. "Or Genghis Khan?"

"Nuts! Jew names ain't no good. It's gotta be Irish."

"Well, how's Hogan?" I ventured, recalling "Hogan's Alley," a show then popular in the ten-twenty-three theaters.

"A swell start—but you gotta glom something to it. Ring stuff!"

"I have it," I said. "One-Round Hogan!"

"That's the answer! One-Round Hogan! Great! That'll floor 'em."

And so I became One-Round Hogan on tour. That title was used by a dozen others in the next decade, but I was its originator.

Poretto made good his promise to keep me busy. Throughout the next five months I was training and fighting continually in Kentucky, Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania. After each fight Poretto would disappear and wire news of another match. The foes he lined up outweighed me from ten to fifty pounds, but luckily for me they were

nearly all what the profession calls stumblebums, and I usually lived up to my ring name by bouncing them out in the first round.

What with fighting twice a week though, my hands finally cracked, and there came a time when the punches I threw hurt me more than the heads they hit. In Philadelphia I was offered a match with tough Owen Ziegler, who would have had even more trouble than I to make the lightweight limit. But I decided to return home, hang up the gloves, and try to get on a Louisville paper as cub reporter. I bought a set of *Chambers' Encyclopedia*, and started at volume one siphoning knowledge into my head. I haunted newspaper offices begging a job. But city editors, though affable, were wary, probably thinking me punch-drunk, and I had no luck.

V

Some time later, lightweight champion George ("Kid") Lavigne came to the Buckingham Theater headlining a burlesque show. I went to the opening Sunday matinee. Lavigne sparred with his brother Billy. He sent me an invitation backstage, where in his dressing room I found him naked, chatting with his manager, Sam Fitzpatrick, and reporters. He had recently returned from England where he had defeated Dick Burge, the British "Iron Man."

The dressing-room door swung open and in walked the theater owner, Col. John Whallen, political boss of Louisville. Large and heavy, he was surprisingly quick of movement, always smoked a cigar, and wore a tilted plug hat as a kingly crown. He was a self-made man, an adroit and confident political leader, a feudal chieftain, feared and respected. As a political potentate he was the prototype of Jim Farley.

After greeting Lavigne, Col. Whallen said to me, "How about boxing the champ Friday night? Give you two hundred dollars. Four rounds."

I needed money. The proceeds of my

late barnstorming were spent. Besides it was a royal honor for a youngster to be addressed by Boss Whallen. I accepted.

There was no understanding between Lavigne and me as to how we should box, but I well knew that though the bout would be called an exhibition, I should have to guard my chin as best I might. It never occurred to me that I might not last four rounds.

The Buckingham Theater was jammed on Friday night and a huge overflow crowd clogged all the entrances. I had to fight my way through the rear alley to the stage door. Having put on my ring attire in a below-stage dressing room, I went up to watch a thumping musical finale. Among the troupers were the singer Emma Carus and the comedian George Sydney. Emma Carus and Helena Mora were rival female baritones of the nineties. What a shock I got when Emma, in purple tights, walked off stage after a song, cursing the orchestra accompaniment, "It's too damn low!"

A few minutes later, in different mood, she strolled over to the wings, where I chatted with Sydney, and said, "Are you the kid who meets the champ?" It was my first close view of an actress in make-up—mascaraed eyes, rouged cheeks, and carmined lips—and she seemed positively coruscating.

"Doing anything after the show?" she asked. Before I could answer she said, "How about chop suey at some Chink joint?"

Flattered that Miss Carus should show interest in a colt like me, I said quickly, "Of course; I'd be glad to." But her upholstered form made me wonder that she thought of food.

"I'm at the Louisville Hotel," she said. "I'll go home after the show."

"I never tasted chop suey," I confessed. "I thought Chinese ate rats."

"You poor kid," she laughed.

A few minutes later I sat facing Lavigne. In the wings, standing on props and chairs, or perched on ladders, members of the troupe, painted chorus girls,

slapstick comedians, tumblers, clowns, singers, and dancers focused on me a wondering gaze. They seemed to be calculating how long I should remain vertical. As for me, I felt intense curiosity to know what it would be like to be boxing the great Lavigne.

Before the champion's iron-fisted advance I slid away. I wanted time to study his method. Never had I so desperately needed defensive skill. Weighted gloves thudded against my elbows and shoulders or grazed my head in ominous warning. A thumping right belted my ribs like the kick of a mule.

Lavigne tried to pin me in a corner, but as he charged I sidestepped, and he hurtled by into the ropes. I had made the champion miss by a foot! Amazingly fast, Lavigne bounded after me as I glided about, ducking or sidestepping hooks that flicked my ears. Round and round the ropes we whirled. All the time I was gaining confidence. After all, I thought, Lavigne was a human being and had no more fists than I. On his next rush I stepped inside his swing instead of pulling back, and tried a left jab. It connected solidly. A trickle of red showed beneath Lavigne's mouth. At the close of the first round I felt cocky and I was sure that Lavigne would not reach me effectively in a short bout.

As the second round got under way I saw that Lavigne had changed pace. Seeing I had a canny defense, he hoped to set a trap by easing off, make me careless so that he might drop me with one mighty blow. I resolved not to get caught. Coming out of clinches I lowered my hands to give the impression of recklessness, then I began to lead, banging away with lefts and rights. Some of these punches I knew Lavigne could have ducked or blocked. Each time I led I kept my eyes open and my mind taut. I felt there was peril ahead.

We pounded through fiery flurries that stirred the customers to frenzy. My friends thought I was making a great showing and they cheered madly. But

toward the close of the second round Lavigne suddenly bent back and rocketed a whistling right. I could not pull back quite fast enough to escape altogether. The best I could do was to jerk in my chin. Lavigne's fist crashed against my nose and spread it across my face.

A thick stream of blood flowed down my chest. Staggering back with knees buckling, I barely managed to keep my feet as Lavigne raged after me. But to my own amazement I recovered full strength almost instantly. Indeed I felt a sudden new speed and power and I was strangely unafraid. I slugged back, finding myself indifferent to the champion's blows. I no longer felt them.

Now Lavigne was bleeding too. The crowd roared excitedly as men stood on seats and flung hats in the air. When the bell rang neither Lavigne nor I heard it, and the referee had to step between us. We lashed into the next round, both of us throwing leather with everything we had, both smeared with blood. I felt light as a toy balloon and sped about without effort, my left pumping away like a machine gun. Lavigne volleyed with hooks and swings, most of which, thank heaven, I managed to evade. We surged wildly around the ropes until the final bell. When we shook hands at the finish Lavigne draped an arm round my neck and said, "You're all right, Ed. See you in the bar."

Cleaned up finally and dressed, I climbed to a darkened stage. There I met one of the chorus girls, billed as Nadine.

"Hello, kid," she cooed. "You went great. Gawd am I dry!"

"Come along, sister," I said.

Roisterers jammed the Theater bar, performers, newspaper men, gamblers, boxers, jockeys, and show girls. I sat at a table with Lavigne, his manager and brother and Bill Douglas, sports editor of the *Courier-Journal*, with Nadine beside me. To my amazement Lavigne ordered whiskey straight and tossed off three fingers at one gulp.

"Set 'em up again," he bawled.

How many drinks the champion downed that night I can't say. I felt ashamed to order milk, and thought to compromise on ginger ale, but when I saw the scorn on the frolickers' faces, I said, "Gimme whiskey." I marvelled that a great champion should drink hard liquor. How was it possible, I wondered, for him to have such stamina? The answer was that Lavigne's constitution even then was being eroded, and he was on his way downhill.

Soon the liquor had my head spinning. Nadine's arm was round my neck. I had forgotten Emma Carus. Life was gaudy and devoid of care. About three o'clock Lavigne invited the party to his hotel. Into hacks we piled and clattered around to the Galt House. In a big suite more drinks were ordered for the crowd. Presently we were singing, "After the Ball." Lavigne's girl, eager to display her pretty knees, tried to kick the chandelier. We became more and more boisterous. Someone lurched against a tray of drinks and it crashed to the floor. We sang in chorus, "Just Break the News to Mother." A tap sounded on the door. Fitzpatrick stepped into the hall and a moment later beckoned to me. Our caller was the night clerk, red-haired Dave Flynn.

"Ed," he said apologetically, "there's an old lady dying across the hall. Her nurse telephoned begging us to stop the noise. I'm sorry."

"I'll quiet 'em," said Fitzpatrick.

Not long after that I must have passed out. The next I knew I lay on a divan, feeling seasick.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Noon," said Nadine. "I've missed rehearsal."

Sam Fitzpatrick yelled, "First call for breakfast," but the mere thought of food made me groan. But after a cold plunge in Lavigne's tub I joined the party and managed to down a few swallows of black coffee.

While the breakfast dishes were being cleared away Dave Flynn came up.

"I want to thank you boys for turning off the noise," he said affably. How different the attitude of hotel clerks may be to special guests!

"How's the sick lady?" I asked.

"Cashed in an hour ago," said Flynn. "A funny old dame. Used to be a famous looker. When her youth faded, she tried to beat old age. Went to Paris, had her face enameled. They say it looked good for a coupla years. Then the enamel wrinkled. She moved to the Galt House and never left her room. No callers ever received—just a nurse with her. Everything handled by correspondence—always used lavender stationery sealed with wax. She was nuts about lavender."

"What's her name?" I asked, although I knew.

"Sallie Ward Downes," said Flynn.

That name had been famous in Louisville.

VI

At last I got a newspaper job, on the *Commercial*, and my first assignment was to box Jim Corbett at his training camp at West Baden Springs, and write an account of the experience for the paper.

I found Jim Corbett in his shirt-sleeves, sitting on a bed at the West Baden Springs hotel stuffing cotton between his toes.

"Too much road work," he said. "Puppies whining."

His shirt had large checkered stripes which I thought becoming to his Praxitelean figure. How the ancient Greeks would have acclaimed him! Thirty-two years old, past his athletic zenith, he nevertheless seemed to have kept all the fire of youth.

"Boxing any?" I asked, trying to be casual.

"Gotta get limbered up and boiled out first," he said. "I've been loafing too long—and eating."

"Mr. Corbett," I ventured, "the Louisville *Commercial* sent me to West Baden on an assignment to box with you and write my experiences—if I

survive. I'm a pretty fair boxer myself—and a pal of Tom Lansing. Would you?"

"If you promise to go easy with the old cripple," joshed Corbett. "We'll have Bill Blunt here to referee. How's Lansing? Had him with me all summer at Asbury Park. And, say, there's no Mister Corbett around here—unless it's Tom." He meant his brother Tom Corbett who sat up in a window reading a pink weekly.

While the gloves were being tied for our bout, Corbett puffed out his chest, spread-eagled his shoulders, and roared:

"Behold El-Cap-i-tan,
Gaze on his form from feet to hair,
See in his eyes that fearful glare,
Compare him if you can.

"Great show that," he said. "Sousa music—Hopper clowning. That Hopper woulda made a fighter. Big and fast and strong—can backflip like a circus acrobat."

Turning to me, he said jokingly, "Made your will, son?"

"Ever hear of David and Goliath?" I retorted.

"I know Weber and Fields," smiled Corbett.

"Different circuits," yelled Blunt.

A moment later we were sparring, I in a crouch, Corbett lazily erect. I knew that against Jim's superior height and reach I should have to crowd after him as long as I was upright, and take the consequences. After all, I was twelve years younger, in fine condition, battle-hardened, and as cocky as the devil on horseback. In thirteen months I had fought nearly two hundred rounds. Corbett had fought only twice in six years, a total of seventeen rounds.

Here certainly was exciting experience in full measure: I was boxing a genius of the ring who anticipated every lead, who always had a cushioning elbow or glove under a blow, who slid about, or ducked, or led with blinding speed. Nevertheless I bored in and kept Corbett moving. When Bill Blunt called time, Jim was blowing and sweating. Of course he

was just getting a work-out—so far at least.

In the second round we were both warmed up. I managed to shoot a left to his elusive head, and a smacking right to his ribs.

"Good work," he encouraged.

A moment later he again burst into song, "See in his eyes that fearful glare—" and sent me spinning with a quick left. I came right back, however, throwing gloves. So far Corbett had pulled his punches. But now he saw that I could box and that I could take it, and there was a purposeful look in his dark eyes as we slashed into the final session. Suddenly he raked my ribs with a hook, fainted for the same spot, rocketed left and right to head. Those whams had jolt enough to toll the distant bells; I crashed against a side wall, bounded back into the fire.

"Never lead with your chin," admonished Bill Blunt.

I began heaving rights for his head, but the dark pompadour always bobbed away. If I could right-hand him just one time, I might shift and sink a left in the belly. But it was impossible to catch Jim Corbett with a high right. I should have remembered that even Fitzsimmons had failed to do that. Suddenly Jim stuck out his face temptingly and dropped his guard. He was clowning. But I snapped a fast left hook and it landed solidly. I knew that for a moment it made Jim see bright lights.

"Kid's fast," grunted Corbett—and now he showed speed that was bewildering. Still partly pulling punches, he swarmed all over me. Bang! Bang! Bang! My turn to see lights. Bang! Bang! Gloves thudded against head and ribs. That dazzling Corbett footwork I now saw at close range, just as it must have looked to John L. Sullivan. No wonder the mighty John L. was fuddled! In and out Jim darted, feinting, ducking, snapping hooks. How could a heavyweight move so fast? Bang! A straight right. Again I went

against the wall and again I rebounded.

"I bet that made his false teeth ache!" wailed Blunt.

Suppose Jim forgets I'm a welter-weight, I thought. But I was there to do or die and to record my experience. It was no longer necessary—or possible—to bore in. Corbett had become a crazy, whirling dervish. I could only counter. I was still trying to figure out a way to reach him when Bill Blunt called time.

A few moments later Jim Corbett and I relaxed in a steam bath. As I stood rubbing salt on my skin I noticed him eyeing the old scars.

"Kentucky feud?" he asked.

I told the story of my cure; he listened attentively.

"Exercise," he said, "is the nearest thing to a cure-all. Half of human illness would disappear quickly if everybody exercised sanely. And the other half if we stopped wearing clothes. Nature never meant us to put on clothes."

Jim massaged his thighs. "You were smart to quit," he said. "Look at the punch-drunk ghosts yapping around gyms. Most fighters are catchers and get beat up until they are balmy. Many

are killed. The human head and kidneys were never meant to stand the pounding they get in the ring. Not that you would ever be a catcher—you've got a head—but the cleverest can't miss 'em all. Believe me, I'm going to quit. I'm an actor now. I'm fighting Sharkey just to get another crack at Fitzsimmons. He beat me with a crazy fluke. I'll take back the title and retire as champion."

"You've got plenty of work ahead," I warned. "They say Sharkey is rough, and makes his own rules."

Jim smiled. "Sure, I need work," he conceded. "God, what I've been through since I fought Sullivan! I was in marvelous shape that night. Could have turned right around and fought him all over. Show business! Gay life! Women! Women! Women! Nobody will ever know."

That evening when I went to say good-by, Corbett gave me a gold watch with a gilt face, the first watch I had ever owned.

The next day I sat before a typewriter in the city room to pick out with two fingers the story of my bout with Jim Corbett. I was a newspaper man at last!





SEASCAPE WITH FIGURES

BY LEONARD BACON

THERE is a dreadful temptation which must be resisted when one visits a new land. It is the temptation to write about novelty as if it were adventure. Half-consciously one tries to see everything through mists of the exotic and mysterious, not to say the fallacious. In one's own sight one may become a figure by developing what is vague or unknown to others, and by losing sight of the actual one may also become a crashing bore. To catch the reality of what is new, striking, and beautiful is one thing. But there is an automatic effort to invest everything no matter how trivial with some artificial and fundamentally insincere glamour. And that effort instantly makes any reader worth his salt turn to the next article in the hope of finding something that is not a fake. In many contemporary magazines he may have some distance to go. But at any rate this isn't going to be a travelogue if I can help it. Accordingly, I acknowledge at once that a number of people have visited Hawaii since Captain Cook, and even since Mark Twain, and that one simply must not write about Hawaii in terms of something lost at the world's end.

Nevertheless, when you see the Islands, long before dawn, looming like krakens out of the black obsidian sea, they excite the mind. So they looked to the Polynesian navigator who first saw them nearly a thousand years ago, after such a voyage as we cannot imagine, let alone undertake. We cannot reconstruct his emotions and perhaps ought not to try. But there is still something theatrical

about that emergence, even to a passenger on a luxury liner, after five days on the emptiest of seas. For some reason the part of the Pacific which lies between California and the north angle of the enormous Polynesian Wedge is vacant as an idiot's eye. One does not see a whale or a fish or a bird, and only by chance the sister-liner bound on the opposite course. One cannot escape the extreme loneliness and lifelessness of those enormous waters, and though on the last day you begin to have a Columbus sense as of nearby land, it is not enough to quench the strange relief when you see Damien's Molokai, dark and low under the four stars of the Southern Cross, while the brilliant light on Mokapu Head gleams in the slowly graying west.

As the dawn takes on strength you perceive that the world has aspects beyond your anticipation. In the first place, the color and shape of the great Oahu headlands have no parallels in previous experience. They are not like the Azores, or the California Coast, or North Africa, or South Spain, or Sicily, or anything else. There is a coppery look about the crags. And the unfamiliar darkness in the quality of the green slopes above them suggests profane comparisons with vast heaps of broccoli here and there striped and splotched with hollandaise-yellow. Also there are touches and streaks of that curious hue, between rose and Etruscan red, that Gauguin was so fond of and the temperate zone could never quite believe. And beyond the

magnificence of color is the outline of the whole, a complex of tremendous Gothic serrations that would have satisfied William Blake himself.

Everything has changed since yesterday. The sea has put away the cold zinc-color that can match the Atlantic's drabbest. Now it has dyed itself such a blue as would make turquoise-matrix look meaningless. Neither brush-stroke nor pen-stroke prepares the mind for waters that hold in solution the color of flag-flowers. The chill has vanished from the air, which is full of beneficent light, yet you have no feeling of hot glare. Towers of white cumuli tell you that this is the Tropics, but the shore does not suggest squalid swamps or steaming jungles. Instead, rises up before, detached from the mountain masses, a little but stately headland, a sphinx of a cape that has more dignity than Gibraltar because of some strangeness in its proportion. How Diamond Head can be at once so small and so majestic, I am not able to explain. But the fact remains that it strikes its image into your mind with the sharpness of a die. From whatever angle, and as far as you can see its nine-hundred foot summit, it impresses you as one of the most beautiful chunks of rock in the world. It would be the depth of bathos even to attempt the description of the splendid prow of rosy-brown stone with the perpetual breakers like bow-waves at the forefoot. One can only say that, overtowered by the big mountains behind, it gives them their character and preserves its own, that it is the motif of the landscape and the seascape, what you think of first and what you think of last.

Honolulu comes in sight as the liner noses past that gigantic little promontory. It is a great town, ten or twelve miles long, with suburbs of white houses crawling up buttress-hills that seem to brace the cathedral wall of mountain. Brilliant, milky stretches of beach make a line along the water, and even at that range one sees that the palms above the streak of sand have preternatural height

and grace. There is something almost disquieting in the spectacle of so large a town in the midst of the sea. And, parenthetically, it does constitute a problem into which a sociologist might go. But for the moment the important thing for the stranger is the queer distant beauty of Honolulu. Seen from a mile out at sea on a fine day, the town has some distinct and especial loveliness, which I despair of setting down. It is no fortresslike splendor of the huge masonry masses of the mainland. There isn't a skyscraper in the place. But there is something about the composition of the scene, as if the houses had come up like daisies in a field, and the way the place is put together intimates to you that the people are fond of their city. The very situation of a cottage conveys to you the notion that the man who built it liked a view and got it. And there are hundreds like that.

You are aware from the shape of the city, as it lies out under the sun, not only that it is beautiful in itself but hospitable to beauty. You can't lay your hand on any single detail that contributes to the whole complex impression. Yet the feeling is strong in spite of one or two impressively ugly objects. I could spare the realistic fifty-foot pineapple which towers above a canning-plant. But there is no American city I know that has on the whole fared better than Honolulu with respect to the unimaginative outward symbols of publicity.

II

Ballyhoo in five colors is a terrible thing. Automatically one is prepared to resist after seeing too many photographs of hula-girls throwing wreaths round the necks of relaxed Rotarians. In spite of that, as the French painter said, landing at Honolulu is *vraiment émouvante*. Nothing could be triter or truer. The big ship comes in to thunderous music from a band that would be all right anywhere. Above the brazen roar a woman's voice, a glorious barbaric soprano,

triumphs over the trumpets like a prima donna's over the orchestra in "Tristan," even if the music is something quite different. But there is no denying the drive and the *brío*. The passion in the performance is so striking that one casts about for an explanation. Suddenly one realizes that a ship coming to islands is a different thing from the same ship arriving uneventfully in a continental port. If you have to trust wholly to the sea, a ship, any ship, is something two thousand miles from anywhere. And on the spot the much quoted statement that no other city in the world is so far from its nearest comparable neighbor takes on active significance. It dawns on you that all thought here must be colored by distance. And a liner, or for that matter a sampan, is a dynamic element in your life. Two or three big boats come in every week from the Americas, the South Sea, or the Orient. But you don't get tired of ships that have meaning for you and may for aught you know carry your fortune. Hence, I think the routine belittling of the ritual of flowers when the liners get their hausers out or in is more than usually stupid cynicism, the kind to be expected from those who have been everywhere and seen nothing. If the continuation of the custom is merely an advertising dodge, then I wish other advertising dodges were as beautiful. The hardware man from South Bend, garlanded like a bull for the sacrifice, is ludicrous no doubt. But Silenus needs his wreath, and I will never mock at a pretty custom, which our ugly ones haven't succeeded in killing yet. Besides, it's a symbol of something which will not altogether die, a symbol of Polynesia that, trampled and oppressed, nevertheless has taken its prosaic conquerors captive and made them pay half-conscious tribute to natural man's natural poetry. Even the chill-forged countenance of the hardware magnate has the expression of one who realizes that his horse-collar of rain-flowers is more than a pathetic effort of his business connections to apply the eyewash.

One gets ashore between the roarings and the wreaths, feeling as if one had landed in the first act of "Madame Butterfly," and drives through the city under a sun that is at once powerful and merciful, while rainbows create themselves on the mountain crests. The central part of the town, unlike the poetic suburbs, is a *bouillabaisse* of architectures, but the more modern banks and offices are happily low and cool and an improvement on grim relics of the nineties. In a square walled with trees full of flaming flowers appears such a palace as an Italian pastry-cook might make out of sugar, which is, in fact, what it was made of. For the wealth of the dynasty came in great part from the boom in sugar when the Civil War made a shortage in American markets. The palace within and without is everything comic architecture ought to be. And the throne-room, where the territorial senate now meets, has all the satisfactory garishness heart could desire, including mirrors, gilt, and portraits of kings who gamely endeavored to resemble George IV or Napoleon III. Whatever is humanly ridiculous in European or Polynesian finds its perfect expression in that quaint and faded perversion of the splendors of the 1860's.

But there is more to come. Facing the palace is a black and gold cigar-store Indian, heroic in size and academic in attitude. Kamehameha the Great is much too little known and as certainly deserved a statue as he did not deserve this one. A King who with so little friction got his people across the gulf between the high Stone Age and the low Machine Age is an exciting figure. To tame him down to the darkly and conventionally Cæsarian was less than kind and more than stupid. Every meager fact one can discover about him indicates absolutely extraordinary abilities. Every legend points to nobility. The real creature was clearly remarkable in every respect, for superlative ugliness as for superlative force and intellect. It is safe to say that he was the greatest man in

Oceania, of whatever race, from the moment when with exquisite tact he was not present at the murder of Captain Cook till nearly forty years afterward when he died master of a fleet, an army, a great fortune, and a little empire that was to subsist for seventy years. The cant of the times requires that heroes be run down, and doubtless the doctrine is comforting to those who are afraid of virtues they cannot emulate. But the old conqueror cast too big a shadow to be written off as a mere product of economic forces. It is a dreadful pity that the Americans and Englishmen who served him were so inarticulate about a master during whose reign no hungry foreign power seems to have meditated on the convenience of a protectorate.

Beyond the image of idealized and bowdlerized greatness rises a New England Meeting House built of square-hewn coral rock, a really fine example of its type. It looks as if it had been translated from New Haven Green—a sort of Congregational Chapel of Loreto. Nevertheless, it fits oddly well into its bower of exotic trees, though you think vaguely of incongruities such as a crucifix round the neck of a torch-dancer, or a corsage of orchids pinned to a nun's gown. That church is the symbol and center of what came after the great king, and not all the fight is gone out of the energies that brought it there.

It will be worth your while to study the faces on the living-room walls of the small frame-house adjacent. However little sympathy you may feel with the doctrine or desire that drove those prim-looking persons out on their six-months voyages, however limited you believe their views and their understanding to have been, those faces will make you ponder. The countenances are not harsh. But that look of certainty has vanished from the world. Contemporary enthusiasts may be just as full of conviction, but they are miserably aware of multitudes that will not even give lip-service to enthusiasms. The men and women in search of martyrdom for themselves among savages,

who accepted their teaching with a courtesy of which Connecticut was at the time incapable, had no such difficulty. And if they did have any bitter doubt, they had come to just the sort of Peniel where I should like to wrestle with an angel. Their emotions, if they had foreseen that in less than a century after the decisive victory of their cult the Islands would be full of golden-bronze images of a religious figure as gentle as Jesus, ought to interest any ironist.

No city whatever, and all cities are mysterious in one way or another, makes the stranger feel more ineffectively ignorant than Honolulu. A superficial glance tells you that in one sense it is a typical big American town with offices, hospitals, schools, stadia, planning commissions, and zoning boards complete. But look another way and you feel the strange weight of other climates and cultures, as you have never felt them in San Francisco or New Orleans. The faces are complex and varied enough to make you fancy yourself in seven or eight places at once. Whence did the pretty girl in the corner derive her exotic distinction? That boy might be from the Azores, or did you see him once with a rose behind his ear on the dunes of Cape Cod? That elderly long-faced Oriental? Chinese? Korean? Japanese? All three? You are bewildered and give up guessing in a world that has the elements so mixed in it that, as the phrase goes, it has become "racially color-blind."

Whatever prejudice one may have on that subject, the process of mingling that is going on in Hawaii has something striking, interesting and one might say beautiful. It is a salient human fact that must catch the attention and excite curiosity. In some way the queer narrow attitude of mind which troubles us when we think of Germans, but which we ignore in ourselves, hasn't had much of a chance in the Islands. It may be that there are latent tabus and subterranean resistances. The inexperienced passerby will do well not to be too sure. But at all events in business and politics the

ances appear to get on beautifully together. On the great plantations Japanese laborers throw a party and put on a show in their national costume for their Portuguese brothers in exile, who return the compliment a week later.

No matter how different the various groups may be in race, in language, in religion, they seem to feel the sort of healthy curiosity about one another that is one of the beginnings of wisdom. An anthropologist supplied me with a moderately reasonable reason for this attitude. He attributed it in part to the attractive nature of the Polynesians who have acted as a sort of flux for the novel bronze now forming in the Islands. Certainly it was pleasant at the first session of the legislature this year to see the governor of the territory kiss the beautiful part-Hawaiian girl who had thrown the wreath about his neck. I thought it not only the best way of opening parliament I ever heard of, but an indication of unexpected improvement in the Aryan mind.

In one sense the Polynesians are disappearing, though it would be truer to say that they are being absorbed. But one of the odd things in the world is the enduring influence of forerunners. The first rut is the deepest. Englishmen walk on a Roman road, as the Roman at home followed the track of the Etruscan. In San Francisco the engineer measures city blocks in Spanish cubits. And in the Islands the men of a Stone Age only two lives away from the city of the instant still make their slow centuries felt. Nordic boys spear fish and bite the octopus between the eyes when he fastens on the arm, in the manner of sea-chiefs of a thousand years ago. Children of pure white stock prefer to go barefoot in spite of modernity and concrete. Little girls may be observed carrying their slippers on their way to dancing school where they will learn not only the rhumba but the hula, which by the way is the most misvalued and misunderstood of rituals. There is no queerer revenge of time than the fact that three generations after the missionary invasion

the great-grandchildren of the enthusiasts who tried to wipe out the great primitive dances are making frantic but successful efforts to save every discoverable trace of them. A Pope reviving the Saturnalia is not more paradoxical. It is not wonderful that modern man should try to catch up with the Stone Age. He has so much to catch up with. And it is desirable that he should discover light, beauty, and frankness where he has hooded everything with darkness. The imagery and gesture of the dawn are what we ought to recapture if we have enough luck.

Few things are pleasanter or more touching than the spectacle of a woman of seventy dancing a comic, discreet, and elegant hula. I saw that myself and could have wept for the delightful sentiment of the performance if my diaphragm had not been ripped by completely sympathetic mirth. One could not do justice to the grace and the humor. But there is a lot more to the hula than grace and humor, and infinitely more than grass-skirts shaking suggestively in a night club. Anyone who will look up Nathaniel Emerson's extraordinary book in the publications of the Bureau of Ethnology will find such a deposit of unsmelted but fabulously rich ore of poetry as our tamer imagination boggles at.

Someone has pointed out that unwritten languages are often poor in abstract words and that Polynesian in particular has very few of its own. The fact has its disadvantages, but it leads to such a free coinage of metaphor as takes you back to Homer and Isaiah with a jump. "My island is encircled by the white tern" tells a stranger quite a lot about its beauty or loneliness. "The sea is my loin-cloth" conveys reasonably well my familiarity with great waters. But one has, in the words of the acute Henri Fauconnier, to play leapfrog with the concrete and the abstract, if one is to get at once the meaning of "The shark has taken me in the wave," which is an oceanic expression of the idea that I am deeply in love.

The Stone Age is apt to surprise one a good deal, for the glory of it is that it is a good deal surprised itself by the constant and beautiful revelations of its own senses. I see a bird or a flower and in a sort of explosion of sympathy go into the bird or flower. Bird or flower in their turn enter me. My thought and my motion are a mimicry of seen three-dimensional images. I become for the moment the shoal of fish that flicker like yellow petals in the blue veins of the lagoon. Or do the fish become me? It makes little difference. It is pleasure either way. Poetry is a gust of feeling that intensifies sensation. And the masters of the hula, by word and attitude, lived what they made and made what they lived. Hence it is repulsive when persons in Chanel evening gowns or mess-jackets lazily regard such a performance as if it were a mere vaudeville and probably a piece of exotic and unfamiliar lubricity into the bargain. Tomorrow that irritable and bored looking girl, whose expression was so dreary during the queer dances, will be trying to get over her hangover on the beach. She will be dripping with cocoanut oil and will play a listless game of backgammon while the portable radio blares beside her. Nor will she look up at the wave before her where the surf-riders are repeating what Ralph Waldo Emerson called their "delicious maneuvers." She will feel that what she needs most in the world is a Daiquiri. And that is about all she will get, for it is one of the few things she is able to take in. A fiercer contrast than exists between the poverty-struck old Hawaiian lady who knows what life is all about and the tired young millionairess who doesn't know anything except her own weariness, never lent itself to the development of the inevitably ironic.

III

On the edge of Honolulu to the west, in a big undistinguished park, stands a group of buildings that looks like a high school which is about to be condemned

by the Board of Education with a view to making work for the WPA. Yet those commonplace and vaguely Richardsonian structures shelter immense and exciting activity, for within them the life of the greatest sea has begun to grow conscious of itself. The Bishop Museum is not like anything I know of. In the first place, it was founded by a Princess of the royal line, who must have been a very great lady indeed. Bernice Pauahi appears to have been one of those women who lend force to the acute observation that the White conquest lifted up the women of Polynesia as it depressed the men. Beautiful, intelligent, and immensely wealthy because of a huge inheritance of royal lands, she founded over fifty years ago, long before Rockefellers and Carnegies went social-minded and intellectual, great schools for children with native blood and the still greater museum that should study every aspect of the Pacific. The daughter of savage chiefs had a view of the world not unworthy of a descendant of Kamehameha. And the spirit of the foundress continues to this day.

The moment one enters the building, one is aware of a singular enthusiasm which is partly scientific passion and partly what may be called the oceanic patriotism of a people whose fatherland, to put it in Irish, is the sea. They have gone at it from every angle. And one line of investigation helps another. A land-snail gives a geologist his clue to the time of the volcanic emergence of one of his twenty thousand islands. The traditional poetry and history and the legends of creation have been snatched just in time before they perished with too mortal memories. Competent children of Œdipus have solved enigmas presented by the sphinxes of Easter Island and Pitcairn. Forms of thought as rigid as our own have been dissected and taken apart. Perhaps when the dispassionate do the same for us, we may come off as well. The romance of one of the greatest of human migrations has gradually taken shape under the magic hand of the

anthropologist,* and the least imaginative visitor must stare and gasp as he recognizes the dimension of the forces that drove "men without metal" across six thousand miles of sea to the very coasts of South America. Beside those underprivileged navigators, Leif Ericson was a yachtsman and Columbus went on a summer cruise.

But as the anthropologist will tell you, they had something in them that was more than metal. For in their make-up was a virtue that made them part of the sea they traversed, familiars and intimates of the wave. Their outrigger ships of plank sewn together with fiber were not so much ships as sacred things constructed with the aid of gods and spirits of the forest. Patient spirits they must have been, who presided over bone and stone awls that drilled a thousand laborious holes in every strake. And not only patient but wildly imaginative too, when they ordered their votaries across interminable waters in search of islands that perhaps existed only in dreams. There is something magnificent in the courage of the ocean-goer who picked a star in the sky and followed it till he found something—or the nothing we shall find whether we pick a star or no. No wonder if the anthropologist who has busied himself with the resurrection of the life, thought, and wanderings of such men should himself become infected with their resolution and energy, grow a devotee of their poetry and wit, and find himself increasingly disposed to criticize unfavorably the White Horde that has hastened the departure of the lovers of the sea. At his desk between the files of field reports he knows and says that the only hope for the Polynesian is to go modern, which now lies in the Polynesian's power. But it is difficult to be coldly dispassionate about the disappearance of a race that was beautiful, vigorous, and intelligent, and never did any other race a particle of harm.

In the writer's sight the Bishop Mu-

seum is more than the greatest single intellectual fact in Oceania. It has unknown implications like Hamilton's equation, which future scientists may discover. "Everything in the Universe goes by indirection," and by digging into the past men are very apt to find out the future. Prophecy is no part of my business, but I think and hope the future they are going to find will be different from what many anticipate. At the moment, perhaps not for long, the Islands are in an awkward situation from the standpoint of the economist. Too much depends on too few great crops. They are suffering from economic diabetes, namely the secretion of a rather large quantity of sugar. And nobody seems to have hit on the right insulin. It is too much perhaps to expect men troubled by immediate and dangerous material considerations to look up from the graphs where the curves go disappointingly down. But if Hawaii were to become the scientific and intellectual center of Oceania many anxieties would vanish. There never was a place more favorable for the fine work of the mind. And visibly the Islands were created as a center for the exchange of ideas between very different kinds of men. The wearisomely trite phrase "Crossroads of the Pacific" puts on a new and brighter skin of meaning if you think of it in terms of man's knowledge of himself. And to their glory the people of the territory have well and truly laid the foundations of the very best kind of primacy—the kind that needs no ballyhoo.

They run some danger of being wounded in the house of their friends who talk too much about them. If the Islands ever are exploited, as Southern California and Florida have been, God, who by this time must be getting hardened to it, will have been insulted again. The Islands are so beautiful and interesting that they ought to be allowed to stay themselves. The more the banker from Kokomo is encouraged to play golf as bad as he plays at home, the less reason there is for visiting the Islands, though

*For Heaven's sake, consult *Vikings of the Sunrise* by Peter Buck and *Road My Body Goes* by Clifford Gessler, both enchanting works.

not even his golf can spoil the place. And the booster has so far failed in the same endeavor, though it is disquieting to learn that residential sites can fetch a hundred thousand dollars an acre.

Happily, however, the Ritz era appears to be on its way out. And happily also there is and always has been a great body of intelligent opinion in the Islands that understands beauty and simplicity and resists the gross tendency to cheapen life by making it expensive. These people will save the place from being floridified. They don't splurge themselves and are the enemies of splurge in others. The Joneses don't exist whom they have to keep up with. They know a Rolls isn't a sign of distinction, but merely a proof that the owner had no imagination at the moment when he had fourteen thousand dollars. They have planted the roadside with burning flowers and filled the woods with fiery birds. And they have destroyed every billboard in a territory bigger than Connecticut. The noble little art gallery, a musket shot from where the most unfortunate missionary in history once cowered "in the fine house on Beretania Street," as he read Stevenson's invective, is a proof of their quality. For you see every painting in a collection, little but apt, as its maker prayed you might see it—not artistically murdered by the baroque frames of its neighbors on the stamp-album walls of a conventional museum. By what must be intentional subtlety, special prominence is given to one of the most beautiful Kwanyins in the world—alone in a room perfectly adapted to the glory of the Orient by an Architect of the West. It is a genuine symbol of the meeting of ideas which are different but not discordant, whatever platitudes may have been uttered to the contrary. Intelligent opinion in Hawaii appears to know its business. And I fancy it will be hard to floridify the Islands.

Something else will help to prevent any such calamity, the sea. In the last analysis, when one visits Hawaii it is the

sea that one visits rather than the land. Everything is mingled with it. And it cleanses everything, including the minds of tourists. But it is not enough to dip mildly at Waikiki as a preparation for too many cocktails. One must get into it and go over it to enjoy the enormous pleasure of magnificent waters. This may be tasted even by middle-aged tyros riding in prone on surfboards, while rainbows hang before their eyes and the hyaline wave-front whitens and greens an inch from their cheeks. It is the place to discover that you yourself, by some act of grace ignorant of time, may in an occult manner become an integral part of the breaker coming in, so deeply connected with it that momentarily you understand what was in the heads of a race that had specific names for parts of a wave, as we have names for parts of the body.

It is the place to watch the beautiful archaisms of the reef-fisherman casting his net, spearing visionary creatures by torchlight, or miraculously following his prey under water like a mink. And, if anything, it is even better to cruise those seas in small boats—and I don't mean power-cruisers with uniformed butlers. To my dying day I shall be grateful to the large-spirited man who exposed me to a beauty unknown when he slammed me to Molokai under false pretenses. The thundering waves, the black cloud, the corkscrew side-winding roll and pitch that made me hang on to a brass rod for my life for thirty miles, the lighthouses lost in the rain squall, for some reason made me understand why my host was so happy. I knew no man of affairs had more to bother him, and that he had been up to his neck in hateful mazelike problems to the very moment when we left his office. But in the twinkling of an eye he had forgotten receiverships and liquidations and tariffs and differentials, and was now drawing some especial life and delight from those black but living waters. His face had lost every shadow of anxiety when the anchor went down outside the reef and the Hawaiian boatman with a smile like

an amiable explosion pushed the dish of shredded seaweed to us under the cuddly lamp. Rocking at the cable's end, we feasted as if with Neptune. Afterward one could hardly sleep for the magnificent roar of breakers on the reef, but one hardly cared, especially when the dawn broke in papaya-colored flame over the dark crags where Damien found Heaven and Hell. One doesn't learn much about any new world in a few weeks, but one knows why wise men under pretense of going fishing explore waters that contain anodynes.

Anyone can discover the pleasure of that sea—and ought to. It's the fountain of something as good as youth or better. It makes you part of it, as if it were glad to have you there. It forces you to neglect what makes you tired anyhow. It stimulates what you feel with and wakens what you imagine with. A black tern dipping low to the school of mullet, an albatross zooming methodically into the steady Northeaster, focus an attention that itself is pleasure. The little tuna coming in sliced in half by the meat-axe jaws of the barracuda, at the end of the deep-sea line, stops being a dead fish to become the symbol and portent of under-the-surface powers we have had so little wit as to ignore. One feels the clearness, vigor, and danger of things with a brighter interest, and wonders how one came to be so excited

about circumstances which on consideration appear to have been trivial however complex. Of course one will fall back into the habitual, good or bad. But from the opposed vantage-points of the trough and the crest one has taken a new measure of the habitual. It looks different seen across a moving wave whence flying fish scatter on transparent wings. A lot of Americans beside the writer haven't had enough of the pleasure of the sea.

The steamer amid a burst of semi-barbarous music casts off. The cobwebs of serpentine rend and the prismatic ribbons lie knotted in the foul harbor water, like Kandinsky paintings floating between the ship and the dock. The liner moves ahead. The broccoli-hollandaise hills pass as though the projector were shifting the panorama of a cinema. A mile from shore off the lionlike crag of Diamond Head, four "saddle-colored" Hawaiians are idling on yellow surfboards that somehow harmonize with the flag-flower water. They laugh and wave to us. But they are not really much interested. They have something more to the purpose on their minds, for they are engaged in the thousand-year-old pastime of their fathers, the simplest and most delightful sport in the world. When the ship has gone by it is pleasant to think that they will take up anew with serious gaiety the pleasure of the sea.



STORM CENTER IN BROOKLINE

AMY LOWELL AS I REMEMBER HER

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER

THAT was a strange evening the first time I visited Amy Lowell. It was strange that I should have been there at all. A year or two before this I had reviewed her first book, and reviewed it most unfavorably. It had come to my desk with several other pleasantly competent volumes, from which it differed in no distinguishable way. It seemed the conventional "slender sheaf" full of apostrophes to dead romantic poets, second-rate imitations of Robert Louis Stevenson, and a lengthy tribute to the Boston Athenæum whose spirit dominated the book; everything about it was familiar except the author's name. Not being a Bostonian, and unaware of any august relationship, I had pictured the author as a young female Laocoön struggling, not too strenuously, in the coils of poetic stereotype. I had resolved to read her a lesson. My review must have been insufferably patronizing—she told me later it was one of the few reviews that had ever made her weep—and I remember that I concluded the offensive paragraph by saying that the only good line in the book was the title, *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass*, and that was by Shelley. Less than two years after I had disposed of the sentimental disciple of Tennyson and Keats I had to change my tune. Another Amy Lowell had confronted me with *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*. It was an experimental and far more belligerent poet who exhibited a new individuality and range, who ex-

pressed herself with equal determination in precise cameos of verse and rough-hewn masses of polyphonic prose. I was astonished at the transmogrification, and I said so in print.

And now I was waiting for her to descend the great staircase of the famous house which, according to rumor, was occupied only by herself, a companion, and a retinue of servants—a house fronted by its own park and backed by a fabulous garden, a house where the mirrors were always draped in black, whose every door-knob was of sterling, and in which the owner lived in a kind of shrouded battlement on the top floor of her castle. I had even heard that, like the legendary princess, she slept on a bed made of eighteen pillows because ordinary sheets were too coarse for her. Like Cæsar, she was reputed to keep two secretaries continually at work. She ignored the clock, and her world waited until she woke and the sleeping palace accommodately came to life.

I waited. I had been summoned to appear at seven in the evening. I learned later that all new guests, obviously on probation, were put through an ordeal not of fire but of patience. I did not know it then—so I waited. Some time between thirty minutes and an hour after my arrival Miss Lowell appeared. It was easy for her. Her routine was the opposite of everyone's. A wealthy woman, she could indulge herself not only in her fancies but in her

hours. She slept all day and worked all night, claiming that in this way she was free from the telephone, the importunities of friends and tradesmen, and all the countless interruptions of the day. She awoke about three in the afternoon, planned the details for the following day with her housekeeper over a four o'clock breakfast, and came down to dinner, her first real meal of the day, at eight. After dinner there were friends, concerts, or other diversions. This lasted until midnight. Then she began to work, to write new poems and revise old ones. At five in the morning she sustained herself with a light lunch, arranged the manuscripts for the secretaries, and so to bed. It was a system much to be recommended—for those who could afford it.

Miss Lowell came down the stairs. She waved no plumes and rattled no sabers, but she seemed to be advancing at the head of a victorious army. There was gunfire in the air; I thought I heard bugles. She endeavored to put me, a stranger, at my ease. She offered me a cigarette, pulling out a drawer which seemed to contain the contents of the United Cigar Stores, Incorporated.

"No, thank you," I said, "I do not smoke."

"I hope you don't mind that I do," said she, taking up a rich-looking cigar. "My doctor tells me the paper in cigarettes is injurious. Besides, I prefer tobacco wrapped in its own leaf."

The shock was only for a moment. I had heard of Hungarian duchesses who smoked cigars imperturbably and, years later, I was to know a Viennese grand dame who cherished a meerschaum pipe. But I was unprepared to watch a Lowell, the sister of Harvard University, knocking the ash from a colorado claro. (She had a supply of ten thousand.) The apparition seemed the more grotesque because of Miss Lowell's size. I do not know what she weighed at the time, but, although she was forty, it must have been well over two hundred pounds. To make the effect still more incongruous,

she preferred high-collared dresses sprinkled with beads and lavishly trimmed with passementerie. Some glandular defect made the heavy body seem more swollen and the short frame more stunted than it really was. ("Lord," she would say, "I'm a walking side-show.") Yet the rakish cigar and the abnormal stoutness were forgotten five minutes after she had seated herself. One noticed only the marvellous neatness, the fine hands and delicate ankles, the small mobile mouth, the coolly modulated voice, the quick-appraising but not unkind eyes, the fine features and almost transparent skin. One saw a woman who was not only intelligent but—there is no other word for it—pretty. The most implacable adversary, more masculine than most males, she could be the most charming feminine persuader. I think I apologized for not smoking. Then we went in to dinner.

It was a good, even a grand, dinner. But I was not comfortable. There were six or eight celebrities at the table; but it was not the guests or the service that undid me. It was the dogs. They were English sheepdogs, immense longhaired creatures, and there seemed to be a ferocious flock of them. They sat round the dining room in a semicircle, their mouths dribbling with hungry anticipation. As the meal progressed their eyes grew larger and larger, like the magic dogs in Hans Christian Andersen's tale, and I felt like a frightened bone.

Dinner over, the guests, led by Ada Dwyer Russell, who served as Amy Lowell's companion, confessor, wailing wall, and buffer state, trailed into the imposing library. I had barely begun to examine the famous collection of volumes with Keats's own annotations when I was motioned to a chair. The other guests were seated; they knew the ritual which was to ensue. One maid entered with the coffee. Another followed with a huge pile of bath towels.

"Thank you very much," I said, trying to cover my bewilderment with a

poor facetiousness, "but I had my bath this morning, and I rarely spill the coffee."

"Don't be absurd," Miss Lowell replied. "It's for the dogs."

"Surely, you're not going to bathe them here?"

"Nonsense." She made a moue. "The darlings don't need a bath either. But they are so companionable, and their hair is so long, and they *do* dribble after food, and they like to put their heads in your lap."

So there we sat with towels across our knees, while the seven dogs—there seemed to be seventeen—alternately guzzled their food and nuzzled us, and the conversation grew increasingly animated.

But my contretemps with Amy Lowell's pet monsters was nothing compared to the misadventure suffered by another poet. Maxwell Bodenheim was expected to arrive at about seven one evening. Amy sent her huge Pierce Arrow (with tires deflated for luxurious driving) for the more important guests; the others arrived by the blue Chestnut Hill street car. Bodenheim was not one of the favored; he was intransigent and his clothes were shabby. He got off at Heath Street and walked up the curving driveway to the entrance of Sevenels. There was a sign: "Motors be careful not to run over the dogs." Ordinarily the dogs were put in their kennels before strange visitors arrived; but Bodenheim, fearful of being late, arrived much too early. The seven oversize dogs spied him. They wanted to play. Barking they sprang about—and on—him. Bodenheim misunderstood their motives. He dodged behind a tree. "Aha!" thought the dogs. "Here is a new diversion. Here is a bone that runs." Immediately a thousand pounds of dog leaped to the chase. Bodenheim zigzagged desperately, trying to throw them off the scent. But they surrounded him, barking all the more furiously. He reached the house, spent and bespattered, guided but not helped by the stone statue of Flora which stood, apa-

thetically, above the doorway. He had just strength enough to ring the bell. A maid, incongruously small, appeared. "Shoo!" she cried. Bodenheim did not know whether to be grateful or offended. Then he realized she was talking to the dogs. "Shoo!" she said a second time, stamping her little foot. The monstrous seven, the worst watchdogs in the world, dropped their tails and fell over one another in an awkward rush to escape.

A similar mishap occurred to Randolph Bourne. Bourne was a hunchback, physically weak and easily frightened. He was sure that the dogs had viciously attacked him, and he was so terrified that he could not rise to his hostess' sallies during dinner. Amy, in turn, despised the "weakling." Her repulsion extended even to his writing; in a talk with James Oppenheim and me she insisted that his deformity showed itself in his "twisted style and tortured mentality." Oppenheim told me she returned to the false charge at another session with him.

"Everything he writes," she repeated, "shows he is a cripple."

Intending nothing more than a noble generality, Oppenheim said, "Aren't we all cripples?"

Amy's aggressiveness fell away from her. "Yes," she said, surveying her enormous girth. "Look at me. I'm nothing but a disease."

II

At the time I knew little about Amy Lowell's militancy; it was not until later that I heard (and saw) how she invaded editorial offices, bore down upon the heads of magazines and publishing offices, treated editors as if they were office boys, and brought every kind of armament into play—wealth, charm, political astuteness, family background, good fellowship, and dictatorial commands—to forward her powerful offensive. Every new book was a new campaign, and never has there been a more determined general. "I am as bad as

Napoleon," she wrote unashamedly to the editor of the New York *Tribune*. "I believe in my star."

I remember one of her sorties into what she considered enemy territory. She descended upon New York, accompanied by the faithful Mrs. Russell, and put up at the Hotel St. Regis, from which she sent out her summonses. I shall never forget that "receiving room." As in her own home, the mirrors were concealed behind black cloths; one table held a dozen pitchers of ice water; another table was precariously balanced with scores of the latest books; a third table was a litter of clippings, letters, telegrams, memoranda. During dinner, which was served in her rooms, Amy discharged a battery of dicta; gave orders over the telephone to obviously cowed listeners; alternately blandished and bullied the waiters—"Here! put all my vegetables on one plate. I don't want them sitting around in little bird-baths!"—and kept her guests in a state of amusement and apprehension. Joyce Kilmer told me she had "made" him interview her on the subject of the new poetry. What is more (such was her power) she got him to send her his manuscript and permitted him to print it in the New York *Times* only after she had approved it.

Later she attempted to bring a weightier influence to bear upon the newspapers. "You advertise so much in the *Times*," she wrote to her publishers, "that you ought to force them into a somewhat less hostile attitude." She believed in controversy, not only for its own sake but for its advertising value. I mocked her once by saying "Sweet are the uses of publicity," and she did not resent it. She wrote to Ezra Pound, "I consider you an uncommonly fine poet. You ought to have an impresario—your knowledge of how to 'get yourself over,' as we say in this little country, is *nil*."

It was Ezra Pound who told me how Amy had "captured" the Imagist movement. Pound, born in Hailey, Idaho, had progressively exiled himself in

England, France, and Italy, from which vantage points he had discharged a series of public broadsides and private diatribes against his native country. Some of us (I, among others) had replied. We had even made counter-charges, claiming that Pound, in spite of his immense erudition, suffered from a lassitude of the creative faculties and a decadence which appraised all the values in terms of æsthetic values. There had been a short and bitter correspondence between us, savagely conducted by Pound in his characteristically abbreviated Saxon style. Yet when I, one of his numerous "enemies," came to Rapallo there was a note at my hotel: "The fact that your taste in poetry is execrable shouldn't prevent us from having a vermouth together."

During the week that I explored the Ligurian coast Pound told me his side of Amy's historic invasion and victory. In London in 1912 Pound and one or two others, chiefly T. E. Hulme, revolted against the current "morbid romantic attitude and outworn false generalities." Seeking, most of all, a cure for the stock allusions and general vagueness, they hit upon the *image* as a clear and definite objective. To express this definiteness Pound and his coadjutors, organizing themselves into a group, drew up a manifesto which declared for "the hard, definite word. Each word," they continued, "must be an image seen, not a counter or cliché. Images in verse are not mere decorations, but the very essence of an intuitive language." Endeavoring to use no word that did not contribute to the presentation of the image, the group was led by Pound to challenge the critics with *Imagisme*. Pound says he invented the term "to avoid vain gabble as to the nature of poetry." He wrote me during the brief period following my Italian sojourn when we seemed to be friends, "I have no objection to the pleasure others have had in exploiting the label and offering cheap imitations, but I regret the loss of critical distinction between poetry which uses no word which does not con-

tribute to the presentation—and verbosity (more or less rhythmic).” Pound attracted and repelled disciples; one of them, Hilda Doolittle, born in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, began signing her Tanagralike poems “H. D., Imagiste.” While the movement was gaining momentum, Amy Lowell arrived in London with a letter of introduction to Pound. The two, born doctrinaires and dictators, met head on. A few months later Amy returned to America at the head of an Imagist movement of her own. Her group consisted of three Englishmen: D. H. Lawrence, Richard Aldington, and F. S. Flint; and three Americans: H. D., John Gould Fletcher, and herself. Pound’s anthology, *Des Imagistes*, was published in 1914; Amy’s collections, *Some Imagist Poets*, appeared in 1915, 1916, and 1917. Pound repudiated any connection with the American wing which he always referred to as “the Amygist movement.”

Pound made light of the defection when he told me about it as we sat in the Giardino Pubblico looking toward Sestri. But there must have been a day when he threatened suit, for, in November, 1914, Amy wrote to him, “So far as I know you have not copyrighted the name ‘Imagiste.’ I never heard of a school of poetry being copyrighted; I doubt if it could be done. But if you should feel inclined to sue, I should be exceedingly delighted, as then they would put new jackets on the book, which I should greatly prefer. Also, it would be a good advertisement.” Imperturbable and magnificent Amy! Lowell or no, she would have made an independent fortune as a promoter of bond issues or the head of an advertising firm.

Never has there been a leadership like Amy’s. She used every form of persuasion and weapon. She fought alone and with badgered recruits; she stormed every battlement of convention. Since much of the work was written in unrhymed lines with “cadence” instead of a regular rhythm, Imagism became (falsely) synonymous with free verse, that contra-

diction in terms. The emancipated champions of vers libre were maliciously ticketed as “vers-libertines.” Free verse, more challengingly than free love, became a fighting phrase, and Amy exulted in the conflict. “By Jove!” she ended one of her letters to me in the midst of the controversy, “We are pushing the Philistines to the wall!”

Pound could never have done it; Pound, she wrote in one of the first letters I received from her, “would have ruined the movement, important though it was, as he has ruined everything he has touched. You are quite right in implying that bitterness has upset his brain. The only thing I object to in your article is your saying that it was under his leadership ‘that the Imagists became not only a group, but a fighting protest.’ It was not. The Imagists during the year and a half in which he headed the movement were unknown and jeered at, when they were not absolutely ignored. It was not until I entered the arena, and Ezra dropped out, that Imagism began to be considered seriously. I feel sure that if I had not done all I did and worked hard to prove the value of the movement, the thing would never have achieved the recognition it now has. . . . The name is his; the idea was wide-spread; but changing the whole public attitude from derision to consideration came from my work.” This was Amy *in excelsis*.

At this time her letters were variations on the theme. She evidently kept carbon copies of every letter she wrote, for I find excerpts in Foster Damon’s comprehensive biography, quoting from letters whose originals I must have destroyed. Yet in 1916 alone I find more than twenty epistles, all on the chaste and businesslike letterhead: “Miss A. Lowell, Heath Street, Brookline, Mass.” Her very first communication was a reproach for not being sufficiently enthusiastic about the new gospel. After thanking me for a *causerie* in which I praised her, she wrote, “I think perhaps you are a little hard on the Imagists. Don’t you think you are reading into them charac-

teristics which perhaps they have not got? One of the things which they represent to my mind, is the ascendancy of the purely imaginative impulse. It is this quality of imagination which has seemed so hard to get America to fitly understand. It frightens them, worries them, repels them."

It was the form, rather than the imagination itself, which worried the critics. Amy herself continually violated the Imagist manifesto and extended her work far beyond its tenets; but she too confused the form with the substance. It was not until much later that she was able to separate the true "inwardness" of the poem from the outer technic. She was (at least in the flush of her Imagist triumph) so convinced that vers libre was the only possible contemporary form that she extended her prejudice into the past. She intimated that even translations of the classics should be "cadenced"; in the midst of a highly complimentary review of my Heine versions she wrote, "Why, O why, has Mr. Untermeyer chosen to follow Heine in his tight little rhythms and mathematically cut stanzas?" At about this time Keith Preston, then writing a lively column in Chicago, sent me a paraphrase of a much-quoted quatrain:

A toast to Amy Lowell,
That most incredible She,
And all the little magazines
That died to make verse free.

Amy would have relished it; she enjoyed the quick thrust and parry; she did not disdain puns. (Referring to my Michigan lectures at Ann Arbor she hoped I had been pleasantly entertained by the "Ann Arborigines.") It was only in (and about) her work that she lacked a sense of humor. I remember once, when we were discussing the Imagist credo, she insisted that words could render not only the exact nuances of music but record the most minute differences of color. "But," she added, "it takes an unusually trained vision to apprehend and register the shades of difference. For example, you must have

noticed how the color of a country road is changed when seen through the spokes of a fast-moving car. What color would you say it was?"

"Well," I hazarded, trying to play the game, "earth-color. Or dull brown. Or dusty tan. Or . . ."

"Cinnamon!" she shouted triumphantly. "Use your eyes!"

Although she herself was not precious as a person, she pushed theory into preciosity. She claimed so much for her pet project that she rated Emily Dickinson as a precursor of the Imagists. ("It is an odd story," she wrote, "this history of Imagism, and perhaps the oddest and saddest moment in it is comprised in the struggle of this one brave, fearful, and unflinching woman.") She went farther; she insisted that Emily Dickinson would have been a better poet had she written in vers libre; "a knowledge of the principles of unitary verse (that is, verse based upon a unit of time instead of a unit of accent) would have liberated Emily Dickinson from the bonds against which she chafed." She pushed her theory so far in this instance that she completely misread and misunderstood the poet to whom she was paying tribute. "She (Emily Dickinson) made use of what I have called elsewhere the 'unrelated' method; that is, the describing of a thing *by its appearance only*." Misapprehension can go no farther than the italicized phrase (the italics are mine), for no poet dealt less with "appearance only" than Emily Dickinson. Her descriptions, startlingly vivid and exact though they were, were backgrounds for the play of the restless mind; the outer and inner world surpassed appearance to form "the landscape of the soul."

The effect of the new poetry was explosive, and Amy laid much of the dynamite. Although her illness necessitated four operations within three years, she stormed about the country, horrified the pedants, made enemies in order to fight them, and shocked her audiences into feverish debate. She was

continually traveling "for the cause," although train trips were a torture to her, for her blood pressure compelled her to sit at open windows no matter how much other passengers complained. Once she broke a glass pane in a sleeping-car to get air. The hotels rarely had the accommodations she required; she was never satisfied with a suite of less than five rooms—a whole floor in the smaller hotels—clocks had to be stopped, mirrors covered, meals served in the middle of the night. The lecture halls were never right; the lecterns had the wrong slant and the lights were such that she always carried her own reading lamp with her. This led to a curious mishap at the University of Michigan. When her lamp was plugged in it blew a fuse and the hall was in a dark confusion while chairmen and the heads of various departments fumbled for the janitor who was groping for them. Wherever she went she astounded the naïve and sophisticates alike; a storm center in Brookline and a cyclone on the warpath. She was not merely a lecturer, she was an event, a national phenomenon, a freak of nature, a dynamo on the loose.

III

In personal relationships she was the kindest of friends and the warmest of defenders. She fought until the experiments of John Gould Fletcher were acknowledged and H. D. was established. Yet her most admiring friends could not help but resent her assumption of power, even when it was exercised in their behalf. Upon my first return from Europe, H. D. wrote me from Switzerland, "Do let me know how Amy is now. I expect you to give her tactful messages from me, for I do wish the best in the world for her. My only objection is: she will *not* leave other people alone." Fletcher had less cause to complain; he realized she was "chiefly responsible for the furor caused in academic circles by the new poetry." But he too was indignant at her high-handedness, yet had not the temerity to

gainsay her. In his autobiography, *Life Is My Song*, Fletcher complains, "she spoke enthusiastically of capturing Louis Untermeyer. . . . The thought of Untermeyer as a potential ally made me doubtful. I knew nothing of him except that, as a poet, he had been a staunch champion of the Whitmanian, cosmic, 'social brotherhood' type of verse. He had defended the poets of this type long ago in the columns of Harold Monro's magazine in England. He was also a writer of clever parodies of other poets. I felt that, on all three counts, he was a person to mistrust." Later Fletcher relates how he resisted "to the end" Amy's attempt to include my first wife's poetry in a forthcoming volume of *Imagist Poets*.

It was Amy's own delight in parody and masquerade that made her publish *A Critical Fable* anonymously. But she did more than that. To insure secrecy she misled almost everyone concerned in the publication. Even if a literary detective had had access to her publisher's files he would have found that the author was William Williams John—who happened to be the husband of one of her secretaries. The work itself was a heterogeneous picture gallery of the leading living American poets, somewhat in the manner of her distant dead relative, James Russell Lowell. To increase the confusion Amy subtly and mendaciously spread reports that various poets were responsible. She wrote blandly to John Farrar, then editor of *The Bookman*, "Have you seen *A Critical Fable*? I must say I find it immensely amusing in spite of not particularly enjoying the part about myself. . . . I wonder who wrote it? Louis Untermeyer guessed me, and I guessed him; and then we agreed to cry quits on the strength of each other's denial and find a third person. Sara Teasdale says it is Gamaliel Bradford; Gamaliel Bradford says it is Leonard Bacon; who Leonard Bacon says I do not know. . . ."

From the beginning I was certain that Amy was the author, partly because the

critical estimates generally agreed with those she had so often expressed, partly because of the hit-and-miss rhythms and the wretched rhymes. I was not at all complimented when Amy insisted that she recognized my touch throughout. Purist that I was in the matter of rhyme, my teeth were continually set on edge by such awkward pairings as "grant-aren't," "absurdities-acerbities," "piano-and so," "clearly-really," "Olympus-impasse," "goddess-progress," "parley-finale." Yet I could not help but be flattered by the pleasant pages she devoted to me, and her letter of disclaimer was as disarming as it was disingenuous. She wrote in part:

My dear Louis, You are mad if you think I wrote it; I wish to God I had. And permit me to offer my congratulations on your excellent *bluff!* From the first moment I opened the book, I said to myself: Louis is the only person who would have been likely to write this book—and now you hastily forestall me by suggesting that I have done it, which is one of the neatest little side-steppings I have ever seen. Oh, Louis, Louis! So you were not going to do that sort of thing again, weren't you. *Heavens* was to be your last skit—and all the time you had this up your sleeve. All I can say is I envy you in the way you have got us all off and the neatness of your versification. [*Sic! L.U.*] Oh, but don't I recognize that neatness: I chuckled again when I read your "Roast Leviathan." How anybody, after reading that poem, can think it was not written by the same man who wrote *A Critical Fable* I do not see. I think it is a bully book, and you have hit the people off wonderfully. If nothing else gave it away, your remarks about my "thunderous" quality would have done it.

By the time I had finished the letter and had received other congratulations (prompted by Amy) I was almost ready to believe that I *had* written the book. I was beginning to see new virtues in it; in another month I would have convinced myself that the rhymes were as daring as Emily Dickinson's. However, it never came to that. Amy could never keep a secret from her public; she enjoyed herself—and her public—too much.

I will never forget the pleasure she took in one of the most curious public

functions I have ever attended. It was a Civic Forum dinner given at the Hotel Astor for a group of poets. Ten of us were guests of honor—three English and seven American poets—and its chief reason was a hail-and-farewell to John Masfield, who had been in America as "an ambassador of good will." I was seated at the speaker's table between Amy and a tall Southerner whose name I had not caught.

"But we have met," he said. "Not in the flesh, but in the newspaper columns—in one of your reviews."

"That's gratifying," I smiled. "I hope I said something more than ordinarily pleasant."

"On the contrary," he replied without a smile. "You were extraordinarily unpleasant. You began your attack with the title of your review and ended it with a gratuitous insult. You quoted my worst lines, including the typographical errors, and you turned my most serious phrases into shoddy flippancies. You ridiculed my tragedies; you—"

"There is only one living poet I ever treated like that," I interrupted, still trying to hold a smile. "And that was—years ago—Cale Young Rice."

"I," he echoed grimly, "am Cale Young Rice."

Since, at that time, the Hotel Astor did not offer alcoholic comfort, I spent the rest of the dinner talking to Amy Lowell. At the end of it she said, "Louis, I've never heard you talk so much and so badly. I haven't the faintest idea what you've been saying—and I don't think you have either."

It was not only my discomfiture she enjoyed, but her eminence. Each of the guests of honor read, spoke, or mumbled. Next to Masfield, Amy received the most applause. But she raised her hand and asked them to stop. "Just to make me feel at home," she said, "please add a few hisses. I'm not used to speaking without them." Later, when she attacked some of the enshrined poets of the past, the hissing was renewed—and this time the audience meant it.

(A newspaper cut is before me as I write. There we are: "American Poets Gathered at Farewell Dinner." Amy is in the center, seated on a Louis Quinze couch much too frail for her. She is clad in a magnificently unbecoming dress with half-length sleeves and a yoke calculated to increase her width, strewn with a maze of gold bead-work. She is clutching a purse and a program, her head cocked, daring the world to come to blows. Seated next to her is the only other woman, little bright-eyed Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon, looking like a canary that has just swallowed the cat. The rest of us are grouped about Amy. Reading from the traditional left to right, they are Laurence Housman, brother of A. E. Housman, bearded, dark-browed, staring into eternity like a bashful, even a benevolent, Mephistopheles; Witter Bynner, tall, immaculate, and aloof; Percy MacKaye, his arm about Bynner's shoulder, smiling archly at the camera; Edwin Markham, looking like a slightly blurred composite photograph of four Hebrew prophets and all the New England poets; Cale Young Rice, trying to forget he was the husband of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*; I, a cross between a frightened rabbit and a complacent ant-eater; Vachel Lindsay, his head tilted back dangerously as though he were about to explode in a chant; Alfred Noyes, doggedly facing his inquisitors and desperately clutching one of his own books; and John Masefield, quizzical and vague, like a benign but slightly befuddled leprechaun.)

IV

In 1920 some six of us American poets decided to start a biennial *Miscellany of American Poetry*. The plan was frankly imitative; it undertook to do for American readers what the collections of *Georgian Poetry* had done for the English public. The dissimilarities of temperament, range, and choice of subject were manifest. But the outstanding difference was this: *Georgian Poetry* had an edi-

tor, and the poems it contained reflected that editor's highly personal taste. *The Miscellany* was to be collected and controlled by a *group* of editors so that no particular school or tendency would be stressed. The program was inspiring, the performance fell far short of our aim. The poets who were included (Frost, Sandburg, Lindsay, Oppenheim, Aiken, Eliot, Jeffers, Teasdale, and others) contributed hitherto unpublished poems and appeared together by mutual accord: "it is as if a dozen unacademic painters, separated by temperament and distance, were to arrange to have an exhibition every two years of their latest work." Amy, having accomplished something similar with the Imagist group, volunteered to collaborate in the venture, and, though the actual editing fell on my shoulders, she almost succeeded in managing us. When the question of new contributors came up Amy was both dogmatic and evasive. She yielded grudgingly to my desire to include Edna St. Vincent Millay "since your heart is set on her. Personally, I am not at all sure that she will count in the long run. . . . I think Millay's real claim to inclusion in the *Miscellany* rests not so much upon her lyrics as upon her remarkable 'Aria da Capo.' "

Amy was even more doubtful about Elinor Wylie. Even after I had won over the others to recognize the newcomer, Amy wrote me a long letter which was almost a dissent. I quote the most revealing passages:

I think the collections should contain *only* the work of established poets, and that they are not the proper place for airing the work of new writers. I quite agree that Eleanor [*sic!*] Wylie's work is remarkable. I admire it, but it is a fact that it is not as good as her prototype, Emily Dickinson's. It lacks the sheer originality and spring of Emily Dickinson's work, and it is not the first of its kind; but, for neatness, deftness, and charm, it is far in advance of the rhymed lyrics of other people, even your beloved Edna St. Vincent Millay. . . . I do not feel at all certain as to Eleanor Wylie's future. She is thirty-six years old, I understand, if not more, and this is her first book. Now I am the last person to quarrel with an author beginning

late in life. I myself was thirty-eight when my first book came out and my first book was not in the same class as hers—as *you* know only too well. But the thing that makes a reputation in the end, the thing that really makes a poet, is not the first book, but the last book, and all the books between. It is the power of a poet to go on and develop and constantly pass himself. A minor poet may throw off an excellent poem or two, an excellent thirty poems, as Eleanor Wylie has done. A major poet may have a lot of bad verse to his name, as Keats has; but the major poet makes a very large ten-strike on occasion, and what he does contains this curious power of vitality and growth. It is not static, but constantly rebounding and progressing. Now Eleanor Wylie's work is at the moment static. These little poems of hers are all built to a pattern. She has learned her pattern perfectly, but I see no reason to suppose she can ever vary it. She may be able to; but from what I know of her she will lack industry and perseverance.

Poor Amy! So well-intentioned and so wrong; so canny as a craftsman, so undependable as a critic. Recent judgment has questioned the power of Edna St. Vincent Millay's dramatic and "conversational" work, but her lyrics (and some of her sonnets) are established. Far from "lacking industry and perseverance," no poet ever showed more ability to persist and grow than Elinor Wylie; her last book "and all the books between" reveal a poet maturing from brilliance to permanence, from quick versatility to a quiet nobility.

But Amy declared herself most characteristically toward the end of the letter in which she broadly intimated that even a book of poetry cannot live by poetry alone. "If you publish a new *Miscellany* you *must* have a preface; it is absolutely imperative to make the book understandable. You told me you did not know what to say in such a preface, but perhaps sometime when I am in New York we might pound out one together, if you like. That will give the book a point."

Amy was even more anxious about the third *Miscellany*, but consultation was difficult. At the time I was living in Vienna, and Amy was deep in her Keats biography: "Keats is nearly killing me.

I have completed six hundred and thirty pages and have three hundred and seventy left to do. I think I shall never want to undertake so long a job again."

The last sentence was prophetic. If Keats was killed by the critics, Amy, by the same exaggeration, was killed by Keats. She had been a sick woman for more than ten years; her first letter to me in 1915 ends: "Do try and get here as early as possible before they have quite minced me to pieces and swept me up in the dustpan." Her labors on the Keats material, of which she owned one of the largest collections in existence, and the almost vituperative English reviews, aggravated her ailment. She was as unaffectedly in love with Keats as Elinor Wylie was with Shelley; and when such presumably friendly critics as J. C. Squire and Robert Lynd condemned her work they seemed to be suddenly striking at her and exposing a wound so vulnerable as to be vital. For Keats she spent interminable nights puzzling over his manuscripts, tracking down his annotations, and retracing the worn pencil-scrawls; for Keats she suffered uncounted pains in head and groin and ruptured the small blood-vessels of her eyes. Into the dead poet she poured her life-blood, and after the transfusion she died.

Perhaps this is not altogether exact. She also poured her life-blood into her poetry; her vivacity invigorated it, her gusty personality gave it color and warmth. After her death the blood went out of it. The color seemed artificially applied, the warmth simulated; with the exception of some seven or eight poems the verse was suddenly lifeless. Robert Frost once said that she never touched the deep emotions because she did not know where to look for them, and D. H. Lawrence wrote, "If it doesn't come out of your own heart, real Amy Lowell, it is no good, however many colors it may have. . . . How much nicer, finer, bigger you are, intrinsically, than your poetry is."

This much seems apparent: Amy too often wrote to fit a theory, to mold her

work in the fashion of the moment; she cast herself in the role of public poet. Instead of being urged by the quiet subconscious self, she continually prodded the conscious will. She sacrificed slow searching for quick brilliance, and exchanged broad understanding for narrow contemporaneousness. Her amazing range of subject and variety of techniques—the adaptations of Indian folklore, extensions of Peruvian myths, translations from the French, melodramas in New England dialect, verbal imitations of Stravinsky, Japanese lacquer prints, Chinese legends, exotic impressionism, homespun couplets—no longer hide the central poverty. She had energy, enthusiasm, power, skill, “everything,” as one poet, paraphrasing Goethe, said of her, “everything except genius.” It might be truer to say that she had genius—genius for everything except the thing she wanted most: permanence as a poet. Yet how could she have attained it? She had many pleasures, few ecstasies; she wept because of little griefs, never touched by immedicable woes. “It is hard,” Malcolm Cowley wrote, “to write true poems when one is rich, blanketed with four-per-cent debentures and rocked to sleep in a cradle of sound common stocks.”

She died an isolated patrician, antagonistic to radicals, suspicious of liberals, and scornful of “the ignorant proletariat.” It sometimes seems a pity

she determined to be a poet at all; she would have been so much happier as the Senator from Massachusetts.

Her poems, shrunk to a repeated few, still find their way to the anthologies. But her memorial is the collection she bequeathed to the Widener Library at Harvard. The Poetry Room contains not only her Keats collection of invaluable letters, rare manuscripts, first drafts and first editions, but holograph manuscripts and volumes by almost every modern poet, a record of private influence and public accomplishment. Here is Amy’s great mausoleum, a library, once the setting for what seemed the controversial battles of the century.

Several years after her death I stood there, waiting for her ghost. Except for the pale young custodian and myself, the room was empty. It remained unvisited during the time I rummaged about the unresponsive shelves and investigated the sacred vault. Not a sound penetrated, not a specter raised its reminiscent head. After an hour of silent loneliness I thought I detected a murmur. I was not wrong. The murmur grew to a hum, a rumble, a roar. The undergraduates were now underneath the window, loudly returning from the stadium. They went by, and the room was quieter than ever. The shadows did not stir. Even the past refused to speak.





THE PRESBYTERIAN CHOIR SINGERS

A STORY

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

ONE of the many curious and delightful things about our country is the ease with which our good people move from one religion to another, or from no particular religion at all to any religion that happens to come along, without experiencing any particular loss or gain, and go right on being innocent anyhow.

Myself, I was born, for instance, a kind of Catholic, although I was not baptized until I was thirteen, a circumstance which, I remember clearly, irritated the priest very much and impelled him to ask my people if they were crazy, to which my people replied, We have been away.

Thirteen years old and not baptized! the priest shouted. What kind of people are you?

For the most part, my uncle Melik replied, we are an agricultural people although we have had our brilliant men too.

It was a Saturday afternoon. The whole thing took no more than seven minutes, but even after I was baptized it was impossible for me to feel any change.

Well, my grandmother said, you are now baptized. Do you feel any better?

For some months, I believe I ought to explain, I had been feeling intelligent, which led my grandmother to suspect that I was ill with some mysterious illness or that I was losing my mind.

I think I feel the same, I said.

Do you believe now? she shouted. Or do you still have doubts?

I can easily *say* I believe, I said, but to tell you the truth I don't know for sure. I want to be a Christian of course.

Well, just believe then, my grandmother said, and go about your business.

My business was in some ways quaint and in other ways incredible.

I sang in the Boys Choir at the Presbyterian Church on Tulare Street. For doing so I received one dollar a week from an elderly Christian lady named Balaifal who lived in sorrow and solitude in the small ivy-covered house next to the house in which my friend Pandro Kolkozian lived.

This boy, like myself, was loud in speech. That is to say, we swore a good deal—in all innocence of course—and by doing so grieved Miss or Mrs. Balaifal so much that she sought to save us while there was still time. To be saved was a thing I for one had no occasion to resent.

Miss Balaifal (I shall call her that from now on, since while I knew her she was certainly single, and since I do not know for sure if she ever married, or for that matter if she ever thought of marrying, or if she ever so much as fell in love—earlier in life of course, and no doubt with a scoundrel who took the whole matter with a grain of salt)—Miss Balaifal, as I began to say, was a cultured woman, a reader of the poems of Robert Browning and other poets and a woman of great sensitivity, so that coming out on the porch of her house to hear us talk she could stand so much and no more, and

when the limit had been reached, cried out, Boys, boys. You must not use profane language.

Pandro Kolkhozian, on the one hand, seemed to be the most uncouth boy in the world and on the other—and this was the quality in him which endeared him to me—the most courteous and thoughtful.

Yes, Miss Balaifum, he said.

Balaifal, the lady corrected him. Please come here. Both of you.

We went to Miss Balaifal and asked what she wanted.

What do you want, Miss Balaifum? Pandro said.

Miss Balaifal went into her coat pocket and brought out a sheaf of pamphlets, and without looking at them handed one to each of us. My pamphlet was entitled, Redemption, The Story of a Drunkard. Pandro's was entitled, Peace at Last, The Story of a Drunkard.

What's this for? Pandro said.

I want you boys to read those pamphlets and try to be good, Miss Balaifal said. I want you to stop using profane language.

It doesn't say anything here about profane language, Pandro said.

There's a good lesson for each of you in those pamphlets, the lady said. Read them and don't use profane language any more.

Yes, ma'am, I said. Is that all?

One thing more, Miss Balaifal said. I wonder if you boys would help me move the organ from the dining room to the parlor?

Sure, Miss Balaifum, Pandro said. Any time.

So we went into the lady's house and, while she instructed us in just how to do it without damaging the instrument or ourselves, we moved it, by slow degrees, from the dining room to the parlor.

Now read those pamphlets, Miss Balaifal said.

Yes, ma'am, Pandro said. Is that all?

Well, now, the lady said. I want you to sing while I play the organ.

I can't sing, Miss Balaifum, Pandro said.

Nonsense, the lady said. Of course you can sing, Pedro.

Pandro, not Pedro, Pandro said. Pedro is my cousin's name.

As a matter of fact Pandro's name was Pantalo, which in Armenian means pants. When he had started to school his teacher hadn't cared for, or hadn't liked the sound of, the name, so she had written down on his card Pandro. As for his cousin's name, it was Bedros, with the *b* soft, which in turn had been changed at school to Pedro. It was all quite all right of course, and no harm to anybody.

Without answering him, the elderly lady sat on the stool, adjusted her feet on the pedals of the organ, and without any instructions to us, began to play a song which, from its dullness, was obviously religious. After a moment she herself began to sing. Pandro, in a soft voice, uttered a very profane, if not vulgar, word, which fortunately Miss Balaifal did not hear. Miss Balaifal's voice was, if anything, not impressive. The pedals squeaked a good deal louder than she sang, the tones of the organ were not any too clear, but even so, it was possible to know that Miss Balaifal's voice was not delightful.

Galilee, bright Galilee, she sang.

She turned to us, nodded, and said, Now sing. Sing, boys.

We knew neither the words nor the music, but it seemed that common courtesy demanded at least an honest effort, which we made, trying as far as possible to follow the music coming out of the organ and the dramatic words coming out of Miss Balaifal.

Ruler of the storm was He, on the raging Galilee, she sang.

In all, we tried to sing three songs. After each song, Pandro would say, Thank you very much, Miss Balaifum. Can we go now?

At last she got up from the organ and said, I'm sure you're the better for it. If evil friends invite you to drink, turn away.

We'll turn away, Miss Balaifum, Pandro said. Won't we, Aram?

I will, I said.

I will too, Pandro said. Can we go now, Miss Balaifum?

Read the pamphlets, she said. It's not too late.

We'll read them, Pandro said. Just as soon as we get time.

We left the lady's house and went back to the front yard of Pandro's house and began to read the pamphlets. Before we were half through reading, the lady came out on the porch and in a very high and excited voice said, Which of you was it?

Which was *what*? Pandro said.

He was very bewildered.

Which of you was it that sang? Miss Balaifal said.

We both sang, I said.

No, Miss Balaifal said. Only one of you sang. One of you has a beautiful Christian voice.

Not me, Pandro said.

You, Miss Balaifal said to me. Eugene. Was it you?

Aram, I said. Not Eugene. No, I don't think it was me either.

Boys, come here, Miss Balaifal said.

Who? Pandro said.

Both of you, the lady said.

When we were in the house and Miss Balaifal was seated at the organ again Pandro said, I don't want to sing. I don't like to sing.

You sing, the lady said to me.

I sang.

Miss Balaifal leaped to her feet.

You are the one, she said. You must sing at church.

I won't, I said.

You mustn't use profane language, she said.

I'm not using profane language, I said, and I promise not to use profane language again as long as I live, but I won't sing in church.

Your voice is the most Christian voice I have ever heard, Miss Balaifal said.

It isn't, I said.

Yes, it is, she said.

Well, I won't sing anyway, I said.

You must, you must, Miss Balaifal said.

Thanks very much, Miss Balaifum,

Pandro said. Can we go now? He doesn't want to sing in church.

He must, he must, the lady insisted.

Why? Pandro said.

For the good of his soul, the lady said.

Pandro whispered the profane word again.

Now tell me, the lady said. What is your name?

I told her.

You are a Christian of course? she said.

I guess so, I said.

A Presbyterian of course, she said.

I don't know about that, I said.

You are, the lady said. Of course you are. I want you to sing in the Tulare Street Presbyterian Church—in the Boys Choir—next Sunday.

Why? Pandro said again.

We need voices, the lady explained. We must have young voices. We must have singers. He must sing next Sunday.

I don't like to sing, I said. I don't like to go to church either.

Boys, Miss Balaifal said. Sit down. I want to talk to you.

We sat down. Miss Balaifal talked to us for at least thirty minutes.

We didn't believe a word of it, although out of courtesy we kept answering her questions the way we knew she wanted us to answer them, but when she asked us to get down on our knees with her while she prayed, we wouldn't do it. Miss Balaifal argued this point for some time and then decided to let us have our way—for a moment. Then she tried again, but we wouldn't do it. Pandro said we'd move the organ any time, or anything else like that, but we wouldn't get down on our knees.

Well, Miss Balaifal said, will you close your eyes?

What for? Pandro said.

It's customary for everybody to close his eyes while someone is praying, Miss Balaifal said.

Who's praying? Pandro said.

No one, *yet*, Miss Balaifal said. But if you'll promise to close your eyes, *I'll* pray, but you've got to promise to close your eyes.

What do you want to pray for? Pandro said.

I want to pray for you boys, she said.

What for? Pandro said.

A little prayer for you won't do any harm, Miss Balaifal said. Will you close your eyes?

Oh! all right, Pandro said.

We closed our eyes and Miss Balaifal prayed.

It wasn't a little prayer by a long shot.

Amen, she said. Now, boys, don't you feel better?

In all truth, we didn't.

Yes, we do, Pandro said. Can we go now, Miss Balaifum? Any time you want the organ moved, we'll move it for you.

Sing for all you're worth, Miss Balaifal said to me, and turn away from any evil companion who invites you to drink.

Yes, ma'am, I said.

You know where the church is, she said.

What church? I said.

The Tulare Street Presbyterian Church, she said.

I know where it is, I said.

Mr. Sherwin will be expecting you Sunday morning at nine thirty, she said.

Well, it just seemed like I was cornered.

Pandro went with me to the church on Sunday, but refused to stand with the choir boys and sing. He sat in the last row of the church and watched and listened. As for myself, I was never more unhappy in my life, although I sang.

Never again, I told Pandro after it was all over.

The following Sunday I didn't show up of course, but that didn't do any good, because Miss Balaifal got us into her house again, played the organ, sang, made us try to sing, prayed, and was unmistakably determined to keep me in the Boys Choir. I refused flatly, and Miss Balaifal decided to put the whole thing on a more worldly basis.

You have a rare Christian voice, she explained. A voice needed by religion. You yourself are deeply religious, although you do not know it yet. Since this

is so, let me ask you to sing for *me* every Sunday. I will *pay* you.

How much? Pandro said.

Fifty cents, Miss Balaifal said.

We usually sang four or five songs. It took about half an hour altogether, although we had to sit another hour while the preacher delivered his sermon. In short, it wasn't worth it.

For this reason I could make no reply.

Seventy-five cents, Miss Balaifal suggested.

The air was stuffy, the preacher was a bore, it was all very depressing.

One dollar, Miss Balaifal said. Not a cent more.

Make it a dollar and a quarter, Pandro said.

Not a cent more than a dollar, Miss Balaifal said.

He's got the best voice in the whole choir, Pandro said. *One* dollar? A voice like that is worth *two* dollars to any religion.

I've made my offer, Miss Balaifal said.

There are other religions, Pandro said.

This, I must say, upset Miss Balaifal.

His voice, she said bitterly, is a Christian voice, and what's more it's Presbyterian.

The Baptists would be glad to get a voice like that for two dollars, Pandro said.

The Baptists! Miss Balaifal said with some—I hesitate to say it—contempt.

They're no different than the Presbyterians, Pandro said.

One dollar, Miss Balaifal said. One dollar, and your name on the program.

I don't like to sing, Miss Balaifal, I said.

Yes, you do, she said. You just think you don't. If you could see your face when you sing—why—

He's got a voice like an angel, Pandro said.

I'll fix you, I told Pandro in Armenian.

That's no one-dollar voice, Pandro said.

All right, boys, Miss Balaifal said. A dollar and fifteen cents, but no more.

A dollar and a quarter, Pandro said, or we go to the Baptists.

All right, Miss Balaifal said, but I must say you drive a hard bargain.

Wait a minute, I said. I don't like to sing. I won't sing for a dollar and a quarter or anything else.

A bargain is a bargain, Miss Balaifal said.

I didn't make any bargain, I said. Pandro did. Let *him* sing.

He *can't* sing, Miss Balaifal said.

I've got the worst voice in the world, Pandro said with great pride.

His poor voice wouldn't be worth ten cents to anybody, Miss Balaifal said.

Not even a nickel, Pandro said.

Well, I said, I'm not going to sing—for a dollar and a quarter or anything else. I don't need any money.

You made a bargain, Miss Balaifal said.

Yes, you did, Pandro said.

I jumped on Pandro right in Miss Balaifal's parlor and we began to wrestle. The elderly Christian lady tried to break it up, but since it was impossible to determine which of us was the boy with the angelic voice, she began to pray. The wrestling continued until most of the furniture in the room had been knocked over, except the organ. The match was eventually a draw, the wrestlers exhausted and flat on their backs.

Miss Balaifal stopped praying and said, Sunday then, at a dollar and a quarter.

It took me some time to get my breath.

Miss Balaifal, I said, I'll sing in that choir only if Pandro sings too.

But his voice, Miss Balaifal objected. It's horrible.

I don't care what it is, I said. If I sing, he's got to sing too.

I'm afraid he'd ruin the choir, Miss Balaifal said.

He's got to go up there with me every Sunday, I said, or nothing doing.

Well, now, let me see, Miss Balaifal said.

She gave the matter considerable thought.

Suppose he goes up and stands in the choir, Miss Balaifal said, but *doesn't* sing? Suppose he just *pretends* to sing?

That's all right with me, I said, but he's got to be there all the time.

What do *I* get? Pandro said.

Well, now, Miss Balaifal said, I surely can't be expected to pay you too.

If I go up there, Pandro said, I've got to be paid.

All right, Miss Balaifal said. One dollar for the boy who sings; twenty-five cents for the boy who doesn't.

I've got the worst voice in the world, Pandro said.

You must be fair, Miss Balaifal said. After all, you won't be singing. You'll just be standing there with the other boys.

Twenty-five cents isn't enough, Pandro said.

We got off the floor and began rearranging the furniture.

All right, Miss Balaifal said. One dollar for the boy who sings. Thirty-five cents for the boy who doesn't.

Make it fifty, Pandro said.

Very well, then, Miss Balaifal said. A dollar for *you*. Fifty cents for *you*.

We start working next Sunday? Pandro said.

That's right, Miss Balaifal said. I'll pay you here after the services. Not a word of this to any of the other boys in the choir.

We won't mention it to anybody, Pandro said.

In this manner, in the eleventh year of my life, I became, more or less, a Presbyterian—at least every Sunday morning. It wasn't the money. It was simply that a bargain had been made, and that Miss Balaifal had her heart set on having me sing for religion.

As I began to say six or seven minutes ago, however, a curious thing about our country is the ease with which all of us,—or at least everybody I know—are able to change our religions, without any noticeable damage to anything or anybody. When I was thirteen I was baptized into the Armenian Catholic Church, even though I was still singing for the Presbyterians, and even though I myself was growing a little skeptical, as it were, of

the whole conventional religious pattern, and was eager, by hook or crook, to reach an understanding of my own, and to come to terms with Omnipotence in my own way. Even after I was baptized, I carried in my heart a deep discontent.

Two months after I was baptized my voice changed, and my contract with Miss Balaifal was cancelled—which was a great relief to me and a terrible blow to her.

I was born a Catholic. I was not baptized until I was thirteen. At that time I had been a Presbyterian for al-

most two years of Sundays. After being baptized my voice changed. I stopped being a Presbyterian. As for the Armenian Catholic Church on Ventura Avenue, I went there only on Easter and Christmas. All the rest of the time I moved from one religion to another, and in the end was none the worse for it, so that now, like most Americans, my faith consists in believing in every religion, including my own, but without any ill-will toward anybody, no matter what he believes or disbelieves, just so his personality is good.

IN TIME OF CRISIS

BY PAUL ENGLE

LONG over loved England the gray rain falling
Into the pale, glittering, upturned face.
Green the Gulf wind out of the worn sea calling:
American water, nearing this northern place,

Where on the gnarled coast the wild rock rips
Always your inward moving wave, remember
There were men here before the first tired ship
Found on your land the yet warm Indian ember.

Sean, Edward, Eric, all those who were kind
To him coming from the west a stranger,
You gave him warmth of house and friendly mind
Against despair and its too lonely danger.

Do not forget that though the humble air
Break with bomb, the solid earth be shaken,
Nothing can bend that tide from Wales or tear
Love from men's hands, after the hand is taken.



EATING THROUGH AFRICA

BY EUGENE WRIGHT

THE French, up to a certain point, were right. Guides and camel drivers *were* hard to find, and this wasn't only because the tribes had moved north but because there weren't any Arabs in In Salah, apparently, who cared to travel the southern routes during the summer. I wanted to follow these southern routes across the Sahara.

But at the same time they were wrong, for if they had considered my life unsafe in the Sahara without a nine months' food supply, how was I to find men to look after the camels that carried it?

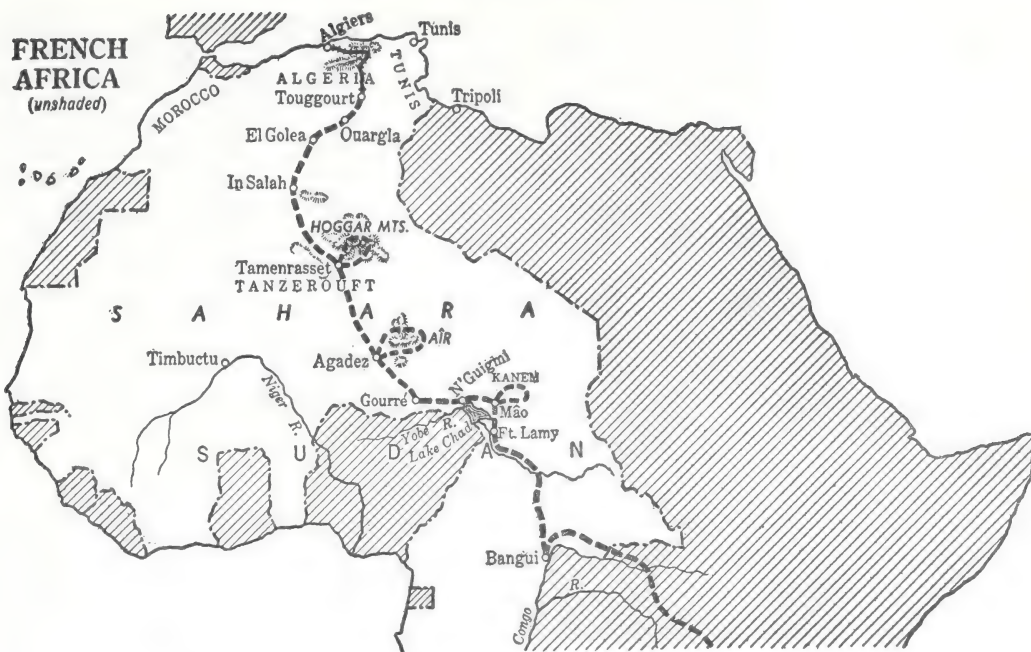
Furthermore, I found, it is not a safe practice to devote the major part of a camel's load-bearing strength and marching resistance to food. Travel conditions are precarious, if not actually dangerous, in the southern latitudes of the desert during the summer months. Pasturage for the camels is hard to find. Water sources may be dry. For these reasons—since one's life depends as much upon one's camel as upon water—it is wiser to travel as the Arabs travel: that is, to carry at all times a safe margin of water and save the remainder of your camels' strength for an emergency.

It took me a month, however, to discover these facts, and by that time Hamim, the guide who had brought me down from Ouargla, was preparing to return to his home in the north; one of the camel drivers was eventually going on to Timbuctu to meet some relatives; the other had a rendezvous with his brother, a military dispatch-bearer, in the Hoggar. Mohammed, the French-speaking

cook whom I had hired in Touggourt, had long ago given up the desert as impossible and gone back on a trader's truck. And so for two weeks I was left stranded in In Salah, the Commandant searching for another guide and men to take me on to Tamenrasset and my vast food supply lying idle in my room in the barracks.

I had already begun to eat the native food. When Mohammed left me at El Golea I had no choice but to do my own cooking or eat with Hamim and the camel drivers, and I had done the latter. It had seemed an impossible job to coax anything edible out of the big packing cases and striped sacks. Mohammed had failed. His dried peas and lentils had tasted mostly of baking soda, and he had carried them soaking in a pot of water for an entire day before he began to cook them. His bread, baked on an open grill, had been heavy and gritty with sand. Despite our combined efforts to get a decent living out of the supplies bought in Algiers, we had been subsisting chiefly on dates and biscuits, and suffering the consequences, a few dates a day being about all the stomach can handle.

In the meantime Hamim and the camel drivers had been living very nicely and with no fuss whatsoever from two leather sacks inconspicuously slung behind one of my baggage camels, one containing native wheat ground into flour and a lump of camel's fat; the other holding the native boiled butter made of goats' milk. From time to time they had



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE AUTHOR'S JOURNEY

caught a big lizard and added him to the black earthen pot whose steam cooked the tiny pellets of flour that made their *cous-cous*. Once we had met a tribe wandering north and Hamim had joined us, following a chat with the chieftain, with a piece of fresh goat's meat. No matter whether they had fresh meat or not they seemed to get along all right with their flour and butter and the lump of camel's fat, and when at last I squatted beside them in the date grove at El Golea and began thumbing into my mouth the morsels of *cous-cous* they hospitably pushed to my side of the basin I knew that, from the point of view of taste alone, the foods native to the Sahara were all I needed, and that my own supplies should be got rid of as quickly as possible.

This happened at In Salah. The French officers there needed white flour: they took all of my twelve hermetically sealed tins, and they were equally glad to get my Dutch butter, my canned vegetables, salmon, fruits, dried apricots, peaches and prunes, canned soups and cases of bouillon cubes. What the French could not use I sold to the Arab merchants of In Salah, and when I had finished selling I had nothing left but my

tea and sugar, my guns and ammunition, and a small case of trading goods. I had even disposed of my tent, folding cot, and mattress and most of my cooking utensils. For these things too were unnecessary in the Sahara. And with my food and equipment went four of the six camels that had carried it, and it took me the better part of an afternoon to count out their purchase price from the sacks of French coins the buyers sent up to my room, according to the Arab custom.

For there was no lack of food in In Salah. The date crop had been harvested and the market was filled with baskets of dates, dried and fresh. There was native wheat, which you could have ground into flour by a native woman, and there was also millet, grown on the irrigated flats south of the town. Melons, onions, and tomatoes grew in the gardens among the palm trees and through the doorways of the houses you could see tomatoes and mint drying on woven mats to be stored away in sacks or sold in the marketplace. Now and then a camel was butchered, or a few long-tailed sheep from the Sudan, which had been brought across the desert during the winter. You could get butter and you

could get cheese, and any of these foods that were adapted to desert travel could be found in almost every oasis.

So that the food problem in the Sahara was by no means the desperate one I had been given to believe in the north. The real problem, so far as getting from one oasis to another was concerned, lay in maintaining a proper balance between the weight of one's food, the weight of one's water, and the strength of one's camels; and the native foods—easy to carry and prepare, and high in nutritive qualities, suited this requirement admirably: you could carry as little as conditions seemed to demand, knowing that at the next oasis or encampment you could get more. You might go hungry—but, with the Sahara at its worst, you stood a better chance of coming out alive.

Now there is still another way in which the Sahara makes itself safe for travelers, and this is in the matter of meat. When you eat meat, obviously you have to drink more water than you would usually drink. And if you made a practice of eating canned meats or dried meats you would be adding far more weight to your camels than is necessary without in any way guaranteeing a reserve in case of an accident.

But if you travel as the natives do, you eat meat only when the desert itself produces meat; and since meat of any kind—whether of camels, goats, sheep, or gazelle—exists only where there is forage, if not water, one can eat to his heart's content, secure in the knowledge that one's camels also are eating and will have ample strength to carry one and his water supply on to the next well.

But to make the most of these rather complex conditions one must have a guide who not only knows the country but approaches the necessity of meeting the desert on its own terms from a point of view that is almost æsthetic. He must find a certain delight in being able to resist the power of the sun and in finding himself strong after forced marches of eighteen to twenty hours a day. He

must enjoy going hungry, and finding food; become restless in villages and prefer the shade of a mimosa bush, his water-skin hanging from a limb, to the cool darkness cast by thick walls. Whatever his character, he must be able to sharpen the struggle for existence to a needlelike point; otherwise, instead of being a moving and almost sublime experience, desert travel becomes a hideous ordeal. And in Achmed Belkacem, who walked into my room in In Salah one day without knocking, I found such a guide.

II

Achmed was splendid. To be sure, as the Commandant warned me, he was an unconscionable liar and thief; but in the art of desert travel he was a master. He could march to a well blindfolded—and reach it. He could smell gazelle, judge a camel's strength to within a quarter of an hour of the time it would fall, never to rise again; survive for weeks on sour goats' milk and yet summon the *élan* to halt for fifteen minutes behind a dune; then enter a Tuareg camp with his beard framed in a silk turban, his chest covered with French war medals and a silver ring conspicuously turned out on his perfumed hand. He could lead whole villages in prayer, josh the Tuareg women into making him clothes and humble the proudest chieftain with a *mot*. On our long night marches he would play the flute and tell stories that were without beginning and without an end. He was honored as a prophet everywhere except in In Salah, and he was a superlative cook.

His prize concoction, a judicious mixture of dates, bread, and butter, he called *el fees*.

El fees would probably appall the man who goes to lunch after spending the entire morning at his desk—particularly if he had to eat it with his fingers. After riding for eight or nine hours with the temperature at 115° or 120° in the shade, our hearts beat faster just to think of it. And very often there was no shade and

the bread was baked as much by the sun, it seemed, as by the brushwood fire.

The meal took about an hour to prepare. After we had had tea, which is a ceremony one observes at least three times a day, and not entirely for social reasons, Achmed would knead up a loaf in the brass camel pan, and when it had set for perhaps twenty minutes he would toss it into a shallow basin in the sand in which a fire had been burning. He would then cover the loaf with the hot sand, leaving a little fire on top. About forty-five minutes later he would dig it out, nicely browned, brush off the sand, and I would pass him the skin of butter and the little pan of stewed dates. With his huge sleeves twisted back over his head, Achmed would then mix in the butter and dates with his fingers, squeezing out the pits; and a few minutes later we would be thumbing it into our mouths.

There are quite a number of desert foods that taste better when eaten with the fingers. *El fees* certainly is one; in fact I should consider it an act of barbarism to touch it with a fork or spoon. Dates are another. Cheese should be eaten with the fingers. So should all kinds of fruits and most vegetables. A wooden spoon would not, I think, harm *cous-cous*; but under no conditions should food eaten from the hand ever afterward be conveyed to the mouth by means of a piece of metal. Just as the French can notice a difference in wines that have been laid on concrete, so almost anyone, I should think, can detect the difference in food eaten with his own hand.

In addition to *el fees*, which we ate at noon whenever sand was available for baking the bread, there was gazelle. And I must at once make clear the distinction between gazelle and all other meats whatsoever, pointing out that a high altitude, a dry climate, and the mimosa blossoms on which they feed do things to meat which the epicure must respectfully salute.

Gazelle meat is close-grained, yet tender; light in color and very sweet. So

that one might well suspect, and with every reason, that it is a product of the twilight and the dew, and of vast regions where rain has never been known to fall. During the heat of the day there is no sign of life. You listen and can hear nothing but your heart. But at sundown the gazelle begin flicking their tails.

They are beautiful creatures. Through a rifle's sights they appear as gleams of silver. And they may at any moment vanish, for they are unpredictable—as unpredictable as the desert itself. I have seen gazelle stand in our path and stare us out of countenance, statuesque and immobile; then march unconcernedly on toward an outcropping of rock. Three minutes later, when I peered over the rock with my rifle, they were bounding over the desert a quarter-mile away.

I have approached gazelle at sundown against the wind and seen them for no apparent or understandable reason bound in magnificent leaps toward the horizon. At other times, by crooking my finger from behind a bush or mound of sand, I have brought them so close that I could see their black hooves and short eyelashes and emptied my rifle in vain at their curious eyes. The killing of the gazelle, I am convinced, is far less a feat of marksmanship than a symbol, as it were, of one's understanding of the desert; for there are men who have lived for years in the Sahara and never been able to kill a gazelle; and I began to appreciate Achmed's mysterious allusions to the animal only after successive twilights and dawns when he had come into camp grinning, their small sharp horns rapping the small of his back, and I had nothing to show for my efforts but empty cartridges and a pair of feet aching with mimosa thorns.

But they were fresh meat, and the delight with which Achmed cut their silvery throats before their breath expired and opened their sweet-smelling stomachs sprang from his own stomach rather than from his heart. He would set their heads to roast beside the fire and stuff their intestines with morsels of liver and

heart, and the fat that lined the intestines would melt into the meat, and the casings would become crisp and brown. Hot and dripping, we ate them in the front of our mouths, where the taste was keenest, and licked our fingers instead of wiping them on our slippers. And while the fresh meat lasted, the black earthen pot that cooked our wheat pellets with its steam of gazelle stew was the chief source of interest at sundown. We hovered over it while the camels grazed, and the next day we cracked the left-over bones, as we rode, and sucked their marrow.

The hunting of the gazelle is not, however, without its dangers, and even Achmed, who had watched gazelle in the desert since he was a boy, was not beyond being turned about by them. He handed the rein of his camel to me late one afternoon; we were in gazelle country. I would keep on, he said, to a large dune some distance ahead of us and he would hunt parallel to my route, joining me at the dune before sundown.

Twilight had come when I reached the dune: the sun had already gone down. After hobbling the camels I built a fire and put on the *cous-cous*. It was dark by the time I had finished, and Achmed had not yet appeared.

I built up the fire. I began to fire my rifle. Finally I saddled my camel and went in search of him.

He appeared long after midnight, from an entirely different direction, and the look in his eyes as he sipped his tea was the kind that is hard to forget.

The same thing happened to myself about a month later. When I finally stumbled on Achmed (he had built fires on every available dune top and I hadn't seen them) he was preparing to ride to Tamenrasset and report my loss.

For a man doesn't live very long in the Sahara without water. If he drinks four gallons of water a day he must lose four gallons of water a day. And when the water in his stomach is gone the sun will take it from his flesh. And the more frantic his efforts to find his camp the faster that goes too.

All of the three Frenchmen who, I was told, had been lost in the desert the year I was there had been lost while hunting gazelle. Their bodies had not been found.

During the several weeks that we spent in the Hoggar mountains food was no great problem. Camel pasturage was fairly plentiful; springs of water could be found two or three times a day. At the Tuareg camps we were invariably honored with a fresh-killed goat, lightly roasted over the coals, and were able to exchange tea and sugar for pounded millet, butter, and wheat. Camels' milk and goats' milk were freely given at every encampment, and it became our custom to fill a skin with goats' milk, diluted with water, and pour in a few handfuls of crushed wheat. When soured, this mixture makes an excellent hot-weather drink and a good subsistence.

But at Tamenrasset, the French military headquarters in the Hoggar, this situation changed. It was the end of June; the tribes had moved back into the mountains where it was cool. The desert had been cropped clean of herb for dozens of miles about and as for fresh meat for ourselves, it required a half-day's march to the east to find gazelle. And yet, because it was twelve years since Achmed had crossed the Tanzerouft to Agadez and did not want to trust his memory of the route, and of the wells, any one of which might have gone dry in that time, we were unable to move. For two weeks I dined with the Captain and the Doctor at the fort, frequently returning early to camp to find Achmed waiting for me with a bowl of *cous-cous*.

Finally one day we learned that a Tuareg date caravan of twenty-three camels had passed Tamenrasset during the afternoon on its way to the Sudan and was then camped at a nearby well, preparing for the long trek across the Tanzerouft.

We hurried to join it. Achmed had already made partial preparations for the trip, hoping that somebody who knew the route would happen along. He had

had a Tuareg woman make us emergency rations of bread, butter, and dates which were about the size of baseballs, quite as hard, and would last almost indefinitely. In fact I ate one of them six months later. Also he had bought two new waterskins, holding about eight gallons each, so that altogether we had six waterskins, a good five days' supply and not too much for our camels to carry under the almost impossible conditions of travel that the Tanzerouft at that time of the year presented. To be on the safe side, however, we discarded a rather heavy iron grill, about fifteen pounds of good northern dates, all our meat bones (which we had saved for stewing), and a considerable quantity of millet.

But we had overlooked one potential threat to our camels and our water supply: this was the dust storm. It came over us one night as we lay asleep, and the next day we could not see the sun nor the horizon. All landmarks were concealed and, since traffic in the Tanzerouft has never created a route, the Tuaregs had no signs either on the earth or in the air by which to guide them. After wandering for six days it was apparent that we were pretty close to the end.

The Tuaregs had lost three camels. Achmed and I had transferred our saddle bags to our baggage camel, from which we had thrown off everything except our waterskins, my ammunition, and a small case of my personal belongings. Because we had not seen a shred of herb in five days we had been marching almost without interruption, night and day, and now the camels had to be beaten with heavy whips and prodded with rifle butts before we could haul them to their feet. As for ourselves, we moved about as in a dream, almost unconscious from fatigue, hunger, and heat.

But on the ninth day from Tamenrasset the dust storm settled and we found a well; and after another five days of heat and hunger we rode to the crest of a dead dune to see the desert ahead of us a shimmering sea of green grass. A moist breeze was blowing. Thunderclouds

were piling up in the southwest. That night rain fell and the next day the horizon ahead of us was white with antelope.

There were thousands upon thousands of antelope, curious and unafraid, brought north into the Tanzerouft by the equinoctial rains. They stared at us as we passed between them, and holding our camels' bridles in one hand, we shot them as though they had been domesticated cattle. That evening while our camels grazed over the rich herbs and grasses we ate meat and drank water in the Roman fashion, and we continued to eat meat, and nothing but meat, until twelve days later we reached the southern camp of the Hoggar Tuaregs at Tinkoutat.

There the Tuareg women massaged our bodies with ostrich fat. They brought us huge wooden bowls of camels' milk and bowls of boiled millet swimming in butter. And we drank camels' milk and ate goat cheeses and meat until, in the early part of August, we reached Agadez.

III

Except during the equinoctial storms, which almost bring grass out of the rocks, there is no sharp difference between the Sahara and the Sudan. The free dunes, if any, give way to "dead" dunes, dotted with bunch grass. The mimosa trees become larger and more numerous and the oases eventually become tropical jungles of vegetation, isolated from one another by undulating prairies of rank grass that grows to the shoulder of a man on horseback.

The villages are made of grass instead of earth. They stand on hilltops, generally a day's march apart; and their inhabitants are lean, tall people with ebony faces—proud Mohammedans more familiar with horses and donkeys than with camels. And eventually, making your way ever southward by these new means of travel, you see the strange spectacle of a river and realize that there is such a thing as running water, and re-

member when you thought that green was the most beautiful color in the world. And pretty soon running water and green trees are taken for granted and the gray haze of the Sahara becomes a thing of wonder.

And as the country's change is a gradual one, so are the methods of travel and the food. I was almost three weeks on the route to Lake Chad before I had begun to eat foods unknown to me when I was traveling with Achmed, who had gone back to In Salah.

One of the first of these foods was guinea fowl. Just outside a village I came upon a flock of several hundred of these big birds, and because they were the first I had seen in Africa, I thought they belonged to somebody. In fact, it wasn't until the man who was with me had frightened them by running up and motioning me to shoot that I was convinced they were wild and then, because my shotgun shells had been poured with short charges of powder, I was unable to get close enough to kill one.

But despite this handicap (the fault or intention of an Algerian armorer) I managed in the months that followed to outwit the guinea fowl—a trick that required another person to help me; and since a native generally went along with the horse or donkey that carried me from one village to the next, guinea fowl became a source of food that was fairly reliable. Furthermore, because I was obliged to do my own cooking (the Sudanese men are impossible cooks), and would often make a meal of dried locusts or a few raw eggs rather than bother to prepare anything, I tried whenever possible to spend the night at a village. There the chief would have one of the women make me a *cous-cous* of guinea fowl.

And again, as in the Sahara, I would pass what was left over after I had eaten to the man who had accompanied me from the previous village to bring back the horse; and he in turn would pass what he could not eat to somebody else; and thus the wooden bowl would be scooped by many hands before the last

grain of millet was deposited, in the name of Allah, upon a pebble (for the ants) or rubbed into the sole of a slipper.

Eggs and locusts became a permanent addition to my meals—although I had eaten the former in Agadez and become quite fond of locusts and wild honey in Air, the mountains just north of Agadez. But in the more southerly parts of the Sudan it became necessary to test for freshness the eggs brought to me by the village chieftains, since a month-old egg to the natives seems quite as acceptable as one just laid. I found a wonderful way to cook eggs: in the native butter. And you can get a hint of the same flavor without it by browning a little chopped onion in fresh creamery butter before you put in the eggs.

Locusts were available almost everywhere. They descend on the native gardens in vast clouds toward the close of the rainy season. Until they leave, the entire population of the villages is out gathering them into baskets and boiling them in earthenware jugs of salted water. They are quite crisp when dry, have a pleasant nutty tang. I always had a small sackful to munch on as I rode and often mixed them in with my *cous-cous* after it had been poured into a bowl and was ready to eat. Soaked in wild honey, the natives consider them a great delicacy—and they are if you can get to like the strong flavor of wild honey and don't object to an occasional preserved bee.

But for the abundance of food in the Sudan I should have had difficulty at times in getting from one place to another. My stock of tea and sugar was exhausted. French francs were not always accepted in trade. Moreover, the native chieftains who spoke Arabic were becoming fewer and fewer, and with peoples and languages changing almost from week to week it was frequently as difficult to make myself understood as to get my wants fulfilled.

For there was little now but the color of my eyes to indicate that I belonged to the white race and enjoyed some measure of hospitality from the French. And al-

though these facts, whether suspected or not, seemed to make absolutely no difference to a few chieftains and elders, the way one greeted them appearing to tell them all they wanted to know about a stranger, there were far more who regarded me with suspicion, if not hostility. If I was an Arab why wasn't I a Moham-medan? And if I was a Frenchman why didn't I travel like one, at the head of a column of soldiers? What was my business in their country? Where had I come from and where was I going?

My rifle, I discovered, could answer these questions. My rifle could bring in meat; and the law of the Prophet, in this country, has not the power of meat. Nor has the French flag, nor even the sun. With the temperature at 120° F. in the shade men will walk for a hundred miles to eat meat. They will leave their villages, their wives, and their children—and not in the expectation of bringing a haunch of fly-blown meat and a piece of fat home with them; but just to taste meat and know that it is inside of them.

And so in addition to providing myself with meat I became a capitalist in meat. I brought whole antelopes into the villages, and with their red meat showing through their opened stomachs it was then possible to make the chief understand that I wanted a horse to take me on to the next village—and to get it. I bartered meat for grains and for butter, for peanuts, crude salt, pepper, and dried dates. The black jug inside the door of my hut was kept filled with water, and when I left the village the chief and his elders escorted me afoot and softly stroked my hand when they had released my horse's bridle.

I did not always leave with just a single man to bring back the horse. Sometimes I was accompanied by a dozen men, and as we passed hidden villages and encampments this number would swell to twenty or thirty—all trudging hungrily behind me, vying with one another for the privilege of building my fire and picking the thorns from my feet when I stopped; rousing themselves to such a

pitch of excitement when game was sighted that it was utterly impossible to do any hunting, a waste of ammunition to try to shoot. They seemed to have no conception of the limits of a rifle's power. An antelope anywhere on the horizon, if you held a gun in your hands, was as good as dead to them—and whether it was standing against the sun, obscured by wind-blown sand or bounding away at fifty miles an hour.

For over a month, traveling between Gourré and Mâo, the latter an outpost northeast of Lake Chad, I don't think I was ever without a handful of followers, and some of them had accompanied me for several hundred miles.

IV

But there were occasional breaks in this business of living off the land. Now and again I would reach a village where there was an Arab merchant, and because it was as pleasant for him as for me to meet a man who knew something of the Arab language and customs, we would have supper together and then we would spend the evening on his rooftop, talking and sipping small cups of black coffee. I have never felt alien to the Arabs; never once felt that there were things I could not discuss with them, that they would not understand. My feeling upon leaving their houses was not that I had been received and entertained according to a formula or tradition, that I should never see them again and that this did not matter; but that something had come out of our comradeship that belonged to many people, and would be acknowledged and welcomed wherever I met them.

Then there were the French administrators, and since they were in a country wholly foreign to their dispositions and tastes, one met them on the basis of France and of the province in which they were born. Almost all had native wives, to whom they were very kind; a few cases of red wine, and native cooks with whom they devoted as much time

over the preparation of food, it seemed, as to the administration of their districts.

One such Frenchman I met in a little village near the Yobe River. He had not seen another white man, he said, in over a year; he wore native cotton pantaloons and had let his beard grow. But he had been experimenting with the native foods. His cook, he declared, was unquestionably the best in French West Africa. He insisted that I spend a few days with him, ordered my horse and man taken care of, and brought me into a huge room cooled by an overhead fan operated by a string attached to a boy's toe.

That evening on the terrace the table was set with a red-checked tablecloth. There was a bottle of red wine for which he apologized at great length, naming a half dozen wines more suited to the occasion.

But the dinner was a triumph. A whole roast kid came in on a huge basket, and it was all but covered with steaming, glistening *cous-cous*. There was a bowl of curds flavored with chives. There were fresh radishes and a salad of hearts of palm that had a dressing made of vinegar and palm oil. For three days I ate his specialties and talked wines and food, and when I left he too accompanied me a good distance from the village, but on horseback, and said he hadn't been far from his house in a long time.

I began to eat fish along the Yobe River. Wherever there was a village you were sure to find a huge seine, operated by a lever weighted with stones, located in a nearby bend of the stream; and when you had located the fisherman and paid him a few francs he would raise the seine. The fish were not large, but when fried crisp in butter and mixed with a dry *cous-cous* they were very good indeed. The alternative in the way of fish was the large, flat dried fish brought in bundles from Lake Chad, highly acceptable to the natives, but impossible for me to eat because of their odor.

Striking changes occurred in the coun-

try between the Yobe River and Kanem, the district east of the Lake. From vast inundated areas, the breeding ground of hundreds of thousands of ducks, geese, black swans, and even pelicans, one came abruptly to dunes of moving sand. The broad smooth tracks of python frequently lay across my route, and at N'Guigmi, located between a southern extremity of the Sahara and the tall elephant grass that meets the desert north of Lake Chad, I learned that a python had made its way among the dunes to the camel pasturage and killed and devoured a camel.

These changes in the country determined still further changes in the food of the country. Ostriches began to appear, racing ahead of us or across our path in the misty atmosphere; for it was December and the cold north winds were stirring up the sand. There were antelopes with white rumps and antelopes that ran like cows. During one memorable day, I and the three men who were with me came upon an ostrich's nest and took from it all the eggs we could carry. Some time later in the day I killed a large antelope and a gazelle; and that evening as we were making camp a flock of guinea hen with young scurried out of a clump of brush and with a single shot I happened to kill seven of them—all young and tender.

And that night, starting off with the ostrich eggs, we ate everything but the big antelope. And although this may seem to be something of a feat for five men, it was under those conditions just a satisfying meal.

All during December the wind blew and we marched with our heads bound up in turbans, leaving only a narrow slit for the eyes. There were days when we could find no food, and villages in which the old people were starving, the young and able having left to search for food. There were days when the condition of my eyes made it almost impossible for me to see an antelope through my rifle's sights. People were hungry in the Chad. Food of any kind was at a premium.

And yet herds of cattle continued to move toward the rich Nigerian markets, and on more than one occasion I was entertained by Arabs who had bought up earlier in the year large stores of millet and wheat and continued to hold it—at a price.

Sugar in Mâo that winter was forty cents a pound. Almost any kind of meat with a bone in it would bring five francs in the Mâo market. The communal granaries in which a part of each year's crop is stored against a shortage in the succeeding year were, it appeared, exhausted.

But it was no longer necessary for me to depend on my rifle. I had money. The merchants who held grain were glad to get my money; and until I arrived in Fort Lamy, at the gateway to the Congo, my medium of exchange was French francs.

I had weighed a hundred and forty upon leaving Algiers eleven months before. At Fort Lamy I weighed a hundred and fifty-seven. And if I had traveled alone it was not that I disliked company, but that what so many people call "hardship" is to me a delight, and frequently an excuse for living.





AS I REMEMBER GROTON SCHOOL

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY, 1898-1904

BY GEORGE BIDDLE

IN 1898, when I was thirteen years old, it was decided, upon due consultation, that my education could be accelerated and improved—intellectually, morally, physically, socially—by giving me the benefits of a New England boarding-school. I was yanked away from my oil paints and lead soldiers, my shotgun, cricket bats, birds' eggs, butterflies, bicycles, fishing tackle, white mice, Belgian hares, stuffed birds, dogs, and ponies; and sent up to the Reverend Endicott Peabody's school at Groton, Massachusetts, where my elder brother Moncure had already preceded me. Here I stayed for five years, followed by another six at Harvard and the Harvard Law School. During those eleven years in New England I tried hard to conform to type but always felt myself something of a stranger. I was ambitious and wanted to measure up to standard. Certainly from my own point of view I never succeeded.

Endicott Peabody was possibly as radical an influence on secondary education in 1890 as the City and Country and Walden Schools of the succeeding generation. There is, however, this difference: they had their roots in the thought-mechanism of Freud and in Dewey's pragmatic psychology; he drew from a system stemming from the Middle Ages. Probably Mr. Peabody's most radical innovation was the attempt to break down on various fronts the wall which since the days of Pierre Abelard had separated boys and masters. He

changed this relation by grafting on to the American school system certain traditions of the English public schools, modified in the light of New England idealism and of his own spiritual purity. The second great innovation of the Rector's—as we called him—was the introduction of the honor system, which might be thus defined: that in a few instances, conceded by all as essential to the welfare of the school and to the boy's own happiness—such for instance as not smoking, not drinking during the holidays, telling the truth, not going out of bounds at night—the boy undertook his own self-discipline, and if he broke such a pledge would probably be considered not a fit subject to continue at the school. A code is never rational, but religious, in that it is based upon faith and blind acceptance. Mr. Peabody was a generation ahead of his times in making the honor system between boy and master—as likewise between master and boy—part of the boy's own code of honor.

The third innovation which Mr. Peabody grafted on to the New England school system was a modification and combination of the English fag and hazing traditions. At Groton there was no straight fagging by a younger for an older boy. The Rector probably realized the incitement to homosexuality in such a relation. A boys' boarding-school, as such, is homosexual in tendency. This tendency can be promoted by the English fag system or reduced to a

minimum as it was at Groton. Neither was there group hazing and there was a minimum of individual bullying—the ferocious and junglelike joy of the older and stronger in humiliating and torturing the younger and weaker. Hazing and fagging were in a sense combined in a certain regimented hierarchic disciplining of the younger by the older boys.

Off the athletic field one never associated with the members of an upper or lower form, even with a brother or closest friend. Such an association at any rate was ground for the deepest suspicion. If one associated by habit with older or younger boys, it was ground for disciplinary action. If a younger boy met an older boy on the narrow boardwalk between Brooks and Hundred House the younger stepped off into the snow. If younger boys failed to attend the football games of a Saturday afternoon, or failed to participate with sufficient enthusiasm in the regimented cheering, there was ground for very severe disciplining. An older boy might pull the cap off a new “kid” or trip him up in the mud if he showed underwear beneath his football trousers. There were, in fact, numberless small tokens—each in itself most insignificant, but which in the aggregate very sharply defined a “Grotty,” and marked him off from all other American schoolboys to the outsider, but more especially in our own self-esteem. To others we might seem a little different. We knew that we moved in a world apart—and always of course in a world above.

Here are some of these subtle, almost masonic marks of distinction. We always dressed for supper, that is put on a white shirt and black pumps; and the younger boys wore Eton collars in the evening and on Sundays. We spoke of Mr. Peabody as the Rector—which to me has a distinctly British ring. In the winter we played the English game of “fives,” rather than squash-racket or the more plebeian hand-ball. So in cheer-leading, instead of sounding off with a “one, two, three—’rah, etc.,” it was always “hip, hip—hurrah,” and this as

far as I know is unique in America. The school was divided not into “classes” but into “forms”; and we never greeted each other with “Hello,” if we met on the campus, but always with “Hi.” “Hello” marked a boy at once as being a little city-schoolish. It was bad form—though not forbidden—to wear a cap; not to take a cold shower before breakfast; to swear or talk smut. A younger boy might easily have been disciplined by the older forms for dirty talk. I actually forgot the meanings before I left school of most of the one-syllabled words that an older cousin had taught me. Of course it was forbidden—not only by the upper-formers but by the Rector—to substitute tennis or golf for the major sports. We had to play football and baseball no matter how thoroughly we disliked them and how indifferently we played, unless the doctor actually forbade it.

This Groton code, snobbish rather than military, precise rather than regimented, socially conservative rather than actually hostile to scholarship, was based on the mutuality of respect for the rights of the younger as well as of the older; and it was seldom necessary to resort to physical discipline. Two or three times a year there was a pumping to enforce it—a measure quite apart from the regular disciplinary system of the school, which was enforced by the masters with the aid of the prefects. The sixth form met in the Senior Prefect’s study and discussed the offense in camera. The Rector was informed of the form’s decision. He had, I suppose, some veto prerogative and in a measure he entered into the ritual. Usually after evening prayers in the Hundred House School Room the Rector would dismiss the school. But on these occasions the Senior Prefect stepped to the desk and rang the gong to keep the boys seated, while Mr. Peabody walked out with his Bible and Prayer book. The fourth form, big strapping fellows, one or two of whom played on the football team, ran out into the hall and closed the large

double doors. The Senior Prefect said in measured tones, no less terrifying than would be those of the Grand Inquisitor to a condemned heretic: "I want to see so-and-so in my study."

In the ensuing stillness time seemed suspended. If anyone took his eyes from his desk-lid he did it covertly. The offender—most likely a new boy who failed to respond to the niceties of the school code—had to walk through that silence and out to meet, as best he could, what he knew was coming to him. The school remained seated. The heaviest of the fourth-formers—perhaps a dozen of them—grabbed the offender, jerked him off the ground, and ran him down the cellar-stairway to the lavatories in approved football rush. Certain others stood at strategic positions to hold open a cellar door or to deflect an oncoming rush. Over the lavatory faucet a fourth-former sat with a stop-watch. A first offender was given only about ten seconds. The water came from the open spigot with tremendous force and the stream could be concentrated in violence by thumb and forefinger. Besides the culprit was winded and frightened and held upside down during the pumping. He was being forcibly drowned for eight or ten seconds. Then he was jerked to his feet, coughing, choking, retching. He was asked if he understood why he was being pumped. It wasn't hazing, remember, it was discipline. If he hadn't had enough the first time he was put under again for ten seconds. When it was all over he was allowed to go up to his cubicle and change his clothes before returning to the schoolroom.

No one asked questions. One felt it prudent to mind one's own business.

While I was in the fourth form we pumped little Teddy Roosevelt, then in the second. It was not that he had committed any specific breach of the school code. He was selected, after a rather vehement debate and several consultations with the Senior Prefect, as the most typical of his form, the general tone of which we disapproved of. He

was held under twice for eight seconds. One of the form leaders then explained to him that he was fresh and swell-headed. To our amazement he denied everything, answered back, even started asking all sorts of questions. Little Teddy was quite voluble and our fourth-form leader was not so quick on the trigger under cross-examination.

"He was very plucky and began answering back. Shouts arose: 'Shut up! Under again. Shut him up! Under with him!' Most were for pumping him a third time, but he was let off. It will do him and the whole form, whose tone is very fresh, a lot of good. Others are likely to follow his example. There was much loud talking in Brooks House school-room afterward." So I recorded my feelings at the time, obviously upset that the third-formers should talk loudly about such a matter. I fancy, however, that the tone of the second form improved, for I cannot recall any subsequent pumpings that season. Little Teddy would have been about fourteen years old. This was on February 11, 1901. His father was inaugurated as vice-president some three weeks later.

Another season we pumped the Rector's son, Malcolm, just recently elected Bishop Coadjutor of New York. Nor had he committed any specific breach of school code. We just didn't like his "tone" either; and it was definitely important to keep the tone of the lower forms up to Groton standard. The Rector was splendid about it. He certainly could take it on the chin.

II

My first meeting with the Rector was a purely formal one but I have occasion to remember it. That week I was given twenty-two black marks. A usual allowance for a healthy-spirited boy would be three or four a week. Six was the maximum number that could be given for an offense. The record up to that moment had been perhaps a dozen.

The Rector read off the list of black

marks Saturday noon after lunch. I was already somewhat nervous but when he reached my name on the school list and paused a long minute, scowling, without pronouncing it, I was really jittery. At length he looked up slowly, searching me out, and said:

"Biddle, go to my study."

As I worked my way clumsily forward between the rows of desks, I could not in sheer nervousness take my eyes off his angry stare. What had at first been a smile of frightened deprecation grew into a yawning rictus of despair. As I approached his desk, my eyes still on his, I was grinning in sheer horror from ear to ear.

When he came into his study a little later he looked down at me not unkindly.

"George," he said, "if I had not known you were such a good boy, I should have sent you home long ago."

From then on I have never lost my respect for the Rector. And if I have understood him as little, I suppose, as he has understood me, I have always coveted his approbation. It was little Averell Harriman who once said of him to his father:

"You know he would be an awful bully if he weren't such a terrible Christian."

There you have the man in all his grandeur!

Years later he told me how at the very start my brother Moncure also had vanquished him. Moncure's knife previously had been confiscated because he had been playing with it in Sacred Studies. Subsequently in one week he had committed so many breaches of school regulations that the Rector felt it opportune to "take him on" alone for a talk. He there administered, he assured me, the most completely devastating and angry lecture he was capable of; and Mr. Peabody was a master in the art of exhortation and invective. Having shouted at Moncure for ten minutes, his eyes flashing, he leaned back for a moment to catch his breath; and Moncure, patiently waiting for this split

second in which to wedge into the conversation and get going on another topic, leaned forward and pointing to the Rector's desk said:

"Oh, look, Mr. Peabody, there's my knife!"

It is true that I usually headed my form, but I frequently headed the lists of latenesses and black marks as well. The Rector's hopes of me seemed doomed to disappointment.

In a letter to my mother, dating I should suppose from the same troubled period, I find this somewhat ambiguous passage:

I had a rather serious time this afternoon with Mr. Abbott [the same choleric, broad-shouldered, thick-set, one-hundred-eighty-pounds-stripped Mr. Abbott who had played on the Christ's College, Cambridge, soccer eleven, and later was to become headmaster of Lawrenceville]. He gave me six black marks [the limit] because I told him in front of the entire school that I thought him very unfair. The Rector, with whom I later discussed the matter, explained to me that obedience comes before all else; and that one must not call masters names unless they ask one's opinion. I have been getting too many black marks lately. I must do better.

The Rector was always patient with me. Never really angry. And he seems to have made his points very clearly—"First of all obedience. . . . Wait until they ask one's opinion." Very military advice and it stood me in good stead subsequently in the Army.

Mr. Abbott too, who had shouted so loudly at me before the whole school: "Biddle, I am not accustomed to being called unfair and dishonest!" became perhaps my warmest friend among the faculty. He tried for several years to convert me to Christian Science; and lost his temper only once again, when I broke his nose—quite inadvertently—trying to escape his bull-like rushes as we sparred together one rainy afternoon in the gymnasium.

These years at school I was hungry for success. It may not have been ambition at all, merely a desperate, shielding effort to conform to type. To succeed at Groton, as later at Harvard, three paths

lay open: athletics, social success, and administrative ability. When I was sixteen years old I weighed ninety-six pounds, was the smallest boy in my form, and had no unusual aptitude for games. I was socially undeveloped, though never strictly unpopular. It took me about twelve years of failure to convince myself that I did not possess outstanding administrative ability. About the only thing left was scholarship. Mr. Peabody is not a scholar himself. He is a great administrator and a warm Christian. I should define his Christianity as an unshaken faith in his particular God and a fervent wish to keep physically fit, sexually clean, morally honest, and—in every sense of the word—a gentleman. I fancy he dislikes a dirty collar as much as a dirty word, and is shocked by an East Side accent as well as by outspoken Atheism.

It is true that the Rector wanted his boys to excel in scholarship—as in athletics, moral purity, clean living, and manliness—and the school got a half holiday every time that Bayard Cutting was awarded a John Harvard Scholarship. So I pinned my ambition on the hopes of being head of my class. When he read out the marks at the end of the month I was always afraid that the tears might come to my eyes if I were unsuccessful. I would lift up my desk-lid at the approach of my name as if in search of something or other. I had not yet learned that one cannot get through life without a mask. It is just as important—more so perhaps—than a face.

III

In my third form year I used to walk over from the School House to the Hundred House at morning recess to get fattened up on an egg-milk-shake and crackers. Daily for several months I met there one of the sixth-formers. Sometimes we walked together back to the School House. He was gray-eyed, cool, self-possessed, intelligent, and had the warmest, most friendly and under-

standing smile. Years later he told me he had been ill with scarlet fever. He had lost weight and the doctors seemed to think he should fatten up a bit. Though he was not athletic—perhaps because he was not an outstanding athlete—he seemed from my point of view all the more eminently successful. He was, as I remember, manager of the school football team, head editor of the *Grotonian*, and a prefect. I was rather surprised then to hear quite recently from a close friend of his that Franklin Roosevelt had always felt at Groton that he was unsuccessful and had not attained the position that he would have liked.

It was my fortune to get an occasional glimpse of another boy two forms below me, who was to become—in my estimation at least—the only other preeminent Groton graduate. Bronson Cutting's reputation at Groton had in a way preceded him. His elder brother Bayard, shortly after that to die of consumption in Florence, had been such a brilliant scholar, that much was expected of Bronson. When, then, the Rector, after one of his studied and dramatic pauses, early in November read out Cutting's first month's mark—which was so close to absolute perfection, so immeasurably above what we ordinary bright boys had been reaching after—there was an intaking of breath and whispered exclamations ran about the school. All eyes turned on the new boy, who huddled among the first-formers, gray-faced, spotted, sparrow-boned, a mere breath or shell of a human being. I used to come across him often in the school library. It was once discovered that his name only was on the index-card of an eight-volumed history entitled *The Lives of the Saints*. I wonder indeed if any other name was ever spelled out below his own threadlike, angular, delicate and scrawling handwriting. He too was head editor of the *Grotonian*.

A few months ago at a gathering at the Whitney Museum, being told that Mrs. W. Bayard Cutting was present, I introduced myself to her, telling her how

little I had known her son but what a vast admiration I had for his liberal-mindedness, his valiant fight against reaction, and his deep intelligence. She told me that Bronson had also felt himself a failure at school, unable to compete in athletics, so delicate that he gave the impression of a cripple; but that when he was elected head editor of the *Grotonian* he had written her: "You may not know it, but I believe to-day that I am the happiest human being in all America."

I am always skeptical about offering advice on any subject to anyone, because the advice may be wrong and I know it will not be heeded. If I ever should offer advice, however, it would be predicated on this general experience. As I look back on life I find that I have done a few things of which I am proud and a good many more of which I am ashamed, but do not regret. My only regrets, indeed, are the failures to act on impulse. It is the things one could have done and didn't which are the lost opportunities. Sometimes, however, genuine shame lingers.

My first year at school my brother Moncure was in the fourth form and had a study in the Hundred House. At that time he was a particularly lonely boy and yearned for companionship and affection. At moments I was homesick myself. On rainy afternoons he would have me to his study, prepare me a cup of hot chocolate, make me comfortable on the couch with Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* or T. W. Arnold's translation of the *Fioretti* of St. Francis. He busied himself making a fair copy of a "Life of Oliver Cromwell," which he was preparing as his English Prize essay. Mellow Indian summer afternoons he would walk me down to the village, buying fresh cider or apples along the way. At the close of the football season we paddled up the green windings of the Dead River on the Nashua or knocked balls about the golf course. We were closer together that autumn than at any time since. One day I noticed, meeting a group of fourth-formers on the way up

from the boathouse, that they nudged one another and snickered as we passed. It was the same with my own form. They felt that we were "queer." One doesn't associate with an older brother. After that I kept away from him.

Years later at Bermuda I had been reading Renan's *Life of Christ* and Tom Paine's *Age of Reason*. I said to William Norman Guthrie:

"Paine shows inconsistencies and contradictions, not through extradocumentary testimony but through the very words of Moses or of Christ and his Apostles. If the Old or the New Testament is the supreme evidence, then it only proves that one cannot believe it."

He answered: "The amazing thing is not that the testimony, taken by word of mouth over a period of centuries, is conflicting and contradictory. That one assumes. It is a miracle that in so many instances it corroborates the most trivial events."

I said to him: "I studied Sacred Studies for six years at Groton. I never heard of Renan or of Tom Paine; and I was never told that the Old and the New Testament are full of the most patent contradictions."

These are my indictments against Groton. Its effect was to stifle the creative impulse. Its code could tolerate a feeling of shame for one's brother; and by and large, in many small ways, it was intellectually dishonest. In other respects the school was admirable.

I was on the edge of a nervous breakdown. I was about to be confirmed and, in an ecstasy of religious emotion, attended the Rector's confirmation talks and made synopses of his exhortations.

"February 5, 1901—Mr. Peabody spoke about renunciation. There are three kinds. First, renounce things which are absolutely wrong; then things which harm yourself; lastly things which harm others. He then spoke of the devil as a subtle spirit. His temptations are pride, irreverence, swearing, telling religious funny stories, and praying only with the lips. The text for the week is: 'Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.'

"The reading is: St. John, First Epistle,

Second chapter; and Ephesians, Chapter IV, line 17, to Chapter V, line 21.

"February 14. The Rector spoke about Gambling, Drinking, and Impurity. There are two ways of legitimately spending one's money. First, spending it and getting something for it. Then giving it away. Never tell an unclean story or allow one to be told in your presence. The reading for the week is . . ."

I was never particularly religious, but during these pitiful years of adolescence, when my hopes, my convictions, the world itself, seemed shattering about me, I wanted something to which I could cling or drown myself in absolute faith and exaltation.

IV

In the autumn of 1901 I was taken away from school for a year and sent to California. In eight months I grew nearly the same number of inches and put on twenty pounds weight. I minded terribly being dropped a class. I felt some disgrace in it. On my return to school my old form was now the sixth and I never quite knew to what extent to associate with my former classmates or identify myself with the new form. I was not kept long in uncertainty as to the correct social attitude.

The Senior Prefect asked me one evening to come to his study. The whole sixth form was there. I was told by him that I should have known better than to associate with an upper form. Did I think myself too good for the fifth? Did I think the sixth-formers needed me or took any pleasure in my company? They would tell me frankly how much they appreciated my importunities. They then proceeded to rough me up. I fought as long as I could. I am ashamed of myself for not trying to kill someone. I was one against twenty and saw two friendly faces. My clothes were ripped off. I was thrown out of the window and my effects bundled after me.

Next day after chapel I stepped up to the sixth-form leader whom I considered most responsible, and told him I wanted a word with him. We walked down toward the river. At the end of a few

moments I was choking with anger and humiliation. I told him what I felt about the lot of them.

"I thought my old form were my friends. I see I was mistaken. I can get along without you all as easily as you without me. If you didn't like my society you need only have told me so. That would have been fair play. You didn't have to take me on, one against twenty. I don't consider that fair play either."

He was not at all impressed by my vehemence and looked very bored and severe. After all it was a question of school code and discipline. He was evidently shocked by all this show of emotion. He was quite right. I should have taken him aside and tried to kill him or else taken it on the chin and said nothing about it. Later this boy, who was very popular at school and at Harvard, committed suicide.

I got through the next two years all right. Off and on I headed my form. I was an editor of the *Grotonian*. I rowed on the school four. I knew I was a failure. I was liked well enough. I was never entirely defeated. I knew Groton was the finest school in America; I knew that being a failure was my own fault. I knew that I was a happy fellow to be there. I was that low. Life had compensations. Here are random extracts from my diary:

April 4, 1901—Learned to play "Marching Through Georgia" on a fife I bought for 75 cents from Louis Chapin.

May 2—I now know all nine of the fife marches, three hymns and "Clementine." Vice-President Roosevelt came up to-day and our drum and fife corps gave him a reception. At half-past five he gave us a bully talk about . . . shooting panthers in the Rockies. Among other episodes were the stories of the fellow who shot the editor and got off for thirty days; the man who missed his wife and shot the lady; . . . the man who was accused by his mother-in-law of polygamy.

March 9, 1904—I preached a sermon at the Boston Road [social service work among the outlying villages], as none of the masters were able to. I interpolated into the First Book of Samuel a text of my own. I also made use of quotations from Cicero, the Greek, and the

Fioretti of St. Francis. There were about sixteen present. Good fun but dreadfully cold.

March 29—I have decided to do several things this term. To get "A" every month. I cannot, alas! beat G. Howe, as there are but two months before Prize Day. I am also going to try to broaden and expand my chest, sit up straight, and keep my digestion in order. These are minor things but they all help to broaden my character.

April 4—I preached a second sermon, at Rocky Hill this time. There were thirty-two present, but they were more condescending than last time. One fat girl in particular drove me nearly crazy. I had to repeat the same sermon as I had only ten minutes in which to prepare it.

. . . The Rector never seems interested in me or anything I am saying. I am afraid I shall have to give him up.

May 7—Stokes is annoying. [He was subsequently to become Herbert Hoover's private secretary and an editor of the *New York Times*.] He started on the Latin prize—over which I must have spent forty hours—three days before the time limit. I have a haunting certainty that he will get it too. Of the Greek prize and of one of the debating and form prizes I feel pretty certain.

May 23— . . . Then came the races. Our crew raced first against a graduate boat of F. D. Roosevelt, stroke; H. Peabody, three; Cross, two; and Hollister, bow. As there was some fear of George Howe's fainting, the race was started at the boathouse. The grads were given half a length. Though our stroke was short and choppy, we pulled right away from them and kept three lengths' lead all the way. George came off his seat four times; Stokes and I did once.

May 24—Prize Day. President Roosevelt spoke after the Rector. As usual he spoke on the strenuous life; snobbishness at college, etc. He emphasizes his *ands* and *ifs* too much and gesticulates rather freely. He was a comedown after the Rector's straightforward speaking.

Then the prizes were given out. I got the prize for the best debate, the second form prize, and the Greek prize. Schenck got the essay prize; B. Cutting, the Latin. George [Howe] got the form prize and Stokes, the English prize. What pleased me most was that Francis got the prize for the best two-minute speech. When the President shook hands he said: "It isn't fair, you Biddle boys are getting all the prizes." I drove down with Stokes, Kissel, and Derby to the Rocky Hill Service. I preached a sermon on: "If ye have faith ye can move mountains," and "That which ye sow, ye reap."

After evening service I lay in the shadow of the chapel and thought over my school career.

. . . I may not have made a success of my school life, but I would not have missed Groton for anything.

V

I cannot feel that Groton taught me much. One can suppose that its effect would be to smother—for a time at least—the creative spirit in the growing boy. But I am far from sure that education elsewhere would have been of more value. For I learned this thing in Groton and in the subsequent five or six years at Harvard: that I heartily loathed—not necessarily the standard which the Rector with all his fire and purity held out to his boys—but the standard which through some sort of social preoccupation the great majority of his boys had elected to follow.

Ninety-five per cent of these boys came from what they considered the aristocracy of America. Their fathers belonged to the Somerset, the Knickerbocker, the Philadelphia, or the Baltimore Clubs. Among them was a goodly slice of the wealth of the nation, little Morgans, Harrimans, Whitneys, Webbs, McCormicks, Crockers, Stillmans. On the whole, the equipment and the teaching were as admirable as at any other school in America.

Generally speaking, this aristocracy, this wealth, this admirable educational training was destined to flow in one channel: Wall Street or its equivalent. There were of course exceptions. Of the fifty-six members of my two Groton forms the names of seven have even been listed in *Who's Who in America*. Nearly twice that number could, I suppose, be listed as absolute failures—not in economic terms but in terms purely of manhood: parasites on the community, cheats, drunkards, lechers, panhandlers, suicides. This is not entirely—considering the investment in money, in zeal, in single-mindedness, in purity—a successful experiment. Is it the educational system or the material—the social and financial aristocracy of America—that is responsible?

Not so long ago I attended at the Union Club on Park Avenue, New York, a dinner given by the graduates to commemorate the happy and complete recovery of Mr. Peabody from a long and serious illness. He was approaching his eighty-first birthday. I had not seen him for twenty-seven years. He had changed singularly little. His hair was grayer, his face less pink and white. But he had the same vitality, the same clear eye, the same indestructible dominance and untiring energy. He looked more than ever like some splendid eleventh- or twelfth-century crusader; the militant Christian, half warrior, half priest. He spoke for an hour, with the occasional use of a note, and during that hour held all of us in the hollow of his hand. He was the father; we, his boys. There was much easy wise-cracking—as of old—and much reassuring statistical proof of the high standing of recent classes at Harvard, at Yale, and at Princeton. He spoke about purity in the home and said that home life and purity were at the basis of our civilization. The audience responded to his various points with laughter or applause. Then the Rector said to this effect:

"Something has troubled me a good deal lately. Personally I don't pretend to know much about politics or economics. But in national crises like the present one, we get pretty excited and perhaps we give vent to expressions that

later on we are sorry for. I believe Franklin Roosevelt to be a gallant and courageous gentleman. I am happy to count him as my friend."

There was complete silence.

Now the dramatic meaning of this incident was *not* that the school was completely hostile to Mr. Peabody in his loyalty to perhaps the most popular President since Washington, to one of the half-dozen admittedly most important people in the world to-day, and to the only pre-eminent living Grotonian. It was rather—if I analyzed the Groton mind correctly—that they were silenced for a moment in admiration at his courage in thus daring at a completely friendly, family meeting, to step into the breach and alone undertake to defend the President. And I take it that what ran through their minds was something like this: "Good old Rector! By Jove he has nerve. And perhaps—after all—he may be partly right. Perhaps we should not *talk* the way we do. Not in public. Not of a fellow-Grotonian."

Mr. Peabody is a somewhat great man, whom I find incompatible with my own conception of the adequate. It was Delacroix who said to his students, as they filed by Ingres' *Odalisque* in the Louvre:

"*Messieurs, le chapeau dans la main mais les yeux fixés à terre*"—Gentlemen, your hats in your hands, but turn your eyes the other way.



THE MARPLE LEGEND

A STORY

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

THE Misses Lydia and Christabel Marple, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, now dwellers on the banks of the Arno, had a feud against a thin, innocent, and mournful waiter by the name of Gino. It was a feud going back a full twenty years, to the first season the Marple sisters had spent in the Longfellow Anglo-American Pension in Florence just after the War. Lydia and Christabel had been younger then, although an unprejudiced observer in 1919 might not have found great changes in them by 1939; their brows were still unwrinkled and their hair only slightly graying, their clothes still trim and at times gay, their manners gentle, positive, polite. When they first arrived in Florence they had intended to pass a few months there for culture's sweet sake, and the months had lengthened into years almost insensibly, so that they hardly noticed the swift immensity of the time flowing by or the events that tumbled down into the great tide from all the world as it rolled on. Their boundaries were set by the Longfellow Anglo-American Pension—or, as it was correctly and legally labelled, the Pensione Anglo-Americana Longfellow—and by such points of cultural excursion as were most in favor with the frequenters of the Pension. They went up into the nearby hills for a month in the summer, to Fiesole, to San Martino a Mensola; nearly every year they had a brief trip to Siena; once, years before, they had made a big journey to Rome

and Naples, had visited all the museums, and had spent a week-end on the scented island of Capri, which they did not like. As Lydia said, it was very pretty, but it made her feel lazy, and she did not like feeling lazy; besides, there were no masterpieces, no museums, no culture on Capri, or at least no culture that could be easily identified as such.

For the greater part of the year they stuck to the Pensione Anglo-Americana and to Florence. Lydia and Christabel were agreed that you could not begin to see all there was to see in Florence in a whole lifetime; that there were no gardens like those of Florence, no walks like those along the Arno and in the Cascine; no music like the occasional seasons in the Politeama. They were familiar figures in the bookshops and tea-rooms of the town, read all the new books as soon as they went into Tauchnitz or Albatross editions, and often made pleasant and permanent friendships among the English and Americans who came to the Pension and even among those who had apartments in Florence. There was no real reason why this train of life should not continue forever, since it satisfied both Lydia and Christabel. Christabel, who was younger, had experienced the fires of discontent years before, but she had been placidly happy now for a long time. It was externally, not in themselves, that the crumbling and shifting of the world structure made appreciable changes, changes which in time became

apparent even to them. A good many of their friends were moving away from Florence, going back to England or America; two or three of the *pensionari* went out of business; a tea-shop that had been a landmark was no more. Lydia and Christabel noted these evidences of decay with regret, but in their minds the only real drawback to unending life in Florence was Gino. That wicked Gino, Lydia called him, and Christabel echoed her: that wicked Gino.

Gino was thin and sad. He had looked just the same twenty years before—busy, elderly, his yellowish skin a little wrinkled, his large eyes innocent and mournful. He was the only waiter in the Pension Longfellow and everybody who lived there knew him very well. When the house was full he was assisted by one girl or sometimes by two. It had been quite a long while now since he had needed two assistants. He was a good waiter. The Misses Marple had no complaint of him on the professional score. Their grievance was deeper, more complicated, more painful. They had chalked up against Gino, over twenty years, a list of crimes which neither could ever forget. It was Gino who had caused the departure of that young Englishman twelve years before; Gino had been responsible for the failure of the Misses Marple to get an invitation to the Rector's spring reception one year; Gino was involved in the base and murky intrigue as a result of which Lady Angela Finkle-Wabbage had failed to recognize them one day in the Pitti Palace. "Walked right past as if she had never seen us before," Lydia said indignantly to Christabel. "And Gino was speaking to her in the street only yesterday."

Gino was, in short, a scandalmonger. Nothing in the blameless lives of the Misses Marple had ever justified his attentions, as Lydia and Christabel assured each other very often; and yet the whole calm, busy network of the years was shot through and through with the scarlet thread of Gino's evil-doing. Sometimes

Christabel would blush violently when she felt Gino's large eyes upon her. She did not dislike the sensation, but actually she felt ashamed of it, and as she indignantly asserted, she had nothing to be ashamed of; it was only that Gino, with his easy, insinuating manner, was capable of misinterpreting everything and passing on his misinterpretations as fact to anybody who would listen to him. If Lydia felt inclined to extravagance and bought the most expensive places at the Politeama instead of the cheap seats to which she and Christabel were accustomed they went to any length to keep Gino from knowing. "You can't tell what he'd make of it," they said. When Christabel wore a new evening dress, which she did once every second winter, she dreaded the moment when she would have to pass before Gino, and the comment which she felt sure he would be making the moment she was out of earshot. These were the secondary, the supplementary aspects of that persecution to which they had felt themselves subjected for so many years; the primary difficulties were in their relationship with other people.

It began in the first winter, only a week or so after the Misses Marple had arrived in Florence. Lydia and Christabel were inspecting a newcomer to the Pension one day at lunch—an inspection no less thorough for being conducted by means of swift sidewise glances. The newcomer was an English lady with a cool, important manner. Gino was leaning over her, obtaining her views about food, whispering in her ear. As he did so the English lady's eyes came to rest for a moment on the two sisters, frankly appraising, summarizing, and dismissing them; and then she looked away.

"Did you see *that*?" Lydia said under her breath.

Christabel nodded. "Gino was telling her something."

"About us," said Lydia with finality, and her lips closed firmly. She knew what to think of Gino after that; they would have to be careful of Gino.

In the society of the Pensione Anglo-Americana Longfellow events were not many, and the vital interest of the day inhabited such exchanges as the boarders had with one another, conversations after lunch, walks along the river, museum discussions. In these amiable transactions people were sometimes very friendly to the Marple sisters and sometimes very cool. In the latter case, as Lydia and Christabel observed very soon, it was Gino who had caused the coolness; for Gino was to be seen whispering with all newcomers, and their ensuing behavior, Lydia and Christabel felt, was governed by whether or not they believed what he said.

One day Lydia left a letter, a rather important letter, on the table after dinner. It was from their brother Alfred and contained a good many financial details. Gino brought them the letter an hour or so later, but when Lydia looked in the envelope she felt quite positive that the sheets had not been put back right. Just how much English did Gino understand? This was a point upon which the sisters could never make up their minds. But the unquestionable fact was that a total stranger, a young man from Cincinnati, spoke to them the next day about the virtues and demerits of certain traction stocks in that city, stocks in which the Marple sisters were greatly interested; and who could have put him on to the trail except Gino, the listener and whisperer and letter-reader?

"My dear," Lydia said with horror, "I believe that man knows to a penny just what our income is. It's not decent."

In some ways she would have preferred almost any other form of intrusion upon the secret places of their lives.

But the young man twelve years ago—well, that had been a very bad case indeed, of a different kind. He had been a mild, earnest young man from the north of England, a student of the History of Art, which he proposed to teach in due course to other students at Leeds or Sheffield or Birmingham. He lived at the

Pensione Longfellow, and Christabel had once met him at the Pitti Palace and walked home with him. That had been the beginning of a pleasant, really a very pleasant and agreeable friendship. All three had coffee together after lunch and dinner in the tiled courtyard of the Pension; after a few days they took to having their meals together as well. Lydia was not quite as cultured as Christabel—a little more apt to get the names of painters mixed up—and consequently she took the lesser part in their pleasant, agreeable conversations, but she enjoyed them too. Then, after about ten days of this, the young man began to get funny—there was no better word for it, Lydia decided, no more exact word: he simply began to get funny. He seemed to want to cut lunch short, to do without coffee, to refrain from talking when met in a museum; and a few days later he went away without even saying good-by. An odd, stiff little note he left behind for Christabel merely said that he was returning to England. A week or so later one of the dwellers in the Pensione Longfellow made a trip to Rome, and on her return she reported that the young man was to be seen there, studying the History of Art all over again. Lydia and Christabel were well aware that the History of Art could be studied better in Florence than in Rome, and that the young man had intended to spend the whole winter in Florence. They knew that Gino had been up to his tricks again. They recalled how they had seen Gino talking to the young man, now and then, in the halls of the Pension. There was no doubt of it, Gino had told something, said something.

And this was as nothing of course to the story Gino made out of it afterward. For some weeks whenever Christabel came into the tiled courtyard and heard people laughing she was sure they were laughing over her interrupted friendship with that young man from the north of England. It was absurd of course. She held her head high. She did not care what they said. But it was too bad, it

certainly was too bad, that everything she and Lydia did had to become a matter of public interest through the agency of that sly, innocent Gino.

And was it true, Christabel wondered—was it true that she had been, almost without knowing it, the heroine of a love drama worth repeating endlessly down the halls of the Pensione Longfellow until time was no more? It seemed hardly possible that she, little Christabel Marple from Cleveland, who had lived her whole life under sister Lydia's controlling eye, was interesting enough and romantic enough to cause so much talk in the recesses of a refined Pension in Florence. She remembered Mr. Hogarth, the young Englishman, and, so to speak, averted her eyes from the memory; it was too painful to imagine now, now that it was all over, that perhaps there had been something in it—something which had given Gino reason for his whispering, and filled the meditative stares of the ladies and gentlemen of the Pension with significance. Christabel saw them look at her and look away again, and sometimes they were too friendly and sometimes not friendly enough, and her breast was possessed by a not altogether unpleasant confusion; but she held her head high.

People came and went. Sometimes they stayed a few days, sometimes weeks or months. A few people stayed years. There was one old lady who had been there when Lydia and Christabel arrived and remained until her death, eight years later. But in the course of time they all went, one way and another, and there was nothing permanent in the Pensione Longfellow except the Signora, who ran it, and the Misses Marple and Gino. The Signora was not often seen of late years in the dining room and salons; she was getting frail, and her granddaughter did most of the work of presiding over the place, so that the Misses Marple and Gino shared the honors of antiquity between them.

In spite of the detestation which, Lydia and Christabel felt, must be

mutual, their relations with Gino were always outwardly cordial. They simply could not afford to antagonize him, they thought. Considering the harm he did by his myth-making faculty at ordinary times, it was nothing less than terrifying to think of what he might say or do if he really had a grudge against them. So Christabel always smiled at him very sweetly, and Lydia gave him a present of money on the first of each year, and when his son was grown up and got married both of the Misses Marple attended the wedding and made gifts to the happy pair.

"Sometimes it makes me feel like a hypocrite," Lydia said grimly, "but I'm not going to give Gino any excuse for worse than he's already done."

Once or twice the sisters had spoken of this resident persecutor to their friends. After the episode of Lady Angela Finkle-Wabbage—that time when she walked straight past them without nodding her head—Christabel had spoken to a friend who lived at the Pension.

"You've only been here two years," she said, "you don't know what goes on. But I suppose Gino has been telling you things."

"What things?" the friend asked, interrupting her knitting in amazement. "Does anything go on here?"

"My dear," Lydia said firmly, "it isn't what goes on, it's what that man says goes on. Don't pretend he hasn't been telling you stories about Chris and me."

"Who? Are you talking about Gino? He's never said a word to me about either of you. And anyhow, what is there to say?"

"Nothing at all," Christabel said in haste, blushing a bright pink. "There never has been—ah—anything. It's simply that he's such a gossip. You know what I mean. He's capable of making outrageous stories out of the simplest thing. You know. There was a young man here some years ago—well, I needn't tell you. If Gino hasn't already told you, he will."

"I never heard of such a thing," the

friend said. "I must have a talk with Gino sometime. He sounds livelier than I'd ever expected. He never says a word to me except about the weather or when the museums are open or what there is for dinner."

Lydia's eyes met Christabel's and they both nodded mysteriously. They knew better.

The persecution had settled down into a condition of life long before, and it was no longer necessary for either Lydia or Christabel to discuss it. They knew by mere signs of the head or hand what the other was thinking about Gino, and which of the events of the day were to be attributed to his incorrigible chattering. If a new family in the Pension was unduly "pushing" they knew that it was because Gino had aroused their unhealthy interest in the doings of the Marple sisters; and if a newcomer was unusually cool it was for the same reason. Thus the sisters pursued a semi-public career inside the walls of the Pension, the tiled court, and the immediate neighborhood, creatures of legend within a circumscribed space, and resigned to it in time, since there was nothing to be proved against Gino (he was too clever for that) and nothing to be gained by making open complaint of him to the Signora. The Signora was getting old and would not understand; it was best to put up with things until providence saw fit to alter them.

And then, one day, Gino announced his intention of retiring from active life. He had discussed it with the Signora for months or years past and his plans were all complete. On the first of the month he was to be superseded by a new waiter. He was going back to his native village in the hills to live with his wife, who had retired as cook some years before, and his one unmarried daughter. Everybody in the Pension gave him presents, and on his last night of service they drank his health in some old Chianti supplied by the Signora herself. It was observed that the Signora, who was whitehaired and a little stoop-shouldered now, wept when

she said good-by to him. She told her guests that Gino had been with her for just over thirty years and had never given the slightest trouble in all that time. Lydia Marple's lips set a little more firmly than usual when she heard this statement. After dinner was over and everybody had said good-by to Gino for the last time she and Christabel went upstairs and sat on the balcony that ran along their two rooms. (Such an advantage, one balcony for the two rooms, Lydia often said.)

"Well, Gino's gone, that's one good thing," Lydia remarked. "We'll have no more of this chattering in corners, and tale-bearing, and story-telling. It'll be quite different."

"Yes," Christabel said vaguely, looking at the lights reflected in the river, "I suppose it will."

It was. Many things began to get different at about the same time. There were fewer guests at the Pension, and they never seemed to display the slightest interest in the Misses Marple. This was, the two ladies assured each other, a great relief; but sometimes Christabel wondered if even the most agonizing embarrassments of a few years before might not have been more—well, more interesting. These new guests at the Pension were usually people who stayed only two or three days. Quite a few people moved away from Florence. Quite a few. If the city had been evacuated of half its native population the Misses Marple would scarcely have noticed, but when three or four of the Anglo-American residents known to them moved away they thought the place was well-nigh deserted. The new waiter at the Pension was bad—both slovenly and impolite; he lasted only two weeks. His successor, a very handsome young man who combed his sleek black hair whenever he did not have his arms full of dishes, lasted less than a week. A third one was decrepit and had lost his memory, so that you never knew what you were going to get no matter how loudly you asked for it. After these experiences the Signora decided to give

up waiters altogether and depend on her two girls for the dining room. This expedient got the meals on the tables with reasonable speed and accuracy, but the Misses Marple did not feel that it was quite the same thing. A dining room lost caste, they maintained, when it was attended to by mere girls.

There had been wars and rumors of wars during the time the Misses Marple had lived at the Pensione Longfellow, but now the military intelligence began to overflow from the front page of the Paris *New York Herald* into the daily conversation of even the most cultured people in Florence. It was no longer possible to deplore briefly, with small tut-tutting noises made between tongue and teeth, the news that dominated the press. Most of the visitors to the Pensione Longfellow talked of nothing else. This was bad enough, but Miss Lydia, who took care of the money affairs of the two ladies, soon had worse to offer: their declining incomes had declined altogether too far, and there were complications, and their brother Alfred thought they ought to come home at least for a bit until they decided what they wanted to do. He thought that by a certain amount of selling and reinvestment they would be all right, but he didn't want to take all the responsibility for the operation, and Miss Lydia, who had a poor opinion of her brother Alfred's financial acumen, was inclined to agree. She would manage these matters better herself. She and Christabel, without openly discussing it, began to look at the steamship advertisements in the Paris *New York Herald*. For years, in the springtime, they had talked of going home to Cleveland, but now that the idea was actually presented to them they did not talk of it; they merely adjusted their minds to it by degrees. Secretly Christabel was glad. She felt a little dulled and saddened by the Florence of these weeks; something had gone out of the place; something was lacking now.

Lady Angela Finkle-Wabbage played—without knowing it—a great part in the

lives of the Marple sisters. She was a rude, red-faced Englishwoman of about fifty who stamped through the museums a dozen times a year and gave an occasional large party at her flat in one of the old palaces. The Marple sisters had once gone to one of her parties, taken by a resident of the Pensione Longfellow who was a friend of the hostess. Lady Angela usually nodded to them when she met them in the street; she also took small annual sums of money from them for the hospital and for the church. Now the news spread through the Anglo-American colony in Florence that Lady Angela Finkle-Wabbage had declared the situation very grave and that she was, in consequence, going home to England to live. It was tantamount to a declaration of war and struck more alarm into many a cultured breast than the whole international press had aroused for months past.

"That settles it," Lydia said. "If Lady Angela is going home it must be that she knows something. You know that she has a nephew in the Foreign Office. Christabel, we may as well make up our minds to it. We must go home too."

It was quite a wrench. They spent some three weeks deciding what to pack, what to give away, what to leave behind. For another whole week they packed; and then there started a series of last times. The last time at this tea-room and the last time at that; the last visit to the Pitti, the last to the Bargello; the last walk along the river. One morning Lydia came into Christabel's room and stood at the window on the balcony as if uncertain how to phrase what she wanted to say.

"I've been thinking, Christabel," she began, "about—well . . ."

Christabel looked at her for a moment and then instinct came to her aid.

"I know, Lydia," she said gently. "It's Gino."

"Yes, it's Gino," Lydia said. "I know he persecuted us for years, and he's a poor wretched creature who doesn't

deserve a thought, but—but I wondered if we mightn't go out to his place there in the hills and see him. To say good-by, sort of. And perhaps to have—to have a word with him. At last. We never did speak to him about it for all these years, for the sake of peace. We might just have a word with him now, so he won't think he fooled us all that time."

"Yes, I'd like to go out and see him," Christabel said. "But don't you think we can just go and say good-by without having anything—anything *out* with him? I mean, after so many years and all. He can't help the way he is, you know, dear."

"That's all right," Lydia said, strengthened again by her sister's agreement with the plan. "You're too good-natured. I think we have a right to a word or two, after all we've been through for twenty years from that man. We're entitled to speak up, Chris, and I intend to do it. It's a nice day and we'll enjoy going out there anyhow. I must get exact directions from the Signora about how to get there. I think you take the Fiesole tram."

The Marple legend had faded and died since Gino left, and as they prepared to journey out to his village now the two sisters began to realize it. Christabel felt the legend resurgent around her in the Signora's surprise; it was an unexpectedly delicious feeling; she was going to be "talked about" again. Even Lydia realized, with something of a shock, that the morning's excursion touched her pulses to excitement. She attributed it resolutely to the weather.

"It's such a lovely day," she said, "that it wouldn't matter where we were going. It's nice just to be going."

They had an hour on the familiar tram before they came to a stop below the hill of Fiesole and got out to explore for Gino's house. It was off on a path to the right, near a very small village where Gino had been born. There were vineyards and orchards everywhere; the sun was brilliantly warm; the valley of the Arno lay exquisite beneath them.

Christabel's mood was soft and happy.

"Let's not quarrel with Gino, Lyddy dear," she said. "It's such a nice day. And we've had a nice time here in Florence, all these years. Let's just say good-by to him."

"Quarrel?" Lydia said, gasping a little from the scramble over an uneven mounting path. "I won't quarrel with Gino. But I do mean to say a few plain words to him before we leave. He can't go on thinking we didn't notice what he was doing all this time. It's a question of pride. We put up with it for twenty years, but he must at least realize that we knew what he was doing."

They came abruptly on the house, a Tuscan farmhouse of the more prosperous kind with walled gardens and an incomparable view. The hillside fell away before it in terraces and winding paths and blossoming orchards to the valley far below. There was a huge fig tree before the house, with a table built on to its trunk, and at a chair beside the table there sat Gino himself, absolutely idle for the first time in the Misses Marple's acquaintance with him. He had a pipe in his hand but was not even smoking as they came near. He was gazing out into the luminous valley below, and his large, mournful eyes were unwinking. Lydia had to say his name aloud before he became aware of their approach.

"Ah, Signorina, Signorina!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet with hands outstretched. "Signorina, what an honor you do me! What pleasure to see you! I am overcome."

And he did seem, as a matter of fact, to be overcome. He was babbling and gesticulating for several minutes, bowing, jumping about, pushing the two wooden chairs forward for them, asking questions and exclaiming all at once. His usual compliments on their beauty—a part of his conversational style at the Pensione Longfellow for many years—came tumbling out with more than the usual warmth. Both Lydia and Christabel were startled to find themselves responding to his warmth, acknowledging inside

themselves that he was genuinely glad to see them and that they, moreover, were glad to see him. He left them alone for a moment while he went inside to get his wife.

"Lovely place," Christabel said. "And I think he *is* glad to see us. I don't think he can *help* being a gossip."

"You're softhearted, Chris," her sister said. "And maybe a little soft-headed too. We can't let the fellow win everything without a word being said."

Gino returned with his wife, a plump, florid woman whose twinkling blue eyes rested first on Miss Lydia and then on Miss Christabel with an expression perilously close to mockery. This was Maria; she had been cook at the Pensione Longfellow up until five or six years ago; she had not often seen the guests there or been seen by them, but her awareness of their lives was no doubt complete. Now she wore a white kerchief amply folded over her head. She had been making spaghetti and spreading it on the rocks back of the house to dry in the sun. She did not approve of factory-made spaghetti, she said. She was delighted to see the two Signorine, and what would they "take"? Would they "take something"? Taking something, as Lydia and Christabel knew, usually meant a little glass of some very sweet aperitive wine, Malvasia or white port or the like, which neither of them "took" with any pleasure. They agreed politely, and Maria vanished again to get the bottle and glasses.

Time passed in the politenesses of the formal visit; Gino showed them over his house, of which he was very proud, and they looked at the vatted Chianti in the cellar and the spaghetti drying on the rocks in the sun; he told them about his vineyards and his orchard, and his married son and his unmarried daughter who was out working in the fields. Maria said little, but moved along with them on their tour of inspection, her blue eyes mocking slightly, her plump face rosy with health and good nature. Lydia then saw fit to explain the reason for this

visit: she and her sister were returning to America, probably to stay there. More explosions, gestures, exclamations: Gino could hardly believe that such a thing was possible.

"The Pensione Longfellow will never be the same again," he said.

"It isn't anyhow," said Lydia briskly. "None of the regulars are left now. Only people who come and go. I think it's changed altogether since you left, Gino."

"The Signorina is too kind! The Signorina exaggerates!"

"No, it's a fact. Coincidence, no doubt, but a fact. Just about the time you left things began to seem different. It's not the same any more and we don't mind leaving. We'll be glad to get home."

When the high ceremonies of the visit were over Gino offered to accompany the ladies down the path to the place on the road where the tram stopped. Maria, his busy pink wife, said her farewell with a curtsy and returned to her spaghetti. Gino and the two ladies set out on their way, and before they had taken many steps Lydia opened up on him.

"Gino," she said, "before we leave Florence for good I want you to know that we have realized all these years what you were up to, with your malicious, wagging tongue. We came out here really to tell you that we know all about it and that we forgive you."

"Forgive me? *Per Dio!* What is this about my wagging tongue? Signorina, Signorina!"

"We knew it all the time, Gino," Lydia said firmly. "It's too late now to discuss it. We only want you to know that we forgive you."

Gino was sorely puzzled. He would have stopped in the path and leaned on the low stone wall to think this over, except that the ladies kept resolutely on their way and he had to accompany them.

"Signorina," he said earnestly, "I do not know what you are talking about. I am glad to get your forgiveness but I

do not know what it is for. For twenty years I have served you as well as I knew how. If you had any complaints you could always have made them at the time."

"There was never anything wrong with your service as a waiter," Lydia said tartly. She was annoyed to find her forgiveness thrown back at her like this. "It's your gossiping, your story-telling. Oh, don't think we don't know how you chattered about us to everybody who came to the Pension! We ignored it, but we knew it was going on."

"Chattering? Story-telling? *Madonna mia!*" Gino was overwhelmed; he called on the blue sky, the sunny valley, the blossoming orchards to witness; his hands invoked the visible world. "Never, never, never, Signorina! Not once in twenty years was I guilty of such a thing! Besides, what was there ever to tell about you? Was there ever anything that would make a story no matter how it was repeated? And I, I, I, who never said a word about anybody from one year's end to the next—! Signorina!"

Christabel seemed a little agitated.

"There were some things to tell," she said. "And we do know you told them. There was no other explanation. You remember Mr. Hogarth, the young Englishman."

"What young Englishman? Madness! Folly! Signorina, what young Englishman?"

"Mr. Hogarth, who went away after you'd been talking to him about us."

"I don't remember any such young Englishman, Signorina. There were so many who came and went. I was there so many years. But I swear to you that I never said a word to any young Englishman. Until this moment I never knew there was one—that is, one who had the honor of pretending to the Signorina's favors . . ."

"Gino!" Lydia was outraged. "Gino! How dare you suggest such a thing? The young man was a mere acquaintance, a very pleasant acquaintance, and that's all. It was your malicious gossip-

ing tongue that made a story out of it—a story which, I may say, we've not altogether lived down even yet. Don't think we don't notice how people look at us after they've been a few days in the Pension."

"Ah, Signorina, believe me, this is all false. I don't know who told you to believe such things. In my life in the Pension I saw many things and always kept my mouth shut about all of them. I did not like them any the more but I kept still. I used to say to Maria, always: Now these two Signorine Marple, they are really pious ladies, they might be nuns. They are so well-behaved and so discreet and virtuous, nothing ever happens to them, they are models for spinster ladies of all countries. I said it often. Never would I have dreamed of repeating anything that had to do with the two Signorine Marple. Even if there had been anything—which I never knew or thought until this moment."

Christabel was blushing a very deep pink in her confusion.

"Let's leave it at that, Lydia," she said pleadingly. "I don't think we can argue about it. Let it go, let it go. Please."

Lydia was struggling with her temper.

"I forgive you, Gino," she said loudly. "Remember that. The tram is coming now and we won't meet again, but we both forgive you. Just remember that we . . ."

The tram came along and she hoisted herself into it without completing the sentence. Christabel, still pink with embarrassment, got on after her and said: "Good-by, Gino." The ex-waiter stood in the dusty road and looked up at them, his large dark eyes mournful and puzzled. The two ladies found seats together in the almost empty tram as it started off again, clanging down the hillside to Florence.

Christabel was trembling as if she had caught a chill.

"Oh, Lyddy, Lyddy," she said, "what if that was true? What if he didn't ever, really, say anything, and nobody thought anything, and nothing ever happened at all, all this time?"

Her voice broke and she put her handkerchief to her eyes. Lydia extended one arm across Christabel's neat blue-clad shoulders.

"Don't believe him, dear," she said fiercely. "He's a wily one, and he always has been. Why, just remember the things that have happened! We *know* he's been scandal-mongering year in and year out. I dare say his stories will follow us even to America. You'll see how

the Signora will look at us when we get back. We'll never escape from the wretch. You'll see."

Christabel's shuddering subsided and she grew calmer under her sister's protecting arm.

"I expect you're right, Lyddy," she said. "You practically always are."

The tram clanged on down through the walled orchards to Florence, carrying the Marple sisters to rejoin their legend.

MOUNTAIN MEADOWS

BY MARTHA KELLER

KETTLE CREEK and Hailstone Hollow,
Burdick, Bunnel, and Elk Lick Run,
Cross Forks River and Hungry Hollow,
Windfall Water and Jamison.

*Mountain meadows is steep and narrow,
Thick with laurel and apple trees,
Berry bushes and rusted harrow,
Sugar maple and honey bees.*

*Pasture places is poor and scanty,
Rank with rubble and boulder stone—
Timothy by the logging shanty,
Fruit wherever a core were thrown.*

*Furrows tilts as the hill is tilted.
Mountain meadows is narrow land.
Over the brook the barn is builded,
Only place that a barn could stand.*

*Dwelling house is as black as pitch is.
Hemlock timbers is always black—
Running water and roaring ditches,
Pine and popple and tamarack.*

*Mountain meadows is steep and stony.
Mountain waters is cold and strong.
Drawing me to the mortal-lonely
Mountain places where I belong.*

Kettle Creek and Hailstone Hollow,
Burdick, Bunnel, and Elk Lick Run,
Cross Forks River and Hungry Hollow,
Windfall Water and Jamison.



579 MILES AN HOUR, VERTICALLY

BY JAMES L. H. PECK

WE ARE building a lot of military planes these days, and the test pilot's role in this enterprise is vital—and widely misunderstood. The pilots who conduct tests are not glamour boys. Nor are they swashbuckling, devil-may-care, "elbow-bending" fellows. A more careful breed one cannot find among any group of professional men, and they exercise similar caution off duty—they must.

Their job is the most highly specialized, highest-flying, and highest-paying in the "upstairs department" of the aviation industry. They work perhaps fifteen weeks of the fifty-two. The profession is far from being overcrowded: there are only eight top-ranking test pilots—excluding Army and Navy fliers so engaged—among the hundred in the business.

For a modern saga of skill and courage, let us go back some three months, and listen to one of the pilots as he tells of his experiences while testing one of the recently contracted pursuit planes. Although the rest of this article is written in the first person, the experiences are this pilot's, not my own.

About two weeks ago contracts were signed, following the insurance company's O.K. on both the plane and myself. Their word is law. Though the factory might prefer some particular flier, it's "no dice" if the insurance people—who know not only the pilot's technical history, but his intimate, personal business as well—say "no." I had been given a detailed list of specifications to study, so that I could become thoroughly famil-

iar with this new pursuit ship before flying it. This was a job in which I was particularly and personally interested because I had a hunch that this sleek, shining, aluminum-hued monoplane would out-perform anything with wings, and would bring military supremacy back to the United States.

This hunch became a conviction as I watched the mechanics trundle the new fighting ship from the factory hangar on to the concrete apron. I could well understand the pride and enthusiasm of the Design Engineer and his staff. They had conceived this machine, designed it, watched its evolution through the draughting board, the solid-scale model, the wooden mock-up, jigs and dies, metal framework and skin. Now it was complete. Originally there had been eleven designs, with complete specifications for each: one having a short stubby fuselage; another having a long tapered body; various wing shapes—each design differing in some respect. Then all designs but one were eliminated, and this beautiful instrument of death was developed from 3,104 detailed blueprint drawings.

Would those months of calculations, wind-tunnel research, and static load tests—not to mention the great expense—have been for naught? I had been given the data to study and I knew the answer as well as they. The plane would perform within a few miles per hour of their computations. There is no guesswork in to-day's aeronautical laboratory procedure.

In the ship's beautifully streamlined,

bulletlike snout were the 2,000 horses of the recently-developed Allison engine with its shiny, three-bladed, electrically controlled propeller. Ah, there was the answer—that motor! A chemically cooled, twelve-cylinder, V-type which adapted itself perfectly to streamlining; instead of the widely used, radial air-cooled engine which consumed nearly a third of its power pushing its huge self through the air.

Now, it was my job to discover, in a scientific manner, how the ship would behave upstairs—just how close to the engineers' calculations actual performance figures would be.

I climbed on to the glistening metal wing, stepped up, then settled into the small but fairly roomy cockpit—my office. I contemplated the maze of instrument dials, levers, and gadgets confronting me. There were the flight instruments (compass, airspeed, altimeters, turn-and-bank indicator, etc.), the engine instruments (tachometer, oil, cylinder head, and carburetor temperature indicators, fuel pressure gages, etc.), the propeller controls, generator, ignition, and light switches, position indicators for the wing flaps ("air brakes") and retractable landing gear, exhaust gas analyzer, and other purposeful but attention-requiring devices.

Below this instrument panel were the fuel selectors (governing flow from wing and fuselage tanks), fuel gages, carburetor temperature and mixture controls, and flap control lever. There were many more, including two special gadgets used only during flight tests, known as the accelerometer and Vee Gee recorder. A complicated bird, the modern fighting ship.

I paid special attention to the sliding cockpit enclosure, which was made of a transparent plastic known as Plexiglas. There are good covers and poor ones, but this, apparently, was a very fine type. I hoped so. Poor Gregory had "spun in" with a ship just two weeks before: he had had plenty of altitude, plenty of space to use his parachute, but

a jammed cover had held him prisoner in a disabled plane's cockpit.

I raised the adjustable seat (which was shaped to accommodate the seat-pack chute I was wearing) to a suitable position, then fiddled with the small writing pad which was strapped to my leg, as the engineers advised me of one or two last minute details.

"Clear!" The huge Allison responded instantly as I discharged the cartridge starter. Throttling back to near-idling speed, I turned and watched the tail surfaces and wings. They had been checked yesterday for undue vibration or "flutter." This is caused by what we refer to as "buffeting." The action of the blasting air or slipstream upon the tail surfaces is comparable to the manner in which a speeding motorboat's wake buffets an aquaplane—intensified many fold.

When the temperature and oil pressure were sufficiently high I speeded up the engine and the rising crescendo was music to my ears—a symphony of power. I could not give it full gun however, as this was a supercharged motor, designed to function at peak efficiency in the rarefied atmosphere of higher altitudes—not here, at almost sea level. I might advance the throttle until the specified "inches of mercury" are revealed by the manifold pressure gage, no farther. But I had 1,800 horsepower of the 2,000 available for the take-off—which should fly anything.

Meanwhile I'd set the propeller for low pitch, wherein the blades are nearly flat, from a side view. In this position they offer less resistance and permit the engine to speed up and maintain efficiency during the take-off and climb. However, this was an automatic prop. All I did was set the controller, and as we climbed, the pitch would be gradually increased until the prop was in "high gear," the blades would bite deeper, and the plane's speed would be increased.

All set to go, I looked about. I didn't like those clouds, they seemed to be lowering; but I had work to do. I

released the parking brake and taxied on to the field. Downwind first. Next, with the wind off the port, then the starboard side; and finally, straight into the breeze. Carefully I observed the effect of the controls for perhaps half an hour. A couple of notations as to "ground behavior," then I was ready for the take-off.

II

The Allison growls mightily as the silver ship gathers speed. The tail comes up easily, but I don't hurry the plane off. I'm not using the wing flaps this trip either; I must allow her to lift herself away. Touch on the control stick and rudder pedals is very delicate—I have to "feel her out." My attention is divided between this and the airspeed indicator and chronograph. I must ascertain how many seconds elapse and at what speed the ship will lift, and check later with ground observers who are using a timing device.

We're up! Notes on reaction to controls during take-off, time, airspeed, and distance required. Now I level off, checking the feel of elevators, rudder, and ailerons. Still watching the chronograph—the second one. Also the airspeed and rate of climb indicators and the altimeter, as I retract the landing gear. We surge ahead, as if relieved of a giant restraining hand. I note increase and motor's reaction. I'm watching the time required to reach 1,000 feet.

Meanwhile, I adjust the temperature controls and attend the electric tachometer which indicates the engine's revolutions per minute (r.p.m.'s). The engine must not overcool as we mount to the colder air. This is not likely however, as it is cooled by Ethylene Glycol, and maintains more even and efficient cooling than any radial engine.

Check, at 1,000 feet; notes. Approximate most efficient and safest climbing angle; more notes. Fastest rate of climb will be determined later. Now for precision. As I line up on the horizon I rejoice in the excellent forward visibility

provided by the V-type engine. This is nearly as important as the speed factor to the combat pilot. No great, round, radial engine to peer round.

I note how much rudder tab is required to offset the swing caused by the engine's torque at different r.p.m. readings. How much "nose heaviness" or "tail heaviness" there is, and the required amount of elevator tab for correction. How much "wing heaviness," and the necessary aileron tab. Now, having determined these lateral, longitudinal, and directional balance factors—stability—I must check on the ship's behavior otherwise.

Control co-ordination: banking and turning, I note which way it banks easiest, and if there are any slipping or skidding or nosing-down tendencies. Then I swing the ship through a series of figure 8's; first, gently banked turns, then steeper, until I am executing tight vertical turns, noting the "reverse control" action. In level flight the elevators control up-and-down movement; the rudder, turning movement. When the plane is vertically banked, however, the elevators function as rudder (directional control) and the rudder as elevators (up and down control). The controls are crossed.

Now I try turns with the ailerons only, instead of also employing the rudder as normally. She slips to the inside of the turn a trifle, but that is to be expected. Next, a few turns with rudder only. The plane has unusual stability for one of this type; a fact which undoubtedly saves my life later on. . . .

We play roller coaster as I put her through the "sawtooth." Up in a climb, then down. Up and down again and again, until I have determined the various climbing and gliding abilities at different angles.

Then we go down. I've played aerial stenographer to this crate long enough. Anyhow visibility is rapidly becoming worse. But I'm not quite finished. I make notes on the slowest gliding speed and angle of the plane, watching the rate

of climb indicator, the chronograph, and the airspeed. A bit richer mixture for the carburetor, then I check to make certain that the propeller is gradually assuming low pitch as we descend.

Down landing gear! I can feel the ship slow up, as the wheels and tail wheel gain their downward-hanging position. The airspeed indicator reveals exactly how much. I set the elevator tabs so that the ship will be the least bit tail-heavy for this first landing. I won't use the flaps this time, and my landing is going to be plenty hot.

I level off. She handles nicely as the ground—and the stalling speed—approach. Easy now! I must "feel her down," as I have only an approximate of the speed at which she will stall, or lose flying speed. Very delicate touch now. Cut the throttle . . . ease that stick back, back . . . easy . . . back just a trifle now. She's settling. I glance at that airspeed indicator—but the notes will have to wait this time. Clear back now—there's the ground!

Rump! Rru-u-m-m-p! Down and rolling fast. Slight bounce, but that's not so bad for any new plane's first return to earth. I apply the brakes gently to slow our 85-mile-per-hour roll.

W-a-a-a-tch! I cuss roundly as I barely stop my pet from nosing over. Strange, the brakes weren't as sensitive when I was trying them before the take-off: the effect of the upper air no doubt. I must really make a note of that.

I taxi into the hangar and as I climb down from the cockpit, the engineers, mechanics, field crew, the vice-president in charge of production, and persons of lesser consequence throw questions faster than the four machine guns and cannon soon to be installed.

Two hours and 2,000 answers later I quit the factory and repair to the local fliers' club: a good day's work completed.

III

On the third day minor adjustments have been made, and the blue above is

one of those indigo, Spain-like skies. In fact there is nothing at all to stay the "execution." To-day we shall have the type of test flying the movies like—rough stuff. None of the tame, painstaking, note-taking procedure as before.

The first day's job was a careful analysis of the fighter's inherent flying characteristics; to-day the barograph and other gadgets will record her performance.

At 10,000 feet I begin to throw my pet about. Snap rolls, slow rolls, round loops, square loops, outside loops, chandelles, wingovers, whipstalls, upsidedown behavior. All these at full speed, three-quarter, and half speed. Oh boy, this is an airplane! She is unusually maneuverable for a monoplane of this type.

Up to 15,000 for spin tests. We have to have plenty of altitude because one never knows how a new design will react to spinning. The more I play with my toy the more I grow to love her. She comes out of the first power-off spin in less than one turn, with just a little opposite control. And so the next four; two right and two left.

Now for the once-dreaded flat spins which, thank goodness, she will not take. Two inverted spins. Then two 5,000-foot powerspins with the screaming Allison wide open. No fun, these earthward-rushing, gyrating maneuvers, and none of us likes them; but they're a very important part of the job. A pilot's chance of being able to "bail out" of a spinning pursuit ship is none too favorable; the centrifugal force is too terrific. But she recovers beautifully. I can tell that the dive tests in this ship will be no picnic—she has too much speed.

We come down. There is further consultation with the engineers and a careful inspection of every part of the plane. This is the reason why present-day test pilots must either be aeronautical engineers or men with years of experience in the handling of many diversified types of planes. They must be able to talk with the engineer in his own language—not only to fly the ships and detect flaws, but to be able to submit the "whys" of

every single detail. It's a tough job and a responsible one.

Three hours later we're up again. I have on my leather pile-lined suit, boots, gauntlets, and face mask, with a heavy suit of woollens beneath this Orson Wellesian front. And I have an excellent chance of breaking an altitude record—among other things.

I'm "smoking" oxygen now, for the altimeter registers 26,120 feet, and the ship is still climbing. Quite nicely too. We are carrying full "military load" this time. Nearly 2,000 pounds of service equipment: guns, almost 300 gallons of fuel and oil, etc.; but she handles the weight easily.

It's cold! I can feel it even through my heavy garb, and even though the cockpit cover is closed and the heater working. And the sunlight is dazzling on the shiny metal cowlings of the plane—a terrifying brightness. But for my tinted goggles I'd be blinded in a few minutes. But the sky is *dark*—almost purple. The earth is just a vague something five miles below, indeterminate in color and pattern.

Still climbing, and now I'm reading 31,000 feet. That turbo-supercharger—an exhaust-driven turbine compressor which feeds air to the carburetor at a near-sea-level pressure—in addition to the regular centrifugal type supercharger is doing the trick. But other tricks are being enacted—somewhere inside of me. I feel as if I were swelling up, and have other sensations which I can't quite analyze. It's terribly cold now, at 34,900, and I'm feeling a bit sick. The oxygen seems to be freezing my mouth! . . .

Now the ship is handling sluggishly and uncertainly, but I think I'll nurse her up a bit farther before reaching the "absolute ceiling." The engine is beginning to overheat too in this thin air. The plane wallows through the rarefied gases of the stratosphere for perhaps two minutes longer, then it begins to stall.

I nose down and start earthward in a steep, wide spiral. I've got to get down!

I feel as though I shall cave in at any moment. Not too fast! A too-rapid change in atmospheric pressure wouldn't improve my strange ailment. I trim the elevator tabs so the spiraling ship will require but little control effort, watch the instruments, and feel sorry for myself. I reduce the oxygen pressure now, but I must continue to smoke oxygen until I get down round 12,000; though on the way up I didn't start until I reached 15,000 feet.

My head throbs! Mouth, throat, and lungs are raw and irritated—and cold. Stomach feels wretched. And my eyes! I suddenly realize, with a pang of fear, that something is the matter other than the terrible burning. They don't seem to focus just right. I'm stiff and cramped and my parachute pack, which is normally a fairly comfortable seat, feels as if I were sitting upon a tombstone. Maybe I am, figuratively speaking.

The earth is still three miles below me, and that's a long way down. But all things come to an end, and now we're at 3,000. I'm no better off physically however. Can't seem to orient myself. Lost?

I push back the cockpit hatch and peer over the side, but my eyes are still playing tricks; feel as if filled with sandman's grit. The rush of clean, cool air doesn't seem to help.

Where the devil am I anyhow?

Before an answer asserts itself the Allison sputters and misfires! My reaction is subnormal—though of course I don't realize it at the time—and it takes me much too long to recall that I've let the fuselage tank drain itself. I turn the selector lever to the left-wing tank, give the wobble pump a few strokes, and the engine takes another lease on life.

By this time we're down to 1,000, and I'm beginning to recognize the indistinct scenery. We're quite a way from home. However, I somehow find the airport and finally glide in for the landing. Did I say landing? Well, I guess it depends upon one's point of view, but the ship

does a hop-skip-and-jump the whole length of the airport before it decides that it has done sufficient flying for one day, and gives up.

It takes all my strength to climb from the cockpit. In addition to the half-dazed, sick sensation, my face and hands are stinging with that numb soreness you feel upon entering a warm room after being out in the winter's cold—only it's magnified many fold. They put me into a car and to town we go, to the local hospital.

Interesting case, the medicos report.

They tell me that the barograph recorded not 35,000 feet—as I had interpreted my altimeter reading—but 39,511.4 feet. Goodness, no wonder I had felt only half alive. I recalled how Captain Gray had died in an Army balloon at 42,000 feet. But of course he had been in an open basket.

Pressure! That's what had caused it all; or rather, lack of pressure. My organs, including my heart, had dilated. And in addition I had inhaled some pure oxygen, which hadn't done my swollen-up lungs any good.

IV

Eighteen days of confinement: rest, relaxation, and treatment. Then I am at it again.

Meanwhile Joe, one of the factory test pilots, continues with the preliminary dive tests. The aircraft company has graciously paid my contract in full; but, after being advised that I am well again and after passing my physical exam I want to continue. Especially with the speed and dive tests. I have a personal feeling about this plane, and my hunch three weeks ago has proved correct. Nearly 40,000 feet with full military load broke a lot of records, in a lot of places. And I have a general idea of her speed—a good idea.

I watch a silver fleck hurtle out of almost cloudless blue vault. The Allison screams and the propeller "whacks" as Joe pulls out of the first dive. Then

another, and another. Each starts at 15,000, and pull-outs are increased by 20 miles per hour. First he pulls out of the dive at 300 miles an hour, then at 320, 340, 360; that's what the test plan called for. Now he is coming down. The ship will be thoroughly inspected before the tests this afternoon.

"There's a plane," says Joe, between mouthfuls, "that's going to make Hitler's 'Heinkel' look like a freight locomotive. Boy, she's got everything—but you know that lots better than I do. Take it easy though—she comes down like a meteor."

Then he adds, "I'm glad you'll get a chance really to give 'er the works this afternoon."

I do. The winged, silver bullet and I come over the track (measured mile) three times for an average of 439.22 miles per hour. We have broken the world's landplane speed record in a *service* type with full military load! *But only 11 people in the world know that!* This is not only unofficial; it is confidential.

After a detailed, two-day examination, the engineers enthusiastically proclaim the fighter as sound as a bell. Tomorrow, weather permitting, will come the "terminal velocity" and the "G" tests.

It permits. Another of those cloudless, makes-you-glad-to-be-alive days like that memorable one nearly four weeks ago. And it's the thirteenth of the month. I am just a little bit afraid—or perhaps uncertain. Not because I am superstitious. I'm not. But a plane that will do 439 in level flight will probably have a terminal velocity of close to 600 miles per hour. That, in itself, is nothing to scare me, but between 575 m.p.h. and 600 a ship is almost equaling the *speed of sound*—peculiar things begin to happen.

The most learned heads of the N.A.C.A. (National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics) have declared that when this speed is approached, a "shock wave" is created which will obviate flight—and Dr. George Lewis and these gentlemen of

research usually know whereof they speak. The plane, at this speed, compresses the air to such a degree that the air presents an almost solid resistance. This wave particularly affects the wing's lifting power and, strangely enough, it is the wing that causes the condition. The blades of the propeller, round their thicker sections close to the hub, produce a similar wave of their own. We know that such a thing exists because ultra-speed photographs of bullets reveal the wave in action, but there is much else which remains undiscovered concerning this compressibility. When a plane hits even a yielding element like water at high speed, it might well have collided with a concrete wall. However, when the speed is built up gradually, as in a prolonged power dive, how will this phenomenon enact itself?

Perhaps it is confronting this bit of pioneering, this flight into the unknown, which causes the misgiving. But there are no heroics in testing. It's part of the job. After all, the ship held together for Joe at 360—so I just hope.

We're at 11,000 feet now, and the hopping process is as full-on as the thundering Allison engine before me. The task is to ascertain the maximum speed at which the silver plane will dive with its motor wide open, and to subject it to a 7 "G" pull-out, or recovery from the plunge. This speed will increase every second until the "terminal velocity" is attained, when not even gravity will induce any further increase. The strange condition is caused chiefly by the fact that the prop cannot turn over fast enough to pull the ship down at greater speed, and the whirling blades act as a brake. Secondly, the plane, in its downward rocketing, displaces an ever-increasing amount of the air through which it passes until the displacement equals the weight of the ship at this critical speed.

It doesn't take long to get upstairs, as the fighter's rate of climb is terrific. I squirm restlessly. The yards and yards of gauze tape and adhesive wrapped so tightly about my abdomen make breath-

ing difficult. I'm very uncomfortable but not nearly so much as I should be without these mummylike trimmings. They will hold my stomach and kidneys and other parts of my anatomy in place during the pull-out. Otherwise, the delicately suspended internal organs might be severely ruptured.

I smoke the oxygen again, just a whiff at intervals. The altimeter now reads 17,040 feet. We must have plenty of altitude for this business. A few last-minute adjustments: I regulate the radiator shutters and set the manual adjusting device for the prop. The engine and propeller, as well as plane and pilot, take a terrific beating in dives. With the blades at a 25 degree pitch angle, the motor will not be so likely to overspeed and sustain damage. I ascertain that the automatic camera and its timing device are working properly. The telephoto lenses will provide a close-up photo-record of the instrument readings.

I have only two immediate tasks. First, holding the ship in this "no-lift dive" for 20,000 feet. Next, pulling out in such a manner as to make it easy on both plane and myself. Instruments do the rest; particularly, the Vee-Gee recorder and the accelerometer. The former is an automatic recording graph which will reveal the kind of dive, the type of pull-out, and the speeds attained therein. The latter somewhat resembles an automobile speedometer, and is installed below the conventional instruments. Upon its telltale hand rests the ship's fate and mine, because this gadget reveals the forces—in units of "G's" instead of pounds—which are being exerted upon us.

This method of measuring centrifugal force and gravity may be quite easily understood. In level flight my "g meter" registers one "G," due to the normal pull of gravity, and I am pulled down in my seat with a force equal to my own weight, 173 pounds. However, in pulling from a high-speed dive, accelerations might attain five "G's" or more—depending upon the angle or radius of

pull-out—wherein I am pressed into the seat with a force five times my weight, or 865 lbs. My ship weighs 5,000 pounds loaded. In a five "G" pull-out it will weigh 25,000 pounds. This is why the dive tests are sometimes referred to as "destruction tests." Any structural weakness will manifest itself—sometimes with none-too-pleasant results.

I level off at precisely 26,000 feet. It may take 20,000 to attain full speed—wherever or whatever it shall be. By closing the cockpit cover fully, I may be literally "sealing my doom"; but it must be so. If I left it open, the slipstream rushing by would suck the air out of the cockpit—making a vacuum. Outside pressure would collapse the sides about my neck!

I orient myself by some outstanding landmarks nearly five miles beneath. A reassuring survey of instruments, then a deep breath—mentally. Sort of like, "One-Two-Three-Jump!" I roll the pursuit over, and down we go!

V

In this "no-lift" dive the ship must be held, not vertically, but a bit on its back—upside down. Otherwise, it would not describe a perfectly vertical descent. The lifting action of the wing would pull it away from the straight-down course.

The wonder plane is so perfectly streamlined, so clean and smooth in design that it gains speed very rapidly. The motor's tone is a swelling, gradual, sirenlike roar—but lower pitched. The rush of air on the wing and tail surfaces is a higher-toned hum. The altimeter's hand is falling rapidly, but the rate of climb indicator is dropping more swiftly. The ground is just starting up to meet us. But not the airspeed—it's already up—310, 312, 313!

My abdomen feels as if the solar plexus were way back against the spine—leaving a vacant cavity! And I'm being pressed against the back of my seat with ever-increasing force! My mouth is opened wide, so that the awful pressure in my

ears may be relieved, equalized from within.

All the Allison's 2,000 horses are screaming like so many trombones in unison—sliding higher . . . louder! The wings and tail have developed a shrill, two-tone discord! Controls are stiff, owing to the terrific air blast, and I'm exerting a firm pressure to hold the plane in position.

My head is clear back against the headrest now, as if held firmly, but I can feel the ship horsing forward. Altimeter has just passed 16,000. And now we're hurtling earthward at seven miles per minute—420—21—22—23—24!

I feel worse now than when I did that 439 over the speed course. That had been in level flight, even though a long dive had preceded the record-breaking dash. But this sustained dive is different—no let up. It is terrible now, almost unbearable!

Motor . . . prop . . . wings . . . shrieking! Stomach in a knot . . . breathing difficult . . . nerves acting queerly . . . nose bleeding, just a trickle! I begin yelling!

Nine miles per minute. The quivering airspeed pointer passes 540. Nearly 800 feet per second!

Just a flash of uncertainty as I realize that 35 more miles-per-hour will have us three-quarters of the way toward catching up with sound! Will all this terrible, rushing din become inaudible to me? Will these glistening wings support seven or eight times their normal load, or will they fold back like a bird's, and imprison me in this hellish cell? Will the violent buffeting prove too much for the delicate tail surfaces—tearing them off—carrying half the fuselage along? Can the three nine-foot blades of the straining propeller "take it?" Will the compressibility crush us, when we attain that critical speed?

I should know *now!* Here it is 575 . . . 576 . . . 577. . . . Goodness, only 6,000 feet! Quick . . .!

By the time I react and begin to pull the aluminum projectile just off her back, it is only 4,000. Now she is vertical

. . . now just lifting her pencil-pointed nose up toward the horizon.

I'm yelling wildly.

Both hands are clasped round the control stick, and I'm shouting at the top of my voice. It takes almost all my ebbing strength to bring the reluctant nose up, as I slowly haul back on the stick!

(Shouting tenses the diaphragm and neck muscles, thereby relieving the fainting sensation or "blanking-out," which is almost inevitable during great accelerations. This condition is caused by the drainage of blood from the head and optic nerves.)

Three thousand! The streaking, singing ship "mushed" several hundred feet—skidding downward—before the control surfaces gripped the blasting air. Feels as if we've hit something—but it's only the air.

I'm being pushed down—down by an awful, unseen weight—everything inside me seems to sink! I feel so heavy—even my face and skin are weighted and drooping!

I watch the "G meter" apprehensively as the plane's nose finally—after what seems an hour of this anxiety and painful hell—lifts to meet the blurred horizon line. I holler again as I dimly see the pointer mount 5, 6, 7—I ease the stick a bit.

That's all! The horizon drops, and I see a confused maze of blue through the spinning propeller . . . darker blue . . . darker. Now a kaleidoscopic jumble of lights and noises . . . then nothing. . . .

Strange! I'm still half conscious—I guess—but can't see anything. My stomach has relaxed somewhat, but there is a terrible, empty pain . . . my head feels as if it's been split by a bullet. Blindly I fumble with the controls, holding the stick in what feels like neutral position—half way between the extreme forward and back positions. After pulling the nose up, it's best to "sawtooth" out of the dive—easing the ship up in a series of gentle "steps." When you feel yourself going, however, you get up, the

quickest way possible. Altitude is life.

I don't realize it, but I've held the ship in a steep climb. Like a roller coaster, her terrific momentum shoots us straight up for what must be several thousand feet. I'm jostling from one side of the cockpit to the other, and by this I know that we're flopping around the sky in some crazy fashion.

Images . . . surroundings take form slowly . . . vision is cloudy. With an effort I level off. I fumble with the hatch, and it seems to take all my strength to push it backward. The rush of air helps a bit. I blink over the side . . . can't seem to recognize the landscape. Banking the ship—accidentally—I see the airport. In fact we're right over it. Got to get down there, quick! Feel I'm going to faint again. And my eyes are deluding me—something like that stratosphere trip.

It's getting worse as I circle the field and glide in for the landing. If I can only stay awake just a bit longer!

I lower the landing gear and drop the flaps clear down—45 degrees.

My nose is bleeding worse now, all over the cockpit. The field appears shrouded in fog even though it's a clear day. I must hold on for just a moment now. I faintly recall the other time I landed the ship—almost cracked up.

The green, speeding turf rises from the fog—a strange, ghostly flatness! It comes up to smack us as I ease the stick back, but the little ship hits too hard and bounces high. My foggy judgement moves me to gun the throttle of the Allison to maintain a safe speed so we won't "pancake" into the ground.

Now that's better! I am dimly conscious of easing the plane down, and our rolling across the ground. Mechanically, I "see-saw" the rudder to hold the ship straight. Then we seem to stop . . . everything stops. . . .

VI

Muddled, mixed-up voices . . . then I can distinguish them, but my eyes just

won't open. Then, ever so gradually, things shape up. I'm lying upon something soft, a bed. Then a hazy ceiling and walls take form, images appear. With a sinking heart, I realize that I'm back in the hospital. There are the doc, Joe, and the Vice President. I don't feel so badly now, only a bit sleepy.

"What happened—ship O.K.?" I ask, somewhat foolishly.

"Sure, sure," says the Vice President, "you just passed out when you landed—we had to lift you out."

"You'll be all right," interrupts the doctor, "a little too much speed, that's all."

"Yeah, I know—but what else?"

"You go to sleep now," he orders. I want to go to sleep. The ship . . . the ship . . . I can't seem to recall the rest—only partly, in ill-fitting continuity.

I'm doing fine now. Head aches a bit, but that's all. For the past three days all the fellows have been coming by and bringing me things. The doc lets me smoke now for the first time. I was—still am—in a bad way. There is a mild cerebral concussion, what he calls conjunctivitis (a bad inflammation of the eyes), and a generalized capillary hemorrhage to top it off!

I had withstood an acceleration of 7.6 G's, and the Vee-Gee recorder revealed that I had reached a speed of 579.13 miles per hour, that I had made a perfect no-lift dive for 21,054.4 feet, and that terminal velocity had *not* been attained. The graphs indicated that the fighter was *still gaining* speed slowly when I had pulled out at 3,846 feet, which was in-

teresting indeed. We had believed that a ship which accelerated rapidly during the first part of its power dive would continue at nearly the same rate of increase throughout. As speed and the amount of air displaced increased, the plane's acceleration continued at a gradually diminishing rate. In other words, *maximum* diving speed was not quite attained in *so short a distance* as the almost-four-mile plunge. This was a valuable lesson.

Another was: that the ingenuity which conceives a high speed ship of this type will also have to do something about the men who fly them. Airspeed is not immediately limited, but *human endurance* most certainly! At our speed, the only reason that I was now alive was because of the instantaneous 7.6 G acceleration. Had this terrible force sustained itself for even two full seconds, this piece would not have been written! Formerly both the Army and Navy demanded a 9 G pull-out, but the requirements were lowered in view of the increased speeds. For which I may be duly thankful.

Even as I lie here I am filled with pride, because I know that this ship will put our air force out in front—where it is supposed to be. The new combat plane is safe, speedy, and maneuverable—everything that a ship is required to be.

They tell me that I shall be well again and able to fly, but there is the probability that I'll become predisposed to internal complications of similar nature if I continue with strenuous test work. But I shall, for my one love is flying and the air.



“GO TALK TO MR. WARING”

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I HAD not lived in Berkfield County a week before I heard the name of Watts Waring, and after that I seemed to hear something about him every two or three days. He lived in the town of Chilton, twenty-odd miles away; but whenever there was any regional enterprise, from the Salvation Army drive to the county symphonic festival, although the organizers from other towns might vary, according to the nature of the affair, yet the delegation from Chilton was invariably headed by “Hon. Watts Waring.”

In private conversation it was even worse. One constantly heard people say, “I had lunch with Mr. Waring today. He sent his regards to you and the Doctor,” or, “Look here. Before we go any farther in this matter, why doesn’t someone run over and talk with Mr. Waring?” Not even by going abroad could one escape that pervading name. In Bermuda or Honolulu the minute you made it known that you came from the Berkshires someone would be sure to exclaim, “Then you must know Mr. Watts Waring. What an amazing person he is!”

In time it began to irritate me, much as the Athenians were irritated by hearing Aristides constantly called “the Just.” Frankly I pictured this Waring as the local stuffed shirt, as a pompous, handshaking village grandee, and for two or three years I never even met him, probably because I was determined not

to meet him. The time came, however, when I too had a problem that called for local knowledge and influence. From every side came the usual advice, “Go talk to Mr. Waring,” so, somewhat skeptically, I went.

The matter that thus forced even me over the beaten trail was my Aunt Genevieve’s estate, a dead lump of worry that for half a generation had been hanging over one branch of our family. The estate now consisted entirely of a huge summer residence in Chilton, which my Uncle Tom had built in his years of affluence, *circa* 1910, and to see that house was to get a perfect picture of Uncle Tom. He had been a man who prided himself on being intensely practical, with the result that he had built a house that was completely impracticable for any purpose whatsoever.

In the first place, he had put it slam on the main street of the village, which had since become a concrete highway, with five-ton trucks rumbling by day and night. He had spent a small fortune on such things as brass piping, hidden drains, and copper roofing, but any elements of beauty, grace, or restfulness, which might make a summer home desirable, he had dismissed as so much fla-fla. The garden had bright yellow cement walks leading in every direction, the roofs of the great piazzas were supported by elephantine columns of rough cobblestone—but why go any farther? Almost every village in rural New Eng-

land has a similar architectural hemorrhage.

Even when it was new there must have been few of Aunt Genevieve's friends who could look at that place without a shudder; but because it had cost sixty thousand dollars, because it had once been the largest house in town, Aunt Genevieve practically starved herself during the last years of her life paying the taxes and making pathetic repairs, such as a new roof for the unspeakable Japanese pavilion. Once when someone as foolish as Uncle Tom offered her half the original cost she turned down the offer in quivering disdain. Her own eyes told her that resort values all over the Berkshires were increasing by leaps and she was determined to sit tight on her original gold mine.

For a year or two after Aunt Genevieve's death her six scattered heirs or guardians of heirs apparently lived in the same illusion. When somebody had the idea of turning the place into an inn and made a half-hearted offer of eighteen thousand dollars, payable largely in mortgage notes, this also was curtly rejected; but what judgment refused to admit time rapidly made evident. Year by year the small liquid balance of the estate was eaten up by taxes and insurance but now the depression had come and no one made any offers at all. The day finally arrived when one more year would make the estate insolvent, and that was the precise moment when I was appointed administrator, vice Uncle Russell, deceased, and vice Uncle Harry, disgusted. A nice situation for a middle-aged painter, who had never done any legal business in his life, except, once, sue a picture dealer.

So I did what everyone else did in times of trouble—I went to “talk to Mr. Waring” and of course I found him completely different from what I had expected. Instead of a puffy and unctuous glad-hander, I was met by a gentle and courtly man of sixty or more, with slow speech, humorous eyes, and snow-white hair parted rather smartly in the

middle. In fact, he reminded me then, as he has always reminded me since, of the first Oliver Wendell Holmes, granted that one could picture the first Oliver Wendell Holmes as wearing a very modern suit of good Irish homespun and as smoking an over-size Turkish cigarette.

Indeed, it might have been Mr. Waring's setting even more than his own appearance which suggested a man lifted squarely out of the 'fifties. He lived about half a mile from the village in a square yellow house with a cupola on the roof and a clock weight to swing the gate, and he received me in a worn, leather-chaired study which was littered from floor to ceiling with all the gear of an old-fashioned country gentleman. A double-barrelled shotgun stood in a corner, prints of old trotting horses hung on the walls, surveyors' maps lay half unrolled on the tables, and in every conceivable spot were rows and piles of old books. It was not, however, one of these that Mr. Waring was reading as I entered the room, but that morning's copy of a New York newspaper. As he rose to his feet I introduced myself.

“My name is Burchard—from West Gosset. Dr. Moore suggested that I come and see you.”

Mr. Waring lifted his hand deprecatingly. “No need for that. Of course I know you. I believe that I saw you about a year ago at the dedication of the Gosset library. And naturally I know your picture of Bishop Gibbs. In fact, I must confess that I was pleasantly excited when I learned that one of the Burchards was moving back to the county.”

“I was excited myself,” I replied, “but now I begin to wonder whether I hadn't better have stayed in New York.”

Mr. Waring smiled faintly as we both sat down. “What's the trouble? That Henderson property?”

“Precisely. I need some advice.”

He smiled again. “I have discovered that no advice does very much good unless it merely confirms what the other person has already decided to do.”

“In that case,” I answered, “the field is wide open. I haven’t the faintest idea.”

“Very well. Then let’s talk it over.”

So for an hour and a half we sat and talked. At least we talked in a series of intervals, for the initial peace of the room had been highly deceptive. I presently realized that I had never been in a private house where there was such a constant and apparently normal flow of interruptions. Three times a grinning colored girl came to the door and announced that there was someone to see Mr. Waring, and every five or six minutes the telephone on the desk would ring. Then there would be a conversation that always followed the same routine. The person at the other end of the wire would talk steadily for a long time, the white-haired man in front of me remaining completely silent or merely interjecting a courteous, “Yes—yes—I see,” until the other person had run down. Then he himself would begin to talk—quietly, authoritatively, and equally without interruption. And apparently he always knew the answers.

“Now, Fred,” he would say, “that question was all provided for by the school board three years ago. Mr. Haight made the motion. You are perfectly right that it was agreed that no reductions would be made in the teachers’ salaries and that, on the other hand, the teachers would not ask for increases until better times. But a special exception was made in the case of new teachers engaged at the minimum. They were to be increased gradually until they reached the average for the grade. So, obviously, Miss Hassen comes under the exception even if Miss Page does not.”

Or, again:

“Why, certainly, Father Flynn. I saw Mr. Harvey last night and he would be delighted to let you have the hall for your bazaar, just as you did last year. You will find that some of the tables are in the basement but most of them were taken out to the lake for the Legion clam-bake. I’ll call Sam Fuller and have

some of the boys go out and bring them back before Friday noon.”

Or, again:

“Why, yes, Mr. Berry, the town does need some gravel. I should say about seventy-five loads—most of it for the Swamptown road but a little for that underpass leading in to the stone crusher. Of course I haven’t got the final word but I’d be glad to put in your bid. Only please remember that it must be real gravel and not fine sand, unless that is specifically ordered by the foreman on the job.”

Each time Mr. Waring put down the receiver he turned back to me without concern and picked up our conversation just where he had dropped it, sometimes in the middle of a sentence. When I left, not much, on the face of it, seemed to have been accomplished. He had merely promised to “think it over” and see what could be done, but I went out of the house with an almost ludicrous feeling of relief, as if the whole matter had been lifted from my shoulders and I had nothing more to do.

Unbelievably I was right. I did have nothing more to do. Ten days later I was called back to Chilton and told that a plan was ready for my approval. My amazing new guardian had found a thrifty Swedish contractor who would buy the Henderson place for eight thousand dollars. He intended to use the big stables to store his trucks and supplies, to build a little florist’s shop in the old gardens, and to cut up the house into small, inexpensive apartments, which were badly needed in the town.

Naturally I approved and hastened off to write to the Henderson heirs who, by now, would need no persuading. Thereupon, in his same casual way, Mr. Waring secured an approving order from the probate court, instructed the local lawyer to search the title for the Swede, and had the deed drawn for me. He had already arranged to get a small mortgage for the new owner and of course, from the start, he had known of someone who was looking for a florist’s shop.

In short, before I really came out of my haze I found myself sitting again in the old cluttered study with a certified check in my hand but with an embarrassing moment ahead of me. I knew that Mr. Waring was not a lawyer and not a real estate broker, yet it seemed incredible that he should not be offered some sort of compensation. At the same time I could not face the idea of trying to tip Oliver Wendell Holmes.

As usual, he seemed to guess my perplexity before I even expressed it. I had merely lifted the check tentatively and got as far as the words, "Well, now, Mr. Waring—" when he instantly raised his hand and waved the whole idea aside.

"Oh, don't even think of it," he commanded. "I was glad to be able to do something for the Henderson children."

"You're very good," I murmured, but his words had only suggested another problem. "But now, with the property gone," I asked, "what am I going to do with the money?"

He looked at me in surprise. "Aren't you going to divide it among the heirs?"

"I wish I could," I explained. "Some of them need it badly, but when poor Aunt Genevieve made her will she was apparently still under the delusion that she was going to leave millions and the principal cannot be divided until the youngest grandchild comes of age. One of them is still only twelve."

Mr. Waring gave a low whistle. "I had forgotten that."

It was, I imagined, the only thing in his life that he ever *had* forgotten and it put him on his mettle. He sat musing for a minute or two and then looked up, smiling.

"I've had another idea in the back of my mind for some time," he said. "Would you care to take a little ride?"

We drove away from the village, turned at a fork, and climbed up a side road which rapidly became just a country lane. As the road ended entirely, we stopped before a house which, to my eyes, was merely another edition of the one we had just sold. It was not as

large, to be sure, and it had no cobblestone excrescences, but it belonged to the same gray-shingle vintage, and a sagging sign in front suggested that it had been on the market just about as long. We got out and Mr. Waring waved his hand.

"There!" he exclaimed. "That place has fifty-four acres. It cost thirty-five thousand dollars to buy and build, but the Southbrook bank took it over, six years ago, for a ten-thousand-dollar mortgage. Offer them four and see what happens."

I looked at him incredulously. "But we've just got out of that sort of fix. Why walk right into it again?"

Mr. Waring laughed. "The house that you sold looked down on a public garage and a chain store. You're an artist. Turn round and see what this one looks on."

I turned and caught my breath. In front, two gentle hills opened in a perfect natural composition. Between them were far-off, hazy blue mountains and, nearer, green, rolling pastures with stone walls and cattle grazing. The whole thing might have been a print by Currier & Ives. Round us lay a sweet, country silence and over the road yellow butterflies played.

Mr. Waring turned toward the house. "It's still sound as a nut and brass piping really counts for something up here. It's shabby, I know, but the lines are all simple and low. Paint that house a cream white, plant a few lilacs, and you'll be surprised. Don't forget that you've still got all the furniture from the Henderson place and some of it is very good. There's a young lady in town who can work miracles with slip covers, curtains, and that sort of thing."

He led the way to an unlocked back door and when we came out again in the sunlight I was as enthusiastic as he.

"But why," I demanded, "has nobody thought of this before?"

Mr. Waring's eyes twinkled. "Have you never," he asked, "heard the word 'Victorian'? Apply that to any place

and it scares off everyone without imagination.”

“But the probate court?” I insisted. “Would it ever approve an investment of this kind?”

“Oh, I’ll talk to the judge,” said Mr. Waring, nonchalantly. “Remember you’ve got eight thousand dollars on your hands for nine years and the banks would give you only two per cent, even if they’d take that much. If worse came to worst, this would still make a place for the Henderson children to lay their heads.”

Need I report that, with that miracle man in charge, everything came out exactly as he said it would, except that the Henderson children never laid their heads there? The summer after the house was restored and refurnished it was rented for seven hundred dollars. The next summer it brought nine and the second tenant liked it so much that he finally bought it, with the result that the estate, which had once been bankrupt, contained nineteen thousand dollars and the youngest heir might eventually go to college.

But all this was much, much later, and before the new house was even remodeled there occurred an event of a very different kind, one that at first promised to reverse Mr. Waring’s role and mine. For one bad hour it even threatened to upset the whole Watts Waring tradition, to knock all the blue sky out of our happy relations. But when I really had time to think it over—well, let me get on with the story.

One afternoon, at my own place in West Gosset, I had a call from a man with whom I had gone to school and who was now an attorney for the Kunoos, one of the big industrial families of the East. He had come, he admitted frankly, because he wanted some confidential information and I was the only person he knew in the county. One of the Kunoe companies, in short, had a new product for which it needed a great deal of limestone, of which there were many small, abandoned quarries in our part of the

world. For several reasons the Kunoos did not want to buy the old quarries directly but if they could find a group of solid local men who would form their own company they would agree to take all the limestone produced. My friend, in other words, wanted the names of half a dozen such men.

“I can’t give you half a dozen,” I told him, “but I can give you the name of one man who holds the whole county in the palm of his hand.”

I related my own experiences with Mr. Waring and my friend’s eyes sparkled. “Exactly the man—exactly the type of man we are looking for!” he exclaimed. “I can’t appear until it is time for our name to be known, but why don’t you, as a friend, go and sound him out?”

It seemed an almost spectacular chance to return the very practical favors which Mr. Waring had done me and also, like many artists and writers, I had a secret awe of big business. Ridiculously thrilled at the idea of being a personal emissary of the Kunoos, I called up Mr. Waring and made an appointment for the next day.

When morning came, however, I found that I was frankly scared. The idea seemed as good as ever but that I, of all people, should be chosen to “sell” such a plan to the biggest man in the county appeared increasingly preposterous. Suppose he should be insulted. Suppose he should laugh at my innocence. Still, the name of the Kunoos was a very big one.

As a compromise I drove over to Chilton half an hour early and stopped in to talk with Judge Ransom, who was both the local lawyer and the probate judge and with whom I had become quite familiar in our recent operations on the Henderson estate. Judge Ransom was a man of about the same age and background as Mr. Waring but personally he was entirely different. He was, in fact, one of those old-time Yankees who seemed to think that a life of inner probity could only be properly advertised by a manner

of outward gruffness. He was short and very fat and when I entered his office he was sitting in his shirtsleeves, filling out some legal document in a ponderous longhand.

He greeted me affably enough but when I started to tell my story, in a halting, amateurish way, I could feel the atmosphere of the room grow stiffer and stiffer. Possibly I overworked such phrases as "certain big interests" and "take the entire output" but, in any case, the Judge's only response was to stare heavily out of the window and bend a thin steel ruler into continual half circles. When I finished I was thus agreeably surprised to hear him answer:

"Yes, that sounds like a very attractive proposition if the people behind it are responsible."

"Don't worry about that," I said, eagerly. "When you hear their name you won't ask any more."

The Judge, however, had gone back to work on his ruler.

"You say," he suggested, "that you are looking for someone to organize this company. Whom did you have in mind?"

"It seems to me," I replied, "that there is only one man in the county for it—Mr. Watts Waring."

The bent steel ruler popped out of the Judge's hands and fell with a clatter half way across the room, but he did not even look up to see where it had gone. Instead, he turned his heavy eyes at me and replied, very slowly:

"No, Mr. Burchard. Watts Waring is not the man you want. You tell your people to try someone else."

"You mean," I asked, "that he wouldn't take it?"

"Oh, yes, I guess he'd take it all right. He'd probably feel that he'd ought to. He knows where the quarries are, he could handle the labor, and possibly he could raise the capital. But, frankly, Watts Waring is not a good business man."

I stared at him in amazement. Was it possible that, even now, the town of

Chilton did not appreciate the rare talents of its leading citizen?

"I am not a business man myself," I replied, rather stiffly, "but I happen to have known several quite big ones and I never saw one who could manage anything with more ease and more success."

"Perfectly true," answered the Judge, "provided it's your business or mine and provided he isn't paid anything for it. But give him a thing of his own, in which he really stands a chance to make a dollar, and he'll let it lie on his desk all summer."

The Judge reached for his ruler, found it was missing, and limped on without it.

"Mr. Burchard," he asked, "how long have you lived in these parts?"

"Two years—almost three."

"And you've never heard Watts Waring's story?"

"Not that I know of."

The Judge grunted. "I'm glad to hear that. I'm glad it's beginning to be forgotten. But have you ever noticed the color of Watts Waring's hair?"

"Yes, it's snow-white, but he still is not an old man."

"No, he's not old. Yet his hair has been white for nearly twenty years. It turned that color in just six weeks. I might as well tell you, before someone else does. Watts Waring once had a bank."

"And the bank—failed?"

"No, it didn't actually fail, but it would have failed if all his friends had not come running from sixty miles around. There was nothing dishonest about it, you understand. Watts had poured in every cent of his own money and that was all that was lost, but for years he had been running that bank just as he runs everything—for everybody's benefit but his own. His books were in order. There was some sort of paper to show for everything, but if any good citizen had wanted a loan he just hadn't been able to say no.

"And it wasn't only the bank," continued the Judge. "Before that he dealt in timber and, now that you speak of it,

he even once had a quarry, but the story was always the same. As long as he was mastering something purely for its own sake he was wonderful. But when the time came just to let the wheels turn and roll out the dollars his interest seemed to be gone. You'd find he was off running for the legislature or was all tied up with the Guernsey cattle breeders' association."

"But the townspeople seem to have confidence in him," I suggested. "Isn't he the first selectman or something?"

"He is," agreed the Judge, "and the best one we've ever had. He's filled every office in town and most of those in the county. Put him at that sort of thing and he's an entirely different man. He can even get tough if he has to. Try to sell him an ounce of bad coal to heat the town hall and you'll wish you hadn't; but fill his own cellar with slate and he'll just laugh and pay you."

I shook my head. "It seems very strange."

"Well, it's not strange to me," replied the Judge, "because I've known another just like him—his own father. He was a shy, gentle man, more silent than Watts, a great lover of animals and flowers. For weeks at a time he'd live in a cabin up on the mountain, just like a backwoodsman, studying the birds and the trees. He never did anything about it, never wrote any books. Apparently he just liked to lie there and look. Yet he carried half the families in town through the panic of '93 and when he died it was found that he had given away far more than he had ever spent."

"But where did the money come from?" I ventured to ask.

"The grandfather—and there was a different man altogether. They say he was just as handsome as Watts and as open-handed. He sat in Congress and was governor of the State, but he also built up a big thread mill down on the river and left a large fortune for those days. His descendants inherited his looks and his charm and his public spirit and most of his brains but he couldn't

seem to give them that one single thing—the ability to make a cent. Perhaps they'd had so much money all their lives that it didn't interest them any more. Or maybe it was their mothers. I'm sure I don't know."

I sat in silence, for I could see now, even from my own scant evidence, that everything the Judge was telling me was true. As if he realized that I was at last in sympathy, he went on, in a milder tone.

"And are they really so rare, the men like Watts Waring? Haven't you known men and women too who could throw their souls into work for a lodge or a church or a political party and yet, personally, never held a decent job in their lives? They can raise half a million for a public memorial and yet they can't raise their own rent. The only difference is that Watts Waring is on a bigger scale than most of them and he's found his real niche. We know him here, he fills a big place in the community, and we are content to have him as he is."

I nodded. "But how does he live? You say that the bank—"

"Oh, there was a little left out of that," said the Judge, "when someone else took hold and made some of his customers pay their notes. And a man of that sort doesn't really need a great deal of money. Give him a few of the luxuries of life and he'll never miss most of the necessities. Even to-day he hasn't got electricity in his house. It is still lighted by carbide gas, but there's nowhere you'll get a better glass of port wine. Also, a man like Watts can't help stumbling into a little money—provided strictly that he's looking for something else. There's always some State commission that wants his advice or enthusiasm and his various offices do bring in some fees. Strange as it sounds, he's quite in demand to manage estates."

"I'm not surprised at that," I commented.

"And then, you know," mused the Judge, "when a man has spent his entire life casting his bread on the waters, some

of it comes floating back in the most surprising ways. Not long ago a man whom Watts had almost forgotten died and left him twelve thousand dollars and every now and then one of those old bank notes pops up and gets paid."

The Judge leaned back. "Well, now, Mr. Burchard, there's the story. You can do as you like."

"Naturally," I replied, "I am going to do nothing at all. I'll go back to my people and tell them to form their own company, that the man I had in mind is too busy—as indeed he is."

"Good!" said the Judge. "Just leave him alone. That's all we ask."

I rose from my chair and on my way to the door I saw the steel ruler lying on the floor. I picked it up and handed it to the Judge, who took it with a smile.

I myself, however, was not smiling as I went out into the hot village street. I got in my car, started toward home, and it was not until I passed the old Henderson place that I realized that I was going in the wrong direction, that I had not come to Chilton to see Judge Ransom but to see Mr. Waring. I turned in the driveway of a gas station, drove back through the village and out to the square yellow house.

As usual, Mr. Waring was telephoning when I was shown into his study and an old colored man, with his hat on his knees, sat beside the desk. The telephone message and the colored man were apparently parts of the same business, for when one was disposed of so was the other. Mr. Waring turned to me with his faint, pleasant smile.

"Well, Mr. Burchard, what can I do for you?"

"I have come," I answered, "to ask a favor, in fact an honor. As a very small token from the Henderson heirs I wonder whether you will allow me to paint your portrait—about like the one I did of Bishop Gibbs."

Of course he flushed and protested but I could see that at last I had offered him something that he really valued and, without too much argument, arrangements were made for him to come over to my place in West Gosset where he could be free from his deluge of telephone calls.

I couldn't wait to begin, because, apart from the pleasure of being with Mr. Waring, his white hair and patrician features made him a subject at which any painter would leap. Yet, oddly, before I was into the second or third sitting I began to realize that the portrait just wouldn't "go." Possibly I now had two different men in my mind and could never be sure which one I was painting. Also, when Mr. Waring was sitting in silence, away from his own little kingdom and with someone from another world, certain lines would come into his face which had not been there before. It was as if, in this new atmosphere and in the presence of an art which he deeply respected, his mind would go back to parts of his own life of which, in his usual busy routine, he no longer found it necessary to think. At such times I would talk to him incessantly and the lines would disappear, but even so I could not forget them.

At last I had to take myself sharply in hand and simply paint him "straight" as I should have painted any respected but casual subject who had walked into my studio and would walk out again. In this way the work was eventually finished and professionally I knew that it was all right. For his part Mr. Waring was delighted. So were his friends and some of mine. Nevertheless, not even when it won a medal at an exhibition was I myself really satisfied with that portrait. I knew that I had not found a way to say some of the things that I was trying to say. And that, I suppose, is why I am saying them now.



One Man's Meat



By E. B. WHITE

MISS NIMS, take a letter to Henry David Thoreau. Dear Henry: I thought of you the other afternoon as I was approaching Concord doing fifty on Route 62. That is a high speed at which to hold a philosopher in one's mind, but in this century we are a nimble bunch.

On one of the lawns in the outskirts of the village a woman was cutting the grass with a motorized lawn mower. What made me think of you was that the machine had rather got away from her, although she was game enough, and in the brief glimpse I had of the scene it appeared to me that the lawn was mowing the lady. She kept a tight grip on the handles, which throbbed violently with every explosion of the one-cylinder motor, and as she sheered around bushes and lurched along at a reluctant trot behind her impetuous servant, she looked like a puppy who had grabbed something that was too much for him. Concord hasn't changed much, Henry; the farm implements and the animals still have the upper hand.

I may as well admit that I was journeying to Concord with the deliberate intention of visiting your woods; for although I have never knelt at the grave of a philosopher nor placed wreaths on moldy poets, and have often gone a mile out of my way to avoid some place of historical interest, I have always wanted to see Walden Pond. The account which you left of your sojourn there is, you will be amused to learn, a document of increasing pertinence; each year it seems to gain a little headway, as the world loses ground. We may all be transcendental yet, whether we like it or not. As our common complexities increase, any tale of individual simplicity (and yours is the best written and the cockiest) acquires a

new fascination; as our goods accumulate, but not our well-being, your report of an existence without material adornment takes on a certain awkward credibility.

My purpose in going to Walden Pond, like yours, was not to live cheaply or to live dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles. Approaching Concord, doing forty, doing forty-five, doing fifty, the steering wheel held snug in my palms, the highway held grimly in my vision, the crown of the road now serving me (on the righthand curves), now defeating me (on the lefthand curves), I began to rouse myself from the stupefaction which a day's motor journey induces. It was a delicious evening, Henry, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore, if I may coin a phrase. Fields were richly brown where the harrow, drawn by the stripped Ford, had lately sunk its teeth; pastures were green; and overhead the sky had that same everlasting great look which you will find on Page 144 of the Oxford Pocket Edition. I could feel the road entering me, through tire, wheel, spring, and cushion; shall I not have intelligence with earth too? Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mold myself?—a man of infinite horsepower, yet partly leaves.

Stay with me on 62 and it will take you into Concord. As I say, it was a delicious evening. The snake had come forth to die in a bloody S on the highway, the wheel upon its head, its bowels flat now and exposed. The turtle had come up too to cross the road and die in the attempt, its hard shell smashed under the rubber blow, its intestinal yearning (for the other side of the road) forever squashed. There was a sign by the way-

side which announced that the road had a "cotton surface." You wouldn't know what that is, but neither, for that matter, did I. There is a cryptic ingredient in many of our modern improvements—we are awed and pleased without knowing quite what we are enjoying. It is something to be traveling on a road with a cotton surface.

The civilization round Concord to-day is an odd distillation of city, village, farm, and manor. The houses, yards, fields look not quite suburban, not quite rural. Under the bronze beech and the blue spruce of the departed baron grazes the milch goat of the heirs. Under the porte-cochère stands the reconditioned station wagon; under the grape arbor sit the puppies for sale. (But why do men degenerate ever? What makes families run out?)

It was June and everywhere June was publishing her immemorial stanza: in the lilacs, in the syringa, in the freshly edged paths and the sweetness of moist beloved gardens, and the little wire wickets that preserve the tulips' front. Farmers were already moving the fruits of their toil into their yards, arranging the rhubarb, the asparagus, the strictly fresh eggs on the painted stands under the little shed roofs with the patent shingles. And though it was almost a hundred years since you had taken your ax and started cutting out your home on Walden Pond, I was interested to observe that the philosophical spirit was still alive in Massachusetts: in the center of a vacant lot some boys were assembling the framework of a rude shelter, their whole mind and skill concentrated in the rather inauspicious helter-skeleton of studs and rafters. They too were escaping from town, to live naturally, in a rich blend of savagery and philosophy.

That evening, after supper at the inn, I strolled out into the twilight to dream my shapeless transcendental dreams and see that the car was locked up for the night (first open the right front door, then reach over, straining, and pull up the handles of the left rear and the left

front till you hear the click, then the handle of the right rear, then shut the right front but open it again, remembering that the key is still in the ignition switch, remove the key, shut the right front again with a bang, push the tiny keyhole cover to one side, insert key, turn, and withdraw). It is what we all do, Henry. It is called locking the car. It is said to confuse thieves and keep them from making off with the laprobe. Four doors to lock behind one robe. The driver himself never uses a laprobe, the free movement of his legs being vital to the operation of the vehicle; so that when he locks the car it is a pure and unselfish act. I have in my life gained very little essential heat from laprobes, yet I have ever been at pains to lock them up.

The evening was full of sounds, some of which would have stirred your memory. The robins still love the elms of New England villages at sundown. There is enough of the thrush in them to make song inevitable at the end of day, and enough of the tramp to make them hang round the dwellings of men. A robin, like many another American, dearly loves a white house with green blinds. Concord is still full of them.

Your fellow-townsmen were stirring abroad—not many afoot, most of them in their cars; and the sound which they made in Concord at evening was a rustling and a whispering. The sound lacks steadfastness and is wholly unlike that of a train. A train, as you know who lived so near the Fitchburg line, whistles once or twice sadly and is gone, trailing a memory in smoke, soothing to ear and mind. Automobiles, skirting a village green, are like flies that have gained the inner ear—they buzz, cease, pause, start, shift, stop, halt, brake, and the whole effect is a nervous polytone curiously disturbing.

As I wandered along, the toc toc of ping pong balls drifted from an attic window. In front of the Reuben Brown house a Buick was drawn up. At the wheel, motionless, his hat upon his head,

a man sat, listening to Amos and Andy on the radio (it is a drama of many scenes and without an end). The deep voice of Andrew Brown, emerging from the car, although it originated more than two hundred miles away, was unstrained by distance. When you used to sit on the shore of your pond on Sunday morning, listening to the church bells of Acton and Concord, you were aware of the excellent filter of the intervening atmosphere. Science has attended to that, and sound now maintains its intensity without regard for distance. Properly sponsored, it goes on forever.

A fire engine, out for a trial spin, roared past Emerson's house, hot with readiness for public duty. Over the barn roofs the martins dipped and chittered. A swarthy daughter of an asparagus grower, in culottes, shirt, and bandanna, pedalled past on her bicycle. It was indeed a delicious evening, and I returned to the inn (I believe it was your house once) to rock with the old ladies on the concrete veranda.

Next morning early I started afoot for Walden, out Main Street and down Thoreau, past the depot and the Minuteman Chevrolet Company. The morning was fresh, and in a bean field along the way I flushed an agriculturalist, quietly studying his beans. Thoreau Street soon joined Number 126, an artery of the State. We number our highways nowadays, our speed being so great we can remember little of their quality or character and are lucky to remember their number. (Men have an indistinct notion that if they keep up this activity long enough all will at length ride somewhere, in next to no time.) Your pond is on 126.

I knew I must be nearing your woodland retreat when the Golden Pheasant lunchroom came into view—Sealtest ice cream, toasted sandwiches, hot frankfurters, waffles, tonics, and lunches. Were I the proprietor, I should add rice, Indian meal, and molasses—just for old time's sake. The Pheasant, incidentally, is for sale: a chance for some nature

lover who wishes to set himself up beside a pond in the Concord atmosphere and live deliberately, fronting only the essential facts of life on Number 126. Beyond the Pheasant was a place called Walden Breezes, an oasis whose porch pillars were made of old green shutters sawed into lengths. On the porch was a distorting mirror, to give the traveler a comical image of himself, who had miraculously learned to gaze in an ordinary glass without smiling. Behind the Breezes, in a sun-parched clearing, dwelt your philosophical descendants in their trailers, each trailer the size of your hut, but all grouped together for the sake of congeniality. Trailer people leave the city, as you did, to discover solitude and in any weather, at any hour of the day or night, to improve the nick of time; but they soon collect in villages and get bogged deeper in the mud than ever. The camp behind Walden Breezes was just rousing itself to the morning. The ground was packed hard under the heel, and the sun came through the clearing to bake the soil and enlarge the wry smell of cramped housekeeping. Cushman's bakery truck had stopped to deliver an early basket of rolls. A camp dog, seeing me in the road, barked petulantly. A man emerged from one of the trailers and set forth with a bucket to draw water from some forest tap.

Leaving the highway I turned off into the woods toward the pond, which was apparent through the foliage. The floor of the forest was strewn with dried old oak leaves and *Transcripts*. From beneath the flattened popcorn wrapper (*granum explosum*) peeped the frail violet. I followed a footpath and descended to the water's edge. The pond lay clear and blue in the morning light, as you have seen it so many times. In the shallows a man's waterlogged shirt undulated gently. A few flies came out to greet me and convoy me to your cove, past the No Bathing signs on which the fellows and the girls had scrawled their names. I felt strangely excited suddenly to be snooping around your premises, tiptoeing

along watchfully, as though not to tread by mistake upon the intervening century. Before I got to the cove I heard something which seemed to me quite wonderful: I heard your frog, a full, clear *troonk*, guiding me, still hoarse and solemn, bridging the years as the robins had bridged them in the sweetness of the village evening. But he soon quit, and I came on a couple of young boys throwing stones at him.

Your front yard is marked by a bronze tablet set in a stone. Four small granite posts, a few feet away, show where the house was. On top of the tablet was a pair of faded blue bathing trunks with a white stripe. Back of it is a pile of stones, a sort of cairn, left by your visitors as a tribute I suppose. It is a rather ugly little heap of stones, Henry. In fact the hillside itself seems faded, brow-beaten; a few tall skinny pines, bare of lower limbs, a smattering of young maples in suitable green, some birches and oaks, and a number of trees felled by the last big wind. It was from the bole of one of these fallen pines, torn up by the roots, that I extracted the stone which I added to the cairn—a sentimental act in which I was interrupted by a small terrier from a nearby picnic group, who confronted me and wanted to know about the stone.

I sat down for a while on one of the posts of your house to listen to the blue-bottles and the dragonflies. The invaded glade sprawled shabby and mean at my feet, but the flies were tuned to the old vibration. There were the remains of a fire in your ruins, but I doubt that it was yours; also two beer bottles trodden into the soil and become part of earth. A young oak had taken root in your house, and two or three ferns, unrolling like the ticklers at a banquet. The only other furnishings were a DuBarry pattern sheet, a page torn from a picture magazine, and some crusts in wax paper.

Before I quit I walked clear round the pond and found the place where you used to sit on the N. E. side to get the sun in the fall, and the beach where you got

sand for scrubbing your floor. On the eastern side of the pond, where the highway borders it, the State has built dressing rooms for swimmers, a float with diving towers, drinking fountains of porcelain, and rowboats for hire. The pond is in fact a State Preserve, and carries a twenty-dollar fine for picking wild flowers, a decree signed in all solemnity by your fellow-citizens Walter C. Wardwell, Erson B. Barlow, and Nathaniel I. Bowditch. There was a smell of creosote where they had been building a wide wooden stairway to the road and the parking area. Swimmers and boaters were arriving; bodies splashed vigorously into the water and emerged wet and beautiful in the bright air. As I left, a boatload of town boys were splashing about in mid-pond, kidding and fooling, the young fellows singing at the tops of their lungs in a wild chorus:

*Amer-ica, A-mer-i-ca, God shed
his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shi-ning sea!*

I walked back to town along the railroad, following your custom. The rails were expanding noisily in the hot sun, and on the slope of the roadbed the wild grape and the blackberry sent up their creepers to the track.

The expense of my brief sojourn in Concord was:

Canvas shoes.....	\$1.95	} gifts to take back to a boy
Baseball bat.....	.25	
Left-handed fielder's glove.....	1.25	
Hotel and meals.....	4.25	
In all.....	\$7.70	

As you see, this amount was almost what you spent for food for eight months. I cannot defend the shoes or the expenditure for shelter and food: they reveal a meanness and grossness in my nature which you would find contemptible. The baseball equipment, however, is the sort of impediment with which you were never on even terms. You must remember that the house where you practiced the sort of economy which I respect was haunted only by mice and squirrels. You never had to cope with a shortstop.



The Easy Chair



THE TERROR

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

"AUGUST," the Easy Chair's favorite commonplace book says, "August, the eighth month; named after Augustus; formerly Sextilis, the sixth month. This is the month when you may have a good time if you can have a good time." The misgiving coiled inside that rhetoric can be fully appreciated, probably, only by the correspondents of Mr. Wilson Follett and by the Easy Chair's chief, the editor of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, who annually decrees that in August his subscribers may read fiction if they can read fiction. August, the eighth month, named after a dictator. Until the confusion caused by the Uprising of August, 1939, it was known as the month when the Americans went on vacation. It was a time of adjournment and postponement, of the relaxed mind, of undutiful pleasure. And the newspapers used to call it the silly season.

The Americans used to take vacations in August whether or not they could afford to. You used to see them running about tennis courts, striding down golf courses, eating peanuts in bleachers, sprawling on beaches, halting for breath on mountain trails, propelling various kinds of boats. You found them drinking beer under electric fans, picnicking along streams, or lunching at sidewalk tables, sliding down roller coasters, kissing their girls in the tunnels of the Old Mill. August was the month when the blue-plate special consisted of cold cuts and when road commissioners blocked off the main highway so that they could

detour millions of pleasure cars through the swamp.

It used to be the month for which summer clothes were designed. Large women wore play suits and tall women wore shorts and both were convinced, because the garments came only halfway down their thighs, that they dressed more intelligently than men. (But if trousers are a hot garment, few men wear corsets under them.) Men took off their neckties, rolled up their sleeves, and disregarded waistlines it would have been seemlier to keep concealed. (And, on bathing beaches, abstained from the use of depilatories.) In this month a mass delusion of both sexes reached maximum: that leathery skin is attractive. And millions of skins oiled for the tanning process had also to be treated with poison-ivy lotions.

All this was before the Uprising.

Walter Pitkin, Vilfredo Pareto, Thurman Arnold, Sigmund Freud, and other thinkers have shown that irrational sentiments are necessary to the health of individuals and of society. It follows that any attack on the sacred rituals of the American vacation is against the public interest, and the Easy Chair finds disturbing Mr. Ben Ames Williams's recent, probably Moscow-inspired jeers at the superstitions of fishermen. Catching fish, Mr. Williams said, is simpler and easier than anglers believe; most of the theories and practices associated with it are irrational; much of the expensive tackle believed to be indispensable is

really useless; if you want to catch fish go where they are and offer them what they want, without regard to precedent or ceremony. The Easy Chair gave up the art years ago and has since gratified its ego in other ways than in endeavoring to outwit and subdue a pound and a half of fish. There were of course the minnows and suckers and mud carp of boyhood and, up to the age of seventeen or thereabout, an occasional mountain trout taken in the orthodox way with a fly (wet) on the headwaters of the Ogden River. And also there was, now and then, a rattlefin—which is why the Easy Chair brings fishing into this August calm. For word comes that, like the beaver, the rattlefin is on the increase again, that it has begun to come down out of the back country and once more lurks at the river crossings, and if that is true, then all who have had experience with it must put away their private interests for the public good. The rattlefin has a direct bearing on the crisis of August, 1939, and those who are not with us are against us.

Few men are left alive who have seen the rattlefin (*Crotalmo atrox*) and fewer still who have taken it. Once it was so plentiful in the Western rivers that the outriders of emigrant trains had to gallop ahead to the fords and beat the water with long whips before the wagons could cross in safety—and the history of the West records many tragedies that this technic did not prevent. When rain filled the buffalo wallows the monster's flight toward them made the prairie air vibrate, and though Indian and white hunters killed their millions, the extinction of the buffalo was really due to the rattlefin. When travelers saw the partially devoured carcass of a grizzly bear floating down the Platte, the Musselshell, or the Yellowstone they knew that another of nature's most savage battles had ended in the usual way. But the advancing frontier dealt courageously with its greatest peril and, like the grizzly and the buffalo, the rattlefin lost out. It withdrew to the most inaccessible fast-

nesses of the Rocky Mountains and pursuing it became not a social process but a sport. Its habitat could be reached only by packtrain; only the most skillful and persistent hunters could locate its hiding places. One packed into the wilderness and then, some night, was waked by one's horses breaking their hobbles and stampeding: they had caught the scent and ancestral terrors were bubbling in their blood. Or the night quivered with the characteristic, unmistakable scream as a rattlefin broke from its pool when a great owl had swooped too low, and the rattling of its dorsal fin halted one's pulse, and one heard a hissing as of gigantic airbrakes when the terrible fangs went home. The next morning one got out the double-bitted axes, the rods reinforced with rawhide, the long gaffs; one buckled on hip boots of flexible stovepipe and, remembering the pioneers, took up the chase. . . . If the rattlefin is truly increasing, the old pioneer spirit must be invoked again.

These words were written at the end of May, 1939, partly in the calm of Cambridge, Massachusetts, partly in the greater calm of the Harvard Club of New York. Ten weeks later the Uprising came. There was a scream by night and the hiss of escaping steam and a storming party of communists, who had been disguised as scoutmasters, seized the Watertown Arsenal, two miles up the Charles River, and marched out to take over the power houses, the water systems, the trolley lines, and the subways of Greater Boston. That was how Cambridge learned that the zero hour had come—and all over America similar bands, who had been disguised as Good Humor salesmen, were simultaneously striking at the nerve centers of our urban civilization. Wayfarers going homeward in the lonely hours saw battalions mustering beneath the hammer and sickle in Altoona and Alameda, in Houston and Hartford, in Madison and Macon, in Passaic and Peoria, in Topeka and Tulsa, in Yonkers and Youngstown. In every town arms had been concealed at a

rallying point where a short-wave station had been set up, and the shock troops reported there, throwing off the innocent-appearing garments that had concealed the uniforms of the Spanish Loyalist army. (They had been imported under diplomatic privilege and stored in the Russian building at the World of To-morrow.) A switch had been thrown in an exclusive New York club and the long wait was over: the revolution was made.

Early reports got the name of that club wrong: the Easy Chair can now show that it was the Union League. International bankers had been meeting there, conspiring with the Third International to destroy private wealth. Many details of the conspiracy have been made public, the most saddening of them the fact that a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers trained in Spain were considered sufficient to control the United States. The nation has grown soft with time. It required at least that many Masons (or Catholics) to subdue us when there were only twenty-four States and hardly twenty-four million Americans. Ninety years ago the uprising of the slaves that horrified the Senate whenever a Southern orator hit his stride enlisted recruits by the half million. Even thirty-five years ago, in Theodore Roosevelt's time, it took three hundred thousand armed Japanese, disguised as truck gardeners, to capture the single State of California. The Army must have been chagrined when it heard that General George Van Horn Moseley was going to need it to quell the Uprising. Some generals on active duty, and more top sergeants, must have remembered an occasion not so long ago when a terrified Texas mayor wired for the Rangers to suppress a riot that was taking his town apart. Word came from headquarters that help was on the way, and the mayor sneaked down back alleys to meet the three-fifteen—from which a single Ranger got off. Dazed, the mayor asked if the commandant thought one man enough to restore tranquillity. "Why?" the

Ranger asked, "You got more than one riot?" They must have remembered that at Army posts when they read the testimony before the Dies Committee.

The Easy Chair has got hold of some details of the conspiracy that the Dies Committee missed. Mr. William Allen White's name figured in the testimony, a suspicious man because he had approved certain acts of the Roosevelt Administration and because his ancestry is strewn with Obadiahs, Jerushas, and other Old Testament names. But the Committee did not learn that his newspaper, the *Emporia Gazette*, had long served the conspiracy; its headlines communicated secret information by cipher to other newspapers (there were a few) favorable to the New Deal. Worse, apparently safe papers were really manipulated by the conspiracy to screen danger spots and lull the citizenry asleep. Thus the *Herald-Tribune* was staffed by fellow-travelers, and at zero hour the *Chicago Tribune* was to throw off its mask and reveal that for years it had been secretly edited by Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard. Carelessness had permitted the disclosure of Miss Shirley Temple's function in another program of revolt, and a new leader had to be found. Mr. Boris Karloff was finally passed over in favor of Miss Zasu Pitts. Long ago the colleges had been incorporated in the red network; without exception they were all making the revolution and conspiracy needed only to perform a few symbolic acts, such as transferring Professor Phelps's chair at Yale to Mr. Heywood Broun. But the secondary schools, which are much more important, remained unincorporated and presented a serious emergency situation. It was to be solved by organizing them under the control of Teachers College, where revolution of all kinds has been going on for years, and calling President Hutchins from Chicago to work in double harness with that other veteran revolutionist, Nicholas Murray Butler.

There is no space here for further details of the Terror that was precipitated

in that red dawn while the nation slept. You know, however, that the Uprising was suppressed. Approved history books tell us that Providence looks after the Americans, and Providence had not only stationed a patriotic waiter at the Union League Club but, in an ecstasy of creative imagination, had provided General Moseley. The nation might sleep, fattened by seven years of communist pampering, but General Moseley did not sleep. He heard a hideous scream as the monster broke from its mountain pool, the buzz of its angry fin, the steampipe horror of its fangs going home. General Moseley buckled on his stovepipe leggings and got to work. He was also interested in the manufacture of patent medicines.

"In August," the commonplace book continues, "the iridescent loops of the sea serpent will be sighted off Provincetown; Sunday editors may obtain line cuts from the agencies. Moreover, it is the mating season of the whiffenpoof, which occurs but once in every hundred years, and next we have the goldangit emerging from the woods at twilight to fly backward over the cooling fields. Mickey, move the screen! For we're going to the Hamburg Show, and eggs with two yolks prophesying the winner in 1940 may be come upon in most henhouses. The stomach of a shark caught at Montauk Point contains three gold watches, the engine of a 1934 Chevrolet, two cans of tomato juice cocktail, and a signed photograph of Bea Lillie. A German submarine rises to the surface in Lake Superior, and the cuckoo clock that has never ticked since that August afternoon forty-seven years ago when Uncle Frederick died bursts into song. The attendance at Billy Rose's Aquacade quadruples, eleven weeks after disappearing from Pasadena a footsore fox terrier turns up at its old home in Baltimore, and salmon making out to sea snarl peevishly at Ben Ames Williams."

A curious defect of the military mind was responsible for General Moseley's whiff of grape. The sound of marching feet which he heard in the August dawn

came from a far more formidable army than the pitiful hundred and fifty thousand armed reds to whom he ascribed it. It was the Woodmen of the World mustering for their annual field day at Belair Park. It was the Young Democrats of Ward Twenty going to the boat that would take them down the bay to beer, speeches, baseball, and a clambake. It was the joint celebration of Protestant Sunday Schools, the Neighborhood Bird Watchers, the F:2 Camera Club, the Model Plane Makers, the Railroad Enthusiasts, the Bridle Path Society, the Oar and Paddle, and several hundred other organizations getting an early start on a fair day.

General Moseley's horrors could have interested them only if he had molded the Uprising in wax and charged a dime admission. One of the General's collaborators built a retreat for himself in the mountains of Kentucky (though the hoarded gold at Fort Knox might be expected to bring the conspirators to that vicinity on the run), just as in August, 1896, rich men were fortifying their estates against the armed hordes of William Jennings Bryan. But the public was not alarmed; it was thinking about sunburn and the cost of a new tire. The General's panic erupted on the front pages of the nation's press, which was so much velvet for the Dies Committee, but day by day it moved backward toward the classified ads. . . . This was the wrong season for conspiracy. The Americans bought gardening tools, studied road maps, decided that last year's bathing suit simply would not last through the summer, and tried to find money enough for another full day at the Fair. The conspirators had made a stupid blunder and any Sunday editor could have allayed the General's fears. The revolution will not be made in America during August: the bird watchers, the canoeists, and the softball players are too preoccupied, they are having too good a time. Intelligent conspirators will select a day when the national mood is moresubversive. How about March 15th?



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GIDDY MINDS AND FOREIGN QUARRELS

AN ESTIMATE OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

IN THE fourth act of "Henry IV" the King on his death-bed gives his son and heir the ancient advice dear to the hearts of rulers in dire straits at home:

I . . . had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne
out,
May waste the memory of the former days.

Since the foundation of the American Republic there has been an endless procession of foreign quarrels with which giddy minds could have been busied. The following brief citations from the record hint at the thousands of possibilities scattered through the days and years from George Washington's Administration to the advent of Theodore Roosevelt:

1793-1815, Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars.

1815, Alliance of England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria to hold down republican and democratic agitations.

1817, Popular outburst at Wartburg.

1819, Carlsbad decrees establish despotism in German confederation.

1820, Revolutions in Spain and Italy.

1821, War for Greek independence opens.

1822, "Triumph" of Holy Alliance over democratic movements.

1827, English, Russian, and French fleets crush the Sultans' fleet at Navarino.

1828-29, Russian war on Turkey.

1830, Revolutions in France and Belgium; uprising in Poland.

1831, Insurrections in central Italy.

1838-42, British war on Afghanistan.

1840, British opium war in China.

1845, British war in the Punjab.

1847, France finishes conquest of Algeria.

1848, Revolution in France; spreads to Hungary, Germany, and Austria.

1849, Violent reaction, Austrian war on Hungary.

1851, Louis Napoleon makes a coup d'état in France.

1852, Napoleon III establishes an eighteen-year dictatorship in France.

1853, T'ai-p'ing rebellion starts in China; millions killed; great cities destroyed.

1854-56, England, France, Sardinia, and Turkey wage war on Russia.

1856-60, France and England wage war on China.

1857, Sepoy mutiny in India; vigorous suppression.

1859-60, France and Sardinia wage war on Austria.

1861, England, France, and Spain act against Mexico.

1863, Insurrection in Poland.

1864, Prussia attacks Denmark and seizes Schleswig-Holstein.

1865, Insurrection in Spain.

1866, German-Italian axis treaty; Germany wages war on Austria.

1867, Insurrection in Spain; Fenian uprisings in Ireland.

1868, Overthrow of Spanish monarchy.

1870-71, Franco-Prussian war.

1873-75, Establishment and subsequent overthrow of the Spanish republic.

1875, Insurrection against Turkey in Herzegovina.

1876, Palace revolution in Turkey and Bulgarian atrocities.
 1877, Russia wages war on Turkey.
 1881, France finishes conquest of Tunis.
 1882, Italy makes an axis with Austria and Germany; British seize Cairo.
 1883, France finishes conquest of Annam.
 1885, France takes Tonkin from China by war; Serbo-Bulgarian war.
 1889, Boulangism flares up and bursts in France.
 1891, Franco-Russian Alliance.
 1894, Persecution of Dreyfus begins.
 1895, Japan finishes war on China; Jameson raid in the Transvaal.
 1896, Italian war on Abyssinia.
 1897, Germany seizes Kiao-chau in China; missionary troubles.
 1898, Bloody uprising in Milan; British re-conquer the Sudan.
 1899, Britain opens war on Boer republics.
 1900, Boxer rebellion.
 1901, Peaceful era of Queen Victoria closes.

Until near the end of that "wonderful" century of "peace, religion, and international good faith" the Government of the United States kept aloof from the aggressions, wars, and quarrels of Europe. It proposed no world conferences for correcting the wicked, settling conflicts, and curing unrest in the four corners of the earth. From time to time, it is true, groups of American people held meetings in favor of one country or party or another, but even they did not try to force their Government to play the role of universal preceptor and manufacturer of rules for settling everybody and everything under threats of armed intervention. Only in relatively recent times has wholesale interference with foreign quarrels and disturbances become a major concern of the intelligentsia, the press, and professional politicians in the United States.

But frenetic preoccupation with foreign quarrels has now reached the proportion of a heavy industry in this country. All our universities have funds and endowments for teaching what is called "international relations," and since about 1918 a large part of this instruction has been stripped of all scientific pretensions and has been little more than propaganda for the League of Nations, collective security, collaboration with Great Britain and France, or some kind of regularized intervention by the United States Government in foreign controversies everywhere, except perhaps at Amritsar or in Syria. Hundreds of professors, instructors, and assistants, sustained by endowments, lecture to students, forums,

women's clubs, academies, and dinner parties on their favorite theme—the duty of the United States to set the world aright. Peace societies, associations for the "study" of foreign affairs, councils, leagues, and committees for this and that, with millions of dollars at their disposal, are engaged in the same kind of propaganda, openly or under the guise of contemporary "scholarship."

In fact, advocacy of American interventionism and adventurism abroad has become a huge vested interest. The daily press and the radio, thriving on hourly sensations, do their best to inflame readers, listeners, and lookers with a passion for putting down the wicked abroad. Foreign propagandists, often well paid by American audiences, play the same game. And brash young tomtom beaters in journalism, who know no history beyond a few days ago, write books on the "inside" of this or that, all directed profitably to the same end. How did we get this way? This is the fundamental question for all of us who are trying to take bearings.

II

The era of universal American jitters over foreign affairs of no vital interest to the United States was opened in full blast about 1890 by four of the most powerful agitators that ever afflicted any nation: Alfred Thayer Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, and Albert J. Beveridge. These were the chief manufacturers of the new doctrine correctly characterized as "imperialism for America," and all of them were primarily phrase-makers, not men of hard economic experience.

The ideology for this adventure was cooked up by the bookish Mahan and was promulgated by politicians. It was "sold" to the country amid the great fright induced by the specter of Bryanism, and amid the din of the wars on Spain and the Filipinos. As the British agent who framed a portion of the new gospel for John Hay, Secretary of State pre-

sumably for the United States, shrewdly observed, this was one way of smashing the populist uprising and getting the country in hand. It was not Woodrow Wilson, the schoolmaster, who first invented the policy of running out and telling the whole world just the right thing to do. It was the new men of imperialism.

The heady ideology put forth to sustain the imperialist policy may be summarized as follows: America has grown up, has acquired man's stature and put on long pants; the frontier has passed; the continent has been rounded out; America must put aside childish things, become a great big world power, follow the example of Great Britain, France, and Germany, build a monster navy, grab colonies, sea bases, and trading posts throughout the world, plunge into every big dispute among European powers, and carry "civilization" to "backward" races.

For this creed of lunging and plunging Alfred Thayer Mahan caught the clew from Mommsen's history of Rome and furnished the sea-power slogans. An army of literary artists supplied sentimental prose and poetry. Clergymen did their bit by citing the rich opportunity to "Christianize" the heathen. Steel makers and other naval merchants put sinews of war into the propaganda chest of the Navy League and pronounced it good for business—their business, at least. Shipyard constituencies whipped up political support. The middle classes, terrorized by populism, applauded.

Albert J. Beveridge provided the eloquence: "American factories are making more than the American people can use; American soil is producing more than they can consume. Fate has written our policy for us; the trade of the world must and shall be ours. And we shall get it as our mother [England] has told us how. We will establish trading posts throughout the world. . . . We will cover the ocean with our merchant marine. We will build a navy to the measure of our greatness. Great colo-

nies governing themselves, flying our flag and trading with us will grow about our posts of trade. Our institutions will follow our flag on the wings of our commerce. And American law, American order, American civilization, and the American flag will plant themselves on shores hitherto bloody and benighted, but by those agencies of God henceforth to be made beautiful and bright." Cheers, cheers, cheers. And mighty men among the intelligentsia joined the Mahan-Lodge-Roosevelt-Beveridge storm troops in full cry, shouting for the new gospel, while damning Bryan as a fool, Altgeld as an anarchist, and opponents of imperialism as "white-livered cowards" and "little Americans." What a Roman holiday!

Taking advantage of the national furor over the war against Spain and the unrest created by the populist upheaval at home, the imperialist agitators "put their creed over on the country" for a brief season. As an accident of politics, Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States and started his big parade. The water-cure torture was administered to recalcitrant Filipinos. Endless notes were written to Kaiser Wilhelm II. The Navy was sent around the world. The big stick was brandished furiously. The United States participated in the conference of the great powers at Algeciras and helped to dish Germany in a quarrel that had no relation whatever to any vital interests of this country. But from the point of view of finding outlets for "our surpluses" and bolstering up national security, the show was a farce. In an economic sense it brought an enormous expense to the nation, not the promised profit. In respect of national defense, it gave us the Achilles heel of the Philippines.

For a time the monster demonstration entertained the intelligentsia and the mobs, like a Roman circus. But underneath it all there was a revolt. The sober second sense of the country gradually came to estimate it at its true worth, that is, as a frenzy. Despite the big

carousel, "pusillanimous, cowardly, contemptible mollicoddles" at home continued to insist on devoting attention to the state of the American Union.

By one of the ironies of history it fell to the lot of Wilson, whom Theodore Roosevelt hated like poison, to mount the world stage and outdo Roosevelt in using the power of the United States to set the whole world aright. Roosevelt had lunged and plunged here and there—at Peking, Algieras, Morocco, and other troubled spots. Wilson's ambitions were without limit. He proposed to make the wide world safe for the American brand of democracy and transform backward places into mandated trusts for civilization.

The lines of the Wilsonian creed of world interventionism and adventurism are in substance: Imperialism is bad (well, partly); every nation must have a nice constitutional government, more or less like ours; if any government dislikes the settlement made at Versailles it must put up its guns and sit down with its well-armed neighbors for a "friendly" conference; trade barriers are to be lowered and that will make everybody round the globe prosperous (almost, if not entirely); backward peoples are to be kept in order but otherwise treated nicely, as wards; the old history, full of troubles, is to be closed; brethren, and presumably sisters, are to dwell together in unity; everything in the world is to be managed as decorously as a Baptist convention presided over by the Honorable Cordell Hull; if not, we propose to fight disturbers everywhere (well, nearly everywhere). The American people did not vote for exactly this in 1916. At the very first chance, the congressional election of 1918, they expressed decided distrust and in 1920 they seemed to express more than distrust. But the intelligentsia of world affairs continued unshaken in their faith, agitation, and propaganda.

Although the Republican party was dubbed "isolationist" after 1920, its politicians in power were really nothing of the sort. On the contrary they tried

to combine the two kinds of jitters over foreign affairs that had recently been sponsored by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. They sought to make the most of both kinds. They played the old Roosevelt-Lodge-Beveridge game of imperialism wherever they could and whenever they had a chance, in the Far East and in the Near East. They turned the Government of the United States into a big drumming agency for pushing the sale of goods and the lending of money abroad, and they talked vociferously about the open doors everywhere except at home. On the other hand, they lectured Soviet Russia and discoursed sagely on peace for worried mankind in the best Wilsonian style. It was near the high noon of Normalcy, while the American marines were waging peace in the Caribbean, that the State Department proudly arranged for the Kellogg Pact and the powers of the earth solemnly renounced war forever as an instrument of national policy.

But this experiment in combining two kinds of jitters did not fare any better than the experiment in taking on each kind separately. The big drumming game blew up. Foreign bonds to the tune of billions went into default. The Kellogg Pact became a gibbering ghost. The industrial boom, fed by pump priming abroad at the expense of American investors, burst with a terrific explosion which produced the ruins amid which we now sit in sackcloth and ashes.

III

For a brief season the American people had enough jitters at home to keep their giddy minds away from foreign affairs, and in a quest for relief they swept into office Franklin D. Roosevelt, who promised to get them out of the slough of economic despond. At first President Roosevelt concentrated his energies on those domestic measures of reform and salvation known as the New Deal. He scouted the idea that world economic conferences, tariff tinkering, and diplo-

matic notes could contribute materially to relieving the frightful distress at home. Slowly, however, he veered in the direction of world lecturing and interventionism, and now he displays a firm resolve to interfere with the affairs of Europe and Asia as if he were arbiter of international relations and commissioned to set the world aright. The causes of this reversal are obscure, but the fact remains. Internal and external changes may partly account for it. The state of jitters in domestic economy has not been cured by the New Deal, despite the best of intentions. And Great Britain, after playing Germany off against France and treating Russia with studied contempt, has once more got what Henry Adams called "the grizzly German terror" on her doorstep, and needs American help again.

The veering tendencies of the Roosevelt Administration are to be observed in every phase of our foreign affairs. At the outset Latin-American countries were informed that the good old imperialism of earlier times was to be renounced. In 1934 the provision of the Platt Amendment which gave the United States the "legal" right to military intervention in Cuba was abrogated. American marines were withdrawn from various places in the Caribbean region. Latin-American governments were allowed to default on their bonds held in the United States and to seize property owned by American citizens, without evoking anything stronger than diplomatic notes from Washington. Instead of thundering and drawing the sword after the style of Theodore Roosevelt and Albert Fall, the Administration has resorted to negotiation. Instead of sending marines to collect on defaulted bonds, it is arranging to use public money to revive the trade which collapsed after private lending had ended in disaster for American investors. Thus Latin-American politicians have been given smaller excuses for straining their lungs over "Yankee imperialism" and seeking counter weights in Europe.

Yet through the Latin-American negotiations, especially since 1936, the Roosevelt Administration has evidently been seeking to line up Latin-American governments in defense of "democracy," shrewdly with an eye to developing a "united front" against Hitler and Mussolini. These two disturbers of the order in Europe are not making any demands on the United States, but their efforts to get trade and win supporters in countries to the south of the Rio Grande furnish points for the Roosevelt Administration's agitation against them in Europe and at home. Things have been brought to such a pass that American citizens given to alarms are imagining German planes from Bolivia dropping bombs on peaceful people in Keokuk or Kankakee.

Schemes for promoting "democracy" in Latin America have been less successful. The people of the United States have only vague ideas about the countries below the Rio Grande, but they know enough to know that most governments in that vast region are not and never have been democracies. At the close of the year 1938, according to J. Fred Rippy, at least twelve of the twenty Latin-American countries were governed by dictators of their own and if the term is interpreted broadly, "perhaps two or three more should be added to the list." These twelve dictators "were ruling seventy-five million people in Latin America—three-fifths of its population—and dominating a land area almost twice the size of the United States." It would seem, therefore, that the rhetoric of democratic solidarity in this hemisphere does not get very far below the surface of things.

In respect of Far Eastern affairs, the Roosevelt Administration, early in its career, made a brave gesture in the direction of anti-imperialism by accepting the act of Congress granting conditional independence to the Philippines. At the moment this maneuver was widely interpreted to mean that the United States intended to withdraw its armed forces from the Orient and fix its front

upon the Hawaiian line. Organized agriculture was dead set against competitive imports from the Philippines. Organized labor was firm in its opposition to the immigration of "our little brown brothers" and to the importation of cheap goods made by them in their island home. Against these two forces organized business could make no headway. From an economic point of view the whole experiment in the Philippines had been a costly fiasco, as more than one copious balance sheet demonstrated. Imperialism certainly did not provide the outlets for American "surpluses" which Senator Beveridge had promised. Besides, even amateur strategists discovered, as Theodore Roosevelt had done after the first uprush of his berserk enthusiasm, that the Philippines were the Achilles heel of American defense.

Nevertheless, the question of naval bases in the Philippines has been left hanging in the air under the terms of the independence act, and the outburst in Washington last winter over the preliminaries to the fortification of Guam indicates that someone in the Capital is toying with the idea of transforming our obvious liability in the Western Pacific into what is euphoniously called "an asset of naval power"—for exerting pressure in Asiatic affairs. That the Philippines, with Singapore not far away, could be used as a lever in world politics is obvious.

While Philippine "independence" was being promised with a great flourish and the American people were busy with their jitters at home, the Roosevelt Administration put aside the old delusion that booming "the China trade" would help in getting the country out of a depression through the sale of "our surpluses." In fact, that balloon has completely burst. For years Western merchants and their intellectual retainers, including consular agents, filled the air with a great noise about how much money could be made in China as soon as four hundred million customers got round to buying automobiles, bath-

tubs, typewriters, radios, refrigerators, and sewing machines. Probably a few of these myth makers were honest. But many among them must have realized that this swarm of customers had neither the money nor the goods with which to pay for Western gadgets. However that may be, and despite tons of diplomatic notes, despite gunboats, marines, soldiers, Open Doors, and all the rest, the trade of the United States with China has been and remains relatively insignificant; in an absolute sense it is of no vital importance to the United States.

Notwithstanding this well-known fact the Roosevelt Administration, from the very outset, in dealing with China has followed rather closely the old Hay-Knox-Hughes imperialist line, laid down in the Open Door fiction supplied to the United States by British negotiators—that curious form of direct interventionism that was sold to the country as "a fair deal." Even before he was inaugurated in 1933 Franklin D. Roosevelt apparently committed himself to that amazing fantasy known as the Hoover, or Stimson, doctrine. We were "never" going to recognize any conquest of territory made contrary to treaties, especially the Kellogg "Pact." So efforts were made to induce other co-signers of Open Door and peace treaties, especially Britain and France, to join in putting the screws on Japan. But those two democracies wriggled out of the net.

Later, when Japan again started to make war on China, the President managed to instigate another European "conference," composed of governments solemnly committed to the Open Door. Our peripatetic ambassador-extraordinary, Norman Davis, was sent over the sea, to take part in the feast of reason and flow of soul. When Mr. Davis returned home a reporter asked him point blank, "Was it a bust?" He could not quite admit that, but the reporter was right. It was a bust. Yet the Roosevelt Administration still labors hard at taking the Open Door delusion seriously, and still seems to regard it as a tangible asset,

at least in the manipulations of world politics.

After the Japanese invasion of China flamed up in a major war the Roosevelt Administration blew hot and cold, but ended by using the affair to strengthen its general campaign for setting the world aright. At one time it declared that it did not intend to keep American forces in China for the purpose of protecting American citizens who refused to withdraw from the war zones. American merchants in Shanghai emitted a vigorous protest. Then Secretary Hull put the soft pedal on the notion that the Government of the United States was not duty bound to uphold American rights to do business even on Chinese battlefields, and the Administration tried to make a national sensation out of the *Panay* incident.

Yet, curiously enough, this same Administration refused to find a state of war existing in China and to apply the munitions embargo to the belligerents. Voices were heard saying that an embargo would hurt China more than Japan. Perhaps that was so. Perhaps not. Anyway, Americans made hay while the sun shone by selling Japan enormous quantities of munitions and raw materials of war. The Roosevelt Administration had run into a violent economic slump and that trade was good for American business. Every little bit of profit helped in the gray days of 1937 and 1938. Even so, Japan was included among the enemies of the United States in the Chicago speech of October 5, 1937.

The sharp shift from focussing attention on the disturbing plight of domestic economy to the concentration of attention on foreign affairs is most clearly evident in respect of European relations. Shortly after the Roosevelt Administration opened in 1933 it took part in the London world economic conference, for which President Hoover and Congress had made preparations. True to his economic style, Secretary Hull, at this mondial assembly, derided "isolationism," ridiculed the efforts of nations "by

bootstrap methods" to lift themselves out of the economic crisis, declared that each nation by domestic action could improve its condition only "to a moderate extent," and offered a plan of salvation in lower trade barriers. But President Roosevelt took the onus of putting a stop to the palaver in London. The affair was another failure from the outset. If the President had waited a few months the conference would doubtless have worn itself out and adjourned. He did not wait. By a sharp message to the august assembly he exploded the works. In so doing he declared that "the sound internal economic system of a nation is a greater factor in its well being than the price of its currency in changing terms of the currencies of other nations." After proclaiming this policy he turned to the business of trying to stimulate domestic agriculture and industry by domestic action.

For a considerable time after the explosion in London, President Roosevelt gave his special attention to domestic affairs. It is true that he signed the Reciprocal Trade bill, so dear to Secretary Hull's heart, and allowed the State Department to set out on its crusade to "lower trade barriers," but at the same time he tried to keep on good terms with George N. Peek, who believed that Secretary Hull was employing sentiment—not hard-headedness—in driving trade bargains. When the plan for taking the United States into the World Court was before the Senate, the President endorsed it, but lukewarmly, and put no heavy pressure on his party's Senators to force ratification. The defeat of the project gave him no sleepless nights. By recognizing Soviet Russia he yanked the State Department out of the high dudgeon stirred up in Wilson's Administration and kept going by Hughes, Kellogg, and Stimson, and simply restored the old policy, consecrated by usage, of maintaining diplomatic relations with saints and villains abroad. This looked like attending to our own business.

The real reversal of American policy

and return to constant jitters over European affairs came after the election of 1936. In the campaign of that year President Roosevelt gave no hint that he intended to take a strong hand in European quarrels. The Democratic platform, made in his own office, declared positively: "We shall continue to observe a true neutrality in the disputes of others; to be prepared resolutely to resist aggression against ourselves; to work for peace and to take the profits out of war; to guard against being drawn, by political commitments, international banking, or private trading, into any war which may develop anywhere." This looked like a pledge to keep out of foreign conflicts and wars. The pledge President Roosevelt confirmed in his Chautauqua address of August 14, 1936: "We can keep out of war if those who watch and decide have a sufficiently detailed understanding of international affairs to make certain that the small decisions of each day do not lead toward war and if, at the same time, they possess the courage to say 'no' to those who selfishly or unwisely would let us go to war." If words meant anything in 1936, those words confirmed an evident desire to avoid meddling with the incessant quarrels of Europe and Asia.

Although his platform declared that "we shall continue to observe a true neutrality in the disputes of others," President Roosevelt, in December 1936, a little more than a month after his victory in the election, moved to violate neutrality in connection with the civil war in Spain. On his initiative a bill was drafted and jammed through Congress putting an embargo on munitions to the Loyalist government at Madrid. Whether he took this action at the suggestion of Great Britain, or to parallel British action in the Non-intervention Committee, so farcical in its operations, the upshot pointed in one direction—intervention in European affairs. The embargo was a violation of international law. It was a violation of a specific treaty with Spain. It was an insult to

the government of Madrid, which the Government of the United States recognized as *de facto* and *de jure*. It smoothed the way for those non-interveners, Hitler and Mussolini, to destroy that government. Whatever may have been President Roosevelt's intentions, he violated neutrality and entered into collaboration with Great Britain and France in a fateful policy which was responsible for the triumph of despotism, Hitler, and Mussolini, in Spain—the very kind of despotism and two of the biggest despots that he now denounces to the world.

The pledge of the Democratic platform stood written in the record. The Chautauqua speech of 1936 stood there also. But on October 5, 1937, President Roosevelt went to Chicago and called, in effect, for collective action by all the "democracies" against Germany, Italy, and Japan. He declared that if a holocaust came the United States could not avoid it and appealed to "the peace loving nations" to put a quarantine on aggressors. The significance of this address was grasped immediately. Advocates of collective security and collaboration with Britain and France hailed it as a sharp change of front on the part of the President. But the counter blast of criticism from all parts of the country was startling and for a few weeks President Roosevelt lapsed into silence. Nevertheless he had evidently made up his mind that he was going to take a big hand in European and Asiatic affairs anyway and that the country would have to bend to his will or break.

Additional proof of his resolve soon came. On January 28, 1938, President Roosevelt sent a resounding message to Congress on the subject of armaments. He demanded an enormous increase in naval outlays, with special emphasis on battleships, and called for a mobilization bill which had no meaning unless he wanted a huge army that could be used in Europe. This increase in armaments, he said, was made necessary by the growth of land and sea forces in other countries which "involve a threat to

world peace and security." One week before this bombshell message landed in Congress, the House of Representatives had passed the regular naval appropriation bill granting the Navy substantially all that it had called for in the largest peace-time naval appropriation in the history of the country. Why had the Navy Department suddenly discovered that it needed another billion or more? This question was put to Admiral Leahy by a member of the House Committee on naval affairs, and the honest old sailor blurted out: "I am not accurately informed in regard to that."

This was the cold truth. The sudden demand for an immense increase in the Navy had not come from the Navy Department. It had come from the White House. It was not related to defending the American zone of interest in the Western hemisphere. Admiral Leahy testified that the Navy was then ready to defend this zone. The new bill took on significance and utility only in relation to the President's resolve to act as a kind of arbiter in world affairs. It is true that the Democratic managers in Congress, while pushing the bill through the House and Senate, repudiated all "quarantine" doctrines and rested their case on grounds of continental security, but by citations from the testimony of naval experts the opposition demonstrated the hollowness of all such pretensions.

Victorious in securing his extraordinary naval authorization, President Roosevelt renewed his battle in 1939. His message to Congress in January vibrated with emotions connected with foreign tumults and asserted that the United States is directly menaced by "storms from abroad." These storms, the President said, challenge "three institutions indispensable to Americans. The first is religion. It is the source of the other two—democracy and international good faith." Evidently he was clearing a way to make the next war a real holy war. This clarion call President Roosevelt followed by another demand for an in-

crease in armaments on a scale more vast.

As if undaunted by all that had happened in the previous autumn when he had, metaphorically and yet truly speaking, gone to Munich with Chamberlain and Daladier, President Roosevelt, on April 14, 1939, issued to the world a peace appeal to Hitler and offered in exchange another round-table on disarmament and another economic conference. All the while the Tory government in Great Britain and the reactionary government in France were playing with Hitler and Mussolini and aiding in the destruction of the Spanish Republic.

Apparently indifferent to the real nature of British and French tactics, President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull grew bolder in their determination to help Britain and France in whatever they were doing. In the summer of 1939 they opened a public campaign to break down the provision of the Neutrality Act which imposed an embargo on munitions in case of a foreign war "found" by the President. They had all along covertly fought this provision, without taking the risk of officially and openly denouncing it in the name of the Administration. The will of the country to stay out of foreign wars had been too strong. That will would have to be crushed. The President and the Secretary of State were well aware that Congress was not likely to give them the coveted power to name "aggressors" and throw the country into a conflict on the side of "peace lovers"; but they were none the less resolved if possible to erase every line of the Neutrality Act that stood in the way of their running the foreign affairs of the United States on the basis of constant participation in the quarrels of Europe and Asia, with war as their *ultima ratio*.

Now President Roosevelt's foreign policy is clear as daylight. He proposes to collaborate actively with Great Britain and France in their everlasting wrangle with Germany, Italy, and Japan. He wants to wring from Congress the power to throw the whole weight of the United

States on the side of Great Britain and France in negotiations, and in war if they manage to bungle the game. That using measures short of war would, it is highly probable, lead the United States into full war must be evident to all who take thought about such tactics.

IV

From the point of view of the interest of the United States as a continental nation in this hemisphere, the Roosevelt policy is, in my opinion, quixotic and dangerous. It is quixotic for the reason that it is not based upon a realistic comprehension of the long-time history of Europe and Asia and of the limited power which the United States has over the underlying economies and interests of those two continents. It assumes that the United States can in fact bring those continents into a kind of stable equilibrium, assure them the materials of a peaceful economic life, and close their history in a grand conference of the powers—perhaps as successfully as Locarno. It assumes that somebody in the White House or State Department can calculate the consequences likely to come out of the explosive forces which are hidden in the civilizations of those immense areas.

Does anyone in this country really know what is going on in Europe, behind the headlines, underneath the diplomatic documents? Is it true, as French publicists contend, that the Pope, having blessed the triumph of Franco in Spain, is striving for a union of fascist and other powers, for the secret purpose of liquidating Soviet Russia? Has Russia just grounds for distrusting the governments of Chamberlain and Daladier? If Hitler and Mussolini are liquidated either by pressure or by war, will the outcome be a Victorian democracy, a communistic revolution, or a general disintegration? Are not the powers immediately and directly entangled in all this strife in a better position to adjust their disputes than President Roosevelt and his assistants in the State Department?

Even assuming that the United States ought to do its best to help the "democracies" in Europe and Asia, the Roosevelt policy is quixotic in that it does not look far beyond a temporary pacification—a pacification that might be affected by a mere show of force or by another war. It does not propose any fundamental adjustment in the economies of nations which would provide any guarantee of peace after the temporary pacification, either by pressure or by war. And if the United States really had the knowledge, good will, and intention necessary to construct a formula for such a permanent economic peace, it does not and cannot have the power to force it upon other nations. In my opinion it does not have the knowledge, the will, or the intention.

Hence, in my judgment, it is folly for the people of the United States to embark on a vast and risky program of world pacification. We can enjoy the luxury of hating certain nations. We can indulge in the satisfaction that comes from contemplating a war to destroy them. We can rush into a combination that might temporarily check them. But, it seems to me, it would be wiser to suggest that those countries of Europe which are immediately menaced by Germany and Italy put aside their jealousies, quarrels, and enmities, and join in a combination of their own to effect control over the aggressors. If countries whose very existence seems at stake will not unite for self-protection, how can the United States hope to effect a union among them? After temporary pacification what? After war what? After peace what? To these questions the Roosevelt foreign policy makes no answer. And they are the fundamental questions.

The Roosevelt foreign policy is also quixotic because it is based on the assumption that the economy and democracy of the United States are secure, that our industry, agriculture, farmers, workers, share croppers, tenants, and millions of unemployed are safe, that the state of

our public finances is impregnable, and that the future of our democracy is scatheless; so that we have the power to force pacification, self-government, and economic prosperity upon recalcitrant nations beyond two oceans. Is the management of our own affairs so efficient and so evidently successful that we may take up the role of showing other countries just how to manage their internal economies? Have we the economic and military power required to set their systems in an order to suit our predilections, even assuming that we could get wholehearted collaboration from the Tory government of Great Britain, the reactionary government of France, and the communist government of Russia? If the very idea of world economic pacification in such circumstances is not a dream of Sancho Panza, then I am unacquainted with Cervantes.

V

On what then should the foreign policy of the United States be based? Here is one answer and it is not excogitated in any professor's study or supplied by political agitators. It is the doctrine formulated by George Washington, supplemented by James Monroe, and followed by the Government of the United States until near the end of the nineteenth century, when the frenzy for foreign adventurism burst upon the country. This doctrine is simple. Europe has a set of "primary interests" which have little or no relation to us, and is constantly vexed by "ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice." The United States is a continental power separated from Europe by a wide ocean which, despite all changes in warfare, is still a powerful asset of defense. In the ordinary or regular vicissitudes of European politics the United States should not become implicated by any permanent ties. We should promote commerce, but force "nothing." We should steer clear of hates and loves. We should maintain correct and formal relations with all established govern-

ments without respect to their forms or their religions, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or Shinto, or what have you. Efforts of any European powers to seize more colonies or to oppress independent states in this hemisphere, or to extend their systems of despotism to the New World will be regarded as a matter of concern to the United States as soon as they are immediately threatened and begin to assume tangible shape.

This policy was stated positively in the early days of our Republic. It was clear. It was definite. It gave the powers of the earth something they could understand and count upon in adjusting their policies and conflicts. It was not only stated. It was acted upon with a high degree of consistency until the great frenzy overtook us. It enabled the American people to go ahead under the principles of 1776, conquering a continent and building here a civilization which, with all its faults, has precious merits for us and is, at all events, our own. Under the shelter of this doctrine, human beings were set free to see what they could do on this continent, when emancipated from the privilege-encrusted institutions of Europe and from entanglement in the endless revolutions and wars of that continent.

Grounded in strong common sense, based on deep and bitter experience, Washington's doctrine has remained a tenacious heritage, despite the hectic interludes of the past fifty years. Owing to the growth of our nation, the development of our own industries, the expulsion of Spain from this hemisphere, and the limitations now imposed upon British ambition by European pressures, the United States can pursue this policy more securely and more effectively today than at any time in our history. In an economic sense the United States is far more independent than it was in 1783, when the Republic was launched and, what is more, is better able to defend itself against all comers. Why, as Washington asked, quit our own to stand on foreign ground?

This is a policy founded upon our geographical position and our practical interests. It can be maintained by appropriate military and naval establishments. Beyond its continental zone and adjacent waters, in Latin America, the United States should have a care; but it is sheer folly to go into hysterics and double military and naval expenditures on the rumor that Hitler or Mussolini is about to seize Brazil, or that the Japanese are building gun emplacements in Costa Rica. Beyond this hemisphere, the United States should leave disputes over territory, over the ambitions of warriors, over the intrigues of hierarchies, over forms of government, over passing myths known as ideologies—all to the nations and peoples immediately and directly affected. They have more knowledge and power in the premises than have the people and Government of the United States.

This foreign policy for the United States is based upon a recognition of the fact that no kind of international drum beating, conferring, and trading can do anything material to set our industries in full motion, raise the country from the depths of the depression. Foreign trade is important, no doubt, but the main support for our American life is production and distribution in the United States and the way out of the present economic morass lies in the acceleration of this production and distribution at home, by domestic measures. Nothing that the United States can do in foreign negotiations can raise domestic production to the hundred billions a year that we need to put our national life, our democracy, on a foundation of internal security which will relax the present tensions and hatreds.

It is a fact, stubborn and inescapable, that since the year 1900 the annual value of American goods exported has never risen above ten per cent of the total value of exportable or movable goods produced in the United States, except during the abnormal conditions of the war years. The exact percentage was

9.7 in 1914, 9.8 in 1929, and 7.3 in 1931. If experience is any guide we may expect the amount of exportable goods actually exported to be about ten per cent of the total, and the amount consumed at home to be about ninety per cent. High tariff or low tariff, little Navy or big, good neighbor policy or saber-rattling policy, hot air or cold air, this proportion seems to be in the nature of a fixed law, certainly more fixed than most of the so-called laws of political economy.

Since this is so, then why all the furor about attaining full prosperity by "increasing" our foreign trade? Why not apply stimulants to domestic production on which we can act directly? I can conceive of no reason for all this palaver except to divert the attention of the American people from things they can do at home to things they cannot do abroad.

In the rest of the world, outside this hemisphere, our interests are remote and our power to enforce our will is relatively slight. Nothing we can do for Europeans will substantially increase our trade or add to our, or their, well-being. Nothing we can do for Asiatics will materially increase our trade or add to our, or their, well-being. With all countries in Europe and Asia, our relations should be formal and correct. As individuals we may indulge in hate and love, but the Government of the United States embarks on stormy seas when it begins to love one power and hate another officially. Great Britain has never done it. She has paid Prussians to beat Frenchmen and helped Frenchmen to beat Prussians, without official love or hatred, save in wartime, and always in the interest of her security. The charge of perfidy hurled against Britain has been the charge of hypocrites living in glass houses while throwing bricks.

Not until some formidable European power comes into the western Atlantic, breathing the fire of aggression and conquest, need the United States become alarmed about the ups and downs of European conflicts, intrigues, aggres-

sions, and wars. And this peril is slight at worst. To take on worries is to add useless burdens, to breed distempers at home, and to discover, in the course of time, how foolish and vain it all has been. The destiny of Europe and Asia has not been committed, under God, to the keeping of the United States; and only conceit, dreams of grandeur, vain imaginings, lust for power, or a desire to escape from our domestic perils and obligations could possibly make us suppose that Providence has appointed us his chosen people for the pacification of the earth.

And what should those who hold to such a continental policy for the United States say to the powers of Europe? They ought not to say: "Let Europe stew in its own juice; European statesmen are mere cunning intriguers; and we will have nothing to do with Europe." A wiser and juster course would be to say: "We cannot and will not underwrite in advance any power or combination of powers; let them make as best they can the adjustments required by their immediate interests in Europe, Africa, and Asia, about which they know more and over which they have great force; no European power or combination of powers can count upon material aid from the United States while pursuing a course of power politics designed to bolster up its economic interests and its military dominance; in the nature of things American sympathy will be on the side of nations that practice self-government, liberty of opinion and person, and toleration and freedom of thought and inquiry—but the United States has had one war for democracy; the United States will not guarantee the present distribution of imperial domains in Africa and Asia; it will tolerate no attempt to conquer independent states in this hemisphere and make them imperial possessions; in all sincere undertakings to make economic adjustments, reduce armaments, and co-operate in specific cases of international utility and welfare that comport with our national interest, the United States will participate within the frame-

work of its fundamental policy respecting this hemisphere; this much, nations of Europe, and may good fortune attend you."

VI

Some of our fellow-citizens of course do not believe that America can deny or refuse to accept the obligation of directing world destiny. Mr. Walter Lippmann is among them. "Our foreign policy," he has recently said in a tone of contempt, "is regulated finally by an attempt to neutralize the fact that America has preponderant power and decisive influence in the affairs of the world. . . . What Rome was to the ancient world, what Great Britain has been to the modern world, America is to be to the world of to-morrow. . . . We cling to the mentality of a little nation on the frontiers of the civilized world, though we have the opportunity, the power, and the responsibilities of a very great nation at the center of the civilized world." These are ornate, glistening, masculine words, but are they true words and what do they mean in terms of action?

America has "preponderant power." According to the most encyclopaedic dictionary of the English language, "preponderant" means "surpassing in weight, outweighing, heavier; surpassing in influence, power, or importance." It is a word of comparison. If Mr. Lippmann's statement has a meaning that corresponds to exact usage, it means that America outweighs the rest of the world, surpasses it in influence and power. This, I submit, is false. Mr. Lippmann's "fact" is not a "fact." It is an illusion. America has power in the world, but it is not preponderant anywhere outside of this hemisphere. A lust for unattainable preponderance and a lack of sense for the limitations of power have probably done more damage to nations and the world than any other psychological force in history.

The same may be said of Mr. Lippmann's "decisive influence." Decisive means having the quality that determines

a contest. There are some conceivable contests in which America could presumably exercise a determining power. Given the status of things in 1917, America probably did determine the combat outcome of the World War. But in fact America did not determine the larger outcome of the World War, either the little phase at Versailles or the multitudinous results that flowed from it. America certainly has influence in the world. Within its competence it may exercise a decisive influence in particular contests. But America does not have a decisive influence on the larger course of European and Asiatic history.

Mr. Lippmann says that America is to be "what Rome was to the ancient world." That sounds big, but the test of facts bursts the bubble. Rome conquered, ruled, and robbed other peoples from the frontier in Scotland to the sands of Arabia, from the Rhine to the Sahara, and then crumbled to ruins. Does anybody in his right mind really believe that the United States can or ought to play that role in the future, or anything akin to it? America is to be "what Great Britain has been to the modern world." Well, what has Great Britain been to the modern world? Many fine and good things, no doubt. But in terms of foreign policy, Britain swept the Spanish, the Dutch, the French, and the Germans from the surface of the seven seas. During the past three hundred years Britain has waged numerous wars on the Continent to maintain, among other things, the balance of power. Britain has wrested colonies from the Spanish, the Dutch, the French, and the Germans, has ~~conquered~~, ruled, and dictated to a large part of the globe. Does anyone really believe that the United States can or ought to do all these things, or anything akin to them?

Mr. Lippmann's new brew of Roman grandeur and British philanthropy is of the same vat now used by British propagandists in appealing to Americans who have a frontier "mentality." These

propagandists have at last learned that, between the submarine and airplane on the one side and events in Russia, Germany, and Italy on the other, the jig is up for British imperial dictatorship in the old style. So they welcome the rise of the United States as a sea power to help maintain "security and order," that is, the British Empire. With this, for obvious reasons, French propagandists agree. But Americans who are bent on making a civilization in the United States and defending it here will beware of all such Greeks bearing gifts and set about their own work on this continent.

Is this retreat or cowardice? Walter Lippmann says that Americans are suffering from "a national neurosis," defeatism, and "wishing to escape from their opportunities and responsibilities." In my opinion the exact opposite is the truth. American people are resolutely taking stock of their past follies. Forty years ago bright young men of tongue and pen told them they had an opportunity and responsibility to go forth and, after the manner of Rome and Britain, conquer, rule, and civilize backward peoples. And the same bright boys told them that all of this would "pay," that it would find outlets for their "surpluses" of manufactures and farm produce. It did not. Twenty-two years ago American people were told that they were to make the world safe for democracy. They nobly responded. Before they got through they heard about the secret treaties by which the Allies divided the loot. They saw the Treaty of Versailles which distributed the spoils and made an impossible "peace." What did they get out of the adventure? Wounds and deaths. The contempt of former associates—until the Americans were needed again in another war for democracy. A repudiation of debts. A huge bill of expenses. A false boom. A terrific crisis.

Those Americans who refuse to plunge blindly into the maelstrom of European and Asiatic politics are not defeatist or neurotic. They are giving evidence of sanity, not cowardice; of adult thinking

as distinguished from infantilism. Experience has educated them and made them all the more determined to concentrate their energies on the making of a civilization within the circle of their continental domain. They do not propose to withdraw from the world, but they propose to deal with the world as it is and not as romantic propagandists picture it. They propose to deal with it in American terms, that is, in terms of national interest and security on this con-

tinental. Like their ancestors who made a revolution, built the Republic, and made it stick, they intend to preserve and defend the Republic, and under its shelter carry forward the work of employing their talents and resources in enriching American life. They know that this task will call for all the enlightened statesmanship, the constructive energy, and imaginative intelligence that the nation can command. America is not to be Rome or Britain. It is to be America.

TWO SONNETS TO OURSELVES

BY BARCLAY HALL

I KNEW that I was lonely. I allowed
 I'd face it: and then what I needed most,
 The power of words, came on me. So I'm proud
 And celebrate a private Pentecost.
 Yes, proud as hell. What man has been more fain
 Of sweet and savage and all gust of earth,
 Or watched the curly shorthand of the brain
 Take down such patterns of outrageous mirth.
 Since you are wise and generous and kind
 I tell you this. I tell it to you only,
 But I am proud that others too may find
 Our beauty serviceable when they're lonely.
 I could not be so proud unless I knew
 How humbly I can tell it all to you.

*You like to laugh? Sure, I can make you laugh,
 And, if you wished it, I could make you cry.
 You like to put an act on, and get half
 Way through, and be caught up with? So do I.
 Then we are mutual of each other's mood,
 The target and the missile both in one:
 Joy in pursuit and joy to be pursued,
 And—lords of understatement—call it fun.
 So we were gay as wine and plain as bread
 And wary of the hurt behind the kiss,
 And one day in astonishment we said
 We never knew that people loved like this.
 Now ring the chime, bob major, in our steeple:
 That we are Us, and never will be "people."*



FOREIGN TRADE BEGINS AT HOME

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

LAST winter, testifying before a Senate committee that seemed impressed with the desirability of slapping an increased duty on imported vegetable oils, Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Sayre pleaded long and eloquently for the free-trade position. His words were as winged with hope and idealism as ever were those of Richard Cobden and John Bright, the classical mid-nineteenth century crusaders for a world without tariffs, quotas, and exchange restrictions. If only, so Mr. Sayre argued in effect, if only all the nations would put their signatures to reciprocal trade pacts shaped up by Cordell Hull, then we might possibly look forward to recovering some of our lost overseas markets for cotton and wheat. But if the honorable senators—and some of them were Southern senators, at that—insisted on increasing the tax on imported vegetable fats, then how could you expect Britishers, for example, to prefer Carolina cotton to the Indian variety? There was no answer in logic to Mr. Sayre's words; his victory was positively brilliant.

Last winter Stuart Chase wrote a pamphleteering book called *The New Western Front*. If, so he argued, if some genie were to throw an electrified fence round the U. S., thus cutting off all exports and imports, the results would not prove fatal; we could carry on. Moreover, from any long-term point of view, it might be better if the genie were to conjure up the high-voltage barrier: the resultant self-sufficiency would enable us to dispense with the need to fight in other

folks' wars; we could give up notions of policing the planet. Given the triumphs of industrial chemistry, of advanced metallurgy and of agro-biology, the U. S. and its natural sphere of economic influence in the Caribbean area and northern South America could achieve plenty on an autarchic basis in a very few years. Substitutes for raw silk, for natural rubber, for the older ferro-alloys are being discovered or improved every day; wool can be spun from milk, "gasoline" can be made from wood or cane sugar, steering wheels can be fashioned out of soy beans, and nitrate fertilizers can be purloined from the air. As David Cushman Coyle says, anything can be made of anything else. There was no answer in logic to Mr. Chase's words; his victory was positively brilliant.

But, as Senator La Follette said after listening to Mr. Sayre testify, you can't "if" your way to prosperity. Both Mr. Sayre and Stuart Chase are "if" men who build visions of a better world (or a more independent United States) on the highly insecure foundations of purely rhetorical supposition. Mr. Sayre's supposition is that six or seven great powers, no two of which are equal in raw resources, industrial development, money, or geographical position, can achieve the common will that is a prerequisite for an internationalist world. Mr. Chase's supposition is that a genie-electrician might, somehow, prove more powerful than the cotton senators and the wheat senators. Of the two suppositions, it is a toss-up as to which is the most unreal.

Both Mr. Sayre and Mr. Chase are guilty of a common error of publicists in assuming that a nation's interests must be "pure," or logically self-consistent, or all-of-a-piece. Actually, the "national interest" of which our publicists and statesmen prate cannot in the nature of things be satisfactory to any philosopher in search of verbal consistency, for it is a blend, a composite, of a hundred group regional and class interests. As such, it must be a ragged, even an amorphous, working compromise, a bit of Idaho here, a touch of Joe Grundy protectionism there, a bit of Cotton Ed Smith's Carolina countryside added to flavor the whole. When the working compromise is reduced to paper it is bound to seem intellectually stultifying, even nonsensical. But the "nonsense" derives not from the world of reality but from the human propensity to think in terms of polar abstractions.

In the world of reality it is a fact that our exports account for only five per cent of our annual national income. This contrasts markedly with the British figure of twenty per cent, or the French of twenty-five. In other words, the U. S. economy is more than ninety per cent self-contained. But this neither means that we shall push on to one hundred per cent autarchy nor go in the English direction. It is pretty safe to predict that the United States of the future is not going to be vastly different from the United States of the past twenty years so far as its position in world commerce is concerned. We may go to war for any number of reasons; but in the long run we are certain to revert to a position that is a mixture of "internationalism" and "isolationism," with the latter predominating for the purely material reason that more than ninety per cent of our national income is generated from exploitation of the home market. Yet, although the home market vastly overshadows our markets overseas, we shall probably follow lines of least resistance and trade and lend abroad to the extent that we do already.

Such a conclusion is not exciting; it

cannot result in the recruiting of schools and counter-schools, it cannot array the Chases against the Sayres. But it is the only possible conclusion that can be drawn from realistic analysis of the U.S. as a trading and lending nation. It suggests, as a corollary, that we put the internationalist-isolationist squabble in its proper perspective down at the bottom of the list of "burning questions." Mr. Hull's efforts to knock down barriers to trade by his campaign for reciprocity are all very worthy; but success along these lines is not going to revive an economy that does ninety per cent of its business at home. On the other hand, a nation that is more than ninety per cent self-sufficient can afford the luxury of being ten per cent "internationalist" without fears of "encirclement" or of *necessarily* being drawn into other peoples' wars.

With a humanitarian in the White House and lesser humanitarians running the State Department we are not of course apt to formulate policy on any basis of pure realism. Yet the United States could, if it chose to do so, adopt a take-it-or-leave-it attitude that would enable it to have the best of both the internationalist and isolationist worlds. A nation that normally sells abroad only enough goods to account for five per cent of the annual national income will be vexed, even profoundly disturbed in certain areas, by warfare that disrupts sea-borne commerce; but the trouble would not prove fatal. For that matter, export trade would still continue, breaking out in new places; it always does. Conversely, a nation that buys annually some \$3,000,000,000 worth of foreign goods—which is a prodigious amount as import figures are reckoned—is not apt to go without needed materials; importing persists even in the most unlikely circumstances, and there is no way to blockade an entire continent. Japan's war in China has resulted in disturbances in the tungsten, antimony, tung oil, green tea, and North China pig bristle markets, yet none of this has hurt many Americans. True, the price of tungsten and green tea

and pig bristles has risen. But companies like Westinghouse Electric keep a ten-year supply of tungsten ore on hand, green tea is a luxury, and there are chemical substitutes for pig bristles, as Du Pont can tell you. Certain groups are always hit by other peoples' wars, but the loss can never be commensurate with the loss to the American nation as a whole should it engage in a war to preserve the classic freedom of the seas. And it must be remembered that when certain groups are hit by martial dislocation other groups gain. On balance, there is compensation, as the war-born American chemical industry can testify.

The more jittery of the God's-sake school is concerned with the permanent effects of war; they frequently argue that "aggressor" nations might cut us off forever from needed raw materials. Specifically, they have in mind our sources of rubber and tin in the British and Dutch East Indies. Now there may be any number of good cases to be made out for continued white rule of the Malay archipelago. But none of these cases is worth very much from a long-term economic standpoint. For no matter who controls the East Indies, neither the rubber nor the tin—especially in this age of *ersatz*—is going to be worth very much to their exploiters unless it can be sold to the nation which has led the world in the making and marketing of automobile tires and canned goods. The United States is the most prodigious market for other peoples' raw materials that the world has ever seen: it has the whip hand of the consumer whose purse is filled (with half the world's gold supply) and whose own raw materials are so copious that only a modicum of ingenuity would be required to provide substitutes for any overseas commodities. Whether Japan or Holland or Britain "owns" the East Indies, the mine and plantation owners of that part of the world must sell in Akron or Pittsburgh or else face prolonged depression. I am aware that this argument is not likely to prove popular; most Americans, including myself, would

like to see Japan fall flat on its ugly aggressor's face. But if you don't believe it is a valid argument, take a look at Japan as a producer of raw silk. The "menacing" Japanese have a practical corner on the world's silk worms, but they have never seen fit to withhold raw silk from our markets. Indeed, the shoe is on the other foot: Japan is scared stiff lest the Du Ponts and Celanese Corporation cut her silk exporters out of the American market with their new synthetic fibers.

II

It is not part of my intention here to cram the case for a take-it-or-leave-it attitude toward Europe and Asia down anyone's throat. The case must be documented, it must spring naturally from an analysis of the U. S. position in the world, to be convincing. Such an analysis should proceed in two dimensions: that of historical time and that of types of commodities bought and sold today. Analysis in the time-dimension should demonstrate, roughly, just what is solid and what is illusory in our hopes for certain great staples as they enter international trade. And analysis of what is bought and sold as of this decade ought to prove something about the basic needs of our modern, mass-production economy.

First, as to the dimension of time. The U. S. began as an exporter of raw materials and foodstuffs; classically, our interest in overseas markets has involved two great regions of our economy, the cotton region and the wheat region. Cotton is still our most important export commodity; more than half of what we raise is for sale abroad, and in 1936 this one item accounted for fifteen per cent of all our exports. But, year by year, our cotton market has been shaved away, willy-nilly. The 1924-33 ten-year export average was approximately 8,000,000 bales; by 1937 exports had fallen to 5,700,000 bales. Meanwhile, Brazil, North China, India, Egypt, Turkey, and Russia were upping their acreage; world pro-

duction outside the U. S. jumped from 14,000,000 bales to 19,000,000 in a five-year span. Since other nations can produce cotton more cheaply than the worn-out eastern areas of the American South, there is no good reason to suppose that this particular trend will be reversed. The Rust mechanical cotton picker might cut our costs of production, but the Rust picker can be used elsewhere, and, anyway, the problem of unemployed sharecroppers would cancel the trade gains due to technological improvement in cotton production. Hence a war to preserve our "fair" share of the world's cotton market—say, a war to prevent Japan from shifting its cotton purchases from Houston, Texas, to North China—promises no permanent balm; the problem of the one-crop American South is chronic, and must be solved on some other basis than the attempted re-coronation of King Cotton by *force majeure*.

Similarly with wheat, which we have been "dumping" abroad through the medium of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation. The story of how Americans carried wheat farming into the Dust Bowl in the war years is an old one; farm land values and mortgages were fixed in those years on the basis of an unhealthy war trade that took no account of the obvious fact that eastern European grain lands would come back into production with the cessation of hostilities. Excluding Russia and China, world wheat production rose from an average of 3,000,000,000 bushels before the War to 3,700,000,000 in the early 1930's; and it is utopian to suppose that the American wheat grower can ever recapture his one-time dominant position in the world's markets.

Two simple tables tell the story of the shift in America's import-export position better than multitudes of words. The first is for 1821 as contrasted with 1933:

	<i>Export percentages</i>	
	<i>Crude materials and foodstuffs</i>	<i>Manufactures</i>
1821	84.92	15.08
1933	48.17	51.83

	<i>Import percentages</i>	
1821	35.66	64.34
1933	57.63	42.37

The second table, published by the U. S. Department of Commerce, divides our foreign trade into five economic classes:

<i>Class</i>	1936	1937
<i>Exports of U. S. merchandise:</i>		
(figures in millions of dollars)		
<i>Crude materials</i>	668	722
<i>Crude foodstuffs</i>	58	102
<i>Manufactured foodstuffs</i>	144	177
<i>Semi-manufactures</i>	395	677
<i>Finished manufactures</i>	1,154	1,617
<i>Imports for consumption:</i>		
<i>Crude materials</i>	733	974
<i>Crude foodstuffs</i>	349	413
<i>Manufactured foodstuffs</i>	386	440
<i>Semi-manufactures</i>	490	634
<i>Finished manufactures</i>	466	551

Keep these figures in mind; two-thirds of our exports are to-day in manufactured goods (as compared to a mere 15 per cent for 1821), whereas two-thirds of our modern imports are of raw materials and foodstuffs. The agricultural stake in foreign trade is diminishing; moreover, the agricultural regions are to-day turning protectionist in their philosophy. The duty on butter is fourteen cents a pound, that on meat is six cents a pound, shelled filberts are protected by a duty of 51 per cent of the value, shelled walnuts are protected to the tune of 101 per cent. Poultry is one of our great protected industries and it is not so "infant." The significance of this growth of rural Hamiltonianism will become apparent later on; meanwhile, let us analyze our foreign trade from the regional standpoint, showing exactly where we buy and sell.

Regionally, our greatest customer is the continent of Europe, which in 1937 took \$1,355,700,000—or about two-fifths—of our total exports of \$3,345,200,000. Of the European total, \$534,600,000 went to the United Kingdom, our biggest customer among the nations. Canada, second largest individual customer of the U. S., bought \$509,500,000 worth of our goods—which is natural, for Canada is part of the regional economy of North America. The third country in

the U. S. export trade is Japan, which spent \$288,400,000 in the U. S. in 1937. This figure is about "normal" for our Japanese market; for as the Japanese cut down on their purchases of American cotton they have increased their purchases of scrap iron, copper, and petroleum to balance their own exports to the U. S. of raw silk, crabmeat, dolls, and silk fabrics. The entire continent of Asia absorbed only \$579,000,000 worth of American goods in 1937. South America, which figures in the imaginations of this generation of exporters as the "China market" figured in the generation of John Hay, accounted for a paltry \$318,400,000—or less than France, Germany, and Italy combined. The Australian and African markets were negligible.

But if Europe is our greatest customer, it is not our biggest supplier. We took \$843,600,000 in imports from Europe in 1937 as compared to \$967,400,000 from Asia. Canada, which comes first on the list as an individual source of American imports, sold us \$398,500,000 worth of goods. Our grand import total for the year was \$3,084,100,000. Unlike Germany, which is a nation without monetary resources, we have never been faced with the necessity of balancing our trade bilaterally; most of our purchases are in the seventy per cent segment of the world's economy that is still "free"—*i.e.*, that still uses an international money system which enables it to triangulate its sales and purchases. The triangulation works simply. For example, we sell to the United Kingdom almost twice as much as we buy from her. But our purchases from Brazil are almost double our exports to Brazil. Some of the excess American foreign exchange which Brazil gets from us goes to Britain, and Britain, in turn, sends it back to the U. S. for Iowa pork products. Again, our purchases from British Malaya are \$235,200,000 as compared with \$8,800,000 exports to Singapore. Presumably, the fact that we buy more from British Malaya and sell more to the British Isles

helps to balance the empire's accounts.

Superficially considered, a contemplation of the import-export figures would lead to this conclusion: our "national interest" demands the perpetuation of the British Empire. The United Kingdom and Canada together absorb a third of our exports; while our crucial raw materials—primarily nickel, rubber, and tin—come from Canada, British Malaya, and the Dutch East Indies, with the last two regions dependent on the British Navy and Singapore Base for safety. Our "interests" would also seem to demand the promotion of our industrial exports. For, although the rest of the world is doing its best to make itself independent of our cotton and our wheat, it still has need of our high-grade machine tools, our strip mill machinery, our mass-produced automobiles, our typewriters and adding machines, and our tractors and combines.

So defined, our "national interest" must express itself in terms of "parallel" diplomatic action with Great Britain, plus a competitive peddling of our superior industrial exports as against Germany's inferior brand. In other words, Herbert Hoover's foreign policy was the correct one. But was it? I presume to doubt it. No mere analysis of the isolate facts of our foreign trade is sufficient to form a basis for foreign policy; there must, first of all, be a *configurative* analysis of the U. S. economy as a whole. The relationships of the foreign-trade figures to the annual national income of 130,000,000 people must be indicated; and the profits from overseas purchases and sales must be balanced against the costs of maintaining a military and naval establishment sufficient to indulge in "parallel" or "collective" action that might lead to war in Far Eastern waters or in European trenches.

I have already indicated that "ownership" of tropical rubber and tin is immaterial to us in the long run; an economy that does sixty or seventy billion dollars' worth of business a year is going to have salesmen on its doorstep no mat-

ter what the nationality. Our need to maintain the British Empire for trade reasons (as opposed to moral reasons) is largely illusory; and a Germanized Europe without military and naval and air bases near our shores could not menace us any more than we could menace a united Europe, or a Soviet Russia which we had suddenly decided to dislike. (For anyone who is interested, the difficulty of fighting a war across three thousand miles of hostile ocean has been sufficiently documented by Mauritz Hallgren in a book called *The Tragic Fallacy*.) Moreover, should Britain collapse, Canada, Newfoundland, Jamaica, and other British possessions in North America would fall immediately into the U. S. sphere of influence. The Canadian trade would not only continue, it would even increase. As for the forcing of exports, there are, theoretically, two ways of doing it. One way is to reduce our tariffs, thus enabling foreigners to sell their goods in our markets for dollars that can be translated into purchases of U. S. automobiles and office equipment. The other way is to lend money—*i.e.*, make U. S. dollar exchange credits available—abroad.

III

Tariff reduction has much to commend it; the Hawley-Smoot rates are ridiculous and Cordell Hull's reciprocal trade treaties are simple common sense. Low tariffs have this beneficial effect: they mean a non-monopolistic price structure at home. Yet it is to be doubted whether tariff reduction on industrial goods would vastly increase the markets for our own industrial products abroad. A good deal of balderdash has been written about "the American way" in industry. But there is a hard core of reality to the balderdash: with a nation of 130,000,000 consumers spread over a continental area, we have been able to afford the mass-production experimentation that has resulted in the super-efficiency of Detroit. (Mass production

is a reflex of the American road system, which is not duplicated elsewhere in the world.) The automobile industry, which takes a low-unit but big overall profit, is not a "protected" industry. Yet it pays the highest wages in the world. With cheaper labor, it costs the British three times as much as Detroit to make and market an automobile. Where tariffs and quotas do not interfere, our automobiles naturally undersell all others in export markets. American efficiency and technological superiority extend to other things, thus making the "menace" of "cheap" foreign labor a politician's illusion. It is the hourly productiveness, not the individual labor-hour cost, that is the important item when we come to figure wage bills. For example, American shoe factories produce 1,650 pairs of shoes per worker per year in contrast to British production of 1,003 pairs. Japanese labor is ridiculously low on an hourly wage basis, but go over to Bloomfield or to Newark, N. J., and watch the complicated Westinghouse Electric and General Electric light-bulb machinery at work. With this super-ingenuous mechanical aid, high-wage workers are able to produce so many electric light bulbs per man per hour that Japanese competition is no longer a bogey. Where unit labor costs are high—as in the manufacture of heavy electrical machinery—the same rule doesn't hold. But even here we do not need to worry about the "flooding" of our markets; neither England nor Germany has the physical plant nor the available man-power to demoralize our markets with heavy stuff. Given universal free trade, our textile industry might suffer. But here too we are as clever as the next nation: modernization of our plant with the latest thing in electrical spinning buckets should make the labor differential less important. In general, our manufacturers are fixed to hold the home market even without tariff protection. Tariff reduction would result in lower prices; but Detroit and Pittsburgh would still be collecting the consumers' dollars.

With our manufacturers keeping a solid grip on the home market, American imports would still consist largely of crude rubber, tin, manganese, nickel, jute, coffee, cane sugar, cocoanut oil, cacao, tropical fruits, raw silk, furs, and speciality products such as Belgian laces, Irish oatmeal, and Canadian lacrosse sticks. (I eliminate copper and oil, for our "imports" of these products are largely from American-owned mines and wells in Chile, Venezuela, and elsewhere, which means that we are paying foreign exchange into our own pockets except for wages involved.) It is the quantum of dollar exchange that we shake loose into the outside world for raw materials and tropical foodstuffs that largely determines what foreigners will spend in our markets for our automobiles and trucks, our petroleum products, our office equipment. And there is apparently no sound way of shaking large blocks of dollar exchange loose except in the normal processes of buying raw materials and tropical produce which we do not have at home.

Here the "internationalist" will argue that we could lend money abroad and so create a market for our goods. But the argument that we can profitably shake dollar exchange loose in large amounts by a revival of foreign lending is, on the face of it, specious. For lending, if it is not to go sour on us as it did in the early 1930's, must be for economic purposes; it must result in production-for-sale, or else both debt service and principal repayments will prove unmanageable. (Our war loans collapsed for the obvious reason that they were blown away into the air of No Man's Land in France.) Moreover, the sale must be made, ultimately, on American soil, for debt and interest payments are acceptable to U. S. citizens only in dollars. But if American manufacturers continue to hold the home market for the big industrial items, foreign industrial borrowers will not be able to put their hands on dollar exchange for interest and amortization. We must buy in bulk from abroad if we are to lend

money abroad; and there is no good reason to suppose that our import habits are going to change drastically in the next decade. Gold of course is still acceptable to us—but with half the world's gold already buried in Kentucky, foreigners outside of the gold-mine-owning British Empire are going to find it increasingly difficult to purchase dollar exchange with the precious metal. Our tourists will, naturally, continue to shake dollar exchange loose in Paris and London; and immigrants will continue to send U. S. coin back to the home country. But tourist expenditures and immigrant remittances and money spent for shipping charges are not apt to be large in a world of war preparations, immigration quotas, and autarchic urges.

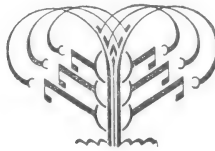
There remains one alternative possibility of shaking loose the dollar exchange needed to finance a growing export trade. And that possibility involves, in Louis Hacker's words, the "doom" of the American farmer: we could, if we were so disposed, balance the export of industrial goods by importing large quantities of Argentine beef, Australian wheat, Polish pork, New Zealand and Danish dairy products, even Brazilian cotton. When England repealed her grain tariffs in the 1840's she took just such a course. But the U. S. is a continental area, not an island, and its farm population is politically entrenched. Ask Charlie Holman, secretary of the Dairymen's Association, if he is prepared to pay for the export of American automobiles with imports of New Zealand or Danish butter. I have already indicated that rural Hamiltonianism is growing; and with one-half the voting population living in farm areas it is not likely that the trend will be reversed. Nor should it be reversed; the farmer is an incurable democrat, and he should be kept alive even by an uneconomic tariff if we wish to preserve a republican form of government.

Look back at our tables, at the heavy import preponderance of crude materials

and of foodstuffs that are largely tropical in origin. In that preponderance lies the inevitable key to America's foreign trade future. Why do raw materials bulk so large in our imports? For one reason: the vastness, the richness, of the U. S. home market which requires a certain proportion of foreign materials in the manufactures produced for 130,000,000 people. If we are making lots of cars, our rubber needs will jump correspondingly. If 130,000,000 Americans are filling their bellies, tin purchases for canning purposes will be correspondingly huge. And with dollar exchange going abroad for raw materials, our exports will also swing upward in a reciprocal relationship that has been maintained ever since the end of the World War. When the annual national income is \$80,000,000,000, we buy some four billion dollars' worth of goods abroad and sell just short of five billion (the difference being made up in foreign loans). When the national income drops to \$40,000,000,000, our purchases in foreign markets fall to a billion-and-a-half, and our export sales are short of two billion. The conclusion, while it is admittedly a matter of empirical assumption rather than mathematical proof, would seem to be obvious: the only way to increase our ex-

port trade is, first of all, to increase the total exchange of goods and services at home.

The tail of the export trade might, conceivably, wag the dog of the U. S. home economy; such, at any rate, is Secretary of State Cordell Hull's assumption. But how much easier it is for a dog to wag a tail! Widen the home market and you automatically increase imports. Increase imports and you shake dollar exchange loose on the world. Shake dollar exchange loose and people will spend it for your goods; it is no good to them otherwise. The circle is complete; and a wise domestic policy becomes, *ipso facto*, the only sort of foreign trade policy we should pursue. Let Mr. Hull push his reciprocal trade pacts. But, for heaven's sake, don't let's substitute the Hull policy for a concern with the more homely matters of wages, prices, and production within the confines of the forty-eight States of the U. S. A. If we don't expand the home market Mr. Hull won't be around very long to initial his treaties with Venezuela, Turkey, and the noble kingdom of Ruritania. We must look inward if we are to look outward: such is the paradox of our peculiar position as a continental market in a world of petty states.





MAKING FRIENDS WITH LATIN AMERICA

BY HUBERT HERRING

WE ARE about to be very fond of the Latin Americans. Washington has decided it. Within six years our Secretary of State has three times journeyed to southern ports, and our President has made an exuberant trip to Buenos Aires. We have agreed to bail out Brazil, undertaken to teach the Haitians how to shoot, furnished spending money to Nicaragua, and funds to Paraguay for road building. We will loan to Peruvians, Colombians, and Dominicans experts on soils, copies of the Declaration of Independence, or admirals. We debate the loaning of designs for battleships. We will, if pressed, send cruisers and bullets. The South Americans, the Central Americans have but to ask, and it shall be given.

Greater love hath no nation. It is all quite new with the United States. We have always been generous with advice. The Monroe Doctrine, the first lesson, was addressed to the Holy Alliance; but as it grew gray with years it became an oblique warning to our next neighbors that they should keep their fences painted and their hearts pure. With time the obliqueness disappeared, and we delivered our counsels of perfection directly. Theodore Roosevelt undertook to chastise those guilty of "chronic wrong-doing." Taft and Wilson emulated Roosevelt and sent marines to teach the Nicaraguans how to conduct honest elections, teachers to instruct the Haitians in cooking, and admirals to instill reverence for democracy in the hearts of Dominicans. That chapter

is happily closed, what with the Good Neighbor and the New Deal, and we stand ready to love, honor, and endow. While we cherish this chastened mood the Bolivians and the Mexicans make off with our oil wells. But we will not be restrained in our neighborliness. Before we are done with it we may lend Bolivia and Mexico money with which to pay us for our oil wells.

Why the sudden upsurge of affection? Is it love for love's sweet sake or is there a dowry in the offing? It seems sacrilege to raise the question in our soft summer time, but it is winter in Argentina, and the question is being asked there. So let us tell the truth.

First—for North American ears only: We don't really like the Argentines, the Peruvians, the Brazilians. How can we? We don't know them. We scarcely ever see them, and when we do see them we do not understand them. They speak strange languages and do not behave as we do. The people of the United States are indifferent to the Latin Americans. The Latin Americans reciprocate.

Second: We are after something; therefore the heart throbs. We want to sell our goods and our ideas and we want to stop Germany from selling her goods and her ideas. We are the eager suitor who does not reckon the cost of the orchids. We shall have our way with Latin America if ingenuity and the buried gold of Fort Knox can win it.

The New Deal's drive upon Latin America has its diverting side, as the movements of diplomats inevitably have. But it is a serious drive, touched with fear born of the peace of Munich.

II

The explanations of our sudden eagerness to win understanding with Latin America come under three heads: trade lost or trade not won; the cultural penetration of Latin America by Germany and Italy; threats to our continental peace.

First, trade. There has been much talk about our Latin-American trade. When in 1937 we lost our lead in Brazil to Germany this talk became quite frantic. Let us look at the record. (Commerce Department figures.)

Who sells to Latin America?

The percentage of Latin-American purchases from the chief industrial countries for four strategic years: 1913, before the War; 1929, at the top of the boom; 1937, a year of post-depression recovery; 1938, a slump year.

	1913	1929	1937	1938*
United States.....	25.03	38.7	34.3	36.1
United Kingdom.....	24.42	14.9	12.6	12.2
Germany.....	16.55	10.8	15.3	17.0
France.....	8.32	5.1	2.9	3.5
Italy.....	4.98	5.0	2.6	3.1
Japan.....	.14	1.0	2.7	2.6

* Estimated.

Who Buys from Latin America?

The percentage of Latin-American sales to the chief industrial countries for the same years.

	1913	1929	1937	1938*
United States.....	30.78	34.0	31.1	31.7
United Kingdom.....	21.24	18.5	17.6	16.3
Germany.....	12.38	8.1	8.7	10.6
France.....	7.99	6.2	4.0	4.0
Italy.....	1.99	3.0	3.1	1.5
Japan.....	.09	1.0	1.6	1.3

* Estimated.

Against this background of fact certain items may be jotted on the margin.

Latin America is an important customer in the world market. In 1937 the twenty republics bought goods valued at \$1,636 millions in the world market, 5.9 per cent of all the world's imports. In 1937 the same republics sold \$2,390 millions' worth in the world market, 9.5 per cent of all the world's exports.

Latin America is an important customer of the United States. In 1937 we imported goods worth \$672 millions

from Latin America, 21.7 per cent of our total imports. In the same year, we sold goods worth \$578 millions to Latin America, 17.2 per cent of our total exports. Current discussion of Latin America tends to overemphasize the immediate possibilities of our trade with that area.

Germany has made rapid gains in Latin-American trade, almost recapturing her pre-war status as a seller, but German gains are subject to discount and explanation. In 1937 Germany won first place as seller to Brazil, furnishing 23.9 per cent of Brazil's imports, as against 23.1 per cent for the United States. These figures, according to the Department of Commerce, are to be discounted by 20-25 per cent because of artificial valuations incident to dealings in Aski-marks. Commerce experts, after adjusting the figures, aver that Germany captured but 20.1 per cent of Brazil's trade in 1937, and 21.6 per cent in 1938. (The United States' figure in 1938 was 25.3 per cent.) The sizable proportion controlled by Germany can be easily explained. Brazil's coffee price kept slipping, and finally cracked in 1933-34. Brazil turned to cotton. Germany took the cotton in barter deals which cut in on our exports of industrial machinery, railway equipment, and motor vehicles. In Chile, Germany captured second place in sales in 1937, furnishing 26 per cent of Chile's imports (topped by the United States with 29.1 per cent). The explanation: Germany's expanding military machine required nitrates and copper. The result was new barter deals. Mexico offers its exhibit, with Germany furnishing 18.8 per cent of Mexico's imports in 1938, as compared with 16.1 per cent for 1937 (and with the United States slipping from 62.7 per cent in 1937 to 57.7 per cent in 1938). Oil is the partial answer there. Mexico took our oil wells in March, 1938. Mexico's chief market for oil became Germany—with more barter deals. But the chief explanation of Germany's increasing sales to Mexico is to be found in German export subsidies.

The United Kingdom is the chief loser in Latin-American trade. German gains have been at Britain's expense, rather than at ours. Britain sells but one-half as much to Latin America as she did in 1913.

Japan and Italy are unimportant in Latin-American trade reckoning, despite the scare talk. Japan's spectacular gains in Panama and the Caribbean republics now seem stopped by local restrictive measures.

The United States holds a decisive lead in Latin-American trade. In 1937 the United States was the chief seller to sixteen, the chief buyer from fifteen of the twenty Latin-American republics. Our trade has suffered no serious reversals except in Mexico. We are giving the British a stiff race in Argentina. Germany challenges us in Brazil, but so long as we buy more than 50 per cent of Brazil's coffee we have the whip hand.

Disquiet over German trade drives in Latin America tends to subside in the presence of the facts. German gains are a forced growth subject to the weakness of forced growth. It is to be compared perhaps with the period culminating in 1929, when our trade with Latin America shot up under the reckless injection of easy American loans. And evidence accumulates—for the most part word-of-mouth evidence, not susceptible of tabulation—that Germany's new trade is increasingly unpopular in Latin America. Deliveries are uncertain owing to Germany's shortage of raw materials and of foreign exchange, and also to Germany's rearmament program, which has first call upon material and labor. In short, the German threat seems less horrendous the nearer one gets to it. Given a settlement of the Mexican oil dispute, and a tightening of the economic lines with Brazil, the United States may have slight cause for alarm.

Second, cultural penetration. We are uneasy over the German and Italian planting of seeds in our American gardens. Our uneasiness is based on some facts and many rumors. It is difficult to

document most of the facts or to substantiate the rumors.

There are German colonies in the majority of Latin-American republics. There are less than 350,000 first-generation Germans in Brazil. Argentina and Chile have over 100,000 Germans each. Peru, Uruguay, Mexico, and Guatemala have small but energetic German populations. And, in almost every country, the Germans are powerful in finance, trade, manufacturing, agriculture. There are many Italians in South America. A third of Argentina has Italian blood. Some 1,500,000 Italians have migrated to Brazil since 1860. There are small Italian colonies elsewhere.

When these figures on German and Italian migration to Latin America are quoted with alarm, the just retort is, But what of the United States? Milwaukee is German, but does that make it a suburb of Berlin? We would like to know exactly what the Germans in Brazil think of the goings-on in Berlin, and how well the Italians in Argentina like Il Duce, but such verities cannot be charted. It is a problem in assimilation. We are confident that the majority of Germans in the United States, especially those of the second and third generation, are "good Americans." We suspect that this is the same in Brazil, although our hope is shaded by knowledge that assimilation proceeds more slowly in a country of political and economic immaturity. I have talked with many Germans in Brazil, Argentina, Peru, and Mexico who appear to accept their new home in good faith. I have talked with others who speak the jargon of new Germany. I conjecture, upon the basis of personal observation and that of others, that most of the Germans who moved to Latin America ten and twenty years ago, or who are the sons of migrants, are to-day either indifferent or hostile to the present German regime, and that the newcomers from Germany are usually vocal protagonists for that new Germany. This statement cannot be documented. Other facts may be cited with more confidence.

The Germans operate schools in every Latin-American city of consequence. In each German school are blue-eyed, saber-scarred Aryans teaching culture with an *umlaut*. Despite the over-load of Teutonicisms, they are better schools than the federal funds of Bolivia, Peru, Brazil, and Guatemala afford. In them, sons of the best families are drilled as the Germans know so well how to drill. If they are very good boys, memorize their *aus-bei-mit-nach's* with devotion, they are often picked for long vacations in Germany, all bills paid by the German Government, and they learn about *Kraft-durch-Freude* and other interesting things. These boys are slated to return to their homeland the hopeful *hochrats* of a new German civilization.

There are visiting professors, German and Italian. They are in Lima, Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Asunción, lecturing on the pre-Incas and the post-post-Aryans. They invariably speak Spanish in Peru and Portuguese in Brazil. They are acquainted with the history and the literature of the land they visit, quote Rodó to the Uruguayans, Sarmiento to the Argentines, de Alencar to the Brazilians, and Gabriela Mistral to the Chileans.

There are German and Italian military missions to Latin America. Italy has air missions in Peru and Venezuela, army missions in Ecuador and Bolivia. Italian generals direct Peru's police force. German officers are active in Argentina and appear variously in Brazil and other countries. It is no new story. The Germans have trained the armies of Ecuador, Chile, Bolivia, Argentina for many years. (Let patriots be heartened: The United States is doing quite well. We have army and naval missions in Brazil, aviation and naval missions in Argentina, a naval adviser in Peru, naval and aviation missions in Colombia, an army mission in Haiti, army instructors in Guatemala and Nicaragua—with more to follow.)

The Germans use the radio in the education of Latin America. Berlin's pow-

erful stations keep the short waves dancing with music and propaganda. The influence of these programs is debatable. There are not many short-wave instruments in Latin America. I am assured by numerous Chileans, Argentines, and Peruvians that they find German humor a bit heavy, and that they consider American radio wits more lively. The Germans use the movies also for their purposes. There is always a German feature picture to be seen in Lima, Santiago, Buenos Aires, São Paulo. But Hollywood is inventive, is not governed by a government bureau, and still has the decisive lead in Latin America.

German culture groups, presumably affiliated with parent organizations in the Fatherland, are at work. *Turnvereins*, youth organizations, *Bunds* flourish in Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Peru. Some organizations, aided or directed by Nazi emissaries, have gone astray or have been routed. The Chilean *Nacistas*, whose parades had unhappy resemblance to *Sturm-Abteilung* ways, joined socialists and communists in the united front which elected liberal Aguirre Cerda in 1938. The *Integralistas*, captained by Brazilian Plinio Salgado and perhaps subsidized from Berlin, seems well subdued by President Getulio Vargas. The organized Nazis of Argentina became embroiled with the government in April, 1939, charged with conspiring to annex Patagonia to Germany, and saw their "little Führer," Adolf Müller, committed to a Buenos Aires jail. (The story was overplayed by the press. Official Argentina lost no sleep over it.) The Mexican Gold Shirts, directed by Garrido Canabal and perhaps armed with German guns, have languished since Garrido was sent out of the country on an indefinite agricultural mission. The cords of German influence in Latin America are crossed and difficult to untangle.

Both Germans and Italians are charged with buying editorial opinion in the Latin-American press. The charge cannot be substantiated, but the internal

evidence of editorial and news columns is strong. Advertising subventions and outright payments are charged. It should be noted that there are excellent newspapers against which such charges would be ridiculous: *La Prensa* and *La Nación* of Buenos Aires, *El Tiempo* of Bogotá, *El Mercurio* of Santiago, and others.

And under social and economic pressures anti-Semitism is growing in Latin America. The Nazi Germans in Latin America are implicated. I have heard detailed recitals in Peru of Jewish employees of long service dismissed from their firms because of the pressure of German customers. I have seen letters from Bolivia with such statements as this, "These terrible Jews. We shall have to do something."

The *third* item on the agenda of our uneasiness is the threat to our continental peace. Cold realism dictates that we resist German or Italian efforts to secure a military foothold in the western hemisphere. The Monroe Doctrine, though metabolized by the genial Mr. Roosevelt, is still lively. And during the past three years contemporary journals such as *Ken* have fed us scare stories and horrid maps depicting the ways of Japanese, Germans, and Italians in our hemisphere. In February, 1938, our newspapers served up a story, seemingly officially inspired, that the Japanese were dickering with Mexico for a stretch of iron-ore lands near Mazatlán on the west coast and the right to "improve" the harbor. We saw a submarine base in the making uncomfortably near the Panama Canal. That story seems to have been entirely without foundation. There is the report of a German *Bund* in Cali, Colombia, which seeks to lease a stretch of flat valley land—for an airfield perhaps. Cali is only three hours by plane from Panama. There is dark reference to Scadta, the German Company which controls the air business of Colombia (although it is often overlooked that Pan American Airways now has a controlling interest in the company). Some Japanese are accused of holding excellent smooth valley land in

Costa Rica, easily convertible into a landing field. Other rumors circulate concerning the port of Chicama in northern Peru, owned and operated by German sugar men, the Gildermeisters. (Scaremongers should note that these gentlemen are Peruvian citizens, do not consider themselves German, and that they are up to their corporate ears in debt to the National City Bank.) The citing of these stories is done in diffidence and with many discounts. If, as is more than likely, Germany and her friends prepare against another Day, they may be taking some of the steps with which they are charged.

The latest German scare-story comes out of Bolivia. In April, 1938, our newspapers reported that President Germán Busch had proclaimed a totalitarian state and set aside all courts and existing laws. Busch, half-German, was an easy target. Among his aides are men with fascist leanings—Federico Nielsen Reyes, long a resident of Berlin, ardent apologist for Hitler and high-up in the Bolivian foreign office; Dionisio Foianini, Italian in blood and training, reckoned a henchman of Mussolini, and now Bolivian Minister of Mines and Petroleum. In May, 1939, it was reported that Bolivia had made a barter deal with Germany under which Germany engaged to open up the oil fields of Bolivia, furnish machinery, and lay a pipe-line across the Chaco to the Upper Paraguay River. In June came reports that Germany had promised Paraguay a highway linking the Upper Paraguay with Asunción. The plot seemed perfect. But the newsmen forgot their history as they read the Spanish text. Busch did not proclaim a totalitarian state; he simply assumed *la totalidad de los poderes*, "the totality of the powers," just as Latin-American dictators have been doing since first the flower of freedom burst into bloom. It seems likely that Busch imitates Vargas of Brazil rather than Hitler of Berlin. Furthermore, Germany offered Bolivia exactly four million marks, not more than one million dollars, which would deliver

little machinery and build few roads. Anyway the Paraguayan road will not be built by Germany. Washington saw to that and promptly put up the money Paraguayans needed. Finally, let the faint-hearted remember that Argentina stands guard at the Rio de la Plata with imperial inclinations of her own. Argentina may not match Germany in military power, but the disparity in strength is partly offset by Argentina's proximity. After all, the Rio de la Plata is Argentina's home fishing stream.

Those who hope for democratic triumph in Latin America find reassurance in two considerations:

First, in the immemorial ways of dictators. It is of the genius of dictators that they resist sharing their power. The tiny Dukes of South America—Benavides, Vargas, Busch, and the rest—may admire Hitler and Mussolini, but have no desire to become the pro-consuls of those gentlemen. So, for the moment at least, the dictators have their uses.

Second, the role of Argentina. That energetic republic bears close resemblance to the United States with its European population, its aggressive expansionist policy, its vigorous political party system. Those familiar with Argentina count upon its repeating the political and economic experience of the United States, and believe that it will prove an effective block to fascist penetration in South America. Of course Argentina has its fascists, including the popular novelist Hugo Wast, whose anti-Semitic *Oro* is a late sample. Argentina has numerous recent migrants from Spain, traders and little merchants for the most part, who are prevailingly pro-Franco and but slightly integrated into Argentine life. On the credit side, democratically speaking, other items are to be listed. Argentina's middle class is substantial and hopeful. The socialists are powerful, especially in Buenos Aires. The trade unions are strong. Argentine schools have vitality. Her universities are the best in Latin America. Her Italians, save for recent arrivals, are reckoned

good Argentines. And the influential Anglo-Argentine group, dominant in many lines of finance, agriculture, and industry, makes for constitutionalism.

Threats to our American peace may never be overlooked in considering inter-American relations. During 1938 and 1939 our newspapers played up the possibility of armed attack upon South America. Washington seemed to credit this threat, but it is doubtful whether our sober leaders anticipate armed attack upon American soil. Invasion will come, as it has already come, through economic and cultural penetration rather than through armed attack.

III

What are we doing about it?

We are preaching. Not since the days of Woodrow Wilson have there been more homiletics in the White House and the State Department. Mr. Hull and Mr. Roosevelt journeyed to South America to preach democracy, justice, peace. The sermons were well delivered, well received. Even the republics in which democracy is not generously practised love to hear about it. Even Lima, where they had to dust out the Hall of Congress vigorously after its three-year closure, derives vicarious delight from the orations on Bolívar and his views on liberty—just as the Daughters find compensatory satisfaction in contemplation of the Fathers of the Revolution.

We are drafting trade pacts with the republics of the South. Mr. Cordell Hull launched these at the Montevideo Pan American Conference in 1933. Reciprocal treaties, with mutual concessions, have been signed with Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Ecuador, Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras, Haiti, and Nicaragua—and ten countries outside of Latin America. Mr. Hull devoutly believes that where barriers to the exchange of goods are dropped a peg there is an increase in mutual profit and a consequent increment in good will.

The figures bear him out as to the profit. Our average sales for 1937-1938 to the countries with which we have trade agreements were 61 per cent greater than the 1934-1935 average while the increase in sales to other countries in the same period stood at 38 per cent. The increase in good will does not yield to tabulation.

We are proffering our co-operation to Latin America. Loans are being arranged to Cuba, Brazil, Nicaragua, and Paraguay: others will follow. We offer to loan experts from government departments—agricultural, financial, statistical, educational, military.

We are dignifying our diplomatic relations with Latin America. Previous to 1938 we had embassies in Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Cuba, and Mexico. During recent months our missions to Colombia, Venezuela, and Panama have been lifted to embassy status, in recognition of the new importance of Latin America to us.

We are working for effective continental solidarity in the Americas. The Eighth Pan American Conference at Lima in December, 1938, was held in the atmosphere set by Munich, and Washington asked an all-American answer to the master of Munich. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull sought an effective pact among the American republics. Some few neighbors favored an American League of Nations. Washington, in effect, hoped for the continentalization of the Monroe Doctrine. Such hopes were chilled by Argentina. The delegates from the Rio de la Plata defeated all such proposals.

The grounds for Argentina's "intransigence" are clear. She followed the line of her national interest, just as the United States does. She wants no neutrality commitments in the event of war—she has meat and grain to sell. She wishes no cordon drawn round the Americas, for her ties are with Europe—economically and culturally. British investments in Argentina roughly total two billion dollars as against 700 millions

for the United States. In 1938 Great Britain bought 31.8 per cent of her exports, Germany 11.5 per cent, and the United States 8.1 per cent. Argentina, one-third Italian, does not propose to scold Mussolini—nor to truckle to him. With strong ties to the League of Nations (weakened perhaps, but not broken) Argentina is prejudiced against regional pacts. Argentina is aggressive and is perhaps not free from territorial ambitions—which we can at least understand. Above all, Argentina's long distrust of the United States is well rooted. In less official moments, responsible Argentines are heard to murmur, Yes, the Good Neighbor to-day; but what of to-morrow? These were some of the factors which determined Argentina's resistance at Lima.

The final compromise, the Declaration of Lima, fell short of Washington's hopes, despite the fact that Argentina finally yielded on two critical points: the recognition of propaganda as well as acts of force, and the decision to authorize consultation when requested by any nation, and not alone the nation threatened. But the declaration says little, gracefully. Under it the American republics "proclaim their solidarity co-ordinating their respective sovereign wills. . . ." But "It is understood that the Governments of the American Republics will act independently in their individual capacity, recognizing fully their juridical equality as sovereign states." This, translated, reads: We will play the game together, but each of us will write his own rules.

Washington, partially rebuffed at Lima as it was at Buenos Aires two years before, tried to persuade Latin America that our American interests are in many respects identical. Washington would convince Latin America that, despite trade with Europe and Asia, we must guard the American tradition of constitutional democracy against all comers. Argentina belittles the threat, confident that she can handle the disturbers of her peace. Peru, Chile, Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bolivia incline toward Argen-

tina's conviction. Brazil, Colombia, and Mexico are disposed to agree with us. The Latin Americans are not ready to unite in vigorous Pan Americanism.

IV

There are two official agencies committed to the increase of inter-American fraternity—one, a co-operative agency of the twenty-one American republics; the other, a United States creation.

The Pan American Union, the tangible deposit of Pan Americanism, has its seat in Washington. The Union's weakness and its potential strength lie close together. It is official, it is governed by representatives of the twenty-one republics, and its budget is provided by those nations. That is as it should be. But the Union's limitations spring also from its official character. It is ruled by diplomats, congenitally cautious. It must tread lightly. If it speaks well of democracy it must not be specific, lest Trujillo of the Dominicans or Busch of the Bolivians take offense. If it praises justice it cannot cite political prisoners, with respect for the sensibilities of Benavides of Peru and Vargas of Brazil. If the result is thin broth brewed from the bones of reality it is perhaps better to have broth if meat is not to be had. It performs useful functions. It has an excellent library. It has a resourceful division of intellectual co-operation which encourages colleges, universities, and high schools to spend more time upon inter-American affairs. It encourages interchange of students. It spurs writers to use American material. The Union gathers and distributes facts about the economic and social forces in the Western Hemisphere. Its director, Leo S. Rowe, has served to allay suspicion and to encourage friendliness among the representatives of the American republics.

The Washington State Department has created a Division of Cultural Relations and appointed excellent men to guide it. Its task is to press the cultural claims of the United States so persua-

sively as to convince the Latin Americans that there is virtue and advantage in traveling with us rather than with the totalitarian states. The officers of the new division do not covet a Goebbels role. They expect the kick-back of propaganda in a land where free discussion prevails. This new division is bidden to propagandize without propaganda, to evangelize in the plaza rather than in the closet, to persuade and not purchase agreement. What they can or will do remains to be seen.

Some items, we surmise, will not appear on their docket. They will not send boatloads of professors at government expense to lecture the South Americans nor buy editorial opinion in such newspapers as are for sale (although some men close to our diplomatic corps urge outbidding of Germans and Italians in the game of editorial seduction), nor subsidize American schools in Latin America where little boys will be taught to pray to George Washington. Other things they can do. They can speed the exchange of students and professors. They can make effective the exchange of government technicians. The men who direct the new Division know the limitations upon governmental action, and are convinced that their chief function is to create a clearing house for the activity of organizations and individuals who work toward the same ends. Authentic Pan Americanism will be the achievement of men and women, working through high schools, colleges, clubs, churches, and other organizations of American life, creating a living community of interest between themselves and kindred groups in Latin America. The Cultural Relations Division seeks to strengthen the arms of such men and women.

There must be a new candor, a clearing of the air of the public and private nonsense in our dealings with the Latin Americans. The recent hubbub over the dictator of Nicaragua is a case in point. Mr. Somoza was duly impressed by the reception at Washington's Union Station by Mr. Roosevelt, by the sol-

diers, by the twenty-one-gun salute and the roar of forty-two pursuit planes. A few remembered that this same Somoza incited the killing of General Sandino, a stalwart if futile patriot, and that he rules Nicaragua with a heavy hand. Mr. Roosevelt's welcome to Mr. Somoza was typical of the current boiling over of inter-American affection. A group of business leaders in New York, dependent upon Latin-American trade, stage banquets whenever Latin-American celebrities sail into New York harbor, and honey drips on the draped flags of the American republics. When an enthusiast for "good-will" sights a Latin American he is apt to become incoherent and to mumble about souls, dreams, and the spirituality of Latin culture. If any rude fellow suggests that there is nothing spiritual about some near-by republics, that they are badly run and rough on their Indians and workers, he will be checked as though he had said "damn" in church. (If the reader wants documentation, let him skim through two score recent books on Guatemala, Cuba, Haiti, and other neighbors.) After forty years of dealing with bayonets we have turned to attar of roses. Some of our neighbors are as mystified by the one as they were annoyed by the other.

We might apply candor to our Caribbean policy—the long disturber of Inter-American serenity. Our marine rule of Haiti (1915–1933), of the Dominican Republic (1916–1924), of Nicaragua (off and on from 1912 to 1933), our fitful interventions in Cuba since 1902 (under the ægis of the Platt Amendment which gave us power to intervene for protection of "life, property, and individual liberty"), and our repeated diplomatic and military excursions into Mexico since 1911, earned us the title of Colossus of the North.

Officially we have repented. Hoover withdrew our marines from Nicaragua. Roosevelt followed Hoover's lead, canceled the Platt Amendment, and took the pledge of non-intervention at Buenos Aires in 1936. Washington signed a

treaty, not yet ratified by the Senate, renouncing our guardianship of Panama. No longer do our marines disconsolately loaf in Port-au-Prince, Managua, and Santo Domingo. The Good Neighbor has his halo, in whose reflected brilliance a new battalion of strong-men rule without check of congress or court in Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Cuba, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Salvador. (N.B. The Good Neighbor has his reward. The spokesmen for those dictators at the recent conferences in Buenos Aires and Lima were the most fulsome in praise of the New Deal, the most vocal in admiration of our greater Navy.)

But the end of the Caribbean story has not been written. Our promise to keep our temper and hold our rod is subject to grave reservations. All parties to the compact know that the zone of our national concern comprises the Caribbean. For better, for worse, the Caribbean is *mare nostrum*. The Windward Channel and the Mona Passage are gates to the Panama Canal, and the Pacific harbors of Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador, and Guatemala are potential bases for attack. The course of empire, no matter how neighborly, will permit no nation which we can dominate to lend itself to plots against our tranquillity.

Latin Americans do not expect complete candor on our Caribbean policy. They know we can hardly say, "Gentlemen of the Caribbean, you may shoot your generals, enslave your Indians, imprison your malcontents, do as you will with congresses and courts, but you must not play with Adolf Hitler." Everyone, including Argentina, understands, although some querulous Argentines ask why we must use such pious phrases. The gentlemen forget that imperialism is always pious.

Mexico tests our candor. It is not a Caribbean republic to be bullied by marines. Mexico's course with land and oil puts our State Department in a bad fix. That Department cannot and should not refuse to push the claims of

American citizens, but in prosecuting those claims, it drives Mexico into barter deals with Germany, and the barter deals open Mexico to the protagonists of Hitler. Our envoys seek a face-saving formula. It is well that such a formula be found. It will be cheaper in the end to lose oil wells than to drive Mexico into the economic orbit of Berlin.

Bolivia poses its problem. Her military clique has seized Standard Oil's fields. Bolivia is far away in the high Andes, out of gun range. If, as reports have it, Argentine capital is behind the move and aspires to pipe oil down to the Rio de la Plata, we can at least understand the imperial gesture, and remember the good old days before we got religion and became a Good Neighbor.

V

Washington wisely commits us to economic co-operation with Latin America. Unless a sound economic base is laid other devices will prove idle. The contriving of increased inter-American trade with augmented profit to all, is the one basis for Pan Americanism. Such an economic program will cost money. If it wins trade it may be worth what it costs. If it strengthens the democratic forces in Latin America it will be worth more than it costs.

The lines of our co-operation already appear. The Roosevelt Administration has set up the Export-Import Bank, to provide credit to provoke a freer flow of goods. In December, 1938, Cuba asked a loan of \$50,000,000 for public works. The entire sum will probably not be granted, but it is likely that several millions will go for the building of an aqueduct in Havana. In March, 1939, an agreement was signed by Mr. Hull and Brazilian foreign minister Aranha, under which each nation makes commitments: The United States to provide some \$19,000,000 as a back-log for facilitating payments of commercial debts to Americans; to loan an additional \$50,000,000 in gold with which to establish a central

reserve bank for the control of credit; and an intimation that the United States will extend long-term credits of unnamed sums with which to develop Brazil's transportation system and industrial plant. In return, Brazil engages to resume payments on her \$357,000,000 of dollar bond indebtedness; to remove some restrictions upon the exchange market, encouraging increased imports from the United States; to assure American investors equality of treatment with Brazilian investors. This agreement may commit the United States to loans topping a hundred millions. In May, 1939, Mr. Roosevelt and President Somoza of Nicaragua reached an agreement under which that republic is pledged to resume payments on its dollar bonds and to encourage American capital. The United States under this agreement will advance credits up to \$2,000,000 for the purchase of American equipment "for the construction of highways and other productive projects," and an additional \$500,000 to support Nicaraguan exchange, finance seasonal crop movements, and facilitate payments on American debts. In June, 1939, Mr. Hull promised Paraguay \$500,000 for road building.

This largesse to Cuba, Brazil, Nicaragua, and Paraguay is a foretaste of what may be forthcoming to other republics if the Roosevelt-Hull policy prevails. It may be a wise policy, provided sound planning and accurate bookkeeping prevail. It has its risks. We might lose the dollars. Such losses would strain amicable relations. Or, if we loan to some, withhold from others, jealousies might be excited. This giving of gifts has its own perils. Rich uncles are not necessarily beloved, however much cultivated.

If the United States is to loan money to Latin America a new hard-headedness is in order. The easy money which Brazil and Peru got from our bankers in the golden days made no one happy, save perhaps the contractors and politicians. Bond-holders may get vicarious

pleasure in viewing the docks of Callao or inspecting the bare spot in Rio where a mountain was razed—they paid for these improvements. The money which makes for concord is that which is calculated to come back—with interest. The English investment course in Argentina offers an instance. The English invested two billion dollars in Argentina, chiefly in railroads. The return to the investors has been steady, the contribution to Argentina national life impressive, the mutual respect unmistakable. Brazil offers a field for similar financial adventure—provided she overcomes her bad habits in government. Brazil needs railroads. Aside from her southern tip and a narrow strip along the seacoast, her empire is untapped by railroads. The Amazon valley is served by steamships, but feeding lines of rails are needed to open up the interior and to reach up into the rich trans-Andean regions of Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia. Brazil seeks colonists. Railroads will open the interior for colonization. If American capital, private or governmental, can be assured of reasonable security, it might well undertake a program of railroad building in Brazil.

Cordell Hull's trade-agreement policy has been a realistic effort to drop the barriers which block exchange of goods. Mr. Hull has patiently typed out the shopping lists of individual countries, contriving formulæ under which the United States and other nations, one by one, might concede reciprocal concessions. Agreements with twenty countries have been signed, ten in Latin America. The results are ponderable. We signed an agreement with Brazil in February, 1935. Our sales to Brazil in 1938 amounted to almost 62 million dollars, 53 per cent above the 1934 figure. We signed an agreement with Colombia in September, 1935. Our exports to Colombia in 1938 were 86 per cent above those in 1934. Cuba and Guatemala signed with us: 1938 exports to those countries were 68 per cent and 69 per cent, respectively, greater than they

were in 1934. In contrast to these figures, total United States exports for 1938 showed an increase of 46 per cent over 1934.

Cordell Hull's reciprocal trade policy runs into snags in dealing with nations whose exports compete with ours. Argentina is the chief example. About 95 per cent of Argentina's exports are agricultural, chiefly corn, linseed, wheat, chilled beef, wool, and hides—largely competitive with the United States. For six years, Mr. Hull has studied the Argentine market, seeking a basis for agreement. State and Commerce Department experts believe that the United States can profitably admit more Argentina products—canned meat, cured meats, linseed, wool, flaxseed, grapes, pears, dog meat. They argue that the American economy will be served by making some concessions to Argentina. (Although it should be noted that the concessions Argentina asks would not be matched by comparable concessions from her.) When, in May, 1939, Mr. Roosevelt supported the Navy's purchase of 48,000 pounds of Argentine corned beef, arguing its cheapness—9 cents (without duty) as against 24 cents per pound for the domestic product—and its "greatly superior quality," the American cow country arose as one man against the aspersion upon American corned beef. The incident is typical. The State Department may argue for concessions on a few products, but senators from cattle States never sleep.

Efforts to reach agreement with Argentina are complicated by two major irritations—one due to Argentina, the other to the United States. Argentina's slogan, "Buy from those who buy from us," is given practical expression in her dual exchange policy. She has two rates for foreign exchange: the first for those who buy more than they sell, and a rate 20 per cent higher for nations which sell more than they buy. During certain periods in the years 1935, 1936, and 1937, thanks to our crop failures, we bought enough extra corn and wheat to

make us favored customers of Argentina, and we enjoyed a lower rate on many items from January to December, 1938. In 1938 we spent 40 millions in Argentina, and sold Argentina almost 87 millions' worth of our goods—and returned to the 20 per cent exchange penalty, which automatically serves to throw our trade farther out of line. The Argentine course is explicable, as is the outcry of American traders.

Washington irritates Buenos Aires by continuing its quarantine against fresh meats from Argentina. American cattlemen argue retention of this quarantine on the ground that hoof-and-mouth disease prevails in Argentina. Since the disease is localized, the contention is specious. Mr. Hoover, visiting Buenos Aires in 1928, promised revision of the quarantine; Mr. Roosevelt repeated the promise in 1936. In May, 1935, a Sanitary Convention was signed by Mr. Hull and Argentine Ambassador Espil, providing that Argentine meats from areas harboring no disease shall be admitted. This would open our markets to Patagonian products—chiefly lamb, of which we could import little under the prevailing tariff schedule of seven cents a pound. Ratification of this convention has been blocked by the cattle lobby, which is not concerned for competition in lamb, but fears later competition in beef. Argentina, unaware of our political intricacies, is affronted and holds the President responsible. If this sore point were settled Argentina would be more hospitable to discussion of her exchange policy.

National interest may dictate increased favoring of Latin-American markets. We require rubber, silk, tin, antimony, sugar, mercury, wool, hides, manganese, chromium, nickel, tropical fruits, coffee, camphor, tungsten, opium, quinine, and a few other items. We get the bulk of our sugar, coffee, and tropical fruits from Latin America. We can encourage production of other items. Let us cite two examples. First, tin. The United States consumes more than half of the

world's tin output. Of that world output, Bolivia furnishes 25 per cent, the Malay States and Nigeria 43 per cent, and the Dutch East Indies 16.5 per cent. The United States produces no tin and refines little. Great Britain does the bulk of the refining, and has blocked tin-refining in the United States by its heavy export tax on ore consigned to non-British smelters. We are dependent upon Britain for our tin. A major war would cut off our supplies. Perhaps our national interest will be served by encouraging increased tin production in Bolivia, building our own tin smelters, and signing a trade agreement with Bolivia under which we buy her ore and she takes our machinery.

Or rubber. The United States consumes about 80 per cent of the world's supply. Of the world's supply about 90 per cent is furnished by the Dutch and British East Indies. That supply might be blocked by war. National interest suggests finding our rubber in the Americas. In the early 1900's Brazil had a monopoly on rubber. Prices shot up to \$2 and \$3 a pound. The rubber, derived from wild trees, was uncertain in quality. Export taxes were increased. Then Brazilian rubber seeds were smuggled to England, plants were grown and shipped to Ceylon, and great rubber plantations were started in the East Indies. By 1931, Brazil was furnishing but 2 per cent of the world's market, and Britain controlled the world supply. American rubber capital, confronted with the British monopoly, sought new sources of supply. In 1925 the Firestones leased a million acres in Liberia. In 1927 Henry Ford bought or leased 2,225,000 acres in the Amazon valley. Production as yet is trifling, but Ford engineers are confident that Brazil can produce a large share of the world's rubber. Ford serves Brazilian economy by paying 25 to 50 per cent above prevailing wages, and by experiments in subsidiary crops—kapok, gutta-percha, balata, sisal, chicle, balsa, teak, soy beans, and other plants with commercial value.

VI

We will lend military aid. In fact we have long sent naval missions, army officers, and aviation missions to Latin America. In 1939, Washington doubled its staff of military aides in Latin America.

We will go farther. First hint was the announcement in August, 1937, that the State Department proposed to loan Brazil five "used" destroyers. The project was abandoned—perhaps temporarily—under pressure from Argentina. We are ready to lend our shipyards for the building of cruisers. In 1937 we sent the airplane carrier *Enterprise* to Rio de Janeiro, and the carrier *Ranger* to Lima, with seventy-eight planes whose flight over that city provoked wonder and yielded sales. We will do as Germany and Italy do, we will teach our neighbors to shoot, fly, and navigate; we will sell guns, boats, and flying ships. When President Somoza returned to Managua in the spring of 1939 he carried Mr. Roosevelt's promise of an army officer to direct the Nicaraguan military academy. What we do for one, we will do for all.

The argument for military collaboration is clear. We shall need allies when the shooting begins. But add two sobering footnotes. *First*, wars between the Latin Americans are not ended and armament races are unhealthy. The United States by its military aid may encourage wars. *Second*, military suppression of dissident minorities is not ended. Military machines in Peru and Brazil are designed to assure continuance of their dictators. If the United States aids Vargas of Brazil and Benavides of Peru it strikes at the opposition groups in those two countries, and Peruvian and Brazilian rebel ranks include the bulk of the young, able, more imaginative men and women in those badly ruled republics. A safe venture is that guns given their dictators will be trained upon nationals rather than upon German gunboats.

We will work for improvement in communications between the Americas.

Shipping presents the first problem. Japanese freighters carry coffee from Brazil to New York. If our lines are to meet competition, freight rates must be lowered. Passenger travel is the next problem. More than three times as many South Americans traveled to Europe in 1937 as journeyed to the United States. If there is to be generous travel between the Americas, passenger rates must come down. It costs \$390 to ride from New York to Chile on an American line, while an English line carries you from Havana to Chile for \$184. The new German ships will take you from Lima to Southampton for little more than half the American charge from Lima to New York. American lines cannot win on those tariffs. The Maritime Commission has inaugurated a new service on the East Coast, but at high rates. The fault lies not with the companies; the difference is to be explained in higher building costs and wages, better working conditions. There seems no way of correcting the disparity save by larger government subsidies.

We are in the air-travel business. Pan American Airways circles South America and reaches each of the twenty Latin-American republics. It has an excellent record of safety. The net subsidy to Pan American for its lines in Latin America was more than \$3,000,000 in 1938. Pan American's supremacy in the air business of Latin America is challenged by the Germans and Italians. Pan American, with the informal but effective backing of Washington, proposes to dominate the air business of this hemisphere. It will cost money. Perhaps it will be worth it.

The Pan American highway is surveyed from the Texas border to Panama, the Laredo-Mexico City section is completed, the road between Mexico City and the Guatemalan border is under construction. Guatemala and Salvador have their roads completed. Nicaragua and Costa Rica have done little; Panama has built 600 miles of highway. The United States has built fourteen bridges and

loaned engineers and technicians. South of Panama, the route has not been definitely set, but enthusiasts look for the completion of a highway to Chile and Argentina. Not much surveying has been done, little roadway has been built. Stretches of highway near Lima bear the legend, *Carretera Pan-Americana*.

VII

Pan Americanism is a venture in education. We should: first, educate ourselves about the Latin Americans; second, educate the Latin Americans about the United States; and third, we should join Latin America in similar ventures.

First, our high school curricula generally ignore Latin America in their teaching of history, sociology, economics, and the arts. A recent survey discovered 200 courses on Latin America in the 27,000 high schools of the United States. Colleges do little better. A few universities—notably Texas, California, and Chicago—offer a variety of courses. The majority offer none. There are few competent teachers in the field. The foundations might well encourage a few universities to establish adequate departments of Latin-American affairs and provide more fellowships for picked teachers who would spend a year in Argentina, Brazil, Peru.

There is no high school text on Latin America which would not drive an imaginative fifteen-year-old to the movies. The college texts, what few there are, are lifeless. A half-dozen textbook publishers, when queried, replied that there is little demand for textbooks on Latin America.

There should be books on Latin America for the general reader. A few have facts and fire. Carleton Beals has done some good reporting. The scholars have written a few sound studies, but they do not reach the general reader. T. R. Ybarra, Ernest Gruening, H. B. Parkes, Frank Tannenbaum, J. H. Plenn, and Erna Ferguson have done good work but the field has scarcely been scratched.

There is room for translations of poetry, novels, and essays; for books on the social patterns, the governments, the people of Latin America.

The radio plays a part. Both the Columbia and National Broadcasting Systems gave intelligent coverage to the conference in Lima in 1938. They are popularizing Latin-American music, and introducing Latin-American artists. The motion-picture fraternity might contribute to enlightenment. There has been "Juarez" and there is to be "Bolívar" but no one has dramatized the wars of independence in South America. Hollywood may get to it in time.

Tourist travel will be encouraged. The cruise passenger to South America may not learn much, but if he discovers that Rio is lovely, that Buenos Aires is hustling, and that Cuzco is picturesque, well and good. He will tell the next man who may learn more.

The press must do better by us. It gives scant attention to Latin America. A few newspapers—notably *The New York Times*, *The New York Herald Tribune*, *The Chicago Daily News*, *The Christian Science Monitor* (the best of all on this score)—cover the news and give some interpretative articles. The majority of American newspapers take a little from the press agencies—their readers know when a revolution breaks in Brazil or when an earthquake hits Chile—but they convey no sense of excitement. They give the public what it wants, but the public is not concerned with Latin America. *The New York Times* gives less space to South America than its counterpart—*La Nación* of Buenos Aires—gives to the United States. The reading of the December, 1938, news stories in *La Nación* and *The New York Times* on the Pan American conference at Lima revealed that the New York paper gave less than one-third as much space, and that it furnished less critical analysis of the issues. Well, Lima was more Argentina's affair. Or was it?

Furthermore, we must definitely prepare men for business and technical life

in Latin America. Inter-American relations have been poisoned by men who forever talk about "getting back to God's country," who cannot manage a correct sentence in Spanish, and who never find out what Chileans and Bolivians think. The "American Colony" in a South American city is high-barricaded. The salesman or the engineer who works in Latin America must learn new tricks. This note is dedicated to the Harvard School of Business Administration—and others.

Second, We will teach the Latin Americans concerning ourselves.

Before the Spanish civil war books for Latin America were printed chiefly in Madrid and Barcelona. Now emerges the Ibero-American Institute, finger-printed in the Wilhelmstrasse. It requires no great prescience to guess that the book firms of Spain will turn out first lessons in disproof of democracy and praise of anti-Semitism. Perhaps the Aryan Indians of Peru will like the books. The gap is partly filled by new publishing energy in Buenos Aires and Santiago. Perhaps American publishers should be persuaded—and even subsidized—to turn out Spanish and Portuguese editions of our best native authors.

The State Department debates the project for a government radio station, equipped to bombard Latin America. The commercial broadcasters, who did little about Latin America until the government threatened to step in, rapidly increased their excellent short-wave services. State Department sentiment is divided: some would build a station; others would leave the evangelizing of the air to commercial concerns—but almost all would dangle the sword over the private companies to make sure that Amos and Andy, Lowell Thomas, and Grover Whalen may be enjoyed in Buenos Aires. Many dread the idea of official programs, and believe that one Philharmonic Symphony program is more effective than ten hours of broadcasting "with a purpose."

We can co-operate with the Latin-

American press. The press agencies furnish a surfeit of news on our lynchings, gangsters, and rich wasters. The sound newspapers in South America welcome co-operation. Leland Stowe of the New York *Herald-Tribune* suggests an exchange of reporters between the newspapers of North and South America.

Third, We can join with Latin America in co-operative education.

The Buenos Aires Conference of 1936 adopted a convention under which each republic engages to send each year two students and one professor to each of the other nations. Ten republics, including the United States, have ratified the convention. The Department of State launches the American program this fall. Within a few years we may be sending forty students and twenty professors each year, at government expense, to study in Latin America. If the plan succeeds we shall welcome an equal number of Latin-American students and professors. It is to be hoped some means will be found to make their plans of study tangible and not waste motion carried on in the name of good will.

Assistance and valuable advice may come from the few colleges which provide scholarships for Latin-American students. The Institute of International Education has accomplished a good deal. The Guggenheim Foundation, limiting their fellowships to men and women of proved creative ability, have enabled over fifty Latin-American scientists and artists to spend a year or more in study here, and an equal number of American writers, artists, and scientists to study in Latin America.

The example of Cecil Rhodes furnished a suggestion. His \$30,000,000 endowment has for thirty years enabled American boys to study at Oxford. The plan can be copied, line for line. Let the aspirant to immortality furnish an Inter-American endowment of \$30,000,000, to provide scholarships for Latin Americans of promise in engineering, medicine, and creative scholarship. Let the trustees of this fund be empowered to spend the

money, principal and interest, within twenty years. That will mean 1,000 scholarships of \$2,000 each. Give the incumbents the best that American universities and technical schools, government departments and commercial laboratories can offer. By 1960 such a fund will train a new generation of Latin-American technicians and scientists. If the job is well done they will be discriminating friends of the United States.

VIII

Finally, successful relations with Latin America depend on our ministers and ambassadors. If they are able they make friends for us. If meager and dull-witted, they alienate. Mr. Roosevelt's first record of appointments to Latin-American posts was no better and no worse than that of other Presidents. He sent a full quota of deserving Democrats. During recent months Mr. Roosevelt has done much to redeem that earlier record. He sent Norman Armour to Chile at the critical turn in Chilean affairs in the fall of 1938. Armour captured Chile. The capture cannot be

diagrammed, but it includes his dealings with the press, with the politicians of various groups, with the intellectuals. He is now assigned to the most important Latin-American post, Buenos Aires, where his gifts for persuasion will serve us well.

Mr. Roosevelt has made other commendable appointments during recent months. Spruille Braden, who deserves major credit for the ending of the Chaco dispute, has gone to the new embassy in Bogotá. William Dawson is the first ambassador to Panama. Dr. Frank Corrigan takes the new ambassadorial post in Venezuela. Josephus Daniels remains in Mexico, despite fears that he is not tough enough to deal with President Cárdenas. Claude Bowers goes to Chile, where the expounding of Jeffersonian principles will be welcomed by the government now in power.

So we head south. Clumsy or skillful, despite our own lapses and current Latin-American apostasies, we cling to the notion that the Western Hemisphere is marked for democratic practice. If we are late in starting, we are started south at last.





WHAT ENGLAND AND FRANCE THINK ABOUT US

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

PUBLIC opinion in the three great democracies remains in three separate compartments. In spite of the alignment of the world into dictatorships and democracies, the latter, while proclaiming the virtues of free speech and a free press, have signally failed to use these to understand one another. Public figures in Britain, France, and the United States who make speeches about the solidarity of their three countries in defense of democracy give the impression that this implies mutual understanding. This, I believe, is a false impression. It is a commonplace that British and French leaders are forever striving to enlarge their political alliance into a spiritual entente, with marked lack of success. But it is not generally realized that public opinion in Britain and France misunderstands the United States. British and French, I shall seek to show, are constantly deceived about a matter of the greatest importance to themselves—American foreign policy.

Will the United States enter another world war on our side? This question the average Englishman or Frenchman invariably answers in the affirmative. I do not assert that they are wrong. On the contrary, I hazard a guess that they are right. But the average Englishman or Frenchman, I believe, is not allowed to realize how long a course, how marked by back-trackings and hesitations, the United States is pursuing away from isolation.

In short, a time-lag exists—with dan-

gerous possibilities. American opinion, Congressional action, and—at times—Presidential policy tend to remain considerably behind the present rapidly moving procession of European events. In case the “white war” continues, this time-lag may widen with increasing distrust of America in the European democracies. But should a real world war begin and the United States fail to participate from the start, the time-lag may produce such a rude shock that Anglo-American and Franco-American understanding may suffer serious damage.

I believe I obtained some foreknowledge of such a shock last September when I was covering the crisis in London for an American paper. Almost every day I used to take the temperature of opinion in the streets surrounding my hotel in Bayswater. Admittedly the cross-section which I studied did not conform to the scientific system employed by American public opinion students. But it included several representative layers of British society, and the reactions I gathered checked quite well with those obtained by other American correspondents. I talked to the following: my hotel proprietor, the hotel servants, guests in the hotel (including a clergyman, two widows of British colonial civil servants, and a retired army officer), two medical students living in neighboring Cleveland Square, a City broker and his wife, the proprietor of a sweet-shop, a newspaper vender, a tobacconist, a garage proprietor, and a

half dozen navvies working on a gas main.

Opinions differed, but not widely, on most matters connected with the crisis. There was, however, practical unanimity on one, namely, that the United States would come in on the side of Britain on the outbreak of war. Two of the navvies, it is true, were uncertain about this; but then they seemed to lack definite opinions on, or even much interest in, the crisis. The little old lady who ran the sweet-shop asked me, with charming assumption of American intervention, what branch of the service I should enter.

This confidence in America's readiness to help Britain seemed to increase as the crisis became more acute in the first two weeks of September. Ambassador Kennedy had denounced dictatorships in a speech in Scotland. Ambassador Bullitt over in France had been talking of the ties of France and the United States. Meanwhile on September 12, London papers announced that the new U. S. cruiser *Nashville* would visit the British base at Portsmouth and would be followed by the U. S. cruiser *Honolulu*. A number of people in Bayswater, I discovered, interpreted these visits as a sign that the jolly tars of the two nations would collaborate in "stopping that fellow." Somewhat cruelly perhaps, I tried a little deflation. I told the garage owner what the American Embassy had told American newspaper men in London: that these cruisers were present in European waters to take American women and children back to the States in case of war. This man's surprise and disquiet were so evident that I did not mention another and more important piece of news.

President Roosevelt, who had been assailing dictatorships and extolling democracies for almost a year, suddenly on September 10th told newspaper men that there was no "moral unity" between the United States and European democracies and that anyone who placed this interpretation on American foreign policy was "100 per cent wrong." In these few sweeping phrases he made clear that

he was opposed to American intervention in a European war. Certainly a statement likely to upset British expectation about American aid. Yet neither men-in-the-street in Bayswater nor British newspaper men in Fleet Street seemed to have heard of it. Englishmen, in short, were walking up to the cannon's mouth of Berchtesgaden in the calm conviction that America would jump in on their side immediately war broke out.

On September 13th, when bloody incidents were occurring in the Sudetenland and the King was hastening back to London, I telephoned the editor of a London publication. This editor, who had been a strong believer in American participation in case of war, seemed rather hysterical about the turn of European events. But when I told him of the President's backdown he exclaimed bitterly, "America will intervene only when London is in flames!"

A day later Chamberlain's flight relaxed matters. I had time to reflect about the state of mind of the garage man and the editor. If war had occurred and these folk had discovered that neither the President nor Congress was disposed to join up right away, disquiet might have turned into panic and bitterness might have spread to all layers of the population. The United States would have become the target of intense recriminations with "renegades" as the mildest of epithets. Anglo-American understanding would have proved a very collapsible matter. It might have been too late then, but it is not too late now to ask the questions—how has this deception arisen, and whose is the responsibility?

II

The expectation of Britishers that the United States will aid their country in a war springs from necessity. For Britain needs the help of the United States in a big conflict. That is the basis for the political attitude of Britain toward the United States. Britishers of course differ as to the way of wooing the United States.

Some demand outright alliance as an objective. Others, like F. A. Voigt, diplomatic editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, want a more discreet policy. Voigt says in his book *Unto Caesar*, "[Britain] must in all circumstances have for a friend the United States (as indeed she can, if she does not try to convert that friendship into an alliance, or expect the United States to take risks and make sacrifices equal to hers in defending interests that are much more hers than theirs)."

The attitude of Britain toward the United States has differed fundamentally from that of the United States toward Britain. The "understanding" so often advocated between the two countries has always started from Britain on a political base. In America (until recently) it has had a cultural base. Thus when a British public figure landed in New York, it was often on a speaking tour aimed at "cementing Anglo-American understanding," *i.e.* political relations. When an American public figure landed in Southampton he more often than not headed directly for Stratford-on-Avon or some town from which his ancestors came.

British propaganda in the United States utilizes this cultural link. The organization most prominent in this task is the English-Speaking Union, whose stated aim is "to draw together in the bond of comradeship the English-speaking peoples of the world. Its activities are based on the belief . . . that the future peace and security of the world depends on close co-operation between the English-speaking democracies and that this co-operation can only be achieved by knowledge and mutual understanding." The utterances of its founder Sir Evelyn Wrench are typical. He was quoted by the London *Times* as follows, "He said that if Britain and America came together, peace would be established throughout the rest of the world." Significantly, the American English-Speaking Union has more members than the Union in England and the

Dominions. The Union is rather quick on the trigger; for when Quincy Howe's polemic book, *England Expects Every American To Do His Duty*, was published they held a discussion luncheon in London, inviting the corps of American correspondents. The Union has no official link with the British Government.

British propaganda about the United States in Britain, on the other hand, stems directly from the British Government. The influence and pressure which the British Government can bring on the British press is well-known. This being so, it was only natural that the British Government in the trying situation last September should seek to utilize this influence to exploit whatever angle of Anglo-American relations suited its purpose.

The method by which the Government accomplished this purpose is perhaps not widely known in the United States, but most American newspaper men in London were aware of it. During the crisis the British Foreign Office held three separate press conferences: one for the British press, another for the American press, a third for all other foreign journalists. To the Americans, the press attaché mentioned the United States in one discreet sentence, "His Majesty's Government is keeping the American Ambassador fully informed of developments." Full stop. But to British and other foreign journalists the press attaché would dwell on "the sympathy and understanding between His Majesty's Government and the United States, etc., etc." into some hundreds of words. The British and other foreign correspondents got the idea and allowed it full play in their stories.

On September 12th, when the first peak of the crisis was approaching, I talked to a celebrated American newspaper correspondent. I said I thought the almost daily photographs prominently displayed in the British press of Ambassador Kennedy entering Downing Street on his almost daily visit there constituted a sort of propaganda. My

friend agreed and proceeded to dwell on "the soft-soaping the British are giving us these days—the way they are building up the alleged sympathy of the United States in the press." As an example he turned to the *Times* of that day and pointed to the following sentences in the report of the Diplomatic Correspondent, "It is stated in official circles that the sympathy of the United States always valued is valued highly at this difficult moment and that relations between the two countries are at their most cordial. Mr. Kennedy has been kept informed throughout the discussions." "Do you know," asked my friend, "who actually said that? Not the press attaché. Nor the Foreign Secretary. It was none other than Mr. Neville Chamberlain himself who spoke those words to a group of journalists."

With such a lead given, it is little wonder that the press played up "American sympathy" and played down news from America which might spoil such a picture. As a matter of fact, the basis for such a press attitude had been well laid, not only by Governmental influence but by the special peculiarities of the British press in its coverage of American news. Since news in British papers from America is an important element in Anglo-American understanding, let us examine carefully this aspect of the British press.

Most Americans residing or traveling in Britain believe that the British press gives very little American news and a very lopsided picture of America. (Many Englishmen concur in this, judging from a recent controversy raging in the letter columns of the nation's press.) In May, 1939, a publication called *Planning*, published by an organization called "Political and Economic Planning" devoted a whole number to a detailed and documented study of American news in the British press. Its conclusions are interesting.

In the first place, it discovered the surprising fact that, on the basis of space, American news received better treatment than that from other countries.

It showed that American news got more space than news from continental countries in such serious organs as the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Times* and that even in "the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express*, the two big popular papers, there was a heavy preponderance of American over French and German news together. Thus American news was by no means badly treated over space allowance compared with European news, especially in the popular journals."

But qualitatively, *Planning* found, American news fared less well. Listing space according to "serious news" (political, economic, etc.) as compared with "human interest" (crime, sex, etc.) the publication found that on the whole "human interest" news from America far out-ranked "serious news." It sums up, "In view of the acute limitations of space in most British newspapers, especially compared with most American newspapers, American news appears to be given fairly adequate quantitative treatment in the national daily press in Great Britain. There seems, however, to be more basis for the allegation that American news in the British press consists too much of human interest news, of eccentricities and so forth, and not enough of cultural, political, economic, and other serious news." In short, Hollywood scandals crowd out Washington political developments.

The reason for this state of affairs can be summarized from *Planning's* findings: (1) The editors of the "popular" press insist that in giving their readers American "human interest" news they are giving them what they want; (2) only two British papers have full-time correspondents in more than one place in the United States; (3) only two have men in both New York and Washington—all the rest have their full-time men in New York; (4) one large London daily, the *Daily Herald*, has no correspondent at all in the United States; (5) Reuters, the big British news agency, has 23 men in New York, only five of whom are covering general news; (6)

news from America goes through some rather partial editing in London offices; (7) New York news, which breaks after 7 p.m., often only makes the next day's British evening papers, so that morning papers treat it briefly on the ground that it is old. Thus the technical background of British presentation of American news.

Planning also reveals something of the political background, "It has been widely felt that in the past few months events, speeches, and newspaper comment, suggesting that the United States might help or fight for Great Britain in a European war have been too eagerly reported, while the real strength of the isolationist movement has been underestimated." We are getting to the root of the matter. If *Planning* had supported this statement with details they could have drawn on some rich documentation.

The most striking example of this political treatment of American news is the coverage on September 12th of Mr. Roosevelt's statement, at Hyde Park. Mr. Roosevelt denied that there was a "moral unity" between the three democracies (after certainly giving this impression in his speeches over the past year) and that anyone who said so was "100 per cent wrong." This was an important statement and big news. It was so reported in the American press. It is beside the point that months later Mr. Roosevelt apparently switched back again. It should have been well reported and even featured in an impartial foreign press.

On the contrary, the London *Times*, on September 12th gave this garbled account, crowded in the bottom of a dispatch from their Washington correspondent, "Meanwhile President Roosevelt was speeding toward the bedside of his son James at Rochester, Minn., leaving behind him yesterday's assurance that this country was not morally aligned with any nation in what was called the Hitler movement." This obviously makes no sense. The *Daily Telegraph* gave a more intelligible ac-

count of the matter, but under the misleading headline, "Roosevelt's Anxiety Over Situation." This account ended with a reference to another article on "American Defense Speed-up," and was flanked by a picture of Ambassador Kennedy entering the door of 10 Downing Street, preceded by the Prime Minister's cat. A very pretty piece of news deception. The rest of the big daily press—*News Chronicle*, *Daily Herald*, *Daily Mail*, and *Daily Express* either ignored the matter or played it down. No wonder that the man in the street remained unaware of this important event.

Another case. In October, 1938, the people of the United States and the Government felt keen disillusion with Munich and the policy of the British and French Governments. Isolation was gaining strength. On October 20th the United Press sent this story to the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, "America's foreign policy has definitely swung from its old east-west course to a line running north and south, a high member of President Roosevelt's official family said to-day. The Administration leader revealed that the future foreign policy of the United States would be based on an All-American Axis and interest, but not active participation in European affairs. . . . U. S. will be, he inferred, more or less in the role of a spectator." This represented an important shift (however temporary it later proved) in American policy. It came from a "high member of Mr. Roosevelt's official family" who was unofficially said to be Mr. Hull himself. It should have been news for the British public. Yet only the *News Chronicle* covered it adequately. The *Daily Express* played it down and the *Daily Herald* gave it a few lines. The *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Daily Mail* completely ignored it.

Again, the British press in April, 1939, provided an interesting study, with the seizure of Prague just behind, Mr. Chamberlain's apparent shift in policy, the seizure of Albania, etc.—a true

crisis month. On April 14th Reuters sent a dispatch to London reporting a stormy day in the U. S. Senate with Senator George delivering a personal rebuke to the President for his "alarmist" statements on foreign affairs and Senators Reynolds, Bone (a New Dealer), and Vandenberg joining in criticism of the Administration's foreign policy. It rated a prominent place on the first page of the *New York Times*. The six big London dailies all but ignored the story; only two mentioned it at all and those with short accounts well played down. One London news-behind-the-news weekly, of small circulation, called attention to this.

On April 16th I noticed a line of newspaper posters on a railing. They ran, "Neutrality Ends," "American Isolation Ends," "America Rejects Isolation." I discovered that these scare-heads referred to President Roosevelt's speech to the board of the Pan-American Union, devoted to a consideration of Pan-American policy which even by a great stretching of the interpretation could not justify such headlines. At this time American neutrality hearings were proceeding before the Congressional Committee. The tenor of the London press obviously led the average reader to believe that the neutrality law was all but repealed. About the same time at a news-reel theater I saw a shot of Mr. Stimson making a plea for American intervention in European affairs. There were no shots of the isolationists who also appeared before the committee.

Other sins of commission and omission: Reports of the penetration of the Axis into South America are often given considerable play in British papers, on the implicit theory that every such victory draws America out of isolation. After Munich one would never guess from reading the British press that Mr. Chamberlain's appeasement policy was unpopular in the United States. The reports of the various results of the Gallup poll attract little notice in the British press (as *Planning* pointed out),

except when results seem to indicate a drift away from isolation. Only one paper printed the results of the poll which showed last winter that seventy-five per cent of the United States favored Republican Spain against Franco (most papers were, like Chamberlain, non-interventionist). London papers usually report only the American press comments on world events from New York papers, although the *Washington Post* (strongly interventionist) has recently been getting much attention.

In justice to the British press, there are some exceptions. The New York correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* does send good, impartial news and a well-rounded picture of the American scene. The New York correspondent of the *Sunday Times* (London) has frequently warned *Sunday Times* readers that American opinion travels slowly away from isolation. The intellectual weeklies, *New Statesman* and *The Spectator*, have published some excellent analyses of these questions from Americans in the United States. But these papers and magazines reach only a small class.

Even this class—the intellectuals—displays a surprising ignorance of the character of American isolationist sentiment. For instance, most British intellectuals with whom I have talked know nothing of the economic philosophy supporting isolation of such prominent economic specialists as Stuart Chase, John T. Flynn, and Jerome Frank. One well-informed British writer who has visited the States expressed great surprise when I told him that numbers of American intellectuals, mentioning Charles Beard among others, were isolationists. This type of person believes American isolationists are either demagogic politicians or unenlightened peasants from the Middle West.

In short, from top to bottom, Englishmen are conditioned to minimize the isolationist strength in the United States and to expect that the United States will come in on their side on the outbreak of war.

III

A word about the situation across the Channel. Here too the French Government gives the lead and the press eagerly follows. The coverage of American news in the French press is less satisfactory than in the British, from every point of view. Not only is this coverage scant and the news angled, but the French papers lack a certain tact evident in the British press.

No British paper, for instance, would print the following headline as the *Paris-Midi* did, "An American Broadcasting Station Invites French Propaganda—'Give Us French Programs, French Information' Demands Post W3XAL—But Paris Does Not Reply." If the American station did get "propaganda" finally, I wonder how able it was; for a year ago American newspaper circles in Paris were saying that the French Government had put up 300,000 francs as subsidy for a magazine to be circulated both in France and the United States. The magazine was so blatantly propagandist that even French papers criticized it. The French agents went to America to arrange for mass distribution, but met with a firm refusal to handle from a large American newsstand distribution company.

But the very lack of finesse which spoils the game with Americans makes its impression on Frenchmen. During the critical days of early September, 1938, the French press neglected no opportunity to suggest that the United States would line up with France in case of war. In a speech at Pointe de Grave on September 5th Ambassador Bullitt said, "As I said on February 22, 1937, 'If war breaks out in Europe no one can say whether or not the United States will be brought into such a war.'" That evening *Ce Soir* (Left paper) featured this speech with the following headlines, "M. Bullitt Celebrates the Entente of the Democracies." Next morning both Right wing and Left wing papers joined in the chorus. *Le Jour* (Right) said, "America

will not wait two years, nor even two months to come to our aid." *Figaro* (Right): "American opinion sooner or later will take fire at a single shot, if war breaks out, on the theme of liberty of conscience or on the theme of racism." *L'Époque* (Right): "From young America to old Europe and even from ancestral China comes a wind of heroism and arises a fierce determination which nothing can break." *L'Humanité* (Communist): "[Hitler, if he makes war] would have against him the United States of America, with their formidable economic armament potential and their immense reserves." A Catholic paper, *Le Temps Présent*, said, "As for the United States, it seems that they have renounced isolation. If they are with us morally, as M. Bullitt underlined, it may well be that they will intervene."

On September 10th, that excellent correspondent Roussy de Sales (pseudonym—Jacques Fransalés) of the *Paris-Soir* and *Paris-Midi* interrupted this chorus with the news of Roosevelt's backdown, which was printed in the *Paris-Soir*. This newspaper, however, essayed to interpret the news for its readers, thus: "We must not take a black view of Roosevelt's words. That statement is no doubt necessary for domestic politics. The president's effort to clarify public opinion is measured, prudent. . . . There is no ideological crusade. There are the interests and essential aims of the United States, France, and England. On that base rests the union which will necessarily carry the united action of the three countries." The *Œuvre* (Left) printed the Havas Agency's dispatch on the matter with these words in big type: "Include the United States in a front of France and England against Hitler." *L'Humanité* did not print the President's words nor their substance, but turned a truncated story into the following, "Useful Clarification—American Policy Remains Faithful to the Principles Enunciated by M. Cordell Hull." It would have taken an unusually well-informed and critical reader

to perceive cause for alarm in such dispatches.

Since the September crisis the same deception has been going on—with variations. It is commonly believed in press circles in Paris that Havas ordered its correspondents following Munich not to send any news tending to give the impression that America disapproved of Munich, nor any news emphasizing the strength of isolation. True or not, this impression is certainly borne out by newspaper coverage of American events. The French press on these matters followed much the same line as the British—with one exception. Roosevelt's alleged remark, "America's frontier is on the Rhine," was played down in the big popular press which is Right wing. (The Left press, on the other hand, played it up.) Why? The shapers of French foreign policy at this moment were desirous of a rapprochement with Germany. A statement that would have served French policy in September did not appear so useful in February.

But to-day France has returned to an anti-German policy. Accordingly, the press again features every detail which might conceivably give the impression—"*Amérique avec nous.*" The average Frenchman, like any other newspaper reader, gets a net impression from a news story and overlooks significant omissions. Thus on Memorial Day this year at a ceremony at Garches, Ambassador Bullitt confined himself to lauding members of the Lafayette Escadrille, saying among other things that Norman Prince and other leaders of the Escadrille were "three years ahead of the majority of their countrymen." Reading this in connection with another speech by Dr. Gros, American representing the Escadrille, who said, "the sentiments of duty toward humanity . . . unite France and the United States in a sacred alliance against aggression and injustice . . . to-day America is much more prepared than it was in 1914 to express its friendship in terms of immediate aid . . ." how could a French reader fail to

draw the conclusion which he wanted to draw from these statements?

There is no Institute of Public Opinion in France, and American observers in France believe that any attempt to sample French public opinion and draw conclusions therefrom would be dangerous. It would be difficult, they feel, to take into account, mathematically, the individuality of the French, certain temperamental characteristics, and their complicated politics. It is impossible, therefore, to chart a graph of public opinion. But extensive conversations with French people of various classes give me the impression that they believe the United States will enter a war on the side of France, and immediately. This impression, I find, is shared by other correspondents in France. Apparently, the press and the politicians have done their work well.

IV

The United States is by no means an innocent victim of this British and French propaganda. The United States Government bears at least a part of the responsibility. For the present Administration in Washington itself has engaged in propaganda.

Since October, 1937, when Mr. Roosevelt drastically changed his foreign policy, his Administration has definitely entered the field of foreign propaganda. He has had a new foreign policy to sell, not only to his own people, but to foreign peoples. This foreign policy may or may not serve the best interests of America. Be that as it may. But from the President's point of view these interests, as he sees them, will be best furthered if Britain and France take a strong stand against the aggressive policies of Germany, Italy, and Japan. Why not, therefore, ginger up Britain and France?

Viewed from this angle, what are the speeches of Messrs. Roosevelt, Hull, Ickes, Woodring, Kennedy, and Bullitt but propaganda for the new foreign policy of the United States? Certainly the speeches of Ambassadors Kennedy

and Bullitt, delivered on the spot, constitute extremely potent propaganda for the "Roosevelt line" within these countries. In fact, the President himself seems to have employed some real technical knowledge of British press conditions to exploit his point of view within Britain. Says *Planning*: "The President at least has grasped the time factor on publicity in Europe, for advances of his big speeches are almost invariably issued in time to reach London by 6 p.m. which gives ample time for the morning papers to handle the news properly. This has undoubtedly played a great part in securing such excellent publicity for Mr. Roosevelt's recent speeches in the British press."

Has this barrage succeeded? It is difficult to tell. It is possible that Mr. Roosevelt's propaganda has had an effect contrary to what he seems to want. For, overconfidence in America's assistance in case of war may have prevented Britain and France from taking diplomatic and military steps which would have strengthened their position vis-à-vis Germany and Italy. In this case he may have played into the hands of the Tories who prefer the deliberate "Wait-and-See" policy. On the other hand, he seems to have strengthened the morale of the forces within Britain and France which demand a strong policy. But since these forces in Britain are the Liberal and Labor parties which are not gaining ground, his policy may have merely convinced the already convinced. In any case, few politicians in Britain and France to whom I have talked appear to be under any illusions about the game which Mr. Roosevelt has been playing.

The greater part of the American press, whether consciously or not, has played in with this Rooseveltian propaganda. For the American press gives support to this line in general, however much many papers may oppose active American participation in European affairs. This is popular, for apparently American opinion dislikes the dictatorships as much as Mr. Roosevelt does. No one can

avoid noticing that the American press tends to emphasize news from Europe indicating that Germany and Italy are breaking down internally. It also tends to overemphasize the strength of the forces in Britain and France which are alleged to want a strong stand against the dictatorships. On arrival in New York last December, I was surprised at the space devoted to Mr. Anthony Eden, then visiting in the States. It seemed out of all proportion to what European observers considered his actual political influence and future. Mr. Robert Dell, veteran correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, then in New York, was similarly surprised, so much so that he wrote an article in *The Nation* in an attempt to puncture what he considered the Eden legend in America. In short, the greater part of the American people want the British and French to take a strong line against Hitler and Mussolini and welcome news which tends to show that they are doing so. And naturally, American papers tend to tell their readers what the latter would like to hear.

Thus we have a very confusing picture of mutual understanding among the three democracies. British and French propaganda in the United States. British and French propaganda about the United States in Britain and France. American propaganda about America in Britain and France. American propaganda about Britain and France in America. Won't these conflicting winds one day, under some extraordinary barometric conditions, produce some very bad weather?

If all three countries were totalitarian states with the press regimented, they would run little danger from surprising shifts in their respective policies. But being democracies, some intelligence of one another's actual policies must sooner or later be acknowledged with consequent disillusioning effects on public opinion. While the United States may go to the aid of the European democracies in case of war, this may not come to pass as soon as the British and French

people expect. It should be remembered that it took two months in 1917, after breaking relations with the Central Powers, for the United States to declare war. After all, the present Neutrality Act, hailed as virtually repealed in London in April, remains on the statute books at present writing.

Here lies the dangerous time-lag. One has only to recall the recriminations of the British and French against the United States during the last war because they clung to neutrality for two and one-half years. One can imagine how much greater recriminations would follow if America stayed aloof, even for a short time, in view of the impressions regarding American participation broadcast in Britain and France.

Even if the United States responded promptly and the three democracies won, we could look forward to considerable bitterness following such a conflict. Britain and France stand to lose much more in man power and wealth from such a war. America may place a high value on her sacrifices. But Britain and France, bled white, would be inclined to minimize America's sacrifices and emphasize her profits. The whole history of the debts question and the "Who won the War" controversy in the twenties foreshadows this.

Conversely, suppose Britain and France continue to appease, or participate in some climactic European appeasement settlement. Then the United States, with its hope of an Anglo-French strong stand, will react in disillusion. It will need no straw votes to tell the story of American bitterness towards democracies which fail to defend democracy. The

attitude of American opinion after Munich makes this evident.

The future, then, of understanding among the democracies looks dark. But is there, then, no hope? Hardly from the Governments; for the politicians' intricate game knows no code. But the Fourth Estate, at least, has its ideals and its standards, which are those of the best standards of the democracy so often invoked in the political maneuverings. The press of the three countries has here an opportunity to fulfill its best mission. There are plenty of new developments that would make a new and honest policy in the press easy. Transatlantic air mail should allow quick and cheap transmission of thorough background articles in a press now overburdened by the cost of cable tolls. The new technic of sampling public opinion offers an easy and accurate method of succinctly describing the reactions of at least the American people. Also, what with the comings and goings across the Atlantic of propagandists, why not an exchange of editorial staffs between British and American papers (a suggestion which *Planning* makes)?

But all this would remain superfluous unless newspapers courageously defy Government influence (several British papers have) and an even greater influence, *i.e.*—"what the public wants." Putting behind them all wishful thinking, newspapers in the democracies can present a clear and impartial picture of what each of them is thinking, saying, and through its Government, doing. They would, thereby, go far toward converting the politicians' shibboleth of democracy into an actuality.



“FROM USUALLY RELIABLE SOURCES”

BY MORRIS GILBERT

ONE day in July, 1914, Karl von Wiegand, then Berlin correspondent of the United Press, learned of a circumstance which he thought merited detailed reporting. He cabled 138 words on the subject to New York and was reproached by return cable for wasting tolls. The circumstance he had so recklessly chronicled was the ultimatum from Austria-Hungary to Serbia which made the World War inevitable.

Since then, owing to the stimulation of American interest in foreign affairs because of the World War, and a score of other reasons, the wordage of foreign news that pours into the United States every day has become enormous. The New York headquarters of that same United Press estimates its “foreign report” at about 25,000 words a day. Other press services transmit about as much. On those days when exceptional events are occurring abroad enormous communication charges pile up. *The New York Times* receives an average of almost 12,000 words daily from its own foreign correspondents. It had 22,000 words from its own reporters covering the coronation of King George VI. The abdication of Edward VIII occupied 42 columns in the paper. Herbert L. Matthews, reporting the Battle of Ende Gorge in which some 50 men were killed during the Danakil Desert expedition of an Italian column in the Ethiopian War, cabled 16,000 words.

Specialized services abroad working for the American press, and free-lance correspondents, are furnishing a mass of

feature articles, signed material by eminent Europeans, interviews, opinions of specialists, forecasts, “background,” and “color stuff.”

While these vast quantities of information are appearing in print, a torrent of spoken words from and about “abroad” pours out of radio transmitters in millions of American homes. It proceeds quarter-hour by quarter-hour in English and in foreign languages through the day and far into the night.

Thousands of news pictures arrive here weekly—some by telegraphic or radio transmission—from overseas to illustrate our papers and magazines. Meanwhile in movie houses all over the country millions of Americans listen to foreign personalities and look on at foreign events in the news reels. It is clear that something extraordinary has happened since that day, a quarter-century ago, when Mr. von Wiegand dismayed his employers by reporting an event, in 138 words of cable, destined to shatter an era. In that space of time the commodity of foreign news has ceased to be an American luxury and has become an American commonplace.

To bring this commodity to Americans there has been put together—gradually—a maze of complicated machinery, devised and manned by Americans—channels, transmitters, interpreters, and mouthpieces of all that happens abroad. To get foreign news straight at all is difficult; so much the more necessary is it that the Americans should understand that news doesn’t just happen. It hap-

pens and it also is treated and "processed" as it passes through this machinery. What is this machinery?

The principal apparatus for bringing America the foreign news is the press. This consists of:

The three great news services—The Associated Press, the United Press, and Hearst's International News Service—which supply more than 3,000 American newspapers. Into the American headquarters of these services the news floods every day, to be sorted and re-distributed, and then put on the press wires going to papers throughout the country. Instant decisions are essential. Shall a story be carried in full to South America, or in skeleton form, or not at all? How much will Indiana papers want? Will a new lead make the story more interesting to American readers? Thousands of words of foreign news coming in every hour must be treated so as to fill these and many other requirements.

Organized in 1893, The Associated Press is the oldest of the services, owned co-operatively by 1,400 newspapers. Its largest bureau is in London and in important capitals it will maintain a force of twenty odd employees, six or seven of them being American reporters. The United Press, founded in 1907 to supply afternoon papers, principally the Scripps chain, is not co-operative but a straight commercial venture with 1,000 clients in the United States and 450 abroad. Once it had a virtual monopoly in South America, but recently The AP has been pressing it hard. The European headquarters is in London, in charge of Webb Miller; the Far Eastern force heads up in Shanghai. The total foreign personnel runs to about 400. This is double the number employed by International News which serves 25 Hearst paper clients and more than 700 others, here and abroad.

Next to the press associations come the foreign services maintained by individual American newspapers. Five American newspapers maintain relatively complete establishments abroad, with branches in the principal countries of Europe and Asia. These are:

The New York Times, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, the *Chicago Daily News*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Some other papers maintain a few special correspondents or have access to "string men" working on assignment or space or part time.

In addition to the press associations and the organizations of individual

newspapers there are a number of other services. The North American Newspaper Alliance, known as NANA, has a stable of gifted specialists here and abroad. The NEA (Newspaper Enterprise Association), a Scripps-Howard subsidiary, supplies features to 700 newspapers and includes in its service material turned out by a small staff overseas.

There are a number of smaller foreign services—such as the Jewish Telegraphic Agency which is mostly concerned with news from Palestine—and national news services of foreign countries to which the American press has access in one way or another. Reuter's in Great Britain, Tass in Russia, and Havas in France are examples. All of this huge complex goes to make up the press machine.

Side by side with the press is the radio which, in recent years, has become enormously important in the transmission of news from abroad. Now it has close newspaper ties, but originally the press fought it. Trans-Radio, the first important beginning, was organized in 1933 by Herbert Moore, a former UP correspondent in London. News was received in a New York office and dispatched in broadcastable form to a group of stations who subscribed to the service and sold it to commercial sponsors. Backing came in part from Philadelphia where Station WCAU was among the most alert of the pioneer stations. "String men" were acquired in various parts of the world, and presently contracts were made with foreign news services for information. Apparently finding it impossible to defeat this air-wave competition, the three press associations established their own radio services.

Meanwhile the big American broadcasting networks, N.B.C., Columbia, and Mutual had entered the foreign field, covering Europe from headquarters in London and getting kings, popes, and statesmen to broadcast. To-day the first two networks have practically parallel organizations abroad with Central European representatives in Berlin

and part time workers in Paris. Mutual is represented abroad by John Steele, a London correspondent of long experience.

The impact of news transmission by radio has been powerful. Radio listeners want news. A survey made last year in Iowa towns and rural sections found news programs leading all others in popularity. Speed of delivery is highly important. Radio scored a triumphant beat when Dr. Max Jordan of N.B.C. read the Munich Pact over the radio a considerable time before it was published in the American press. Radio beat the newspapers with news of Cardinal Pacelli's election as Pope.

News reel and photographic services are responsible for such elaborate picture reporting as the coronation of George VI and have brought to Americans many sensations. Fox Films is perhaps the biggest news reel organization to-day with offices and crews in Europe and Asia and "string men" elsewhere. Following it are Pathé, Paramount, Hearst's News of the Day, and Universal. Last of all are the "still" photographers who—with the swift progress in photo technic and transmission—have multiplied enormously. The Associated Press maintains "still" photograph news bureaus abroad and so does United Press, through its subsidiary NEA, which in turn owns Acme News-Pictures.

All these—press associations, special correspondents, roving correspondents, radio broadcasters, sound men and "still" men—compose the great foreign news machine which never ceases in its task.

II

No nation on earth has as much foreign news supplied it as the United States.

The British public—which is well informed, as foreign publics go—gets along with perhaps a tenth of our information from foreign parts. There are various reasons for this. Some are technical.

British publishers, for instance, do not enjoy the privilege of special postal rates such as are furnished American publishers by a benevolent government. Their papers are therefore smaller. An allied point is circulation. There are five or six popular London newspapers each with a circulation of about two million copies a day. This is roughly quadruple the circulation of any New York newspaper except the *Daily News*. So plant equipment, distribution capacity, white-paper requirements, and resulting costs are keyed differently in London and here, with definite effect on the actual amount of space available for news, whether local or imported.

Another difference is the editorial "tone" of the British compared with the American press. The obligation to supply news for information and for the record is more lightly held in England, the entertainment purpose of the paper more cultivated than here. A glance at the *Daily Express* or the *Daily Mail* any day is convincing on the point. The London *Daily Herald*, a respectable morning paper, the morning after the first election of President Roosevelt devoted its front page to the event, but featured a more or less imaginative story of crowds in Times Square, New York. When the final edition was being made up this story still ran all over page one. Happening to be in the editorial office at the time, I asked, "Don't you want to put in who was elected Vice President?" They said no. The purpose was to entertain, not inform, the public.

The Times of London got into a lavish mood last September 30th, the Munich pact having been signed overnight. It supplied its readers with much more information on the subject than any other London paper did. The total (including an editorial of $1\frac{1}{4}$ columns) was approximately fourteen and one-half columns. *The New York Times* the same morning devoted thirty-eight columns to the subject, including two editorials.

There just isn't space in the world

press, outside our own (and a few South American papers) for all the words we print. Newspapers in Paris and other foreign places are thin, thin wraiths compared to the fat dailies of our American cities. *Action Française*, the Royalist sheet, runs to 6 or 8 pages only. *Paris-Soir*, the big Americanized evening paper, gets up to 24 pages sometimes. A good average on a Paris paper would be 12 pages. In some places abroad, censorship bear heavily on size. Where news and opinion are controlled, the emphasis is on what not to print rather than the other way.

Meanwhile the various American demands for foreign news have produced remarkable results. No other citizenry than ours has available such quality, as well as quantity, of information about the world at large. Its bulk and continuity are its best safeguards against gross and continued error. Sooner or later, murder, social, economic, or political, will out. The average American is better informed on foreign affairs than he has ever been, better informed than is the dweller in any other land.

The superiority applies to the correspondents themselves not because they are Americans (some are not), but because the American level of news gathering and reporting is comparatively high. They have space to explain. They are heirs to America's geographic detachment. They are at least on a "subsistence level" of compensation in contrast to some of their colleagues of the foreign press. So there seem to be less venality, less serving of special interest, less credulity, less groveling before the mighty, and (Americans would be inclined to feel) better writing than are found among their colleagues overseas working for non-American papers.

These comparative merits are to some extent acknowledged abroad; witness, among other testimony, the exposition of the point by George Slocombe, British journalist, in a recent book of reminiscences. Further evidence would appear to rest in the fact that the contemporary

record of world affairs in book form in English has been so largely written by correspondents for American papers and news services. The journalistic record of these days is preserved, mostly by these men, to an extent not known in earlier periods. Among the source books of the future will be the work of such men as Vincent Sheean, John Gunther, Walter Duranty, Webb Miller, Edgar Mowrer, Edgar Snow, Leland Stowe, G. E. R. Gedye, M. W. Fodor, Herbert L. Matthews, John Whitaker, Clarence Streit. . . . For the "color" of the foreign world, add the contributions of Negley Farson and Pierre van Paassen. With them and the books of others not strictly journalists but working closely with American correspondents abroad—such men as César Saerchinger and Maurice Hindus—the picture of foreign affairs is established in detail for Americans, and for the British too, since most of these books have been published in Britain.

The men mentioned here and a few more are the aces of foreign correspondence. They are on the scene when great events are happening. Their work is known and looked for. They have a public which "follows" them.

But in the nature of things, the field is too broad, too varied, too detailed to be covered by them alone. They can only expect to highlight the crises. The bulk of the foreign news is obtained and delivered on a twenty-four-hour basis, day in, day out, by a much larger body of men, some known widely, some less known, some quite anonymous, the employes of the American news syndicates.

Gathering, concentrating, and distributing news by the syndicates requires much technical training and experience. This has had one basic effect on the make-up of the bureaus abroad of The AP, the UP, and INS. It has caused them to draw their staffs principally from their own American-trained personnel. It is more important for a syndicate man to be adept in the technic of what to do with the news, once he has it, than, at the start, to be an expert in the foreign field

where he finds himself. Syndicate bureau chiefs abroad calculate that for the first year of a man's service in, say, Paris or Berlin, he won't earn his way. He won't know the various "set-ups"—political, social, historical, journalistic. He must learn the machinery of his own office and how to get about. But he does have knowledge of American affairs and appreciates what is "news for America." An "American angle" may not be the important "angle" of an event, but to depend on foreigners to staff American news services abroad would be less satisfactory still. A foreigner might be unwilling to report certain news dispassionately or would literally be unable to do so, for any one of several reasons. It isn't easy for a foreigner to learn the technic of American news reporting. That is why, in general, it is Americans, graduates of the "desks" and "city rooms" of our land, technicians of the American craft, who are sending us the news. If there are faults they are the faults of the American press.

Correspondents of the news services have elaborate and swift decisions to make. How important is a bit of news? A threatened typhus epidemic in China may affect millions of lives and still not be such news as the murder of an American girl in a Paris suburb. If important, what factors, such as a big national story running simultaneously in America, will kill it? On a monthly quota of wordage, can the space be spared to fill in details?

The men working in syndicate offices abroad are obliged to bear in mind successive deadlines for morning and evening papers and editions at home. This may mean "new leads" on a story several times a day. It is the practice to "freshen" an important "running story" at least twice in the twenty-four hours for the benefit of the "Mornings" and the "Evenings," whether the news really deserves "freshening" or not.

Service men are working always against "the opposition." Some American newspapers take both AP and UP services, or the INS may be the enemy.

There are many cities where rival newspapers utilize rival services. Ten minutes' advantage may "make" an edition in many places at home, and the business of the services is to "make" editions ahead of their competitors everywhere. Waspish "service messages" go forth from the home offices when the opposition has the best technical handling of a story.

These "service messages" from home are matters of wonder and rage in the foreign bureaus. A statesman is dying in Paris. An hour after the official morning bulletin has been reported with all possible sidelights of news, comes the demand: "How Tartempion?" or "Stimulate Tartempion," or "Freshen Tartempion." Tartempion must then be freshened or stimulated. Once in a while service messages reach the inanity recorded by César Saerchinger when he was inhabiting the anterooms of cardinals in Rome, seeking to persuade them to prevail upon the Pope to broadcast over the radio network he then represented. At a particularly difficult moment came the brilliant advice from home: "Contact old gentleman direct." Not every desk man or executive at home is, or can be, a foreign expert, and some of the things that happen to the news at their hands are terrible to contemplate.

III

Foreign bureaus always claim that they are under-staffed, and that is true. They also truly say that they are under-paid. This is an occupational disability of American newspapermen, aggravated in the foreign field by the fixed notion of publishers that reporters abroad are sybarites who should pay for the privilege of working there. American publishers and service executives have not instituted the five-day week for their foreign staffs, as the NRA, succeeded by American Newspaper Guild contracts, have caused many of them to do at home. The classic expression of their attitude was framed in the cable sent in NRA-time by Edwin L. James, Managing

Editor of *The New York Times*, to the chief of his Paris bureau: "City staff going on 40-hour week. Paris staff will continue to work 30 hours a week."

Proprietors shudder at costs of transportation between here and abroad. There are men abroad who haven't come home in ten years. It was the advice of the managing editor of one great newspaper to young men wishing to become foreign correspondents to go abroad at their own expense, so as to be available for hiring there. A man was hired once in London to fill a post on the Continent. His new employers wanted, however, to look him over and to introduce him to their plant. Meanwhile, his wife and child were in America. The plan naturally developed for him to sail home, get a glimpse of the home office, and take his family back abroad with him. To accomplish all this, he was given three hundred dollars expense money. He made up the difference out of his own pocket. Not many foreign correspondents are enabled to come home often enough to renew contacts, take up their problems direct, and freshen their understanding of America. But proprietors seldom hesitate to accuse a correspondent of having gone native.

These harried, impoverished, expatriate Americans are doing reporters' jobs under hard conditions. The fate of the special correspondent is somewhat easier. He has only one paper to serve and one deadline to meet. This allows the "special," in Europe, anyhow, to glean the news, tap his sources of comment, and after a leisurely dinner proceed at an even pace to his typewriter and compose a dispatch which is on the cable-desk at home by five or six o'clock in the morning.

The special correspondent is rarely a news-stoker in the sense that the syndicate man is. For one thing, the syndicate man takes several yarns off the special's hands any day. The special saves cable or radio charges for his paper by leaving those to the syndicate and confining himself to the big news of

the moment. He thus has more time for getting information, digesting it, and writing it. Such a brilliantly organized dispatch as John Gunther's report of the assassination of Dolfuss was possible because Gunther had that extra time available to a morning-paper man. The brilliant work of Gedye in and round Prague during the appeasement days came out the way it did to some degree because Gedye wasn't sending it in disconnected "takes" but writing it as a whole. The ironic and humorous enthusiasm of a Birchall, boring into a political yarn in almost any European capital, is the result of the experience of men long familiar with the scene, filtered through the writer's deft mind, and capacity to organize a story.

There are instances of course and they have been frequent recently, when the "special" must go right out into the cold and the snow and dig for the news. The sub-war arrives in Europe with its repulsive phases of non-intervention, appeasement, *Anschluss*, a Lindbergh or a Corrigan turns up, a king abdicates and weds, and the "special" is just a reporter again.

But these are "spot news" stories, no more typical of reporting abroad than here, except that facilities for work there are fewer. The real business of the foreign correspondent is to get and interpret the news of nations, the actions and plans and trends of foreign offices, statesmen, dictators, and the "general line."

This is not easy. The practice of any foreign office is to deplore and withhold any save favorable information, and to put a favorable light on anything disagreeable that can't be suppressed. They dislike to make an explicit statement about anything.

When George Stewart—who, as Sir George, accompanied the recent royal tour of Canada and the United States as press liaison man—was attaché to Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, the press was summoned to 10 Downing Street one day. There was a long wait, after which Stewart appeared carrying a

typewritten communiqué which he proceeded to dictate. It was the news that MacDonald was to undergo an eye operation, and it was phrased, with true British reticence, "an operation on an eye." An American reporter asked the obvious question, "Which eye?" Stewart writhed. What a coarse and impertinent inquiry! It is illustrative of the attitude

An established rule in Whitehall is that official information must be given first to Parliament, after which it is available to the press. Some press offices go farther than others in prevarication, though it might be argued that this is after all only a matter of degree. The habits of the government press sections in the dictatorships are all too well known.

Personal relations between correspondents and foreign news sources, which can't be established overnight, are vital in news-getting. They have been responsible for journalistic coups. Pierre Huss of the INS Berlin bureau was able to get a virtually textual statement of the Munich Pact three or four hours ahead of anyone else. For a long time Huss had cultivated a German official and had refused favors offered him by this man, waiting until he wanted a real favor. He asked for it on the final day of the appeasement conference, when Hitler, Chamberlain, Daladier, and Mussolini had assembled in Munich to sign the agreement. Huss, through the official, got entry to the conference room, and, for about five minutes held the actual document in his hand. It was in German, and about three hundred words long. Huss didn't dare take any notes. All he could do was memorize the text to the best of his ability in the short time available. He then left, telephoned his Berlin office, and dictated the text. When the official version appeared there were hardly twenty words left out of the version already in America.

But if respect for a correspondent is important, confidence is not.

When a Foreign Office has implicit "confidence" in an American ambas-

sador Americans can begin to worry. This applies to the good correspondent. His allegiance must be to the news and to it alone.

The news comes hard if it means much; it doesn't come from any one source. That has given rise to that practice which in naval gunnery is, I believe, called "bracketing." The first shot may be over the target. Sights are then lowered, and the next shot may be under. The bull's-eye is in between. I have seen a competent correspondent, having deduced the logical development of a news situation, limit the evidence against it by a talk at the American Embassy, then eliminate other possibilities at the Foreign Office in Whitehall, and emerge with a very accurate result. No confidences were violated. The deduction was the correspondent's alone. It is the highest form of corresponding.

Such reporting permitted the New York *Herald Tribune* to announce the impending formation of the Rome-Berlin Axis five months before the word "axis" was invented by Mussolini in a speech in Milan in November, 1936. Mussolini had opposed Nazi designs on Austria and mobilized troops at the Brenner Pass immediately after the Dolfuss assassination. But about the end of June, 1936, Germany and Austria agreed to end the ill-feeling caused by the Dolfuss murder. Miss Sonia Tomara, then *Herald Tribune* correspondent in Rome, began to wonder what this meant. She called on the German Ambassador in Rome, Ulrich von Hassell. Their relations were cordial, the talk was lengthy, and she came away with a definite feeling that a German-Italian alliance was either pending or already accomplished. Just to get a cross-bearing, she telephoned her colleague in Berlin. After a little more inquiry, but with no official confirmation, she cabled her story. It was an accurate pre-view of the Axis.

Similar results arrive through "pooling." Foreign correspondents in any capital are a small cluster of outlanders. They cannot cover everything, and liking

or favoritism or special cultivation will give one man access to a source of news which another man cannot tap. It is natural enough, when rivalry does not prevent, to pool information. Correspondents exchange news and views. This often develops into special "combinations" where two or more men, personally congenial, work out a story among them.

Combines work both for and against. Recently two principal combines in Berlin linked *The New York Times*, The AP, and, loosely, the London *Times* together more or less against the UP, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the London *Daily Telegraph*—a logical arrangement, in view of the geography involved. In the early days of the Japanese invasion of China, it will be recalled, a group of European powers and the United States—every important power save Germany—sent delegates to Brussels to discuss ways of ending the quarrel. In the midst of that hopeless conference, *The New York Times* suddenly reported that Germany had agreed to act as mediator between the Chinese and the Japanese.

The news torpedoed the Brussels conference and exasperated the rival combination which spent three days in fruitless efforts either to corroborate the report or to prove it false. As it happened, it wasn't true.

The story grew out of a meeting of the "Stammtisch"—a group of correspondents and others, including a few Nazi officials—round a beer-hall table. The statement was made by a German in what seemed a highly authoritative way. The *Times* men talked it over, concluded to report it. Apparently the correspondent was imposed upon, either for the sake of sending up a trial balloon or to cause confusion in Brussels or to make a general *coup* in prestige politics.

The "visiting correspondent" is an interesting institution of newsgathering abroad. No matter how cordial the relations may be between the foreign press in a capital and the sources of in-

formation, regular correspondents there get to be an old story. A correspondent can't be forever knocking at the door of a prime minister or a dictator or a king and the press officer's business is to keep reporters away from the fountain-heads of the news. But when the visitor arrives, this barrier often can be surmounted, if only as a matter of courtesy. And then things may happen.

"What! Horthy told you I don't dare mobilize the Yugoslav army!" the late King Alexander roared at H. R. Knickerbocker one time. "I'll show him if I dare mobilize my army or not!" What had started as a mere ten-minute exchange of generalities turned into a rousing interview that lasted much longer. Knickerbocker was a visiting correspondent. He had something to give—the contemptuous remarks of Admiral Horthy, Hungarian dictator, whom he had just talked to. That is what a visiting correspondent can do sometimes.

When a prominent visitor arrives, the arrangements which the local man seems to make so easily for interviews may rise up to plague him. One or two correspondents in Rome have tried for years to talk exclusively to Mussolini. They can arrange this for others but not for themselves. Unless one understands, the failure might look disastrous. It's the same with Stalin in Moscow.

Transient reporters are useful for getting unpleasant information out of a country. A visitor, whatever his own news sources, usually turns to newsmen on the scene for insight, detail, and direction. They can sometimes deliver much information which men who remain on the scene cannot handle.

When Leland Stowe was Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* a few years ago, his editors sent him to Germany to investigate the Nazi regime about the time of the June 30, 1934, blood purge. The results showed the technic of the visiting correspondent. Stowe had his own contacts in Germany and naturally had the benefit of the experience of the men of his paper's own

bureau in Berlin. He came out with a series of articles on the general theme, "Nazis Mean War," containing material which men permanently stationed in Germany could not have written if they wanted to stay. As it happened, Stowe's paper did not publish this series but it was printed in book form both in Britain and the United States.

In dictator lands correspondents sometimes must decide whether certain information is worth being banished for or not. Such decisions are affected by the policy of their employers. At one time it looked as if Col. Robert R. McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* wanted all his men expelled from dictator countries. In consequence he got some very drastic reporting.

IV

The foreign press is a vast reservoir of the news. There it is spread out in the papers—thirty or so of them a day in Paris alone—and, in Europe, five hours or more ahead of New York in time. This news has to be handled with care and understanding. European papers are notorious for their crotchets and odd loyalties and distortions.

This brings up the matter of "tipsters" for American foreign bureaus. These are mostly grave citizens getting along in years, the revered political commentator for a local daily, a man on familiar terms with ministers, the counsellor or mouthpiece of a political party. Such a man can do remarkable things. He can get facts, even documents, not available to others. A good example was when a New York daily printed the verbatim text of the "Gentleman's Agreement" on war debts which was a secret corollary of the Lausanne Economic Conference. It was obtained through the efforts of such a person, and it was world news. As for the Paris tipster, he is virtually an international institution. More official secrets escape from Paris than from anywhere else in Europe.

Tipstering, using the term without opprobrium, is just as important to news

correspondence abroad as it is in, say, Washington. At its best it gives access to first-hand information of a character not generally revealed, or considerably in advance of general knowledge. Germany's intentions with regard to Czechoslovakia, for instance, were exposed in remarkable detail out of London by the celebrated "Augur" in January, 1938, five months before the first Sudetenland drive began, nine months before Munich. Chamberlain's intentions not to resist whatever encroachments Hitler might make against the Czechs were stated on the highest authority in the American press in the early summer before Munich. A private talk had been reported. In December, 1935, an American correspondent in Paris furnished his service at home with a prediction that Hitler planned to occupy the Rhineland. The article was not used and the home office told the correspondent to avoid war-scares. When Hitler marched on March 6, 1936, the correspondent's home office cabled him an apology. The information had come from a remarkably well-informed tipster.

Of recent years the use of material by foreign experts, in addition to the reports of regular American correspondents, has grown here. These articles are not written by men like Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, politicians with reputations but no office, augmenting their incomes by writing for the papers. They are the work of professional journalists. Sir Arthur Willert, once the London *Times* correspondent in Paris, Berlin, and Washington, and afterward head of the Press Section of the British foreign office for fourteen years, is one of these men. Now on his own, his experience is an invaluable asset.

As for "Augur," born Vladimir Poliakoff more than seventy years ago in Poland of Jewish parentage, but now a naturalized British subject, his journalistic career has been long and varied. The story of his ownership of the *Pariser Tageblatt*, organ of German refugees in Paris, and of its reported disposition, has

already been the subject of libel suits in two countries. He is reputed to have an exceptional entrée to ministries in several different lands, and if not all his communications to the press have been borne out by time, they are usually very interesting.

One of the best-known Paris journalists who has close relations with the American press is Jules Sauerwein, for many years the brilliant political specialist of *Le Matin* and now foreign editor of *Paris-Soir*. Sauerwein's greatest achievement was an interview with Marshal Foch on the first anniversary of Armistice Day. In breaking the silence imposed on a military man, the interview was a bitter indictment of the Versailles peace-makers, especially of Clemenceau. "I won the war," said Foch, "they lost the peace." The interview occurred in a train on the way to the devastated areas. When Sauerwein got back to his office, they turned the whole front page over to him. He dictated the full page in about two hours. Nowadays the fat and aging Sauerwein, wearing a close-clipped mustache, looks like a tweedy banker. He is susceptible to ribbing, as when, returning in the *Ile de France* with Herriot after the famous visit to President Roosevelt in the spring of 1933, he kept a rendezvous beneath a glittering statue in the vessel's salon—a rendezvous made for him on lavender scented note paper by a colleague with a gift for feminine penmanship. . . .

How the news is gathered in Germany is wonderful and mysterious, since the best of it does not come from official sources, and so many other sources are taboo. The skill of the handful of correspondents in Berlin, assisted by unknown persons who work at the risk of their lives, compels admiration. News of persecutions, for instance, must be doubly insured. That is, the verification must satisfy the exactions of Nazi press overseers and at the same time must not endanger the welfare or lives of informants. In Berlin correspondents have withheld more stories of this character,

which they knew from personal observation to be true, than they have sent.

It takes a special kind of serenity and endurance to work on fixed post in Germany and Italy. An American correspondent temporarily in Rome remembers with the utmost humiliation his ingenuousness in talking without caution over the long-distance wire to London. The things he said were rude though unimportant. He was presently made to realize his mistake during a call at the Ministry of Press and Propaganda. He had overlooked the fact that telephone conversations can be preserved on phonograph discs. Harassed and badgered, if the correspondent gets discouraged he can always succumb to the seductions of the place. It doesn't happen often; more often probably in Rome than in Berlin.

Such is the complex machine that gathers up what happens abroad and ships it home every day for American consumption. Try to state this in terms of individuals: We get the news through reporters, human beings. Many are ill paid, insecure, and unknown, a few are well paid and well known. Most of them work under difficult conditions. The reporter's chief duty is to report the news as correctly as he is able. He may not have it correctly in the first place, or he may distort it, consciously or unconsciously, in sending it. So much the worse. But that isn't the end of the affair.

For when the news reaches the United States it has to be served up by newspapers. These newspapers very often have axes to grind and many have strong biases. Publishers defend bias as a precious element of the freedom of the press. This position was well put by Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of *The New York Times*, according to quotations from a recent speech. "These rights [Constitutional freedom of the press]," he said, "freely given to the people, exacted in return no obligation either from them or from those who

chanced to be the media through which they were exercised. There was no injunction of objectivity placed upon the speech of an individual. . . . The publisher of a newspaper was free to issue as partisan a sheet as he saw fit. . . . Thus a free press not only implies but grants the right to be biased."

There are, therefore, many hazards and traps between the fact itself and the reader. This is notably the case in the reporting of controversial news, such as the Spanish Rebellion. There has been much distortion in the news of the Mexican oil controversy. We have been getting fantastic reports both from Japanese and Russian sources in the current Outer-Mongolian affair. In the days of the Popular Front government in France, with its sit-down strikes and reorganization of many departments of French political and economic life, the reporting was in general very bad. This was partly because the situation was so novel and strange as to be inexplicable to many of the reporters themselves. It was also due to the extreme horror and dismay with which certain of these events overseas were viewed in American editorial offices.

One of the serious faults inherent in the present American system of distributing news from abroad is that it comes, in the main, from so few sources. Most of the nation's press is served by the three great news associations. This makes a funnel inordinately wide at the outlet, inordinately narrow at the point of origin. Many reporters of these services are brilliant men. In general they are conscientious and well trained. The standard is high. But it has its limitations. Only three minds, for instance, may be working for America on a news story of great consequence. All three minds—whether an AP, a UP, or

an INS mind—are held to the narrowing and technically arid requirements of their services. The American public gets this product. How many elements may have been ignored in transferring the significance of the event? How many facets, sidelights, points of view do not appear which might have appeared with more individuals working on the material under conditions not so restrictive as press association reporting? Present mass production methods make for efficiency and save expense. This is not necessarily synonymous with furnishing the news.

Yet, despite all the battering the news receives, events abroad are better reported for the citizen of the United States than for the citizen of any other country. Newspapers in Germany, Russia, Italy, and some other countries reflect the policy and attitude of the government. Newspapers in Great Britain come increasingly under government domination. French newspapers are more interested in the dissemination of ideas than news. Supported by an enormous advertising lineage, American newspapers have had the space to give to millions of words of foreign news. Supported by advertising revenue, the radio is doing likewise. We get the quantity of news we have by the grace of this revenue. It may some day be otherwise. At the present moment in New York a newspaper is in the course of preparation that proposes to get away from the advertising scaffold which now supports the press. We shall have an opportunity to see how news can be treated then.

Meanwhile it's still a case of let the buyer beware. The American reader and listener must read and listen with discernment. But he has a better opportunity to do this than readers and listeners anywhere else.



WHAT WE THINK ABOUT FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY FRANCIS SILL WICKWARE

The following data have been obtained mainly from the American Institute of Public Opinion, whose cross-section polls on a variety of political, social, economic, and other questions have been one of the most significant features of U. S. journalism since 1935. Under the direction of Dr. George Gallup, the Institute's canvassers approach carefully selected groups of citizens in all parts of the country and obtain their opinions on a wide range of topics. The extreme accuracy of this cross-section sampling method has been demonstrated many times over. In this article the evolution of U. S. public opinion in regard to foreign affairs is outlined, with the American Institute polls forming the principal source material.—*The Editors*

IN the autumn of 1935 the American public had its first opportunity in history to give a direct expression of opinion about many things vitally affecting the individual and collective welfare of all citizens. There were social unrest, poverty, debt, and unemployment at home and there was a menacing ground-thunder of marching armies abroad. Transmitted—and perhaps unduly amplified—by the press, that thunder reverberated in this country on ears that were unaccustomed to the sound and, in large part, unbelieving that it could be a reality. Since then it has grown louder, nearer, deadlier than before, and the American public is under no illusions that if the prophetic rumble breaks into a storm the American earth will not be shaken. The *Yankee Clipper* has leaped the Atlantic in less than a day and a half; two British monarchs have been cheered by polyglot millions in an old, maverick colony; the extinction of nations has become a popular sport to be pursued during long weekends while Downing Street relaxes in the country. And in the minds of millions of men and women in this country the State Department and that amorphous something known as foreign policy have lost

any meaning except in relation to the next war and the role that the United States is destined to play in it.

If you could have consolidated the babble of one hundred and thirty million American voices into one voice in 1935-36—as was done by the newly formed American Institute of Public Opinion, more familiarly the "Gallup Poll"—you would have heard something very nearly like this: "Of all the issues before the country we consider neutrality third in importance, with unemployment and government spending of greater moment. Virtually all of us believe that America should refuse to enter another general European war, if one develops, and somewhat more than half of us think that we shall be able to stay out. More than seven in ten of us oppose taking any action—military or economic—in concert with other nations to stop an aggressor. Nearly half of us favor a total stoppage of trade with belligerents, and another four in ten would place an embargo on traffic in the implements of war. We have more confidence in President Roosevelt's policies keeping us out of war than we have in Candidate Landon's, but still we think that if it comes to a

showdown the final decision ought to come from the plain people rather than from Capitol Hill and the White House. More than seven in ten favor a popular referendum before Congress may declare war, even though the State Department, the generals, and the admirals insist that such procedure would hobble American diplomacy and the national defense alike.

"We are still wavering a little between an armed, defensive peace and peace by agreement. Most of us think that there might be some gain in a new international armaments-limitation conference, and we would like to see the United States take the initiative in proposing such a conference. At the same time nearly two out of every three of us believe that better peace insurance is to be had in military alliances with congenial powers than in any alliance of words as typified by the League of Nations. If there is to be a League that means anything to the United States, it should be a union of nations in North and South America, more than half of us state. We strongly favor increasing appropriations for a bigger and better air force, and over half of us want a more powerful navy, with a smaller number favoring increases in army budgets. Yet we fear and detest the merchants of death. A vast majority think that the profit motive should be eliminated from the manufacture and sale of munitions; a smaller but still impressive majority favor turning over the munitions industries to the government."

That, very briefly, was the public's attitude toward the situation approximately four years ago, and it is useful to recall that in 1935-36 the first shoots of the present banyanlike world crisis were popping up above the surface in a dozen widely separated places. Japan celebrated the end of 1934 by denouncing the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922; in Germany and Russia a series of mystifying purges were proceeding merrily; France and Italy signed an agreement settling colonial claims in Africa (including control of the Ethiopian railway) and the "incidents" along the Abyssinian

border multiplied; the people of the Saar Territory voted overwhelmingly to be returned to the Reich, and Jews, liberals, and the French hurriedly moved out of the Basin; troops moved from Italy to North Africa, but Il Duce had nothing to say regarding his designs on Haile Selassie's empire; a noisy little revolution began in Greece; in Germany universal military service was restored, and Great Britain sent a note of protest; at the Stresa conference the British, French, and Italian emissaries agreed to oppose "any unilateral repudiation of treaties which may endanger the peace of Europe"—in less than six months Italy invaded Ethiopia and started a large-scale war.

The first ominous portents of 1936 came in Spain and Japan. In both countries anti-fascist or left-wing forces won election victories, thereby precipitating military uprisings in Spain and wholesale assassinations in Japan. On top of this, Germany ran up another storm signal by occupying the Rhineland and denouncing the Treaty of Locarno; Versailles was already a dead letter in Wilhelmstrasse. France and others protested to the League of Nations, now totally without prestige in international affairs since the challenge of the Ethiopian invasion. In the Reich, nearly a hundred out of every hundred Germans voted "*Ja*" in a national plebiscite on Adolf Hitler's policies. Arab attacks on Jews in Palestine climaxed increasing tension between the two groups. The League of Nations continued to name Italy the "aggressor" in Ethiopia, but to no effect. In France the Front Populaire was installed in the Chamber of Deputies, and the country was swept by sit-down strikes of a nearly revolutionary character. By mid-July the smoldering political conflict in Spain flared into civil war as troops of the Spanish Foreign Legion crossed the Straits from Morocco to the mainland; France shortly announced that she would draw a *cordon sanitaire* around the infected nation and requested Britain and Italy to do likewise.

The effect of the frightening events of

1935-36 was to make the public more determined than ever to keep the peace as far as the United States was concerned. Whereas neutrality was named the third most vital issue in 1935, in January, 1937, voters placed it second, with unemployment still first. The actual wars, fought or being fought, of course attracted the public's attention more than the prophetic conferences, speeches, and threatening gestures made during the period. Sympathy went to the defenders in both Spain and Ethiopia, but Americans were not disposed to give more than sympathy. Just before sanctions were applied against Italy in 1935—with U. S. sentiment strongly favoring Selassie's cause—the American Institute asked, "If one foreign nation insists upon attacking another, should the United States join with other nations to compel it to stop?" Seven persons in ten replied in the negative, and only one in ten thought that the country should go beyond economic, non-military measures in case any concerted action should be taken.

In Spain the issues were complicated by the entrance of the Axis on the Rebels' side, and by the Soviet Union on the Loyalists'. Two-thirds of the voters called a plague on both and said they didn't care which camp triumphed; but slightly more than a fifth of the people backed the Loyalists because of dislike for Hitler and Mussolini, and slightly more than a tenth favored the Rebels because of dislike for Stalin. Voters' comments generally indicated that "to defend a legally constituted government is a better cause than attacking it." But on account of the intervention by three dictatorships, the U. S. public doubted whether Spain would inherit a democratic government regardless of the outcome of the war.

II

It is safe to say that by January, 1937, two developments had occurred in U. S. opinion: the public had begun actively to

take sides in conflicts outside this country, and rock-ribbed neutrality-isolationist sentiment was at the zenith, with no distinction between the attitude of Republicans and Democrats. With 70 per cent of the country stating that the U. S. had made a mistake in entering the World War, nearly two-thirds believed that we could stay out of the next one. Germany was blamed by voters for starting the World War, and Germany was blamed for the world armaments race. Great Britain was named the "favorite nation" by 55 per cent of the public, with France second with 11 per cent of the vote. This selection of the two leading European democracies indicated no more than a sentimental alliance, however, for more than half the voters still insisted upon full collection of the war debts (reduction was favored by another third), and upon a total stoppage of trade with belligerents. Indeed, the public was even unwilling to leave the application of the Neutrality Act to the President, for about seven persons in ten voted for strict mandatory provisions. Meanwhile, in the midst of vast caterwauling over government expenditures (the public has consistently opposed spending for recovery since the first poll) an overwhelming majority continued to favor increases in the record peace-time defense appropriations mounting up close to a billion dollars annually. As usual, the air force was considered most in need of expansion, and it is interesting to note that in these polls young people were more eager than any other group to enlarge the military establishment. But for that matter, young people were more fearful than any other group of U. S. participation in the next war: the country voted 62 per cent "Yes" on the question "If there is another general European war, do you believe the United States can stay out?" while young people gave a 58 per cent "Yes" answer. Paralleling the demand for larger military appropriations was the public's strong desire to "take the profits out of war" by nationalizing the munitions industry and

by having the Federal Government regulate all business and industrial profits in wartime. More than eight in ten voters favored the former and over seven in ten the latter.

To detached observers in 1937 it looked a little as though America were getting ready to make the world safe for neutrality. Certainly the nation's thirst for weapons contrasted strangely with its expressed disapproval of the European armaments race; it brought to mind von Bernstorff's famous analysis of the American character in which he discerned a "juxtaposition . . . of pacifism and an impulsive lust of war." To-day there are fewer contrasts between the attitude and the fact. The nation is still neutral, still opposes foreign entanglements, still is hopeful of staying out of the encroaching conflict. But in the past two years the sentimental, historic affinity for Great Britain and France has been stiffened by fear and hatred for their opponents, and the public is drawing near to the conclusion that if the United States allows the democracies to be defeated by the Axis our turn will not be long in coming. In 1937 we did not want to fight under any circumstances; to-day we do not want to fight, but—

If the United States actually does become involved in the Second World War the blame will rest more heavily on the shoulders of Adolf Hitler than on any other individual. In spite of our tribal idiocies, our lynchings, our gangsters, our occasional clownish politicians, and our dangerous lunatic fringe of Coughlins and Moseleys, we are still a nation of decent people, and we are still young enough and naïve enough to believe that if we set a good example we can regenerate wicked old Europe and Asia. When a wicked nation, or even a Führer, not only fails to pay lip service to the example but maculates it with scorn we become irritated. And no course that Hitler could have chosen would have more fully guaranteed our appearance at the old stand in the next war than the one he has pursued in the past two years.

True, the Reich was comparatively well-behaved in 1937, and the Sino-Japanese hostilities along with the Spanish civil war were the main preoccupations of foreign news. As in the Spanish war, U. S. citizens tended to stand aside from the Chinese conflict. A poll taken in September, 1937 (after the shooting by Japanese of the British Ambassador to China) showed that 55 per cent of the country was neutral, with China favored 20 to 1 by the others. Japan's advances continued at an accelerated rate and her arrogance increased correspondingly, so that a second poll taken a month later showed that the neutral element had declined to 40 per cent, and that there were sixty Chinese partisans to every individual favoring Japan. However, when asked, "Is your sympathy for China great enough to keep you from buying goods made in Japan?" over 60 per cent of the voters replied in the negative. About the same percentage opposed the shipment of arms from the U. S. to China, and there was a nearly unanimous vote against extension of financial aid to either side. To the average man the most important issue in China at that time was whether to keep U. S. warships and soldiers in the Far East or to call them home. The American Institute asked: "Should we withdraw all troops in China to keep from getting involved in the fighting, or should the troops remain there to protect American citizens?" The national vote was 54 per cent in favor of withdrawal, and by January, 1938, following the bombing of the gunboat *Panay*, seven voters in ten stated that we should get out of China.

The Hitler year began with the seizure of Austria in March, proceeded through a new series of anti-Jewish persecutions of unparalleled severity, and reached a triumphant climax in the Munich performance, with further anti-Semitic outbreaks after the assassination of Ernst vom Rath, German Embassy secretary, by a Jew in Paris. At the end of 1938 the Czech coup was named the "most interesting" news story of the year by

Americans, with the Jewish persecutions second. But the impact of these events on public opinion can be measured more accurately *in toto* than piecemeal, for they acted not with any great suddenness but continuously, hardening and crystallizing attitudes that were already fairly well formed. Even before Vienna, voters had climbed half way down the neutrality horse by indicating their willingness, in an overwhelming 7-to-1 vote, to extend all possible aid short of military assistance to England and France if those nations became involved in war with Germany and Italy. This certainly represented a profound shift in sentiment from the year before, when the country favored a complete embargo of trade with belligerents. Simultaneously there was a dramatic decline in the demand for full collection of the war debts. For the first time since the American Institute began taking polls, voters favoring outright cancellation (11 per cent) or reduction (42 per cent) outnumbered the die-hards who insisted on payment to the last penny. Likewise in less than a year the majority of voters favoring an international disarmament program secured by pacts dropped from a towering 79 per cent in June, 1937, to a meager 52 per cent in early March, 1938, the question being: "If other nations would sign a disarmament treaty with the United States, would you favor giving up our plans to build a larger navy?" Demand for bigger and bigger defense appropriations continued to increase, with close to 90 per cent of the voters favoring higher expenditures for army, navy, and air force.

The first pertinent question asked by the American Institute after the Austrian invasion revealed that nearly half of the voters (46 per cent) believed the U. S. may have to fight Germany again in their lifetime. Previously a 62 per cent majority had stated that America could avoid getting into the next war, although more than seven in ten felt that another war was inevitable. Over 90 per cent distrusted Hitler's pronouncement that

he "had no more territorial claims in Europe"; on the contrary, voters felt that there was no limit to his ambitions. It seems a little strange to-day to be talking about people announcing that they did not believe Hitler, but Munich had not yet occurred, and in the early part of 1938 the American public showed itself to be a great deal more discerning than Mr. Neville Chamberlain, *et al.*

But in the aftermath of Munich the public exhibited the same confusion that had apparently overcome the rest of the democratic world. Only 23 per cent of the voters felt that Germany's Sudeten demands were justified, but close to 60 per cent stated that England and France had done the best thing by surrendering instead of going to war. On top of this, 60 per cent predicted that the Munich settlement would result not in the widely advertised "peace" but in a greater possibility of war. About eight persons in ten opposed returning any of the colonies taken from Germany by England and other countries after the World War,* and nearly nine in ten thought that England and France would defeat Germany in a war. Pro-British-French sentiment had already increased to a point where twenty Americans would sympathize with the democratic alliance to one with the Axis; but it is significant that a certain disillusionment with England's role at Munich accompanied the heightened antipathy toward Germany. In a "What Is Your Favorite Nation?" question polled in November, 1938, only 48 per cent named England, whereas in 1937 that country was the favorite with 55 per cent of the electorate. The popularity of France increased very slightly in the period, while Germany's declined by half—from eight to four per cent. The violent anti-Jewish measures of December (favored by one American in ten) intensified the effectiveness of the Nazi boycott which had been endorsed by 56 per cent; boycott sentiment at once

* In 1937 76 per cent of U. S. voters opposed the return of German colonies, and a similar question polled in England by the British Institute of Public Opinion, subsidiary of the American Institute, drew an identical—76 per cent opposed—reply.

spread to more than 60 per cent of the voters.

By January of this year voters considered neutrality the most important issue before the country, for fear of war and fear of U. S. participation had greatly increased. Before Munich over 80 per cent thought that war in the near future was unlikely; after Munich this percentage declined to 56. Before Munich Germany was named the probable aggressor in the next war by fewer than a third; after Munich 65 per cent of the voters declared that the Reich would probably be responsible, and the three Axis powers drew a combined war-guilt vote of 94 per cent. Before Munich 57 per cent of the voters thought that the U. S. could stay out, but after Munich the percentages reversed, and 57 per cent stated that America probably would enter. The country was solidly behind the President's raps at the dictators; there was an increasing disposition to back England and France; any expenditures for armaments apparently would be justified by the public; the Nazi boycott continued to draw adherents through the spring. Specifically the public favored by almost 60 per cent a revision of the Neutrality Act to permit shipment of planes and munitions to Britain and France if they enter a war, although at the same time voters are against granting any more loans to these countries, regardless of whether payments are made on the existing obligations.

During the debates on the war declaration in 1917 Representative Fred Britten of Illinois stood up in the House and said: "There is something in the air, gentlemen, and I do not know what it is, whether it be the hand of destiny or some superhuman movement, something stronger than you or I can realize or resist, that seems to be picking us up bodily

and literally forcing us to vote for this declaration of war when way down deep in our hearts we are just as opposed to it as are our people back home." In 1917 there were no national cross-section polls to tell whether the people were really opposed or not, but the chances are that psychologically they were less ready to fight then than they are to-day. American public opinion has described a great circle in the brief but eventful span of the American Institute's history. From a determination not to fight for or with anybody under any circumstances, it has moved into a position of being prepared to fight and being almost ready to fight. The country will not go to war for sunken ships or insults to our nationals or protection of foreign loans or properties. Possibly it will not know why it goes to war, for fundamentally it still hates war and hopes to avoid it. But reading the percentage figures which show the steady weakening of neutrality sentiment, it is hard to see how the United States can long stand aside if it appears that England and France require assistance. If the Kaiser could have employed a little more tact in his time, and if Hitler could have passed up one or two chances in his—but there will be a certain poetic justice in having Germany defeated again on account of American intervention precipitated by the Führer's attacks on the ordinary standards of human decency.

THE PUBLIC OPINION CALENDAR

For those who wish to know the exact poll questions and answers on which this article is based, they are here given—along with certain international "incidents" and developments—in chronological order.

HISTORY

1935

U. S. PUBLIC OPINION

January:

Rome pact between France and Italy settling North African colonial claims. Bilateral "collaboration" pledged. Saar plebiscite: 90.7 per cent vote for return to Reich. Famous "old Bolsheviks" go on trial in Moscow; Zinovieff, Kameneff, and fifteen others sentenced to jail, and later to death.

HISTORY

1935

U. S. PUBLIC OPINION



On the Ethiopian border a detachment of Italians skirmished with a native patrol. Italy demanded money, apologies.

February:

Italian troops left Rome for the colonies.

March:

Hitler personally supervises transfer of the Saar.

Universal military service restored in Germany. Britain protests.

Mass arrests of Protestants in the Reich, following on purges to lower the percentage of homosexuals in the Storm Troops.

April:

Troops concentrated on both sides of the Ethiopian border.

The Stresa conference. Italy joins England and France in a resolution condemning Germany's treaty violations, pledges "action" against future violators.

May:

Hitler "promises" to respect all except armaments provisions of the Versailles Treaty.

Great Britain starts recruiting 22,500 men for an air force "second to none."

June:

Finland pays on U. S. war debt; gains overnight popularity here.

September:

Mobilization of 10,000,000 Italians for Ethiopian war.

October:

Invasion of Ethiopia begins, complete with tanks and bombing planes, but no one except Selassie admits it. President Roosevelt invokes the Nye bill.

November:

Ethiopian war threatens international complications. Fifty-two nations vote to apply sanctions against Italy, but Secretary of State Hull announces that the United States will not have any part of this plan.

December:

American Institute of Public Opinion begins regular publication of polls after long period of experimentation with technic.

"In order to declare war, should Congress be required to obtain the approval of the people in a national vote?" Yes, 75%. No, 25%.

"If one foreign nation insists upon attacking another, should the U. S. join with other nations to compel it to stop?" Yes, 29%. No, 71%.

"If you voted 'Yes' which measures would you favor?"

"a. Economic and non-military only?" Yes, 66%.

"b. Military measures if necessary?" Yes, 34%.

"What steps, in your opinion, should America take to remain neutral?"

"a. Prohibit all trade with nations at war?" Yes, 50%.

"b. Prohibit trade in war materials only?" Yes, 33%.

"c. Place no restrictions on trade?" Yes, 17%.

"What is the most vital issue before the country to-day?" Unemployment, Government Spending, Neutrality.

"Should the manufacture and sale of war materials for private profit be prohibited?" Yes, 82%. No, 18%.

"In my opinion military and naval appropriations by Congress should be as follows:"

	<i>Greater</i>	<i>Smaller</i>	<i>Same</i>
Army.....	48%	11%	41%
Navy.....	54%	11%	35%
Air force.....	74%	7%	19%

1936

January:

Britain lines up France, Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia in mutual assistance pacts in case Italy attacks any of the parties.

February:

Socialists and allied groups of the Left triumph in Spanish elections. Widespread disorders fomented by the military clique and by reactionaries sweep the country.

The Tokyo garrison revolted and seized the government, assassinating many liberal statesmen, after an election in which anti-fascist forces were victorious.

March:

Germany occupies the Rhineland and abrogates Locarno Treaty. France moves 50,000 troops up to the line. Council of the League of Nations finds Germany "guilty," suggests demilitarizing another German area.

America, France, Great Britain sign tripartite London naval treaty.

German plebiscite on Hitler's policies: 98.7% "Ja."

"Should the government build its own battleships and manufacture its own war materials or should this be left to private concerns?" Government, 71%. Private concerns, 29%.

HISTORY

1936

U. S. PUBLIC OPINION

April:

Arab-Jewish fighting breaks out in Palestine.
League makes startling announcement; finds Italy the "aggressor" in Ethiopia.

May:

Front Populaire captures a majority in the Chamber of Deputies.
Addis Ababa taken by blackshirts; Mussolini formally annexes Ethiopia.

July:

Military insurrection spreads from Spanish Morocco to the mainland. Large scale civil war quickly develops.

August:

At Chautauqua, N. Y., President Roosevelt denounces war-mongers and treaty breakers, pledges foreign policy based on maintenance of peace.

September:

"Do you think the United States will be drawn into the next European war?" Yes, 44%. No, 56%.

"To insure world peace, which do you think will work better:

"a. A League of Nations?" Yes, 37%.

"b. Military alliances with strong nations?" Yes, 63%.

"If another war like the World War develops in Europe, should America take part?" No, 95%.

"In order to declare war, should Congress be required to obtain the approval of the people by means of a national vote?" Yes, 71%. No, 29%.

"Do you think America would be more likely to keep out of war during the next four years under Landon or under Roosevelt?" Roosevelt, 60%. Landon, 40%.

"Would you favor a world disarmament conference?" Yes, 66%.

"Is the time ripe for bringing together the leading nations of the world for this purpose?" Yes, 56%.

"Should President Roosevelt call such a conference?" No, 59%.

"If other nations agree to reduce spending for armaments should America reduce to the same extent?" Yes, 79%.

In a poll on government spending, nearly 80% of the voters favored cutting down, but only 7% wanted economies in military appropriations.

November:

Secretary Hull and President Roosevelt journey to Rio for Pan-American Peace Conference.

December:

On the theory that the Neutrality Law had no application to the Spanish civil war, the State Department licensed the export of aircraft to Loyalist Spain.

"Should the countries of North and South America form their own League of Nations?" Yes, 56%. No, 44%.

"If there is another general European war, do you believe the United States can stay out?" Yes, 62%. No, 38%.

1937

January:

Madrid shelled on New Year's day. Loyalist vessel seized by a German cruiser in the Mediterranean.
Chancellor Hitler formally repudiates Versailles Treaty in speech before Reichstag.

"What is the most vital issue before the country to-day?" Unemployment, Neutrality, Social Security.

"Do you think that in wartime the government should regulate all profits from business and industry?" Yes, 71%. No, 29%.

February:

"In the Spanish civil war, are your sympathies with the Loyalists, the Rebels, or neither?" Neither, 66%. Loyalists, 22%. Rebels, 12%.

"Should the war debts be cancelled and forgotten, or should they be reduced to a point where at least something might be collected, or should we continue to try to collect them in full?" Collect in full, 54%. Reduce, 37%. Cancel, 9%.

April:

International naval patrol instituted to prevent shipment of supplies to Spain.

"Do you think it was a mistake for the United States to enter the World War?" Yes, 71%. No, 29%.

"Which European country do you like best?" England, 55%. France, 11%. Germany, 8%.

May:

Neville Chamberlain became Prime Minister of England, succeeding Stanley Baldwin.

June:

"What steps should America take in order to remain neutral?"

"a. Prohibit trade with nations at war?" Yes, 47%.

"b. Place no restrictions on trade?" Yes, 16%.

"c. Prohibit trade in war materials only?" Yes, 37%.

July:

Japanese capture Peiping. Fighting throughout China greatly intensified.

HISTORY

1937

U. S. PUBLIC OPINION

August:

International incidents in China: Americans killed in bombing of Shanghai; International Settlement struck by artillery shell; British Ambassador shot by Japanese; U. S. liner bombed by Chinese.

"Do you think there will be another World War?" Yes, 73%. No, 27%.
 "Do you think it will come within the next year?" No, 84%. Yes, 16%.
 "What nation or nations do you think will be responsible for starting it?" Germany, 30%. Italy, 27%. Japan, 19%. Russia, 11%.
 "Do you think America will stay out?" Yes, 56%. No, 44%.
 "Do you consider any nation or nations chiefly guilty of causing the World War?" Yes, 45%. "If one nation is guilty, which?" Germany, 77%.
 "Was the Treaty of Versailles too easy or too severe on Germany?" Too easy, 41%. Too severe, 30%. About right, 29%.

September:

French and British naval forces begin campaign against submarine "pirates" in Mediterranean.
 Continued air raids in China.

"In order to declare war, should Congress be required to obtain the approval of the people by means of a national vote?" Yes, 73%. No, 27%.
 "In the present fight between Japan and China, are your sympathies with either side?" Neither, 55%. China, 43%. Japan, 2%.
 "Should we withdraw all troops from China to keep from getting involved in the fighting, or should the troops remain there to protect American citizens?" Withdraw, 54%. Remain, 46%.
 "Should American banks lend money to Japan and China during the present war?" Yes, 5%. No, 95%.

October:

President Roosevelt's "quarantine" speech at Chicago.

"In the present fight between Japan and China, are your sympathies with either side?" Neither, 40%. China, 59%. Japan, 1%.
 "Is your sympathy for China great enough to keep you from buying goods made in Japan?" No, 63%.

November:

Italy joins the anti-comintern pact with Germany and Japan.
 Hitler says he expects no immediate settlement of colonial claims, but insists that Germany will become a "great empire."
 Spanish Rebels begin a general blockade of all Loyalist ports.

"Should the colonies that Germany lost in the World War be given back to her?" No, 76%. Yes, 24%.
 "Which plan for keeping us out of war do you have more faith in?"
 "a. Having Congress pass stricter Neutrality laws?" Yes, 69%.
 "b. Or leaving the job up to the President?" Yes, 31%.

December:

U.S.S. *Panay* bombed and sunk in the Yangtze by Japanese planes.

1938

January:

"Which policy should the government follow with regard to American citizens in China? Continue to maintain present armed forces or withdraw troops?" Withdraw, 70%.
 "Do you consider any nation or nations responsible for the present world armaments race?" Yes, 77%. No, 23%.
 "If so, which nation?" Germany, 38%. Italy, 23%. Japan, 10%.
 "Should the United States"
 "a. Build a larger navy?" Yes, 74%.
 "b. Increase army strength?" Yes, 69%.
 "c. Enlarge its air force?" Yes, 80%.

February:

Britain's Singapore war base opened, with three U. S. warships present in the harbor during ceremonies.
 Following a shakeup in the army and the resignation of high officers, Hitler and Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg of Austria confer at Berchtesgaden. The issue: Austrian independence.

"Should the U. S. allow shipment of arms and ammunition from this country to China?" No, 64%. Yes, 36%.
 "In view of conditions in the Orient should the U. S. give the Philippines their independence now?" No, 76%.
 "If Germany and Italy go to war against England and France, do you think we should do everything possible to help England and France win, except go to war ourselves?" Yes, 69%.

March:

Schuschnigg suddenly announces he will hold plebiscite on Anschluss, as provided by Austrian constitution.
 Schuschnigg withdraws plebiscite proposal under pressure from Austrian Nazis, resigns office. Seyss-Inquart, Nazi, is installed as Chancellor, and German troops cross the border.
 Hitler enters Vienna, ignores British protests. U. S. State Department is informed Austria no longer exists.
 Goering sounds tocsin for liquidation of Austrian Jews.

"If other nations would sign a disarmament treaty with the United States, would you favor giving up our plans to build a larger navy?" Yes, 52%. No, 48%.
 "Do you think a larger navy, as now proposed by President Roosevelt, will be more likely to get us into war or keep us out of war?" Keep us out, 73%.
 "What is your opinion regarding the war debts owed this country? Should we continue to try to collect in full or should they be reduced to a point where at least something might be collected, or should they be cancelled and forgotten?" Collect in full, 47%. Reduce, 42%. Cancel, 11%.

HISTORY

1938

U. S. PUBLIC OPINION

April:

General Franco announces he has won Spanish war; war goes on.

*July:**September:*

Italy announces anti-Semitic measures similar to those in Germany.

Gas mask distribution started in France.

Hitler starts the Czech crisis build-up by mentioning the "shameless ill treatment" of Germans in Czechoslovakia. Street fighting in Sudeten towns involving Nazi Henleinists and Czechs.

Neville Chamberlain goes to Munich.

Alarums and excursions in world capitals as Czechs prepare for war.

October:

German troops occupy Sudeten district.

November:

Chamberlain reaffirms "appeasement" before Commons.

Ernst vom Rath assassinated in Paris by a Polish Jew; entire Jewish population of Germany made to atone for his act.

President Roosevelt, referring to latest pogroms, says "The news . . . has deeply shocked public opinion in the United States . . ."

Reciprocal trade agreement between the United States, England, and the British Empire signed at the White House.

December:

German pogroms proceed.

"Do you think the United States will have to fight Germany again in your lifetime?" Yes, 46%. No, 54%.

"If England and France have a war with Germany and Italy, which side would your sympathies be with?" England and France, 65%. Germany and Italy, 3%. Neither side, 32%.

"If England and France go to war with Germany, which side do you think will win?" England and France, 86%. Germany, 14%.

"Do you believe that England and France did the best thing in giving in to Germany instead of going to war?" Yes, 59%. No, 41%.

"Do you think that Germany's demand for the annexation of the Sudeten German areas in Czechoslovakia was justified?" No, 77%. Yes, 23%.

"Do you think that this settlement will result in peace for a number of years or in a greater possibility of war?" Peace, 40%. War, 60%.

"Do you think the colonies taken from Germany after the World War by England, France, and Japan should be given back?" Yes, 22%. No, 78%.

"Which European country do you like best?" England, 48%. France, 12%. Switzerland, 6%.

"Do you think Cordell Hull has done a good job or a poor job as Secretary of State?" Good job, 85%. Poor job, 15%. (Republicans voted: Good job, 75%.)

"Should the United States build a larger navy? Should it enlarge the strength of its army? Should it enlarge its air force?" Larger navy, 86%. Larger army, 82%. Larger air force, 90%.

"Would you join a movement in this country to stop buying German-made goods?" Yes, 61%. No, 39%.

1939

(Inasmuch as there has been no important international development in 1939 not predicated upon the events of 1938, the historical chronology is omitted and the poll questions and results alone given.)

January:

"Do you believe there will be a war between any of the big European countries this year?" Yes, 44%. No, 56%.

"If there is such a war, do you believe the United States will be drawn in?" Yes, 57%. No, 43%.

"If there is such a war, which country do you think will be responsible for starting it?" Germany alone, 62%. Italy alone, 12%. Germany and Italy, 20%. Total: Germany, Italy, or both, 94%.

March:

"Should the Constitution be changed to require Congress to obtain the approval of the people in a national vote before the United States could take part in a war overseas?" Yes, 58%. No, 42%.

"In case war breaks out, should we sell Britain and France food supplies?" Yes, 76%. No, 24%.

"Should we send our Army and Navy abroad to help England and France?" Yes, 52%. No, 48%.

"Should we send our Army and Navy abroad to help England and France?" Yes, 17%. No, 83%.

April:

"In case war breaks out, should we sell Britain and France food supplies?" Yes, 82%.

"Should we sell them airplanes and other war materials?" Yes, 66%.

"Should we send our Army and Navy abroad to help England and France?" Yes, 16%. No, 84%.

"Would you join a movement in this country to stop buying German-made goods?" Yes, 65%. No, 35%.

"Our present Neutrality Law prevents this country from selling war materials to any country fighting in a declared war. Do you think the law should be changed so that we could sell war materials to England and France in case of war?" Yes, 57%. No, 43%.

May:

"If England and France pay something on the war debts they now owe us, should the United States lend them more money?" Yes, 21%. No, 79%.

"What do you regard as the most important problem before the American people to-day?" Keeping out of war; solving unemployment; recovery for business.



WHAT THE HOME FOLKS SAY ABOUT EVENTS ABROAD

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE man camped with his family at Kicking-Horse Flats was from the Dust Bowl. He had abandoned a sub-marginal farm in Nebraska to seek a homestead fifteen hundred miles farther west. Yet the uncertainty of a livelihood in the Oregon backwoods did not seem to be his principal concern. He was alarmed about his family's safety. What if America got mixed up in a war all of a sudden? The Pacific Coast would be the first place bombed by planes from Japanese aircraft-carriers. Perhaps in times like these a man was wise to keep his folks in the center of the country.

"I'm sort of thinkin'," the homeless farmer said, "if maybe we didn't make a mistake coming way out here. After we hit the road all this war talk started in. I'd a whole lot rather be scorched in Nebraska than blown up in Oregon. The Japs'll try to take over this State as soon as they land. Crops aren't going to do us any good if cannons roll all over 'em. I figure as how the Middle West is pretty nearly the healthiest part of the U. S. A. right now—plenty of territory 'tween you and both oceans. Seen them pictures of what the planes did in China? Guess I'll wait for the war talk to quiet down 'fore we settle here permanent."

The wanderer may wait a long time. Approximately two decades after the end of the first World War, millions of Americans are talking about the next one. Foreign affairs is the predominant

topic of discussion on countless countryside and street corners. Like their fellow-citizen bivouacked with his family at Kicking-Horse Flats, the people of America are deeply troubled about the planet on which they live. Each new episode abroad, whether it be the siege of a Chinese city or the recall of a European ambassador, stirs men to controversy and forebodings in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Willow Creek, Montana.

America's place in a world in chaos is mulled over and argued about wherever Americans exchange ideas. No longer are happenings on other continents distant and remote. As troops mobilize and dictators confer, radio shrills the news to metropolis and hinterland. Swift clippers bring photographs from foreign battlefields in forty-eight hours. The world crisis has crowded in on the thoughts of all citizens. Many people, as in the case of the wayfarer from the Dust Bowl, even condition their personal hopes and plans to the international developments they think most probable. In every part of the country, men and women talk about how to keep the United States out of war and about what the United States should do once it is plunged into war.

Often the conclusions thus begot are not necessarily characterized by reasonableness. Despite the radio and other improvements in communication, much of the knowledge of events beyond America's borders is hazy and ambiguous

and sometimes patently wrong. The very fervor and intensity of the talk on the subject contribute to this. And the impact of Munich, added to other jarring occurrences in Europe and Asia, has produced in a large proportion of the American people despair and mistrust concerning the rest of civilization. These circumstances are responsible in many instances for curious, inconsistent, and frequently astonishing opinions among the men and women whose opinions determine the policies of the most powerful democracy on earth.

A few of the inconsistencies are revealed by the Gallup and *Fortune* polls. They show, for example, that a majority of the people favor selling war supplies to England and France, a position which implies eventual military assistance, and also favor a national referendum before the American army can be sent out of this hemisphere, a position which implies precisely the opposite. But farther than that the polls cannot go in disclosing all the strange attitudes toward the disturbing events overseas. Their questions are inflexible and do not admit any digressions or modifications in point of view in those who answer them. Dr. Gallup and *Fortune* can find the slope of the watershed of the American people's mind, but not all the side-currents and rivulets which course down it.

A housewife in Seattle said of course she had told the interviewer at her doorstep that she believed in collective security. Has not the time come for the democracies to stand together? Unquestionably this reply helped produce a final tally which brought satisfaction to the individuals advocating a united front against the dictatorships. They might not have been so satisfied, however, with the housewife's choice of the first "dictatorship" to be united against:

"Before anything is done anywhere else, I think we should show those Mexicans they can't take American property. They've been grabbing our oil wells long enough. They have no respect for our flag. And aren't they selling oil to Hit-

ler and Mussolini? Our soldiers could clean up that mess in Mexico in a few weeks, and England would be glad to help us do a quick job. Then we could commence straightening things out in Europe."

With the world jittery and tense, hostile feelings are distributed about rampantly. People anxiously watch the course of events and feel that "something ought to be done." "The government ought to seize the German, Italian, Russian, and Japanese embassies," suggested a college student in Chicago. A middle-aged man riding in a day coach out of Spokane was certain President Roosevelt was secretly in cahoots with Tokyo because he had sent home the ashes of the Japanese ambassador on an American cruiser. "Look how the Japs cheered that stuff," he said. "When we fight those devils, Roosevelt had better not try to hold us back." The refusal of Cuba to admit the Jewish refugees on the liner *St. Louis* convinced a San Francisco attorney that the island had been conquered by Nazi indoctrination. "We may have to do some business down there again as the Rough Riders did in '98," he warned.

An occasional belligerent glance falls even on the unfortified boundary to the north. Two lumberjacks in an Oregon town had just heard that shingle imports from Canada threatened to close the local sawmill. "This country'll put up with that only so long," one of them said. "Then the Canadians will learn they can't wreck our jobs without a scrap. We'll slap a boycott on Canadian goods as tight as a sprung bear-trap. We ought to do it right away."

The other logger was suspicious rather than bellicose. "I wouldn't be surprised," he cautioned, "if this was just talk by the bosses to get us mad at Canada. The bosses are for Hitler. They don't want us to join up with the English against the Fascists. I betcha that's why they're hollering now about Canadian shingles. We're not going to bite on that kind of bait."

II

In the past year I have jotted down these remarks—and many more—in the course of twelve thousand miles of travel in twenty-two States. The bulk of this journeying has been in the Far West, but it also has extended to the Atlantic Coast. Because the year has been a critical one abroad, I listened much of the time to average Americans talking about foreign policy and its innumerable ramifications. This subject, now all-engrossing, became alive in the consciousness of many people with the *Anschluss* last March and the first stirrings of the Czechoslovakian crisis a few months later.

How intensely some citizens are disturbed over the chaotic international situation was disclosed to me by a number of acquaintances in the East. They wanted to know of secluded retreats out West where people might find refuge during a period of war and destruction. I live in the Pacific Northwest, which they felt sure must contain vast wilderness areas far from invading army and pillaging mob.

"When German planes fly over New York, my family will be in Oregon or Idaho," said a Manhattan merchant. "You show me on a map where a man can have a cabin and a few acres and grow enough crops to feed his wife and children. That's where I'm going to be. The big cities will be blasted to pieces. The frontier is the place to go."

Another New Yorker shared this outlook so emphatically, and knew so many friends who shared it with him, that he thought a person could make considerable money fixing up little farms in the Western fastnesses to which people from shattered cities might flee. "The next real-estate boom," he predicted, "will be somewhere safe from bombs and artillery."

A college professor asked me if the irrigated tracts at Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River were a possible haven for scholars and artists and writers

should a terrible conflict annihilate most of Occidental civilization. "Perhaps there," he explained, "the best intellects of our time might be able to continue their work and raise their own food."

In Cleveland a young grocery clerk expressed a somewhat similar idea, if for a less glorious purpose. "They aren't going to draft me for the next war," he observed indiscreetly at a party, "and they aren't going to put me in jail. I'll hit out for the West. I can hunt and fish and I'll live like a pioneer in the hills. And let me tell you a lot of young fellows feel the same way. The woods will be full of 'em. They won't be cannon fodder this time."

Yet jitters over war are not exclusive to the East. The Dust Bowl farmer at Kicking-Horse Flats was uneasy about a Japanese invasion of Oregon, and I have friends in Portland who fear the large Western cities are already marked for destruction. Some of them are staking out plots in the crag-barricaded Mount Hood National Forest.

With the world on the threshold of another disaster, many Americans have become amateur diplomatic and military strategists. Proposals for dealing with the emergency are varied and numerous.

"Only one thing can keep us out of war," said a school teacher in Salt Lake City. "We must abandon all communication and commerce with countries outside our own hemisphere. We must not receive letters or cables from abroad, nor should we be permitted to send them. Radios must be limited as to receiving and sending capacity. People are so easily inflamed and aroused that they must be protected against their own emotions. Information about an attack on London or Paris would surely start the demand that we go over there again. For the sake of our children and ourselves, we must not know what is happening across the oceans."

Another isolationist, a physician in the Washington town of Yakima, thought Congress should pass a law making it a crime for anyone to utter a hostile state-

ment concerning another nation. "That would shut up the war-mongers," he prophesied.

In a smoking compartment on the North Coast Limited two traveling salesmen and the Pullman conductor agreed that the hour had arrived for the democracies to march against Germany and Italy. "A good offense is the best defense," said one of the salesmen. "England and France had better surprise Hitler and Mussolini before it happens the other way around."

"The United States," said a newspaper man in Boise, "ought to serve notice on England and France that it will help them in the next war on two considerations—one, that the debts from the last war are paid, and two, that England and France maintain democratic forms of government. That would put an end to Daladier's dictatorship quickly enough."

Events of only ephemeral consequence in the international hurly-burly often have a disproportionate interest, compared to more important occurrences, for Americans watching from across the Atlantic and the Pacific.

A middle-aged housewife in Portland was impressed that Hitler had allegedly been shocked by the nakedness of a New York dancer who had performed before him. "It is possible that we have been misled about Hitler," she said. "Certainly he seems to be a temperate man. Perhaps we should not be so hasty in casting judgment on him."

A garage mechanic also looked favorably on the episode of the nude entertainer—but for an opposite reason. "Maybe Adolf is sort of a human guy, after all," he remarked. "Probably he likes a girl-show as well as the next fellow. That stuff about not approving of it sounds like a lot of bunk he's got to put out to please the prudes."

Captain Anthony Eden's trip to America helped convince a motorman on a Seattle trolley car that war was imminent. "He came here to find a hideout. He's on the inside and he knows

bombs will fall all over England. His family wouldn't be safe anywhere there."

Identical talk was prevalent as the King and Queen made their recent trip across Canada. "They have to be protected or the Empire will collapse," said an American business man at the celebration for the monarchs in Vancouver. "This whole affair was to arrange for a royal refuge. Look at how long they stopped at Banff. You can bet your bottom dollar they have a place picked out in the Canadian Rockies, and they'll be rushed to it whenever Chamberlain thinks the big blowup has come."

A farmer in Washington placed a different interpretation on the royal visit to North America. "Chamberlain and the King are all for big business," he warned. "They don't like Roosevelt because he's too much for the common man. The King came to the United States to persuade Roosevelt to take a trip to England. Then while Roosevelt is out of the country, Garner and the big business crowd can move into the White House. That will suit the English snobs and aristocrats."

Comments and conversations reveal that the attitude of persons toward the President frequently determines their attitude on specific aspects of foreign policy. From this situation incongruities sometimes result.

At a Grange meeting in Idaho a potato-grower devoted to the initiative and referendum in his State government said he was opposed to the Ludlow war referendum. "Can't our President decide things for himself?" the rancher asked. "He's the best President we've had since Teddy. We should leave him alone. He's doing all right. A war referendum would mean we didn't trust him."

And on a train from Baltimore to Philadelphia, over apple pie and cheese in the diner, a bond buyer confessed that, although he hitherto had regarded the initiative and referendum as Bolshevik, he was not so sure now. "I believe I'm

for the war referendum," said he. "The country has to do something to restrain that fellow down in Washington. It's about time we were showing him that he can't run the United States all by himself. He wouldn't be so cocky if the war referendum passed. It would stop him from threatening every nation he doesn't like." *

III

The most impassioned expressions on any phase of the international crisis usually stem from the religious and racial issues involved. These expressions are not generally volunteered to parlor car, country store, or lunch-counter acquaintances. Kings, embargoes, air raids, dictators, ultimatums, and plebiscites are talked about at gasoline pump and fence post. Strong sentiments on the religious questions raised by events in Europe are ventured less freely; perhaps the person to whom condemnation of the Spanish hierarchy or approval of Julius Streicher is volunteered may turn out to be a Catholic or a Jew.

The carpenter splitting shakes near Bonneville Dam rambled on for nearly an hour before he disclosed the Nazis' most premeditated assault on the United States. "The persecution of the Jews was done just to hurt this country," he said. "Hitler always knew the only place the Jews could go would be America. Unemployment is bad here already. The Jews from Germany make it worse. And there are a flock of trouble-makers among the Jews coming in like Rothschild [*sic*] and Einstein. Hitler realized long ago he could never rule the world without weakening America. That's why he began driving the Jews over here. Mussolini is in on the scheme too. He's started doing the same thing."

* Lest this inconsistency be thought confined to average citizens, the vote last year in the House of Representatives on the Ludlow resolution might be recollected. Members like Martin Dies and Hamilton Fish, never before enthusiastic over the idea of rank-and-file supremacy, voted for the war referendum. Members like Maury Maverick and Lister Hill, customarily advocates of the extension of popular sovereignty, voted against it. The resolution failed of a majority by a narrow margin.

An excitable young left-winger in New York, at a dance to raise funds for the faltering Loyalists, said it was possible the adherents of the Spanish Government should have resorted to Ku-Kluxism in the United States. "The Church is defeating the Loyalists," he mourned. "Roosevelt is afraid to lift the arms embargo because of Catholic pressure. When Franco rebelled in 1936 we should have roused a rip-snorting anti-Catholic movement here. We could have stirred up all the Pope-baiters. Then we could have said to the Church, 'When you quit, we quit.' We could have abandoned our movement when the Church agreed to the lifting of the embargo. I admit those may be dirty tactics, but Franco in Spain is a threat to democracy all over the world."

Closely identified with the religious issues is vehement feeling on the alien problem. A war veteran in Seattle, who said he receives the franked speeches of Senator Reynolds of North Carolina, suggested that the problem requires *ex post facto* legislation. "If Congress passed a law deporting all aliens who have come here since 1920," he proposed, "the unemployment question would be ended. The danger of our getting into trouble would be a lot less also. The Jewish aliens want us to fight Germany; the Chinese aliens want us to fight Japan; the German aliens want us to torment the Jews; and the Russian aliens want us to pit class against class."

A cattleman in Cheyenne thought it might not be a bad idea for the Department of Justice to intern every alien in a concentration camp the minute America goes to war. "Most of them are spies," he said.

And a former British army officer, now an American citizen, proposed that this country compel Mexico to take in all the aliens seeking admission to the United States. "If Mexico refuses," he said, "we can easily create an incident which would justify sending troops."

If these are harsh suggestions, perhaps they originate in American disillusion-

ment and anxiety over a world after Munich. I traveled thirty-three hundred miles in the Far West when Chamberlain was attempting the alleged "encirclement" of Germany. Listen to the people as they talk:

Village postmaster: "Treaties don't mean the paper they're printed on. The Poles are crazy if they start resisting Hitler. They'll be wiped out like Custer's cavalry, because England will surely leave them in the lurch."

Justice of the peace in small town: "Nothing can make England go to war. Chamberlain is afraid of a revolution. He would rather be conquered by Hitler than by English Communists."

College girl: "Our State Department recalls ambassadors only when the Fascist powers break treaties. Why wasn't our ambassador in Paris called home when France abandoned Czechoslovakia?"

Forest ranger: "I'm glad I live in the woods. The world is in the worst mess in history."

Cowpuncher: "That Chamberlain has no guts. This business now with Poland is just bluff. He'll give in to Hitler again."

Farmer's wife: "Our neighbors don't think we should help England and France, but I do. It looks like we're the only ones who can put a little spunk in 'em."

Rural pastor: "Gandhi would be a better and more resourceful prime minister than Chamberlain."

Railroad brakeman: "Most of the people here criticizing Chamberlain just have big mouths. They wouldn't be so brave if it was *them* instead of him who was in danger of air raids. The pictures of those bomb shelters give me chills."

Engineer on Federal power project: "We have to help England whether we want to or not. If Germany ever gets control of the British fleet, America is

doomed and the whole earth will be Fascist."

Labor lawyer: "Now that Franco has won in Spain, an effort should be made to induce the South American countries to adopt English gradually as their language in place of Spanish."

School principal: "Conscription is a plan by Chamberlain to scare the people into accepting appeasement again. The young men would rather support appeasement than be forced into the military. The mothers of England would prefer appeasement to having their sons sent to war."

Rancher: "Germany and Russia are both dictatorships. Sooner or later they will get together. What will the democracies do then?"

Indian fishing on the Columbia River: "The white man is going backward."

So the people of America listen to their radios, read their newspapers and magazines and books—and talk about a world from which order and reason have vanished. If the United States is ever pulled or pushed directly into the turmoil, it will not be before its citizens have had a chance to talk the crisis out. Practically every American has already handed down a back-porch opinion on the chaos confronting civilization.

Mainly these opinions and judgments, whether made in Connecticut or California, come from similar perspectives. But occasionally environment governs.

"Don't know any good reason why we should keep out the refugees from Europe," said a storekeeper in the isolated Oregon hamlet of Halfway, in the highlands back of Hell's Canyon. "Look at all the unsettled space we have around here. There's plenty of room for more people. But the refugees ought to be farmers, though. We don't want them to be merchants or storekeepers."



CHAMPION EX-CHAMPION

BY MYRON M. STEARNS

FOR a heavyweight boxer to fight his way to the title "Champion of the World" is not particularly unusual. Fourteen young men have done it since the introduction of Marquis of Queensberry rules, beginning with James J. Corbett, who defeated the bare-knuckle champion John L. Sullivan in 1892, and ending with Joe Louis. Each of the fourteen has received, for a time, an amazing amount of attention. Naturally, the overcoming of all competition, topping hundreds—potentially many thousands—of other ambitious fighters, is a tremendous feat. Spectators by the trainload come to see the champion in action. His usually ferocious face scowls from thousands of newspaper pages. He is recognized and acclaimed in every city of the country. Then the spotlight shifts. There is a new champion! Gradually the ex-champion slips into obscurity.

But Jack Dempsey, "Champion of the World" from 1919 to 1926, appears to be an exception. When he won the title, a little-known figure from the West, he was, through a combination of circumstances, one of the most unpopular champions that ever lived. When he lost it he was perhaps the most popular. And during the thirteen years that have elapsed since 1926, instead of being quietly forgotten, he has remained prominent and popular. There are few minutes in the day when he is not being watched, covertly or openly, by people who have recognized him. This is as true in Seattle or Chicago as it is in New York. Whether it is a small town or a big one makes no

difference. Sometimes it is merely a turning of heads as he walks along a crowded sidewalk. Sometimes it is a scattered circle of onlookers gaping at the man who was once, many years ago, Champion of the World. Sometimes it is a crowd of boys, pushing and struggling, asking for autographs. He is the guest of honor at innumerable dinners. He opens boys' playgrounds, makes informal "personal appearances" at all sorts of benefits, at clubs, at political rallies.

When, last summer, he was operated on for appendicitis, interest ran as high as if he were a visiting monarch. A sudden rumor that he had died spread like wildfire, and deluged news agencies with inquiries. The largest-circulation paper in the country devoted almost its entire front page to the headline: "Dempsey Gains in Life Fight," with a large picture of the famous boxer and his family. Within three days of his operation more than ten thousand telegrams, special-delivery letters, and other messages of sympathy and interest were received at the hospital.

His reputation has grown until, still living, he has become legendary. You do not hear people say: "I wish Joe Louis could have been matched with John L. Sullivan in his prime," or with Jeffries or Johnson or Tunney or Fitzsimmons or even Corbett; it is "with Dempsey."

Until about a year ago Dempsey was to me merely a well-known fighter of years back, former champion, but still prominent. At various places I had seen

him—once at a benefit where Gene Tunney, his successor, was also present and I could watch them both—but that was about all. Then I undertook the work of collaborating on Dempsey's life story. It has thrown me with him for some months, with many chances for attempted interpretation, trying to analyze the elements that made him champion and that have since contributed to such an unparalleled continuation of prestige.

At first, even though he answered promptly and directly every question I was able to ask him, I felt baffled. For one thing, there were too many interruptions—details of his large restaurant business to be attended to, old friends to be greeted, snap decisions to be made concerning trains or radio interviews, influential newcomers to meet, an interminable succession of telephone calls. More important, nearly all replies to questions concerning his personal reactions or emotions were vague, often meaningless. "How did you feel when you finally got a match with Willard, which might mean you'd win the championship?" would bring the answer: "I felt all right." And many things he told me seemed utterly implausible—that as a boy he had brought down treed bob-cats with a looped wire on the end of a pole; that before he was fifteen (weighing perhaps one hundred and forty-five pounds) he decided he might come to be heavyweight champion if he worked hard enough; that the only pain-producing blow he could remember receiving in the ring was a punch from a powerful Negro, John Lester Johnson, that broke three of his ribs. I began to understand why his previous biographers had found it so difficult to put together any consecutive or convincing story of his life.

Presently, however, we worked out a schedule whereby for an hour or two a day we could get away from nearly all (never all!) interruptions. I learned how to ask specific questions concerning observable facts that would get specific answers. Finally I journeyed to the

western States in which he grew up and found complete corroboration for many of his most amazing statements. He *did* climb trees to catch wild-cats with no weapon but a wire noose on a pole.

In all our talks I never asked a question that he refused, or even hesitated, to answer—although often replies were prefaced or followed by "You can't say anything about that." Such warnings covered statements that might reflect unfavorably on others, living or dead—how this or that manager or small promoter had held out on him; how various people had succeeded in bleeding him through lawsuits; even one startling incident where a drunken official at the end of a fairly important bout had raised by mistake, as victor, the arm of the wrong man.

In statements of time and place he is frequently inaccurate. Although his memory is excellent, his facts are unorganized. An almost unbelievable dime-novel life has streamed past him swiftly, confusingly, as in a kaleidoscope. He will recall swimming a horse across a river in Colorado when it actually occurred in Utah—a second-round knock-out as having occurred in 1917, when the record-books show it was earlier. But it is only the sequence usually that is wrong; the incidents themselves are accurate and clear.

I no longer feel that I can qualify as an unprejudiced observer and reporter of Jack Dempsey, however, for more and more I have come to like and admire him as a real friend.

II

At forty-four the former champion is erect, well-proportioned, and hard. His weight is about two hundred and twenty, instead of the two hundred it would be if he were still in training; but his fist and forearm, the muscles on shoulders and legs, are like iron. His associates often refer to him as "the big fellow." He dresses well but not conspicuously; his trousers are always well creased. His face is full and rather expressionless except for quick, almost-black eyes that

look directly at you. His hair is black as coal; his complexion is dark. Within a few hours after he has been shaved a heavy growth of black beard begins to show again through the skin. When he smiles, as he does frequently, the corners of his eyes crinkle half-shut—but it is a smile of good nature and friendliness to put you at your ease, rather than humor. His manner is easy, direct, hearty. Being the center of attention has become as natural for him as drinking a glass of water, yet he is a complete extrovert. When he is talking animatedly his forehead wrinkles—not perpendicularly, as with most of us, but horizontally. Incidentally, you may have noticed the same odd characteristic in pictures of Joe Louis.

III

William Harrison Dempsey—the “Jack” came later—began life in Colorado. He was born in 1895, in one of the high, flat valleys close to the Great Divide, and grew up in the rough pioneer regions of the West. His parents were West Virginia mountaineers who had moved from the Alleghenies after becoming Mormons. Both had for a short time taught school. Generations before, both families (Dempseys and Smoots) had acquired Indian blood, Choctaw and Cherokee. They are related to the Hatfields and Vances and other families that have become famous in Kentucky and West Virginia feuds. One of the direct-line Dempseys married a Jewess.

From this mixed ancestry the boy Harry, ninth of eleven children, appears to have inherited an undue proportion of typical Indian traits—relative indifference to pain, unusual patience, deep-seated but carefully concealed pride, and the primitive type of humor that revels in practical jokes—watching delightedly their effects on others, hiding from others any effect on oneself.

When the sharecropping Dempsey family moved from Colorado to Utah, the boy Harry saw his new schoolmates

dive from a stump into a swimming hole of the Provo River. He dived with the rest. It was beyond him to admit, before them all, that he couldn't swim. He very nearly drowned.

He became something of a leader at the small school. He was strong and quick at all games, and improved readily. He was good-natured. He seemed always to be having a wonderful time. At fifteen he thought nothing of traveling anywhere through the Rockies by himself, riding on freights. The hard-working but usually poverty-stricken family had moved repeatedly, and the children began to shift for themselves early, like puppies. Harry, average size and largest of the lot at that, was the only one to finish even the eighth grade at school.

“Never was any good at books,” he says. “Only arithmetic. I was all right at arithmetic.”

After finishing the eighth grade, young Harry Dempsey, strong, self-confident, and willing, found life easy. He could get jobs for the asking. Harvest hand, mule driver, beet shoveler, fruit picker, ditch digger, lumberjack, miner—he tried all these jobs and tossed them away as readily as he picked them up. He liked mining best.

For a time he made pocket-money at pool halls and shooting galleries in Salt Lake City, estimating the ability of different players and then betting on himself to beat them.

“You don't have to be so good yourself,” he says, “if you can size up the other fellow right.”

Like others of his age in similar circumstances, he helled around. But his adventurings were tempered by the flaming ambition to become a champion prize fighter. It was a driving force within him. It prevented him from smoking or drinking or keeping late hours, even in the rough mining and cattle country of the West. It alone may have kept him, during those formative years, from degenerating into a common bum.

Harry's oldest brother, Bernie—Bernard—was a prize fighter, calling himself

"Jack Dempsey," after the famous middleweight champion Jack Dempsey of the early nineties known as "The Nonpareil." Bernie weighed less than one hundred and sixty and never became prominent. But in Harry's eyes he was great. When Harry himself began to attract attention as a promising young fighter with Bernie many years older, about at the end of his string, Harry in turn became "Jack Dempsey."

In one mining-camp fight this led to a mix-up. Promoter and spectators alike thought they were being double-crossed when the "Jack Dempsey" they knew, instead of fighting, climbed through the ropes to second a younger "Jack Dempsey" who was to them entirely unknown. Even in those early fights, Harry—now "Jack"—rarely lost. He was knocked out only once. That was in the first round of his fight with a boxer well known throughout the Rockies, Jim Flynn, "the Pueblo Fireman."

"That fight taught me two things," Jack says. "Never start a fight cold. Take plenty of time to warm up. And never let a relative get in the ring with you. They're too soft-hearted. Don't like to see you get hurt."

Bernie had arranged the match and seconded him in the ring. The Fireman landed a right to the jaw at the very start of the fight. It was almost a knock-out. It left Jack groggy and helpless. After the third or fourth knock-down Bernie threw in the towel.

"But I was still getting up," Jack says. "I mighta weathered it. He shoulda let me go on. I was tough. But he was afraid I might get killed."

In later fights Jack did in fact weather other first rounds quite as disastrous as that and came on to win. He *was* tough.

"But Bernie was right at that," Jack now admits. "He said I could lose that fight and still get to be champion."

Repeatedly one finds him defending the object of his criticism, answering his own arguments, taking both sides.

When he was eighteen he came east

with his father and mother in connection with lawsuits started in an attempt to recover West Virginia properties that had been abandoned when they went west. Discovery of coal under mountain woodlands of little value otherwise gave them dreams of becoming millionaires. But it is significant that the young prize fighter, even while the suits were pending, promptly took a job as coal miner for two dollars and a half a day. He slaved away at the "long wall" in spite of the fact that coal mining seemed to him far inferior to the more independent work in the gold-silver-copper mines he was familiar with in the West.

Presently, because "being his own boss" suits his nature far better than the status of any mere employee, he took a couple of mine drifts or "entries" on contract and hired his own labor to get out the coal.

"But those operators'd been mining coal a long time," he says, speaking without rancor. "They knew the angles. I was only a kid. I just made day's wages on my contracts, by getting in and working myself hard as the men I hired. Harder. They had it all figured out." He grins at the recollection, wrinkling his forehead.

He was glad to get back to the rougher, more independent mining camps of the West, with the occasional fights that carried him a step farther along the road. He loved fighting. "It's the greatest game in the world," he says.

He used the habits of observation and cunning acquired in hunting and trapping muskrats and coyotes, as a boy, against his opponents in the ring. He tells of taking a knock-down in one fight from a right cross to the jaw.

"He couldn't hurt me there," he explains. "Not really hurt me. I wanted to keep him punching for the head, see, until I could get an opening. I knew it had to be a knock-out or he'd get me because he was tough."

As opportunity offered, he trained tirelessly, until blocking and punching were almost instinctive. He soaked his hands

in brine to toughen them and patted brine into his face and neck. He practiced holding a low crouch until he could crouch lower and hold it longer than any of his opponents. He chewed gum to develop the jaw muscles that would help prevent a point-of-the-chin knock-out.

In spite of his almost unbroken string of victories, he got little recognition. There were too many other promising young fighters all over the country. A dozen from every small town, hundreds from the larger cities. He went to the Pacific Coast and fought promising contenders at San Francisco and Oakland. He came east and fought three terrific battles in New York, including the one against John Lester Johnson.

"I was over-matched," he says. "I wasn't far enough along to tackle men like that." Still he won the "newspaper" decision each time—even against the big Negro who cracked his ribs in the first round. Nine rounds, with three broken ribs, against an experienced opponent who far outweighed him, and outpunched him as well—and he won!

At last, after years of such fighting, he met Jack Kearns, a fight manager who was looking, as fight managers always are, for "championship material." Jack was now nearly twenty-two years old.

The combination proved fortunate for both. Dempsey needed a good promotion man; Kearns, for his part, soon became convinced he had at last found the Kohinoor.

In one of his first fights under Kearns' management Jack weathered a terrific second-round blow from "Gunboat" Smith, and went on to win the four-round decision. On the way to Kearns' home in Oakland, after the fight, Dempsey spoke gloomily of the future. Presently Kearns realized he thought he had lost.

"But you won!" Kearns exclaimed.

It was news to Dempsey. He could remember nothing beyond that terrific wallop in the second round until after they left the dressing-rooms, and thought

he had been knocked out. The fighting that had won him the decision had been done when he was literally "out on his feet."

Under Kearns' management he began to get better matches. He took on huge opponents, one after the other—Homer Smith, Carl Morris (6 feet 4, weight 265 pounds), Fred Fulton (6 feet 5½ inches). He knocked out Fulton after 18 seconds of the first round, the victory becoming official exactly 28 seconds after the bell that started the fight. Newspaper writers (their imaginations doubtless helped somewhat by Kearns) began to refer to him as "Jack the Giant Killer." It was good publicity. He was matched to fight Jess Willard, 6 feet 6 inches tall and weighing 250 pounds, for the championship. The fight was staged at Toledo, on July 4, 1919, by Tex Rickard. Instead of taking a percentage of the gate receipts, Kearns held out for a flat guarantee of \$27,500. The fight grossed nearly half a million.

Even at Toledo Dempsey was still relatively unknown. His birthplace was given as Salt Lake City. He was a much better fighter than was generally realized. Although the odds favored Willard, Dempsey and Kearns were so sure they would win that they bet all they could scrape together, ten thousand dollars, at one to ten on a first-round knockout. From the opening gong Dempsey attacked Willard just as he had Fred Fulton, lashing at him with terrific punches that left the huge ex-cowboy helpless. Before the end of the round Willard was sitting on the canvas, unable to rise. He had to be dragged to his corner.

Pandemonium! Spectators crowded toward the ring, yelling their throats out. A new champion! Dempsey got into his bathrobe and started to climb through the ropes. Then—

He was called back. With difficulty the ring was cleared. Willard had been saved from the ten-second knock-out by the bell ending the round, unheard in the hurricane of sound.

There was nothing to do but go on.

First champion, then not yet champion after all! One hundred thousand dollars won on that daring first-round wager, and instead every available dollar gone.

The unequal contest continued. Dempsey, taken aback by the sudden twist of affairs, did little in the second round, but gave his big antagonist such a merciless beating in the third that he was unable to continue in the fourth, so that Jack was declared victor by a "technical fourth-round knock-out."

Jack Dempsey, twenty-four years old, had reached his goal. He was Champion of the World. But instead of satisfaction he found disillusionment.

IV

Jack Dempsey has not, in the academic sense, a reasoning mind. It is a good mind but untrained in the step-by-step processes. His reactions, mental as well as physical, are quick. He begins to answer your question almost before the last word is out of your mouth. He can make an instantaneous and surprisingly accurate guess at the age of a horse, the speed of a bird's flight, the number of persons in an audience, the sincerity of a stranger, the outcome of an election. But the reasoning of the logicians, "if A is to B as C is to D, then E is to F as G is to H"—that sort of reasoning is as far outside his field as the Greek optative.

During the months and years of his blazing desire to outbatter all opponents in the ring, he had never looked beyond the championship.

"I was eating and drinking championship," he says. "I was working for it and training for it. I guess I dreamed about it at night. Just trying to win the title. It took all my attention."

The year after Toledo was the bleakest of his life. He was winned and dined. Money poured in on him for appearances, theatrical engagements, endorsements. As a celebrity he met other celebrities—governors, outstanding business men, big politicians, editors, gangsters, artists, stars of the stage and screen.

For the first time in his life he began keeping late hours. From 187 at Toledo his weight jumped to 235 pounds.

"But I was just a bum," he says. "I couldn't talk their language. All I could say was 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' I didn't know what fork to eat with."

When the talk turned to prize fighting, he felt at home. But when it veered to the opera or books or science or public affairs or history he was lost. Even in the few subjects with which he was familiar he became conscious that he could not explain himself without making mistakes in grammar.

"I was a boob," he puts it. "I didn't have any education. While I was fighting to win the title it didn't seem important."

Also, he was unpopular. That hurt. During the War he had worked in a Seattle shipyard instead of enlisting, and because of various wheels within wheels he was subsequently charged with evading the draft. Government officials decided to make his a test case, and brought him to trial on the charge. Although the jury acquitted him promptly and unanimously, the unpleasant whispers kept rolling along.

Again: the desire for progress, the deep-seated urge to keep moving ahead, had not been satisfied by winning the championship. Therein perhaps Dempsey differed from most fighters.

He worked to improve his education, particularly in manners and social custom. He strove also for popularity. In the first quest he succeeded so well that he is to-day completely at home in any company—in fact his main thought and effort are to make others more comfortable. He is scrupulously careful to make prompt introductions; he asks questions about subjects his companions will be interested in; he is a good listener. On the other hand, he kept his own independence of thought and judgment, retaining his old friends and associations, neglecting many of the new ideas as being, for him, out of place or unimportant. He still learns, mainly by observa-

tion and from conversation, reading little. In speech he has kept to the direct talk of the ring and the workers among whom he grew up; he is indifferent to small details of grammar.

To win greater popularity he took pains to develop his already good memory for names and faces. In this he was so successful that many people credit him with remembering every person to whom he is introduced. That is of course impossible. He meets too many.

"But I do remember particular ones," he says. "Maybe one in a hundred. People like to have you remember who they are."

He noticed that people who knew him personally were far less critical or abusive than strangers. So he made it a point to meet as many of his critics and detractors as possible, particularly sports writers and editors.

Gradually his unpopularity decreased. Aided by Tex Rickard's showmanship, he became a continually greater drawing-card. The period of "million-dollar gates" arrived. At the Toledo fight in 1919 the receipts were \$452,522; at the second Dempsey-Tunney fight, at Chicago in 1927, they were \$2,650,000.

As champion of the world, he accepted a certain amount of responsibility for prize fighting. He felt that both the prestige and the ethics of professional boxing rested, to a greater degree than upon others, on his own shoulders. People were watching him. All right, let them watch. It was up to him not to let the fight game down.

Seven times, as champion, he successfully defended his title. The best-known of these fights were against Bill Brennan, Georges Carpentier, Tommy Gibbons, and Luis Angel Firpo, "The Wild Bull of the Pampas."

The Brennan fight came along about a year and a half after Toledo, when Jack was still suffering from the bewilderment of his early months as champion. In something akin to a fever of remorse he attempted to get back into fighting condition, and trained down to 185 pounds.

He overdid it, and went stale. All through the first ten rounds of the fight he was decisively beaten. His face was battered almost beyond recognition. Then, as if realizing that the championship was slipping away from him, he called on a seemingly miraculous store of new strength—call it spirit or courage or "fighting heart" or anything you wish—and drove Brennan round the ring for the best part of two rounds, finally knocking him out. It was one of the most amazing reversals in the history of the ring.

Against Carpentier he made no mistakes. The end came in the fourth round.

When he met Gibbons, in 1923, he won by decision after fifteen rounds of boxing.

"I hadn't fought for two years," Jack says. "That was too long a lay-off. And besides, I underestimated him."

The Gibbons fight in July, however, enabled him to get into prime condition for the most dramatic fight of his career, in September of the same year, against Firpo.

"I never saw a man who could hit so hard and so fast at the same time," says Jack. "He landed a punch on the side of my head before I knew what he was doing. It woulda finished me if it'd been a little lower. I thought I was fighting twenty Firpos."

One of the Argentinian's first-round blows knocked Jack clean through the ropes, and he had to be helped back into the ring. On the other hand he himself floored the "Wild Bull" no less than seven times in that single round.

"They were wild blows at that," he claims. "I was just trying to keep him off me. I didn't know if it was a fight or a foot-race. Did you ever see him, with all that long hair falling down over his face? He didn't look human."

Between the rounds, as his head cleared, Jack asked Kearns how far the fight had gone, and was amazed to learn there had been only one round. In the second round he measured his man and landed a blow that would have dropped

a gorilla. It ended the fight, but only after another of Firpo's swings had again brought Dempsey down on one knee.

"If Firpo had claimed the fight before you got back into the ring that time," I said to Dempsey once, "there'd have been a new champion right then."

"Don't know about that," was his immediate rejoinder. "There'da been a' argument." He grinned as a second thought struck him. "Been all the better. I'd had a chance to fight him again. Two fights instead of one. Next time I'd won easy."

I remembered some of his early fights against lesser opponents—Jack Downey, for instance, in Salt Lake City: first a four-round decision for Downey, next a four-round draw, then a two-round knock-out by Dempsey. I remembered what Jack had told me of observing his opponents' weaknesses to take subsequent advantage of them. I was curious.

"Why are you so sure you could have taken Firpo in another fight?"

"He didn't know how to train. Couldn't have lasted. I knew that as soon as my head cleared, after the first round. He was soft."

There has been a lot of discussion about Dempsey's hitting-power. "The most powerful hitter of all time," some sports writers have called him. But Dempsey himself scoffs at the claim.

"Think a minute," he said to me. "It's *when* you hit a man that counts, not just how hard. Look. Suppose I hit you with everything I got, first chance there is, when you're going away from me. Now suppose I wait until there's an opening when you're coming *toward* me. See?"

He was dubbed "The Man-Killer." His conviction was that, once inside the ropes, you had to fight for all you were worth, every inch of the way. "That's what the fans pay to see," he says. "You owe it to them. That's what makes a good fight. That's what makes fighting a good game. Take it easy and you let everybody down."

You have to earn your money. Also, when your opponent is weak or helpless the swiftest way is least painful. A knock-out blow is a complete anæsthetic. Fighters in good condition snap back quickly. He felt that he also had to be everlastingly cautious.

"I knew, all the time I was champion," he says, "there was a loaded glove waiting for me. I wouldn't see it until it landed. Any second. Sock. Then, curtain."

Anticipating that unseen blow, guarding against it continually, he held the championship for the longest Marquis of Queensberry term on the record books.

When, in 1926, he was matched for the first time against Gene Tunney he had done no real fighting for nearly three years. He had made what, in the light of later knowledge, may be regarded as perhaps the greatest mistake of his whole career—his marriage to the screen star, Estelle Taylor. It led to a break-up of the long partnership with Kearns, who bombarded him with lawsuits. He was unable to get back into top condition. The "wise money" was put on Tunney. Although Tunney could not knock him out, Dempsey was clearly out-fought, and the championship changed hands.

There were just two more fights of real consequence for Dempsey. Ten months after losing to Tunney, he knocked out Jack Sharkey (later champion for a year) and then, a year after losing the title, fought Tunney again.

This time he was back in condition. There were no alibis.

"But I had slowed up," Jack says. "All of a sudden I was an old man—for the ring, you understand. I couldn't fool myself. I would see an opening—and my hand wouldn't get there in time."

For six rounds he was out-boxed and out-pointed. He crouched and jabbed and covered up as well as he could, waiting—true to his old strategy—for just the right opening. It came in the seventh, and Tunney went down for the dramatic

"long count." Dempsey stood over him instead of going to a neutral corner of the ring as ordered by the referee. Under Illinois rules, his instinctive finish-it-quick methods were at fault. At least four precious seconds were lost before the official count finally began. At "Ten!" Tunney got up, managed to keep away from Jack until the round was over, and went on to win.

V

The loss of the championship carried with it, oddly enough, no such shock as the winning of it. Where Jack had hardly dared look beyond winning the title, he sensibly regarded losing it as an absolute certainty. He was ready for it. In spite of heavy expenses, he was a wealthy man. A millionaire. Enough of his money, moreover, had been put into trust funds to safeguard him against any fear of poverty. But that was not all.

"The best job in the whole fighting game is being champion," he has said. "The next best is being ex-champion."

He set to work at it. It has been, in a sense, his third job. The first task he set himself—set himself quite seriously as a boy of fourteen, as his schoolmates can testify, and never afterward dropped—was to win the title.

His second job was to hold the championship as long as he could and carry creditably the responsibility of being the head-man of boxing. In that task he succeeded at least as well as any other champion; far better than most.

At his third job, as ex-champion, he has been even more successful, it seems to me, than at the others. He has held his prestige to an unprecedented degree. In one year, I understand, his income from refereeing bouts, and from other appearances, ran well above a quarter of a million dollars. Although his expenses are almost as large as if he were still champion (when he is on tour the tips for his party alone average something like fifty dollars a day; it is expected of him), a respectable percentage re-

mains. As a business man he has experimented as a fight promoter, as a clothing-store proprietor, as the owner of a large liquor establishment. He has hotels in Miami and Los Angeles, and owns real estate in various cities. "Jack Dempsey's Restaurant" is one of the best known in New York. He has even owned race horses.

Some of his business ventures have been spectacularly successful; others equally spectacular failures. He lost heavily during the depression. But today, thirteen years after leaving the championship behind, he is still going strong.

As a boxing or wrestling referee he pulls almost as many dollars into the box office as the contestants themselves. To handle the job effectively he has to keep in good condition.

The actual work rarely lasts more than an hour or so but is far more strenuous than those unaccustomed to the run of such exhibitions might realize. In one Florida city, for example, I saw a wrestler suddenly turn and land a blow on Jack's chin that would have floored almost anyone. Immediately Dempsey crouched, and the wrestler backed abjectly away. The crowd yelled delightedly. Afterward, in the hotel, I asked Jack how he could stand an unexpected blow like that without being in regular training.

"That?" he grunted. "That wasn't anything."

As he stripped off his shirt I noticed a bruise under his right arm-pit that extended fully six inches, already turning a delicate blue-green.

"One of 'em must have got me with his foot," he explained indifferently, and didn't refer to it again.

Boxers, I am told, fight better in bouts which he referees. This may be in part because they are performing before one of the Great Ones of the ring. But to a still greater extent it is probably because of his own constant reminders to the contestants of what they are there for.

"Come on, come on!" he'll say, so low that even those at the ringside rarely hear

it. "It's a fight! It's a fight!" Or: "Come on, you're not hurt! Give 'em their money's worth! He hasn't got you yet. Come on!"

He argues strongly against the over-commercialism of boxing.

"They're bringing the boy along too fast," he'll say. "That's bad. Bad for the game too." Or: "It won't make such a good fight. Ought never been made. The fans won't like it."

Wherever he goes he is still a popular hero.

I went with him on one whirlwind trip through New York State where he was campaigning last fall for Governor Lehman's re-election. It was different from anything else I have ever seen. The already partisan crowds were quite ready to cheer for the Democratic candidates, but they cheered for Dempsey spontaneously.

After each speech the sound truck would go careening away to the next town, while Dempsey became the center of a milling crowd of youthful autograph hunters and older admirers, with the officers of the motor-cycle escort getting more and more fidgety. Finally Jack, good-natured and imperturbable to the last autograph scrawled just as the car started moving, would say to the driver: "You'll have to step on it, son," and away we would go again with the motor-cycle sirens screeching to clear the way.

At Schenectady he spoke at the Opera House, the sole attraction beyond a routine (and sharply curtailed) political program. After the doors of the theater had to be closed, an overflow crowd of many hundreds milled around in the streets outside. Following the necessary introductions of political candidates, Jack spoke for perhaps twenty minutes.

"I suppose a lot of you folks are here to see me because I'm a prize fighter," he said in effect. "So probably you're interested in knowing what I think about some of the fighters who are boxing to-day." Then for a quarter of an hour he gave rapid-fire estimates of the abilities and chances of different fighters now

in the public eye, from Joe Louis down. The crowded house listened intently. It was exactly what they *did* want. Jack spoke rapidly, not always grammatically. Presently he swung into a brief political peroration, rapid but clear, conveying an impression of utter sincerity, giving his reasons for asking the audience to vote again for "my friend, Governor Lehman." I have never heard people in a theater make more noise than during the howls of approval, apparently for Dempsey quite as much as for Lehman, that followed. With the uproar still continuing, Jack caught my eye and we slipped into the wings and through the stage entrance.

That same evening, after a full day of campaigning that had started with a political breakfast at 8:30 in the morning, he put in three solid hours of conferences and conversations and introductions at Albany, connected with one of his business ventures, until at last his train pulled out for New York, at 1:30 in the morning. He seems absolutely tireless.

VI

Much of Jack Dempsey's continuing prominence has of course been due to the work of good press agents. But behind the press agents there is always the man himself. No amount of mere ballyhoo can keep a poor show going for thirteen years.

He is continually making new friends. He likes people, and people like him. There is of course a certain conventional cordiality in his approach and greeting, but his desire to please people is genuine. He wants them to have a good time. He has a good time himself.

"I wouldn't change places with anybody in the world," is one of his not-infrequent remarks.

Theodore Roosevelt, before and after becoming President of the United States, was known for his hearty handshake, his welcoming grin, the emphatic "Delighted!" of his introductory greeting. It was born of energy and friendliness and

was beyond question basically sincere. The same is true of Jack Dempsey; the "To my pal, Harry Jones," above his autograph, and his "How are you, Pardner?" have the same ring.

An excess of energy, general buoyancy, and optimism are tremendous assets. On the screen they have definite box-office value. Dempsey has them. Even a dyspeptic may get from him a vicarious sense of well-being. His vitality is contagious.

That, in spite of money and opportunity, he has never strayed far from the squared circle is perhaps an important element in his long-drawn-out success. His mother, in the religious Colorado community where he received his first impressions and later through all the sparsely settled regions of Colorado and Utah, desired, desperately, that her boy Harry become a "good citizen." All his life Jack has idolized his mother. Beyond all doubt, it seems to me, her desire has been translated in her son into a realization of the part he might be expected to take in his chosen sport or calling, professional boxing.

Compare him in this with other capable fighters. John L. Sullivan and other old-time boxers were noted, after attaining their championships, chiefly for their capacity as two-fisted drinkers. Later champions-for-a-day like Jack Sharkey or Max Baer certainly—let us say—felt that their position imposed no particular restrictions upon their personal conduct. Jim Corbett, one of the greatest champions, writes in his memoirs of his contempt and disgust for the fickle fight-fans who roared their approval of his vic-

tories. Even Gene Tunney, like Dempsey in possessing an unquenchable desire to keep going ahead, even after becoming title-holder, promptly turned his back on the fight game and almost everything connected with it. Boxing was for him merely a good springboard to something he considered better.

Not so Jack Dempsey. Alone of the champions he seems to feel that the best there may be in him is none too good for the tough game that made him rich and prominent.

The picture of him I shall remember longest, however, has nothing to do with boxing, or roaring crowds.

It was in the big Concourse of New York City's Pennsylvania station. Dempsey was taking an early-morning train to Richmond, to referee a fight. I was going with him. It was several minutes before train time, and we had to wait for his manager who usually accompanies him on his many trips. For once there was nobody there to stare. I left to make a telephone call. When I came back a couple of minutes later the manager had not yet arrived. The Concourse was still almost deserted. Dempsey was standing with the red-cap who had taken our bags—a little, middle-aged Negro who came only to Dempsey's shoulder. The suitcases had been set down at one side with the overcoats on top of them. The little colored man was standing beside Dempsey, leaning toward him. The Ex-Champion, holding a newspaper, was leaning down toward the Negro, bringing their heads close together, reading to him items of news that were interesting to both.



MR. HATA PULLS THE STRINGS

A STORY

BY CHARLES CORBEAU

EVEN when I had money I didn't like Burma. I got to Rangoon with a pocket full of small coins and some hundred-rupee notes to fall back on when they were spent, and started looking for the country Kipling wrote about. Took off my shoes and socks and walked up the Shwe Dagon pagoda with my bare feet feeling slimy in the melted candle grease. Heard the temple bells and saw the heathen knocking their heads on the ground. Burmese girls too selling flowers and incense to offer to the Lord Buddha. A religious circus with plenty of side shows, but all playing the same act. Soon fed up with it.

Stopped at the Strand Hotel until my rupees began to run low, then moved to a cheaper place and drank beer in Maxims, where you can get a quart of Asahi for ten annas, fairly cold too, which is unusual for Burma. Met a dark fellow there who said he was an Englishman and took me to see some pretty Burma girls. They looked nice enough in their white bodices and with flowers in their hair, but I didn't take to them. I'd hate to have one wait for me because she'd just have to keep on waiting. I'd never remember her address and they don't have any telephone numbers.

I was ready to start back to Seattle then and bought a ticket to Hong Kong. Like a fool I switched from beer to gin, got drunk and missed the boat, and didn't have enough money to buy another ticket. The only chance I had to

get away was to work my passage, and there wasn't much chance for that with the British boats all manned by Lascars and other black fellows who work for less than enough to keep a white man in beer. But some American ships were coming in now, bringing motor trucks to be shipped over the new road to China, and I thought I might have a chance on one of them. I went on the water wagon because I had no money and quit cigarettes for the same reason. There is a shady little park between the Strand Hotel and the river where the black nurses bring the white children to play and the beachcombers loaf. After my money ran out I sat there and listened to the carrion crows quarrel with the sea gulls over the garbage. It was better than tramping round the hot streets.

I had been waiting for an American ship for about a week when one day a little fat Chinaman came and sat down on the bench beside me. He didn't say anything, didn't even look at me, just sat there with his eyes closed half the time. He wore a clean white Chinese gown and a felt hat, the only one I had ever seen in Burma. Of course I thought of a laundryman, but then I noticed his hands, which were white and slender.

"That fellow never washed a dirty shirt," I thought to myself.

He sat there for a long time and then reached into his gown and brought out a fresh package of American cigarettes.

He tore the end off the package as gingerly as an Englishman shelling a soft-boiled egg, and held out the package to me. I took one. It was the first cigarette I had had in more than a week except one of those English "gaspsers" I had cadged from the dark Englishman. He put the package back in his pocket and I said, "Don't you smoke?"

"No," he said, "I have decided to stop. I bought this package only to prove my will power. It seems to have stood the strain, so I don't need them any more. Please take them."

I thanked him and then he seemed to go to sleep again. Finally he opened his eyes and took off his felt hat and wiped his head with a red bandanna handkerchief. His heavy black hair was as close cropped as a barber could get it.

"Very hot here," he remarked.

"I was never in a hotter place," I said. "I wish I could get out of here."

"Then you should go," he remarked mildly. "No one should imprison himself in a place he dislikes. When you do that you become your own jailer, which is neither natural nor humane. Other men may imprison your body—but only you can imprison your soul."

"Strange talk from a Chinaman," I thought.

"Give me a chance, and I'll get out in a hurry," I said.

He didn't answer me, didn't appear to have heard me and closed his eyes again. I would have left him but I had no place to go, and a sudden hunch came to me that if I stuck around and walked away with him when he left, he would buy me a bottle of beer. I don't know why I thought that, but the more I thought about it the more convinced I became that the hunch was right.

I was about to give up and go away when he turned to me abruptly and said, "Can you drive a truck?"

"Can I drive a truck?" I repeated, rather dumbly I suppose, for I was still thinking about a bottle of beer. "Say, I was practically born on a truck. My old man was a truck gardener."

The wisecrack didn't sound any better than it did the first time I heard it, but he paid no attention and began talking, half to himself.

"A fine new American truck, probably the finest in Burma. Just as the advertisement said it would be—four wheel drive—ten tons—"

Suddenly I came to life. Maybe there was a chance here to earn my own bottle of beer.

"Look here," I said, and pointed to a scar on my forehead. "I got that driving a truck for strikebreakers in Seattle. If you have the best truck in Burma, I'm your man because I'm the best truck driver. When do we start and where do we go?"

"It will take some arranging," he remarked, "but I think that will be easy. My truck is idle now, eating its carburetor off with garage charges. I would like to put it to its proper uses and truck some freight. It is a fine truck for a long haul—such as to the border of China."

"Oh," I said, "hauling ammunition to China." Suddenly I thought I saw what his game was.

"No," he said sadly, "that is not it. The Chinese government has its own fleet of trucks and will give no hauling to outsiders. But I know of a merchant here who has a cargo he wants to send to the Northern Shan States. I have an idle truck. You are an idle driver. He has employment for both. The circle of perfection is complete."

He leaned forward and a wallet fell to the ground—a plump wallet from which I could see the edges of hundred-rupee notes. He extracted one daintily and handed it to me.

"This is a loan," he said, "or an advance payment for services yet to be rendered. There is an excellent barber shop on Dalhousie Street near the pagoda, and nearby a British clothing shop almost as good as the Chinese shops of Shanghai. By this time to-morrow you should be ready to go to work. Invest your money wisely. Beer is always a

better buy than gin, and I wouldn't spend more money on beer than on the barber."

Then he jumped up and walked away and was out of sight before I remembered that he had not told me his name nor said where and when I was to see him.

I had a little money left over, and the following noon I was sitting in Maxims, smoking cigarettes and wondering whether or not I should have a bottle of beer before lunch, when my Chinese friend appeared and solved the problem for me. He sat down at the table with me and ordered two bottles. I was surprised to notice that he specified Japanese beer. Just like a Chinese, I thought. They want everyone to help them win the war by boycotting Japanese goods and then they buy Japanese products if they can save a few annas. If we were at war with Japan I'd never drink their beer.

Instead of fiddling about as he had done the day before and talking at cross purposes, he settled down to business at once.

"The gentleman, Mr. Hata, who is going to use our trucking service," he said, "is, I am sorry to say, a Japanese. His country and my country are at war and it is very embarrassing for me to do any business with him. If it were found out, my relatives and friends would all think that I was a traitor and the blue shirt society of terrorists might decide that it was an act of virtue on their part to lodge a few bullets in my skull. They would be even more annoyed than the union truck drivers were with you in Seattle. So in order to keep my conscience clear, I have decided to do no business with this man Hata. For the time being, the truck is yours and when the present transaction is completed we can settle the matter of permanent ownership and division of profits."

Then he handed me a bill of sale to the truck, made out in my name and endorsed by the American bank in Rangoon to show that the truck had been paid for in full. I never could imagine

how he got it, but he also handed me a driver's license also made out in my name and an order on the Burma Oil Company for a thousand gallons of petrol, which was much more than enough to take me to China and back. Then he gave me a thin bunch of neatly printed business cards from which I noted that I was the "Managing Proprietor of the Burma American Transportation Company." On top of all that he gave me a thousand rupees for working capital. I didn't think very straight or fast—was all confused and excited and blurted out, "Is this all honest?"

I really didn't mean it in that way. What I meant to say was that this was all so much like a fairy tale or a story out of the Arabian Nights that I wanted to know whether or not it was genuine. He didn't give me a chance to apologize but said, "There is no such thing as absolute honesty. There were only two completely honest men in the world—Christ and Confucius. To all others honesty is merely a relative virtue. Money honesty is the cheapest of all, and many a man who has not had a sincere thought in his entire life thinks he is honest because he has paid his debts. So far as this transaction goes, and including its possible ramifications of the future, it is honest enough to satisfy any reasonable man."

Then he turned on me and said, "After all, I am the one who should be worried about the academic aspects of honesty. You might start for the Shan States with this truck and wind up in Siam. But your horoscope shows that you have that common money honesty that bank managers admire so much because it is profitable to themselves. However, when you get back, we will see how the balance sheet stands. You make your own deal with Hata-san."

As a bit of final advice, he told me that he thought the Japanese would be willing to pay almost any price to get his cargo transported, but suggested that I be reasonable and collect half in advance payment.

"Remember," he said, "that a half in hand is a half in hand, and if it is big enough you don't have to worry about the other half."

That was the sum and total of all the instructions I received, if they can be called instructions. What a funny way of doing business! When I drove that truck in Seattle I had to punch a time clock and account for every gallon of gas all the time I was dodging the beer bottles the strikers threw at me. And here this Chinaman turned his truck over to me and just gave me a few hints. There was no doubt in my mind that he was what the other Chinese in Rangoon would call a "traitor" and was using me to pull off a profitable deal with a Japanese so as to protect his own skin, but I didn't care. He had played the game with me and I was going to play it with him and make just as much money as possible for him. Funny too, that I thought of him as an old man, but he wasn't. It was just his way of talking, I suppose, that made him sound like a very wise old father and made me feel like a youngster.

Just as he was going away I said, "I don't even know your name."

"Just call me John," he said. "John for John Smith or John Chinaman. It doesn't matter."

I went down and had a look at my truck and then drove it out on the main road toward Mandalay just to get the feel of it. Nothing could have been sweeter and I knew she would run even smoother after the first few hundred miles. I longed to load her up and try some good steep hills. I checked the oil and put her back in the garage and then went to call on Mr. Hata.

He had a little hole-in-the-wall office in the Indian quarter with a new painted sign giving his name and his occupation as that of a "commissioning agent." A Japanese clerk took my card, turned it over to see if there was anything printed on the back, and went away, leaving me standing at the railing. Two other Japanese sauntered out and looked at

me suspiciously and then disappeared through a door. I could hear the faint mutters of a conversation behind the door and, after what seemed like a long wait, the first clerk came back and invited me into what I suppose was the private office. Mr. Hata was seated at a little desk and the two Japanese who had come in and looked at me were standing, one on each side of him. All three just looked at me, didn't say how-do-you-do or sit down or anything. I had my speech all prepared.

"Mr. Hata," I said, "I have just started in the trucking business in Rangoon. I have only one truck, but it's the best one in Burma and I drive it myself. So I can give you better service than you can possibly get from trucks driven by these careless Indian drivers. I hope you will keep me in mind and let me give you a quotation the next time you have any trucking to do."

Then I gave each of the three one of my cards and turned as if I was ready to go. I don't know just why I did that, but it seemed to me that it was what John would have done. Then Mr. Hata spoke for the first time—spoke in Japanese.

He sucked in his breath with a hissing sound and said very slowly, "Ah! *So des ke.*"

Then he talked to the others in their own language and turned to me.

"Your truck is large and substantial?"

"Can carry ten tons," I said. "Just out of the factory and the best truck in Burma."

"You are prepared to travel to distant places?"

"Go all the way to Bangkok if you're willing to pay for it," I said.

There was a longer conversation in Japanese and then they asked me to sit down.

"I have," said Mr. Hata, "cargo of fine Japanese calicoes I wish to ship to Northern Shan States. The destination is about fifty kilometers due west of Lashio, and the entire distance from Rangoon is exactly 931 kilometers. What will you charge for the entire

occupation of your truck for that journey?"

"Any cargo coming back?"

"Not for me. You may collect others if you like."

I asked a few more questions while I tried to figure out in my mind just how many miles there were in 931 kilometers.

"That's a long hard trip," I said, "with plenty of hills. I'll burn up gas and oil. I think three thousand rupees will be about right."

Then we started to bargain. That is, they started to bargain and had a lot of conversations between themselves. I was prepared to shave the price, but as I listened to them I got the idea that they were going to accept my offer. Funny—I couldn't understand a word they said, but from the tones of their voices I felt that they were coming to an agreement. Mr. Hata turned to me and asked, "When can you start?"

"Day after to-morrow," I said. "I have a load to take out to Pegu to-morrow."

There wasn't a word of truth in this, but I hadn't the faintest idea where Lashio was and I wanted time to find out and also to get some provisions for the trip. Besides, I didn't want Mr. Hata to know that he was my first and only customer. Apparently this was a disappointment to them, for there was another consultation and then Mr. Hata asked, "And at what date will you arrive at the destination?"

I had to guess at it so I said that if I didn't have any bad luck, I would be there by Friday.

"Too late," wailed Mr. Hata. "Could you not employ an assistant to yourself, a second in command, and by night and day driving get there by Wednesday?"

"Of course," I said, "but that would be another thousand rupees."

"Just for another driver?"

"It's not the other driver. It's hard on the truck and hard on tires to drive without any rest. Hard on me too. I can't risk wearing out my tires and myself for less than that."

They agreed to that and also agreed to pay half cash in advance—that is, they would pay it when the truck was loaded and ready to start. I remembered what John Smith had said about getting enough in the first half to be able to forget the second. I had certainly done that, for the two thousand rupees was very liberal pay for the work. And there was no difficulty about getting the other driver. He was already in my employ, but I didn't know it. He was a tall Mohammedan with a big black beard I had seen around the garage, and now it developed that he had been employed by John Smith to look after the car and had taken it for granted that I had bought him with the truck. I couldn't get his name so just called him Mahomet. He didn't seem to mind.

He was a husky fellow and I thought we would load the truck ourselves, but when we got to Mr. Hata's establishment we found that he had taken care of that for us. There were a half dozen Japanese there and they put the cases on the truck while Mr. Hata checked them off and gave careful directions as to how they should be loaded. It didn't look like a cargo of calico to me, but I didn't say anything. When it was all loaded Mr. Hata gave me a very carefully drawn map showing the roads I should take out of Lashio, with directions and landmarks in English and Burmese, and also a sealed letter which I was to hand to a native who would meet me in the village for which we were bound. The native was to identify himself by saying, "Are you the gentleman sent by Mr. Hata?"

That was all, except that he gave me the two thousand rupees.

We had barely started when I remembered that I had left in Mr. Hata's office the supply of American cigarettes I had bought for the trip. I didn't like the idea of smoking the native cigarettes for several days so turned back to get them, a little ashamed of letting Mr. Hata know of my carelessness. We pulled up to the place but the sign was gone and

the doors were locked. Well, anyway, I had the first half of the payment.

We drove all day over the flat paddy fields of the Irrawaddy Delta. I drove for four hours and then lay down on an air mattress on top of Mr. Hata's cargo while Mahomet drove. Then I would take the wheel again while Mahomet slept. I had promised Mr. Hata we would get there by Tuesday, and aside from keeping my promise to him, I was anxious to get back and find out if he had really left town, doublecrossed me on the second half of the payment. Also I wanted to get back and tell John how well I had done in my bargaining for him. Somehow I couldn't get him out of my mind and I kept thinking of him as the kind of a father I would have liked to have had. My old man had been pretty much of a washout.

We only stopped once in a while to put some oil or gas or water in the car or to do a little eating. At night it was just the same except that we traveled faster since we didn't have any bullock carts to dodge. At first it was all flat plain, but then we began to climb the hills. The truck purred like a contented cat on the steep grades. It was a sweet machine to handle and I was proud to think that it belonged to me, if only for a few days. With every hour we got higher into the hills and soon I was surprised to find that we were in cold weather. It had been so hot in Rangoon that I couldn't imagine it being cold any place in Burma, but the nights were chilly.

The road got rougher too and in the hills zigzagged dizzily. Mahomet was driving and I was trying to sleep when I was awakened by a terrific bounce and saw one of the small packing cases slide off the end of the truck. I called to Mahomet to stop and we went back to pick it up. The case had hit a rock and one side was caved in. As we picked it up, I saw a couple of machine gun clips fall out.

"Ah ha," I said to myself. "So you are a gun runner, are you?"

Suddenly, the whole plot came to me

as clear as crystal. The dark-skinned Englishman I had drunk beer with at Maxims had told me that Japanese secret agents were bribing the hill tribes on the Burma-Chinese frontier to attack the caravans carrying munitions for the Chinese government from Rangoon to Chungking. So Mr. Hata was one of these agents and John was profiting by the murder of his own countrymen and had made a fool out of me. That was the reason he had put the truck in my name. It was a crooked and murderous game all the way through, and I was the goat. I hated the two of them, but I hated John the most.

In the meantime my immediate problem was what to do with this broken case. We couldn't repair it and it wouldn't do to put it back in the truck and take the chance of its dropping a spoor of machine gun clips all along the route. The highway here was cut out of the side of a hill with a steep ravine leading to a small river a hundred feet below us. Mahomet and I carried the case to a convenient spot and threw it as far as we could. It rolled part of the way down the hill, though not out of sight. But it would be difficult for anyone to climb down and find out what it contained. Then we gathered up the clips which had spilled out and threw them away. I thought for a moment of dumping all the cases and going back to Rangoon, but on second thought knew that would be just plain silly, for I should only be adding new crimes to my record. The only thing to do was to go on. Without any bad luck we should finish our trip in another day, and once I had turned the cargo over to Mr. Hata's representative, I could wash my hands of the whole affair and go back to Rangoon to settle with him and with John.

In a village just outside Lashio I stopped to try to find some warmer clothing, and when I got back to the truck there was a cocky little Japanese dressed in Burmese clothing sitting in the truck. Mahomet was paying no attention to him.

"Mr. Hata has sent me to guide you to your destination," he said. Then he added, "There is one case missing."

This wasn't according to program. Mr. Hata had said nothing to me about a guide and his crack about the case being lost made me mad.

"You're a cockeyed liar," I said. "No case has been lost and I never heard of Mr. Hata. Get off the truck before I chuck you off."

"It's all right, sahib," said Mahomet. "Let him ride. He says a case has been lost, so let him take its place. Then the tally will be correct."

It was now about dusk and we would get to the rendezvous before daylight. I was in trouble enough without starting anything new, so I grumbled and took the wheel while Mahomet sat on the cases with the little Jap. I was beginning to think it was past time for him to relieve me when Mahomet came back and we changed places. There was no one in the back of the truck.

"Where's your friend?" I asked Mahomet.

"The Jap?" he asked. "Oh, he decided to walk. It's not far now. I can drive the rest of the way because I know the road."

I was so warm and comfortable in the blankets I had bought that I went to sleep and dozed and didn't wake completely until the truck stopped. It was almost pitch dark and we were surrounded by a group of people. One came to me with a flashlight and asked, "Are you the gentleman sent by Mr. Hata?"

That was the correct password, but nothing else was according to schedule.

We were not near a village, but in a forest, and the man who asked me the question had on a Chinese general's uniform. Other flashlights were turned on and I saw there were Chinese soldiers all about me. So I handed over the letter and the general with one glance at it shouted something in Chinese. Then, of all the persons in the world, John came through the crowd, buttoning his long Chinese gown.

"I hope you didn't have a bad trip," he said to me. "There'll be some ham sandwiches and a pot of hot coffee for you in a moment."

Then he tore open the letter and translated it hurriedly to the general. In the meantime the Chinese soldiers were unloading the cases.

"This is a very strange coincidence," he said to me. "Mr. Hata wanted to send some machine guns to the hill tribes so that they could more efficiently kill the drivers of Chinese trucks. By chance he employed you and by chance you fall into the hands of the Chinese army. That's *force majeure* and you can't help it. The Chinese army has the machine guns. And Mr. Hata has paid for the truck because the letter he gave you contained five thousand rupees for the hill tribes. Again the complete circle of auspicious events, but not for the hill tribes. They are going to be annoyed when they get neither the machine guns nor the money.

"You and Mahomet better take the truck and go to Bangkok. It wouldn't be wise for either of you to return to Rangoon. I am afraid Mr. Hata is going to be *extremely* annoyed."



NUMBER ONE SWING MAN

BY IRVING KOLODIN

"John Hammond passed the studio
And heard me singin';
Johnny told Benny
And here I am."

THESE words, intoned recently to a traditional blues by an ambitious young singer on one of Benny Goodman's network broadcasts, brought to public notice for the first time a procedure that has become almost a classic prelude to success in present-day dance music. But it is doubtful if the million or more listeners to this particular broadcast were quite sure who was the John Hammond mentioned in the song; or if the other millions who listen nightly to swing music in theaters, ballrooms, hotels, and night clubs, and from nickel phonograph machines in bars, know that the saxophonist or the singer they admire reached prominence because John Hammond heard him and then told somebody.

"Johnny" hears someone, and "Johnny" tells someone. Presently that someone is being discovered, analyzed, and canonized (or perhaps in an odd instance, vilified) by the intelligentsia of dance music from coast to coast. Since the rebirth of interest in dance music five years ago has created a whole new school of idols not only for to-day's younger generation but for many adults as well, an arbiter of fashions in that field is understandably one of America's more important private citizens. This arbiter is a young man in New York named John Henry Hammond, Jr.

The citation on Goodman's broadcast was the first formal, verbal tribute to

Hammond's influence, but a full house of spectators in Carnegie Hall saw that power with their own eyes when the *New Masses* presented its "Spirituals to Swing" program last winter. John Hammond was the slim, tallish, rather sallow-faced young man with the close-cropped brown hair who alternated between the microphone at the center of the stage and a chair to one side.

At the microphone he merely delivered, in a poised inarticulate way, verbal annotations about the artists (all Negroes) before they appeared. But once the chair was regained he provided a visual counterpoint to the music with his violent jittering from the first note to the last. From a position in one of the red-plush wooden-armed chairs in the hall, where dowagers had nodded in acceptance of Toscanini's Beethoven, Hammond's performance was hardly less engrossing than any of the official ones. An ear-to-ear grin, a slap of the hand on the thigh, a bobbing from right to left showed the pleasure that lesser (more inhibited) folk merely expressed by a pounding of palms.

By this wordless but feverishly articulate cheer-leading Hammond provided the pulse of an evening which never quite achieved frenzy though the electrical content of the atmosphere several times approached that point. Perhaps if the audience's capacity for release had equaled Hammond's, there would have been rollings in the aisles, shouts and gurgles, cries and happy noises. But that state, especially for Caucasians, is

not achieved without long preparation, indeed, effort. The more susceptible members of the audience might have felt they were exercising a personal critical judgment in preferring one blues singer to another, or in rendering a special homage to one piano player rather than his rival. Largely, however, they were swayed by John's determined enthusiasm off on one side of the stage, where each new miracle of accomplishment inspired him to further ecstasies of response. In any case he couldn't lose. It was entirely a Hammond evening, from Ruby Smith (niece of the late great blues singer Bessie Smith) whom John had brought out of Southern obscurity, to the Mitchell Christian Singers, a Negro quartet from North Carolina which sang *authentic* spirituals, and to "Count" Basie's band.

A success for any one of these would doubtless have pleased John Hammond, but it is probable that he was even more delighted by the thunder of approving applause which rewarded the efforts of three pianists, indubitably the heroes of the evening. They were not ordinary pianists, playing conventional tunes in some ear-catching way. They were exponents of the high art of "boogie-woogie," a term which has since filtered into the polite conversation of everyone who pretends to an acquaintance with to-day's vogues and diversions.

To be sure, "boogie-woogie" did not begin here; but it was on this occasion and under the Hammond banner that it emerged from gin-mills and honky-tonks into the consciousness of a public not made up wholly of specialists. It has since supplied the foundation entertainment for a highly successful night club, Café Society, in Greenwich Village, New York; has provided the material for records that have sold in the thousands; has been the subject of countless broadcasts; and otherwise has passed into the industrial lifeblood of the country.

This is the most recent example of public endorsement of a Hammond enthusiasm, but it is neither the only

one nor the most remarkable. To his credit is the almost single-handed creation of a vogue for the type of music known as "swing," which has made a large-scale industry of the playing of dance music in a forthright, vigorous style. It has been a factor of striking importance in the revival of the phonograph business, creating for the first time dance music whose interest outlives the momentary interest of a pleasant tune or an unexpected rhythm. (A recent recording in which fourteen celebrated swing musicians joined in an "All-star" band to exhibit their prowess as improvisers and soloists sold more than twenty thousand copies within a few weeks of its issue.) No less than four prominent dance bands—those of Benny Goodman, "Count" Basie, Teddy Wilson, and Harry James—whose aggregate income is well over half a million dollars annually, base their position largely on his interest; and the number of vocalists, piano players, saxophonists, and drummers who owe their jobs to Hammond, for whom he has "made a call," or "told Benny," or whom he has got into the union, or otherwise discovered, promoted, patronized, and in the fullness of time disavowed, is virtually limitless.

In addition to Café Society, another night club in New York, the Famous Door on Fifty-second Street, was restored to prominence largely by Hammond-sponsored talent. Much of his influence is exerted through a large faction of journalists and critics responsive to his enthusiasms and trustful of his advice. By written word and spoken tribute, Hammond's interest in a blues singer or a guitar player is spread far and wide by his scattered disciples. Thus the only three books on jazz to be published this year each contained a prefatory bow to Hammond's counsel and co-operation. As a collaborator in one of them, this writer may publicly testify that his own book, at least, would have been many important pages shorter without that assistance.

II

Since it is not possible for the average radio-listener, record-buyer, or theatergoer to seek out his own new excitements from Mobile, Duluth, Quincy, or Galveston, it is plain that someone must unearth the Goodmans, Shaws, Lionel Hamptons, and Teddy Wilsons for the pleasure of the multitudes. But it is Hammond's especial distinction that his unearthing and exploitation of such talent nets his personal treasury nothing, supplements only his prestige and his influence, not his bank account. It is true that he holds a position at the present writing (a qualification implicit in his unpredictable tenure in any job) with the Columbia Recording Corporation, as talent-scout, recording consultant, and technical adviser. However, this is merely an outgrowth of his interest, not a condition of it.

It is a significant aspect of that interest that John has fostered it not only for his own pleasure, but also to the great gain of jazz musicians as a group. Their status as individuals and their earning power as performers have both been tremendously enhanced by the spread of "swing," which is, basically, no more than a reversion to the kind of "hot jazz" that was played by the Dixieland Jazz Band of 1916 and derived from the Negroes of New Orleans. However, the emergence of Paul Whiteman in the early twenties and other band leaders—Lopez, Vallee, Lombardo, and their imitators—diverted the main stream of jazz from its original, self-made channel toward the quieter waters of formal music. Elaborate arrangements took the place of the crude frames for improvisation utilized by the Dixieland school; fiddles, celestas, marimbas, and similar polite instruments laid a heavy coating of syrup on the good coarse stuff. When George Gershwin produced his "Rhapsody in Blue" in 1923, when Victor Herbert wrote his saccharine suite of serenades for Whiteman's concert of that year, a pattern of packaged

jazz was established that endured with the large public for all of a decade.

During that whole period the only performer whose name was likely to be known to the large public was the leader, or in a remote circumstance, perhaps, the arranger (if it was Ferde Grofe). A superior saxophonist or trumpeter was known by name only to the members of his band and other working musicians. Such a leader as Whiteman realized the value to his band of a brilliant soloist, such as "Bix" Beiderbecke, the cornet player memorialized in *Young Man with a Horn*, or the great trombonist Jack Teagarden, but their fame was purely professional. This was a natural consequence of the music itself, in which the scope permitted the soloists was sharply defined. For the most part any competent journeyman musician could play the written arrangements.

In the "swing" style of performance, however (which is now in its fifth year of prominence), individual talents are highly reckoned, for improvisation is its life-blood. Hundreds of thousands of youngsters (and adults too, for it is a provocative diversion) know the personnels of the leading swing bands as a baseball enthusiast knows the roster of every major-league club. In fully fifty per cent of the best bands the soloists they would mention approvingly are Hammond discoveries and Hammond enthusiasms.

An Almanach de Gotha of swing nobility, Hammond's acquaintances are as widespread as his interests. He is to be found at all the important openings of swing bands and most closings, probably exchanging a greeting with the leader but much more likely to be engrossed in conversation with an obscure but elegant guitar player. If the music appeals to him he will listen intently, responding with a transfixed grin and a metronomic movement of the right foot, from a position as close to the bandstand as any non-union member can achieve. If he is displeased with the playing, or what is even worse, bored, he will while away

the time until things improve in perusal of the *New Masses*, the *New Statesman*, or *Variety*; for his standard equipment includes a firm bundle of all the interesting publications that have appeared on the newsstands in the preceding twenty-four hours. It is an unpardonable breach, however, for any companion of Hammond's to so much as glance at the weather prediction in his newspaper while a soloist whom John considers "right" is performing.

Between sets, however (and this is frequently the most important part of his visit) he will pursue the lines of his own private grapevine, picking up from here and there the reports of a "colossal" trombone player the boys heard in St. Joseph, or the gossip of a potent trumpeter of whom they were told but could not personally investigate in Natchez. If the reports sound sufficiently stimulating, John will make a mental note of the location and identity of the player. Subsequently his telephone-answering service will reply to callers that "Mr. Hammond is out of town for a week or two"—inevitably the prelude, when John has returned from some frantic motor trip of eighteen hundred miles or so, to the emergence of some new prodigy on the swing horizon. In all the places he visits, in New York, Chicago, Boston, or another of his regular ports of call, he will have the first-name acquaintance—either of the proprietor, the headwaiter, or the press-agent, frequently of all three.

Such omniscience in either business or avocation is rarely found in any person, but with John omniscience is his business; and business with Hammond is very, very good. Had he been the lawyer his father (the celebrated attorney John Henry Hammond) hoped he would be, John Henry, Jr., would no doubt have been a research man of prodigious qualities. He has an extraordinary memory for the details of any subject in which he is interested, an all-inclusive knowledge of his speciality. This, indeed, is one of the secrets of his

influence. In a field where scholarship is unknown and documentation largely by word of mouth, Hammond's arsenal of facts and experiences is an impregnable resource.

There has actually grown up a catch line about Hammond's likelihood to retort when the personnel of a famous recording is under discussion, or some point of a historic interpretation is mooted: "I was in the studio when it was made." Even more remarkably, whether these assertions concern Louis Armstrong's early "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby," or Benny Goodman's most recent quartet record, they are proven upon investigation to be true. John was there; he always is.

This is undoubtedly a consequence of the fact that John's interest in phonographs and swing records antedates even the obscurity of many swing heroes. Included among the elaborate properties of the East 91st Street mansion in which he grew up was a music room, complete with a large phonograph and the usual accumulation of Caruso, Tetrizzini, McCormack, and Gadske records, a natural outgrowth of his mother's musical interest. She was a Sloane and is celebrated as a music patron.

Perhaps out of mere perversity, Hammond's early musical enthusiasm included dance bands as well as the Philharmonic, the jazz violinist Joe Venuti as well as the Hungarian virtuoso Josef Szigeti. His interest in collecting records was assisted by a liberal allowance, with which he could indulge his fondness not only for music but also for labels. He quickly became an authority on such obscure brands as Paramount, Gennett, Black Swan, and Okeh, plaguing the clerks in record shops from the Battery to the Bronx for samples either of their very newest or their very oldest releases. To obtain a record not yet available for general circulation or one withdrawn from public sale was the completion of a fruitful Saturday. Even after he was inducted into Hotchkiss, about 1926, his interest pursued him.

He subscribed to every periodical, trade and critical, in which phonographs were mentioned, and built his collection of records to imposing proportions.

From his early enthusiasm, about 1923, for the playing of such white jazz heroes as Art Schutt, "Red" Nichols, and the adventurous Paul Specht, Hammond passed by a natural progression to an admiration for such Negro celebrities as Bessie Smith, Jimmy Johnson, Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, and the early "Fats" Waller. Whether the attraction was founded on a precocious appreciation of their musical qualities or was perhaps conditioned by their appearance on esoteric labels (of which the average jazz enthusiast was not even aware) is uncertain. In any case, when most of his classmates at Hotchkiss and later at Yale were still in the thrall of Paul Whiteman's "When Day Is Done" or "Mississippi Mud," Hammond was already a partisan of the most authentic jazz that has yet been produced.

Coincident with his assumption of expert status in jazz was a developing acquaintance with concert-hall music, fostered by the traditional piano lessons to which every American youth of genteel background is subject. However, a pair of double-jointed thumbs limited his suitability for the piano, and he transferred his interest to the violin. For a similar length of study his mediocrity was exceeded only by this writer's; but it led him inevitably to the viola, and from there to chamber music. This still remains his single hobby. His equal familiarity with jazz and concert music has been an inestimable aid in promoting Hammond's influence with the musically literate, enabling him to lead them seductively from their own close confines to the wider field of jazz with scarcely a struggle. Among those he has influenced effectively are Winthrop Sargeant of *Time*, B. H. Haggin (formerly of the *Brooklyn Eagle* and now of the *Nation*), Gama Gilbert of *The Times*, the present writer, of the *New York Sun*, and many scattered others.

This authority, however, was some years in the future, for John was still to assert an influence among the laity in his chosen field. Compared to New York, New Haven offered only limited opportunities for research into contemporary culture. Comforted by a not inconsequential income, Hammond took leave of Yale in 1930 after a year and a half's commuting from New York (where he spent the week-ends from Friday to Tuesday). Soon after he established himself in a modest but well-staffed walk-up on Sullivan Street, where he installed his phonograph, his collection of records, and his enthusiasms.

He had by this time become a familiar figure in recording studios, pre-repeal night clubs, and other small haunts north of 110th Street, led to them in pursuit of the living heroes of his inanimate preoccupation. The field was virgin and there were many discoveries to be made, excitements to be communicated, revelations to be shared. Hammond found a welcome in the pages of the English *Gramophone* magazine as early as 1931, and later in the equally English *Melody Maker*, as commentator on records, hot jazz, labor conditions in the radio studios, and other pertinent matters then of interest only to a few.

That these two publications were British is firmly related to the basic pattern of his career, a more than accidental circumstance. It is doubtful, indeed, if there would have been any publication in America, sacred or secular, that would have been hospitable to Hammond's superlatives. Domestic interest in hot jazz had dwindled sharply, there was none of it to be heard on the radio, and the recording companies were more interested in peddling theme-songs from the then-emerging talkies than they were in circulating specimens of the esoteric art of improvised jazz.

However, with the inevitable lag in trans-Atlantic influences, hot jazz was only beginning to attract attention in England and France, in 1932, as it was subsiding in America. There arose a

demand in Bloomsbury and Liverpool not only for the classic recorded examples of the genre (rescued from the dusty bins of warehouses) but also for fresh specimens. As a natural consequence of his English connections, the commission fell to Hammond. With the aid of Fletcher Henderson and his choice band of Negro instrumentalists, he proceeded to execute it astutely and with invincible taste. The records were received rapturously in England, and Hammond's career began to take shape.

The success naturally led to a re-order from the English source. Hammond this time conceived the plan of selecting a group of the best white instrumentalists, and permitting them to play whatever and however they wished, without thought of the "commercial" concessions required in all the trade recordings of the day. From his Yale days as a record collector, Hammond recalled the playing of a brilliant young clarinetist whose name he had filed away for future reference as Benny Goodman. He sought him out at the old Onyx Club, then a second-floor resort patronized exclusively by musicians, early in September, 1933, and proposed that they organize the recording date together. Goodman had virtually retired from public performance to the gold-lined seclusion of the radio studios, and showed little enthusiasm for the project.

With irresistible salesmanship, Hammond whetted Goodman's interest with a discussion of the men they could use, the things they could play, and finally won his consent. Among those who were selected to participate were Jack Teagarden, trombone, Gene Krupa, drums, and Joe Sullivan, piano, all of whom, in addition to Goodman, are now riding the crest of the swing wave as celebrities known to every youth.

This was an historic group of records, for its quality was so remarkable that it merited release in the American market as well as in England. It had come to the attention of the record companies that there was a sizeable group of incipi-

ent Hammonds in the colleges and preparatory schools with a lingering taste for the supposedly outmoded hot jazz. The generation that had grown up with Whiteman, Lombardo, and Waring was giving way to a younger and more alert one which was not affected by the "symphonic arrangement" propaganda, and gravitated naturally to a more genuine expression. Two of the four sides made by Hammond and Goodman were released immediately, the disk selling several thousand copies, a fabulous number for such music six years ago. Indeed, the sale was brisk enough to justify a domestic commission for Hammond and Goodman to collaborate on a further series of records. Out of this opportunity developed Goodman's band, which, in its five years' life, has seen the rise of a new tradition in dance music.

III

In that rise the place of Hammond has been integral. Did Benny require an arranger (as soon as his engagement on a well-paying radio program permitted the expenditure)? John laid siege to Fletcher Henderson, who had no reputation whatsoever in this sphere, and presently emerged with a series of arrangements unprecedented in their brilliance and musicality. Did Goodman find his rhythm section resting insecurely on the basis of an erratic drummer? Hammond was dispatched to Chicago, and, after a deal of persuasive talking, induced Gene Krupa to leave a profitable if boring job with Buddy Rogers and join his fortune with Goodman's. Similarly, when a change of pianists was ordained, John provided the name and eventually secured the services of Jess Stacy, who was then working for starvation wages in a dingy Chicago café. Stacy has since been acclaimed by the connoisseurs of this intricate art as a band pianist beyond compare.

The importance of such additions to a band transcends the mere strengthening of a weak spot in an otherwise acceptable

organization. During the past five years the revival in the record industry has created in these disks an unparalleled means for disseminating the qualities of a band, since a record can be played and replayed, analyzed and admired, treasured as a personal possession. One brilliant record, a superior piano solo or a dazzling interlude of drumming, can set the whole youth of the nation talking. Artie Shaw, for example, was a nonentity before his "Begin the Beguine"; Tommy Dorsey can date his large success from "Marie"; Larry Clinton from his "Dipsy Doodle" and "My Reverie."

In Goodman's case (which antedated all of these) it was a succession of fine Fletcher Henderson arrangements—"Blue Skies," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "King Porter Stomp" among others—and Edgar Sampson's infectious "Stompin' at the Savoy," for all of which Hammond was directly responsible. He also engineered the formation of the Goodman Trio—Krupa, Goodman, and Teddy Wilson, pianist—whose chamber-music jazz lent just the touch of uniqueness to the organization to complete its faddish appeal. The average sale of these records was about 50,000; nor does this figure give any adequate idea of the distribution of the music. In the New York area alone there are three radio stations which devote an important part of their broadcast day to the playing of records. When such a success as Goodman's "Don't Be That Way" was current a year ago, a dozen playings a day were heard in thousands of homes, hundreds of bars and grills, and thousands of automobiles. Multiply these by the hundreds of other radio stations that dot the country, add the more than 200,000 coin-machines now in use, and the publicity value of an outstanding record for attracting attention to a band's theater engagements, hotel appearances, and one-night stands in ballrooms may be approximated.

Moreover, though the over-the-counter sale is still short of astronomical figures, it is steadily mounting toward the high level of 1925. In that blessed year, be-

fore the radio had swept the phonograph aside, the Victor Company alone sold more than 35 million records. Its 1938 total rose to only ten million short of that figure, and it is anticipated that the deficit will be halved in 1939, bringing the total sold by all companies to more than 50 million. Of these a full eighty-five per cent, or about 32,500,000, are in the popular classification, and probably 17 million are, nominally at least, "swing" records. When it is considered that such prominent band-leaders as Goodman, Shaw, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, the late Chic Webb, "Count" Basie, Gene Krupa, Jack Teagarden, Teddy Wilson, Harry James, Red Norvo, Jimmy Lunceford, Duke Ellington, Glenn Miller, Andy Kirk, Bunny Berigan, and Louis Armstrong are all to be grouped in the "swing" category, the consequences of Hammond's enthusiasm may be better understood.

For as well as providing man-power and suggestions to Goodman in those early days, John constituted himself a one-man press agency to apprise whomever the apprising might impress of the "first white band to play 'real' jazz." Here the gamut might range from nightclub columnists to music critics, from pillars of the proletarian press to a correspondent for *Town and Country*, from Astors, Whitneys, and Vanderbilts of his mother's set to Hobsons and Haggins in his own.

He even taxed his ingenuity to invent a definition for the undefinable, a word-approximation of "swing"—when that word was finally sold to the public as a more decorous term (for the same thing) than "hot jazz"—which proclaimed: "A band may be said to 'swing' when its collective improvisations are rhythmically integrated." This served Goodman's official press agent in excellent stead when the word began to be weighed and considered, its meaning probed, a definition (if but an incomprehensible one) required.

Partly through the merits of Benny

himself and the men in his band, partly because the public was avid for a new enthusiasm, partly through the new agencies of publicity available to Hammond's vigorous tub-thumping, he found himself firmly identified with a colossal success. When Goodman's band, playing the previously-despised "musician's music" grossed well over \$120,000 during a three-weeks' engagement at the Paramount Theater in New York two years ago, Hammond's prestige as a prognosticator, a foreseer of trends, was enhanced enormously. For weeks and months he had been writing ardently if inexpertly of his beloved Benny in outlets as varied as the *New Masses*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Daily Worker*, *Downbeat* (the *American Law Journal* of the jazz musician), *Tempo*, and the *Chicago News*. When it became apparent that Goodman was no ephemeral phenomenon but an enduring factor in America's pleasure life, Hammond's influence attained a potency he probably underestimates himself.

As a principal recipient of that enthusiasm remarked in a moment of self-examination: "John really doesn't realize how people follow him. Maybe they don't write exactly what he does about somebody, but if John writes that Joe Doakes stinks, the next month you read everywhere: 'Stink is the word for Joe Doakes.'" Which is no more than a statement of literal truth. Hammond's opinions, expressed with the frankness of a man who has nothing to lose by any reaction his words may arouse, are conned eagerly by jazz "critics" and college boys from coast to coast, thereafter to reappear almost verbatim in their own periodicals when they review records or discuss jazz performers to be heard on the air. Part of this influence may be traced to his invincible certainty, whether in praise or blame—a rare attribute in a forum peopled largely by neophytes and blind enthusiasts.

His promotion of the *cause Goodman* had won Hammond access to the confidence and friendship of Willard Alexander, who was then a minor official in

the powerful Music Corporation of America (which supervises the band's business affairs) but who was carried on the wave of Goodman's success to a much higher post. How that extended the scope of Hammond's influence may be judged from the consequences that followed their hearing of the gusty music emanating (via a small Midwest radio station) from an obscure Kansas City café, the Reno Club, in 1936. They traced the stream to its source and discovered its spring to be the Negro pianist, Bill Basie.

If you have heard any authentic, or even synthetic, swing band, you have heard "One O'Clock Jump"; and if you have heard "One O'Clock Jump," you cannot fail to be aware of its composer, now dignified as "Count" Basie. The process by which the obscure Bill Basie became the leader of the day's most cohesive and exciting swing band, the first colored orchestra to play in Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston and the Panther Room of the Sherman Hotel in Chicago, was a masterpiece of painstaking adjustment beside which the creation of a string of matched pearls is mere piecework.

A saxophonist from San Antonio, a trumpet player from Detroit, a drummer from St. Louis, a trombonist from Paris (actually!) were added to the nucleus of Basie, his incomparable bass player Walter Page, and one brass man. A faintly promising engagement here and a flop there would bring Hammond in haste to consider and reconsider further changes. From a quartet recital of Beethoven in Town Hall, John would speed uptown to a rehearsal room in Harlem to bend a critical ear to the blending of Basie's saxes.

The tentative efforts he had made, at earlier periods, to surround Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington with perfect personnels (only to be rebuffed because these gentlemen would not risk present financial success for dubious aesthetic gains) had given him valuable experience. Nor could Basie be other than amenable, considering his pre-Ham-

mond status. As finally constituted, the rock-ribbed rhythm section of Basie, Page, Jo Jones (drummer), and Fred Green (guitar), is appraised by the experts in terms befitting Connie Mack's "Million Dollar Infield" of McInniss, Collins, Barry, and "Home Run" Baker, or a Metropolitan Opera quartet for "Rigoletto" of Caruso, Tetrizzini, Homer, and Renaud. Step by step it was amplified by the necessary reeds and brasses, by the men predestined to complete this complement of fifteen super-excellent swing musicians.

The end-product is a band which few musicians to-day, when pressed for an honest opinion, will not cite as their favorite. A substantial segment of the public already concurs in that preference, as this year's estimated gross income of \$115,000 indicates. It is only a question of time before Basie and his band become a full-blown vogue.

IV

How such a vogue may be willed into existence can be gauged from the under-cover work that preceded the current agitation for the previously mentioned "boogie-woogie" piano playing. Clinically considered, this is a style of performance compounded of two elements: a persistent rhythmic figure in the left hand, and a rather florid right-hand figuration resembling the music heard from the pianola-rolls of the immediate post-war period. It is, in any case, nothing new, for it flourished in gin-mills and honky-tonks for all of the twenties. One of its masterpieces, indeed, is an item by Meade "Lux" Lewis titled "Honky-Tonk Train Blues," which may be ideologically described as a combination of Honegger's "Pacific 231" and an Alberti bass with a blue note. This was recorded late in the twenties, following which its creator vanished into the obscurity preordained by its lack of public success. Needless to say, the record came to the attention of Hammond, and piqued his curiosity. But Lewis had

disappeared without trace. Thereafter each colored musician he met, each scattered Harlem that he visited, would be a probing ground for further investigation into the whereabouts and present status of Lewis.

His researches were unavailing until the middle thirties, on the eve of the first swing concert in New York history at the Imperial Theater (in 1936), when Lewis was finally uncovered, washing cars in a Chicago garage. As his personal coup and individual contribution to the success of the event, Hammond imported Lewis from Chicago, argued him into a choice spot on the program. He was a total flop.

Somewhat dazzled by this momentary prominence, Lewis withdrew into the quiet existence from which he had briefly emerged. Hammond, however, had not lost faith either in his judgment or in the essential qualities of his man. When the *New Masses*, in search of funds last winter, permitted Hammond to stage a "Spirituals to Swing" concert in Carnegie Hall, not one but three virtuosos of "boogie-woogie" were present to embellish the occasion. Lewis of course was the principal figure, assisted by his fellow-Chicagoan Albert Ammons, and an exponent of the Kansas City school of "boogie-woogie," Pete Johnson.

Whether the audience was more tolerant or more receptive, subtly influenced by the Hammond gyrations, better educated (after three full years of swing playing), or merely delighted by the bright staging of the music—in which Lewis and Ammons took turns in out-fingering each other, finally arriving at a duet with arms intertwined—is inconsequential. They were tumultuously received, and Hammond's judgment was once more vindicated.

There was the further fortunate circumstance that a new and humorously conceived night club was about to open in Greenwich Village, dedicated to the spoofing of everything implied in its title—Café Society. John easily convinced the owner that Lewis, Ammons, and

Johnson were indispensable to his success. Within a fortnight of the club's opening, "boogie-woogie" had become a phrase of significance, in musical circles and at the dinner table, the sedate *Times* carried an ecstatic summary of the proceedings, a dance of the same name had been devised for the Negro revue of a fashionable uptown cabaret, privately sponsored record companies were springing up to record the off-hour soliloquies of the musicians, when they were free of "commercial" taint. No more and no less magical than they had been before, Lewis, Ammons, and Johnson were in the midst of another Hammond success.

To be sure, in addition to the pleasure of discovery, John had the satisfaction of promoting half a dozen recordings for his company, which was first in the field with new performances by Lewis, Ammons, and Johnson. I should prefer to believe that this was no source of financial gain for John, for this would blemish the clean amateurism of his fervor. He had, however, the joy of ushering his present delights into a studio, and converting their fugitive thoughts into immortal scratches on wax. Moreover—and this I believe was his greatest reward—there was the rich excitement of calling his many friends of the newspapers and magazines and suggesting, in the midst of a conversation touching on Benny's new trumpet player, the anti-Fascist rally in Madison Square Garden the night before, and his golf score of the preceding Saturday, that they were missing a grand evening (and incidentally a swell story) if they didn't drop into Café Society that very evening.

Outside Manhattan, thousands of youngsters who have never heard of Hammond or of Café Society are now acutely conscious of "boogie-woogie" through records and the radio, discuss its subtleties in learned terms, and are convinced that the discovery is their own.

Even before Lewis, Ammons, and Johnson were securely launched, John was busy with counsel and propaganda for Harry James, ex-Goodman trum-

peter now leading his own orchestra. John is modest about his part in this emergence, but it is a fact that the first records made by James in his own name—a year and a half before he had a band to call his own—were made under the Hammond aegis. When his affairs were sufficiently in order to proceed under their own momentum Hammond transferred his attentions to the brilliant Negro pianist, Teddy Wilson, also essaying a career as leader of his own band. This obligation fulfilled, there came the promotion of Louise Tobin (now of the Goodman organization), with whose adventures this sketch began.

As long as John is active and able to drive his car, there will be new trends in the offing, new virtuosi to be exhumed and advised, new fashions to be established and promoted. When John has made his inevitable find, in Harlem, Galveston, or Asheville, there will be the usual hasty return for a consultation with Alexander, a suggestion to a friendly night-club promoter, or a long-distance call to Benny, a casual suggestion to a critic or a columnist—and the wheels will begin rolling once more.

There are signs, indeed, that the next Hammond enthusiasm will be not merely startling but revolutionary. "Swing," "the blues," "boogie-woogie"—these are now all public property. From the records I have recently seen on his table it is my intimation that John is looking to an international sphere of influence, in a new and uncharted area.

Do you like Argentine tangos played with crisp emphasis and arousing gusto, the rhythm sharply outlined, the bass percussively articulated, in the authentic gaucho manner? Not in the Park Avenue or Pancho style, but with the sweep and aliveness of the best Buenos Aires talent, as different from the polite, or Anglicized tango as a Bruno Walter-led Strauss waltz is from the "Blue Danube" of the Seventh Regiment Band.

Well, you might, six months from now. Because (and this is wholly confidential) John does.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



THE sound of Victrola music right after breakfast gives the summer day a loose, footless feeling, the sort of inner sadness I have experienced on the outskirts of small towns on Sunday afternoon, or in the deserted city during a holiday, or on beaches where the bath-houses smelled of sour towels and yesterday's levity. Morning is so closely associated with brisk affairs, music with evening and day's end, that when I hear a three-year-old dance tune crooned upon the early air while shadows still point west and the day is erect in the saddle, I feel faintly decadent, at loose ends, as though I were in the South Seas—a beachcomber waiting for a piece of fruit to fall, or for a brown girl to appear naked from a pool.

* * *

Asterisks? So soon?

* * *

It is a hot-weather sign, the asterisk. The cicada of the typewriter, telling the long steaming noons. Don Marquis was one of the great exponents of the asterisk. The heavy pauses between his paragraphs, could they find a translator, would make a book for the ages.

* * *

Don knew how lonely everybody is. "Always the struggle of the human soul is to break through the barriers of silence and distance into companionship. Friendship, lust, love, art, religion—we rush into them pleading, fighting, clamoring for the touch of spirit laid against our spirit." Why else would you be reading this fragmentary page—you with the magazine in your lap? You're not out to learn anything, certainly. You just want the healing action of some chance corroboration, the soporific of spirit laid against spirit. Even if you

read only to crab about everything I say, your letter of complaint is a dead giveaway: you are unutterably lonely or you wouldn't have taken the trouble to write it.

* * *

Editor: "Take off your hat when you address a reader!"

* * *

I didn't intend to get off on Don Marquis. But I might as well be there as anywhere, between asterisks. His sickness and death always seemed to me bitterly ironical. He wrote once that he looked forward to a disreputable, vigorous, unhonored, and disorderly old age, when he would sit with a decanter of whiskey at hand and shoot out the lights with a pistol when he got sleepy. His last years had none of those lusty attributes, and he departed this life amid all the prosy and disagreeable embarrassments of prolonged ill health. He didn't even die unhonored—merely lonely and broken. I never met Don Marquis, but I always wanted to go out to where he was invalided, taking a pistol and some light bulbs, so he could let 'em have it.

* * *

Perhaps I feel as I do about Don Marquis because of an acute sympathy with anybody who writes short. He wound himself up at the beginning of a paragraph, leaped high into the air, and dissolved in pyrotechnical delight. In the next paragraph he was very likely talking about something else. His works were neither long nor connected. The critics tearfully praised his posthumous novel, but I suspect it was the only laboriously mediocre thing he ever wrote. Don was no novelist—he just felt he ought to be one, like everyone else

who has ever lunched with a publisher.

* * *

To whom shall we intrust the world? To the biologist, who would fight it out with a gene? To the cleric, who would pray us into grace? To the military man, who would intrench his immediate position and cock his gun? To the philosopher, who would look at both sides of a situation till he split his pants down the middle? Or to the politician, who would know all the answers and none of the questions?

The fact seems to be that wherever we might like to place our trust, human society is always in charge of a handful of individuals obsessed with the idea that something need be done about it. By reason of their being where they are, they exercise a control over our lives hardly warranted by their intelligence or their honest intentions. This will have to be corrected.

The smartest dictator of all is Father Divine, smarter than Hitler even. Hitler told his people that it was wonderful to be a pure German; Father Divine told *his* people simply that it was wonderful. He didn't even say *what* was—although he mentioned peace by way of greeting. The rulers who are doing well to-day are those who are telling their subjects how lucky they are and how wonderful it is.

* * *

After all, we must remember that nobody has yet proved that Father Divine *isn't* God. That his name is George Baker doesn't prove he isn't God. Nor that he owns some pretty nice property. Of course white people feel that he is too dark in color to be God. And they say he can't be God or he wouldn't have accumulated all that money—men don't want their God to be acquisitive, they reserve that privilege for themselves.

* * *

One of the gags every dictator pulls is that his country's expansion is inevitable and is justified by the divine pressure of populations seeking food beyond their

boundaries. Sometimes it is food they seek, sometimes it is manganese or tungsten. Of course it is preposterous to say that the idea of territorial expansion originates with the people—most of whom have never even heard of tungsten. Every time I hear a dictator mention tungsten I know he is a charlatan. Expansion is the work not of the people, but of a planner, who likes that sort of thing himself and sells it to his clientele.

* * *

But after I wrote that I remembered that aphids, when they become overcrowded and exhaust their food supply, develop wings—like the Japanese, who fly over the Chinese cities.

* * *

Quite a little time elapses between writing a piece for HARPER'S and having it published. (I hasten to add that the same is true of any monthly.) For the writer it is a strange interval, full of all sorts of odd possibilities. Planes wing back and forth across the Atlantic depositing passengers and mail (safely, the writer hopes), wars wax and wane, Britons are stripped, submarines are lost, felons are tried and hung, people fall off horses and into fortunes, kings and queens arrive and depart. There is always the chance that between the date of writing and the date of publication some living character will die—or some dead one be reborn. There is always the chance that some country will be absorbed, or blown apart, or inundated, making what the writer said about it sound rather silly. (As well as discomfiting the populace.) This cloud which hangs over all typewriters used to bother me more than it does now; for I have recently been checking up on the newspapers, and it is astonishing how much which passes for news isn't news at all, and how many things which you would think were just on the point of coming to pass, never happen. I have here a clipping from the *World Telegram*. It is almost three months old—I've been saving it to let it ripen. It says:

"HITLER WEIGHS QUICK BLOWS
AT GIBRALTAR, SUEZ, POLAND

"Secret information reaching London and Paris from Berlin indicates that Chancellor Hitler is now weighing his chances for a sudden, simultaneous move against Poland, Egypt, Suez, and Gibraltar." It went on to say that Goering favored a lightning war. There was another story right next to it (another "secret" source story) saying that the German General Staff had completed plans for a surprise landing of troops on English soil—in Kent, on the south coast, and on the shores of Wales in the southwest. This seemed like quite a program for Germany over the weekend: Poland, Egypt, Suez, Gibraltar, Kent, and Wales. It occurred to me that if events were moving as rapidly as that, I'd better abandon the news altogether and get a job telling stories to children on the radio. Events, however, didn't move rapidly; at the moment of writing, there has been no lightning war, no surprise landing of troops. Maybe I am being unusually innocent, but I believe the papers are publishing vast quantities of "secret" information which has a news content of zero and which contains no more startling information than does a recipe for gingerbread. Hitler may have been "weighing" something that night three months ago, but it was probably just himself he was weighing—on the bathroom scales.

* * *

It would be interesting to know exactly to what extent news is self-generating, exactly how many of an aggressor's ideas originate from his habit of scanning dope stories in the papers. It is conceivable, for instance, that Mr. Hitler had never thought of Kent until Goering sent him a copy of the *World Telegram* with Kent ringed in red pencil, and the marginal notation: "Might be an idea here somewhere." So he puts it in a tickler file, to come up next March. And a thousand years from to-day, when the German army lands in Kent (only to be

repelled, I am glad to predict), the writer of the dope story will no doubt be hailed as a seer of no mean vision.

* * *

How contagious hysteria and fear are! In my henhouse are two or three jumpy hens, who, at the slightest disturbance, incite the whole flock to sudden panic—to the great injury, nervously and sometimes physically, of the group. This panic is transmitted with great rapidity; in fact, it is almost instantaneous, like the wheeling of pigeons in air, which seem all to turn and swoop together as though controlled electrically by a remote fancier.

* * *

The cells of the body co-operate to make the man; the men co-operate to make the society. But there is a contradiction baffling to biologist and layman alike. On the same day last spring that I saw a flight of geese passing over on their way to the lonely lakes of the north (a co-operative formation suggesting a tactical advantage imitated by our air corps)—on that same day cannibalism broke out among my baby chicks and I observed the brutality with which the group will turn upon an individual, literally picking his guts out. This is the antithesis of co-operation—a contrariness not unobserved in our own circles. (I recently read of a member of an actor's union biting another actor quite hard. I believe it was over some difference in the means of co-operation.)

* * *

"How are you going to keep from getting provincial?" asked one of our friends quite solemnly. It was such a sudden question, I couldn't think of any answer, so just let it go. But afterward I wondered how my friend, on his part, was going to keep from getting metropolitan.

* * *

As a matter of fact the provinces nowadays are every bit as lurid, in their own way, as the centers of culture. One of the farm owners here—a very rich man who up until quite recently owned herds

and flocks for the sheer hell of associating with animals—sent his registered Guernseys on a tour of the fairs last fall. When the cows returned home heaped with glory they were met at the station by a trumpeter, and led triumphantly through town in a pompous parade which conquerors of old would have envied.

All sorts of things go on in this provincial existence. To the north of us, photographers in airplanes have been making a vast aerial picture map of the county, showing every fence and lane. Eventually the whole nation will be so mapped. Individual maps are already available: a farmer can send in to Washington and they will send him a picture showing how his place looks three miles up.

And I see by the paper that a hundred million parasites have been turned loose in the State this summer, to war on the spruce sawfly—a challenge to the balance of nature which seems rather alarming to a man who hardly dares shoot a crow for fear of upsetting the fine adjustment in the world of birds and insects, predator and prey. How could I become provincial, with parasites being loosed against the foe? I am in the very center of everything.

* * *

There is furthermore slight chance of my becoming provincial *this* summer, because I am raising a baby seagull and there isn't time. A young gull eats twice his own weight in food every ten minutes, and if he doesn't get it he screams.

The gull was a present from Mr. Dameron, who wore an odd look of guilt on his face as he approached, that evening, proffering the chick in a pint ice-cream container as tentatively as though it were a bill for labor. The occupant (about the size of a billiard ball) took one look at me, stretched out his stubby wings, and cried: "Daddy!" I must say I haven't failed him.

He was so tiny, so recently egg-girt, that I put him with a broody hen, thinking she might adopt him. Nothing ever

came of that brief connection. The gull wanted me, not a hen. I imagine the nest seemed stuffy to him after the wind-blown, fog-drenched island of his nativity. I asked Mr. Dameron what to feed him. "I dunno," he replied, "but I don't think you can upset a gull's stomach."

I began cautiously with a tiny piece of hamburger. It was the merest beginning. In the last three weeks he has swallowed a mixture of foods that would sicken you to listen to. (His favorite dish is chicken gizzards chopped with clams, angle worms, and laying mash.) He has eaten ten thousand clams—of my own digging—and still screams accusingly every time I go by. He has drained my strength, yet somehow it all seems worth while. A mature gull in flight is simple beauty. Some day this child of mine is going to be stretching his wings and a gentle puff will come along and he will take off. The pleasure of seeing my worms and gizzards translated into perfect flight will be my strange reward. I just hope I live that long.

* * *

A note from my garage this morning, saying that my oil was changed at 7839 and that it was time I came in to have the crankcase drained. "You've got enough to think about," the note said, "without trying to remember when your car needs its next Mobilubrication."

It is true, we all have much to think about. I used to try to remember about the oil, used to try to change it according to mileage on the car, but not any more. Now I change oil ritualistically, four times a year, on the summer and winter solstices and the spring and fall equinoxes. They are the dates I keep with my car. It seems to work all right; yet what a falling off the centuries have seen in men's customs. The first day of spring was once the time for taking the young virgins into the fields, there in dalliance to set an example in fertility for Nature to follow. Now we just set the clock an hour ahead and change the oil in the crankcase.



DOOM BEYOND JUPITER

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

WHEN Atlantis was engulfed its inhabitants, who had developed a civilization far superior to anything that the earth was to see again for thousands of years, sealed up their most important machines, sank them in the sea, and migrated to the moon. The approaching exhaustion of the moon's atmosphere meant inescapable disaster, however, and, possessing machines to produce contraction by narrowing the electronic orbits of any substance, they reduced themselves to one-inch size and had their robots seal them up in lunar crystals ready to be reanimated if they should ever be touched by normal air again. So, in the Twenty-Eighth Century a terrestrial brings some of the crystals to earth in his space ship. The Atlanteans free and expand themselves, capture the leading scientists and by hypnotism force them to design the necessary machines, dredge up their own submerged ones, and prepare to destroy the human race as a preliminary to reestablishing their sovereignty over the earth. But Lifania, the daughter of a chieftain, realizes that the Atlantean culture has run its course and is degenerate and that there is no reason to destroy a flourishing civilization. With the terrestrial she flies back to the moon, where she unseals the machine that can completely annihilate matter, transforming it to pure energy. She turns it on the Atlanteans and destroys them. Large parts of the earth are consumed too but the race survives.

Two earthmen land on Mars and find it ruled by the Trologs, a warrior race commanded by women who, socially as well as biologically, perform the functions of queen bees. Under them are the Grappies, gnomelike workers and servitors, the degenerate descendants of the race who gave Mars its great civilization. There are one hundred and eighty-nine independent Martian cities, whose Trologs fight formally and chivalrously with one another because they love fighting. One of the earthmen teaches Azara, a queen-bee-warrior-ruler, to fight for conquest, and her Trologs subject the whole planet. But her wars enable the Grappies to rise, capture the forbidden food that will give them intelligence, and destroy the Trologs. Azara dies fighting; the earthmen escape.

But in another context the degenerate survivors on Mars are the Mogu and an even more repulsive tribe called the Black Martians. The Mogu have pads for feet, blobby heads, triangular mouths, and undulating tentacles under their arms. They have dim systems of instinct, they herd in caves and devote themselves to superstitious rites. An earthman lands on Mars and, using disintegrators, captures the Mogu's idol, a huge diamond.

A party of scientists, landing on a distant star, find that there are left of its great race only a few degenerate survivors, catlike creatures in whose reflexes are stored the knowledge of waves and emanations which that race had acquired.

They are immortal but need the id-substance which can be acquired only from living creatures. One of them attacks the earthmen, his reflexes enabling him to generate in himself the currents that will neutralize the deadly waves they turn on him. He almost wins but in the end they destroy him. They are able to recognize his metabolism as that of a criminal type, no matter what era of his civilization he may belong to, and so they can intelligently anticipate his instinctive processes and can devise the necessary measures to defeat them.

Another creature of dim mind and degenerate body is encountered on Jupiter. And on an asteroid there are the Phylans, tiny creatures like the inhabitants of Lilliput. They capture some earth people but they have degenerated so much that they cannot endure loud sounds and the earthmen stun them by screaming.

In the Twenty-Third Century a brilliant officer of Science House who has at last learned how to predetermine the sex of children is wondering which of two girls he should marry. By clairvoyant phenomena which are explained in a quotation from Bishop Berkeley, of the Eighteenth Century, he is able to see the far-distant implications of both marriages. One will begin the gradual domination of the earth by women and the spread of a comfortable but effeminate and slowly degenerating civilization, peaceful, stable, and secure, but certain to lose its grip. From the other will spring a predominantly male civilization, heroic but without freedom or initiative, the martial instrument of dictators, which will eventually regiment the universe. But choice is still left in the Twenty-Third Century and our scientist repudiates both destinies: he marries his laboratory assistant and there is still hope for the race.

. . . This besotted nonsense is from the group of magazines known as the science pulps, which deal with both the World and the Universe of To-morrow and, as our items show, take no great

pleasure in either. The fact that they do not seems more significant than any other turned up by the Easy Chair's recent course of reading in them, which began as a mild literary inquiry. These stories are more maturely written than those in the cowboy pulps, for example, if only in that they use longer words and more involved sentences. Their conventions and narrative formulas are also less primitive than the chase-with-six-shooters of the horse operas. Some of them are, to be sure, just that chase rephrased in terms of death rays, with heroic earthmen overcoming malign Venusians on the last page, but the majority of them forgo melodrama in favor of exegesis. They fulfill the hopeless dream of detective-story writers: they are a kind of fiction in which explanation is action.

For the stories deal with marvels produced in science, and the first interest of the reader is to find out how the gadgets work. A cowboy story could not possibly interrupt a stage robbery with a page of rhetoric about sunrise in Raton Pass, but the writer of science fiction can hold his audience enraptured with pages of talk about the FitzGerald Contraction, quanta, the temperature of distant stars, the molecular structure of minerals, and other matters which one would suppose to be far over the heads of the people addressed in the advertisements. The science thus discussed is idiotic beyond any possibility of exaggeration, but the point is that in this kind of fiction the bending of light or Heisenberg's formula is equivalent to the sheriff of the horse opera fanning his gun, the heroine of the sex pulp taking off her dress.

The inquirer, however, soon leaves literary questions behind. His earliest fascination is the characters who are to be his earthly successors in any century later than the Twenty-First, and who have wholly failed to develop along with their civilization. They roam the earth, the solar system, and intergalactic space clad in space suits which enable them to breathe and to withstand heat and cold

and pressure. They drive space ships powered by rockets, gravitational pull, or wave energy. They eat compressed foods or have learned to convert energy directly without digestive processes. They possess means of instantaneous communication and weapons so powerful that nothing can stand against them. They have mastered terrestrial nature and are extending their mastery through space. But there are odd vestiges from our crude times. Girls still dress in tulle and non-coms still talk Nineteenth-Century Boucicault. They ride the light-waves, but any Twentieth-Century movie-goer, waking among them, would recognize love and the rewards of virtue at first glance. In fact, they have simplified with time's long arc; they are more primitive than we are.

And what impresses one about their magnificent civilization is the shadow that lengthens over it. Most of the stories remember a world catastrophe of about 1940, and nearly all of them anticipate another one to come. And they live not only in that dread but in others we have never known. Asteroidal hook-leeches strip their bones. Scaly things, half serpent and half seal with crocodile heads, kill them in Martian caves. Experiments in bombarding the chromosomes with X-rays produce Paleozoic brutes that have human minds. Spiny tentacles of animate vegetables poison them. Drifting spores lodge on them and in forty-eight hours make them walking masses of fungus. The delirium of a Venusian fever makes its victims think that they are flying lizards.

It is clear that though science has given mankind better air conditioning and some more versatile alloys, its advance has mostly been limited to methods of transportation and communication and to the improvement of weapons. Our descendants can talk to one another across the universe and their guns disintegrate everything in the path of their rays, but the struggle for existence has not been diminished and the Rube Goldberg machines have not saved much la-

bor. And if men find new dreads in the flora and fauna beyond the stratosphere, they are also open to annihilation by the inhabitants of distant worlds. Liberty and property precariously survive on earth, but elsewhere what began as a satire by H. G. Wells is accepted as inevitable: the workers are enslaved, and not only enslaved but fearfully degraded. They are animate machines, robots with nervous systems. They are scourged to work by the master class, with whips out of the Tenth Century B.C., and their dim minds churn with hate which is impotent now but will not be impotent forever. The numb ganglia of their nerves store up impulses toward a time when they will rise, seize the machines which they serve but cannot understand, turn them on their oppressors, and detonate the universe.

Totalitarian discipline proved to be the last necessity elsewhere. Perhaps it was tried on earth too, in one or another of the episodic civilizations between ours and theirs, though now it exists only in outlawed and rebellious islands. But it will spread from them again, a necessity on earth. A wandering star will distend our unhappy planet or the last war will break out, and the human beings who are left will be enslaved or will have to enslave themselves in order to keep going. The race, you see, degenerates as it advances; all its miraculous metals, space ships, ray guns, and three-dimensional telepathy are phenomena of decay. It treads the ordained way to extinction (footnote: see the second law of thermodynamics or Henry Adams on Willard Gibbs), and we are only repeating what happened in the galaxies. All worlds and races have degenerated, Jupiter, an asteroid, the farthest sun. Hope and belief have burned out, the nucleus has expanded, fate's equation has been factored to the last term. All movement is toward the grayness, and life itself is degeneration.

Thus the science pulps. What is to be made of them? It is easy enough to classify these exhibits as paranoid phan-

tasies converted into trivial fiction for the titillation of tired, dull, or weak minds. As such they are not the most violent purchasable at fifteen cents a copy. Every news-stand carries perhaps a dozen magazines ("mags" in the gibberish of their correspondents) entirely devoted to what is called horror in the trade, but is called sadistic phantasy by clinicians. Not the violence is significant but its linkage with the science which the mags exalt.

No doubt it is human to escape from a gadget-encumbered civilization to one composed entirely of gadgets, but a conviction grows on the inquirer that this literature is not just a contemporary version of Richard Locke's moon hoax, not merely a part of a literary tradition as old as Apuleius, not even, in its own jargon, a degeneration from the stimulating and far more cheerful imaginings of the young Wells, but something different and perhaps quite new. One does not know just who reads the science mags. Clearly, their audience is not made up of scientists—though the Easy Chair knows one physicist whom they fascinate as zoölogists must have been fascinated by Mr. Barnum's Feejee Mermaid. The fan letters they print, which may be written in the office of course, suggest that these readers are educated enough to write grammatical prose and criticize the gadgets. Whoever they are, something more than the need to escape must take them to their reading—and something more than mere satiation with the two-gun sheriff and the blonde who is never quite seduced.

It is significant that, if there is flight, it carries with it the thing fled from. It is more significant that literature is doing on this level exactly what it is doing on the levels which criticism examines with greater respect. The moon hoax is not linked with these stories but *The Decline of the West* is, and horrid monsters on Venus are only the gelid despair of science in simple words. They use

Buck Rogers as a symbol that Mr. Steinbeck or Mr. Huxley would think too elementary, but they use him to embody the world's fear on the brink of the abyss. They perform, that is, the most constant function of popular literature, and they probably prove that the substance of literature is one and indivisible. As the sermons of back-country evangelists dilute and translate into the vernacular the ideas painfully worked out by thinkers on the age's highest plane, so what we call popular literature has, in every age, accommodated to simpler intelligences the sentiments and beliefs enregistered by artists in what we call good literature.

Nevertheless, the science pulps have something like uniqueness. There is no appeal from the doom they behold approaching in mathematical formulas from beyond Jupiter, and it has not been the tradition of popular literature, however agreeably it may have frightened its audience, to leave them doomed and resigned to doom. In Red Gulch and the hills of dream, life is accustomed to wear rainbow colors and the curtain comes down on lovers marrying in a hopeful world; but the light that irradiates these stories is the infra-red, the black light they utilize, and their happy ending is the black nothingness beyond space and the disintegration of all life. The sustained demand for the dissolution of mankind, the popularity of doom in pulp paper, is as striking a portent as you will find anywhere in literature. It nakedly reveals a paradoxical and suicidal comfort of our time. These stories crudely express the phantasies that oppress us all, which are not fermented in paranoia but merely reasoned from any day's headlines. It is as if a race drifting helplessly to destruction found itself able to drift there more tranquilly when assured that it was this way on the lunar continents eons ago and will be this way on Jupiter ten thousand years from now. In the pulps also literature comes close home to men's bosoms.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages



Harper's *Magazine*

OLD PEOPLE: A RISING NATIONAL PROBLEM

BY ROY HELTON

THE population of the United States is growing older, and the better our civilization succeeds the older our population will become. This is a familiar story by now, a story from which many odd and disturbing conclusions have been drawn, but one may say at once that there is no serious ground for dismay at the facts, so far as those facts concern our present decline in birth rate. What that decline will lead to is obvious. It will lead to an opportunity of self-adjustment, on our part, to the problems of technological unemployment. The value of that chance for self-adjustment is so great that it completely overweighs all arguments as to the selective character of our decline in births.

The really important phase of this phenomenon concerns not our decline in births but our increase in age. Here we are dealing not with the problematical, but with the inevitable. That there are now more people of 20 to 65 in our population, and fewer under 15, than

at any time in forty years is a fact to be faced by a world which is always trying to get rid of facts by saying that the trend will change.

No change of trend in the birth rate can affect this condition for twenty or thirty years, and that is long enough to make us or to break us, depending on how we face what is before us. Nor would immigration on the old-time scale affect it, and that for a very simple reason.

Immigration necessarily brings into a country a very high percentage of the mature, of those between 20 and 55. But that is just the age group in which we now have an abnormal surplus. Since 1920 the American population in that age group has increased by approximately nineteen million, which is three-quarters of our total increase in population. Here in Pennsylvania we expect that age group to account for all of our increase in population between 1930 and 1940.

This fact, whose significance for the unemployment problem seems never to have been stressed, is due, in its turn, to the very high birth rate of our foreign-born twenty and thirty years ago. They reacted to the rising prosperity of those boom years on the south European and not on the North American plan. Prosperity made them have more children instead of less. In the second, third, and all later generations this tendency is reversed wherever a high standard of living can do battle against biology.

Now those children, so generously begotten, have become grown men and women hunting for jobs, and the full load produced on our economy by that fact has not yet developed. There are not so many jobs to-day as there were in 1929; but there are, in the United States, about nine million more mature people than in 1929. Q.E.D. we have unemployment, and Q.E.D. we should also have unemployment if we had maintained the pace of industrial growth we experienced between 1929 and 1930; for at the very peak of 1929 there were fewer employed in manufacturing, mining, and agriculture than in 1920, and, as anyone may read in the United States Census reports, the great industrial State of Pennsylvania gained but two male workers in its factories during those ten years.

So we shall not, if we are economically sane, admit more mature immigrants into our country in the near future. By 1955 we may begin to experience a balance of labor and opportunity, or perhaps by 1950. Ten years later than that we may need immigrants again if our birth rate does not rise, because by 1960 our present abnormally small population below age 15 will be mature, and that abnormally small working population (abnormal by present and past standards) will have an abnormally large ageing population to provide for. And that will be true unless the United States becomes a less healthy place in the future than it has been in the past. So the facts are here and will continue

to be here with increasing emphasis for as long as most of us need to think ahead.

II

From here on I must depart from convention, yet it is a convention that will have to be abandoned sooner or later if we are to get anywhere in our public thinking. It is implied in all our government and private arguments, and in all our political debates, that our present dilemmas are caused by economic forces alone. But they have not been caused by economic forces alone, but also by social customs and types of desire which are often, in their operation, anti-economic as to the individual, and as to his whole class in society.

As our problems have been approached with attention only to one half of their cause, and that attention bemused by memory of boom days succeeding the War, none of the problems has been solved, nor could any of them ever have been solved by a purely economic approach. It is to illustrate this fact that our policy in regard to dependent old age is now being examined.

The demands of the ageing are already becoming emphatic and the power of the ageing as a pressure group is recognized in politics everywhere. It is a pressure group with a real problem: What is to be done for our growing population of ageing men and women who have not, because of economic changes, been able to provide for themselves?

Only one answer to this vital question has ever been popularized. That answer is for the State to provide a cash income for all those over 65, 60, or even 55; which means that the mature, instead of supporting and providing for their own ageing parents must provide even more liberally for ageing parents in general. And they must undertake to do so because the personal problem of looking after one's elders is getting beyond the economic means of the present generation. It has become so because most of us now live to age sixty and not

to age thirty-five. Put that way, the problem cannot be solved except by borrowing money and hoping that the pay-off will not come until after we are out of the picture. And that is, in effect, what is being done.

But before we surrender ourselves to such a counsel of despair it will be profitable to examine the one factor which is rarely, or never, brought into this insoluble equation. That factor is the actual needs of the aged and what can be done about *them*.

For it is this way with old people in every country in the modern world: they are often poor and unhappy, but they are not unhappy solely because they are poor. They are also unhappy because they are old. For age in the world which we have created and accepted is the ultimate tragedy, the most devastating experience of life. That fact meant little nationally when age was in an extreme minority among our people, but it means much to-day and will mean more to-morrow. Like so many of us here in America, the aged have been given the idea or have acquired the idea that all they need for happiness is money. They do need money. They do need adequate support. But money is not the cure for the unhappiness of old age. And the unhappiness of old age is a growing menace to our institutions.

To repeat the statement with which I began: on the basis of our present facts we may be sure that for the next thirty years we shall be developing a population that is predominantly old. But it will not be good national living, whether economically or politically, to allow those years to be years of increasing unhappiness and uselessness to our coming majority. It will not be safe for America to permit the present psychology of old age to dominate even a powerful minority of our citizens.

The political possibilities inherent in the conventional psychology of old age are deeply disturbing. I am not referring to the Townsend plan more than to the half dozen political campaigns waged

in 1936 in an effort to attract votes by holding out illusory promises of financial abundance to the aged. In 1936 most of those campaigns were lost. Under similar conditions in 1948 or 1952 they will not be lost, though the possibility of redeeming those pledges will be far less in 1952 than they were in 1936, for the reason that the old will be more numerous and more politically powerful just when the young and productive will be relatively few, and it is the young who must bear the burden of producing whatever wealth is to be shared.

It is our tradition, our necessity, and our instinct to care for the aged; but there is a very great difference between the practical operation of that instinct between, say, 1850 when the life expectancy was 35 years, and to-day when it is 60 and going higher. In 1850, in a world teeming with aggressive youth, old age was a distinction and not a problem. To-day it is a problem and not a distinction.

Arthur Garfield Hayes has told us truly that Democracy works. That it has worked for us there is happily no denying. That it will continue to work as happily while our voting majority advances in age depends not on the worth of Democracy but on the wisdom and the normality of the ageing. If we are to solve the problem laid on our doorstep by the immigration policies of fifty years ago, the solution has to begin, not with how to raise two hundred a month for every person over sixty, but with another question altogether: what makes a man feel old? From what sources spring the political ultraconservatism and, paradoxically, the financial gullibility of ageing men and women? Why are they the traditional suckers for oil stock promoters or wild cat mining operators, and why do their imaginations dwell so persistently on the good old days?

III

The most direct, immediate, and earliest acting cause of the feeling of age in a

man or woman is a phenomenon for which there is no recognized term. The decline of newcomer enthusiasm is as good a name for it as any. Newcomer enthusiasm is a familiar phenomenon of the prize ring, in most athletic sports, and in fact in every field where experience is not more important than the willingness to endure punishment, or self-punishment, for an intensely desired end. Of itself this characteristic of youth has an effectiveness that is no measure of the physical and mental capacities of those it operates upon. Its power is more evident in football than in baseball, in salesmanship than in the professions. But it operates also in baseball and in the professions. In fact, it operates in every field.

Each new generation naturally hails the world as its own discovery, and as its personal property. It plunges into the possibilities of life with an excitement that cannot be matched by those who have lived and experienced the mixed nature of human attainment. In the common domestic life newcomer enthusiasm crowds pleasantly or painfully, but always inevitably, against all the activities of the older generation. No person who has been alive very long can match the intense craving of the young to get the use and possession of all the facilities for human pleasure, except by continuing the adolescent pattern in himself. This is why most men, highly successful in a material way, exhibit with exaggeration all the good and bad emotional and mental characteristics of youth.

Every father with a favorite necktie and a son of seventeen in love becomes aware of the eagerness of his son's desire to get into possession of that one reserved article. It is an affectionate and a harmless type of desire and one which it is our custom to gratify. But its ramifications are endless. It extends to the family car, to the form and volume of radio entertainment blared forth in the family living rooms, and in fact to all things about a home but those involving domestic labor

for either sex. And that is all strictly natural, but not unimportant. For as we are educating the young to become mature the young are also educating us to become old.

Instinctively, and with the connivance of their elders, they monopolize recreation. Along our national trails we are establishing Youth Hostels where young men and women may find shelter at night while engaged in walking tours. This is an admirable enterprise, but is it presumably indecent or indecorous for older men and women to be abroad so far from home? Must they a little shamefacedly pretend to be young to enjoy shelter from storm and night-flying parasites? Is it believed to be only the spirit of youth that leads a man or woman to desire free outdoor life? If so there was never a greater fallacy. Youth is social, gregarious, crowd-loving. It is only maturity that dares face the solitudes of nature, and knows how to enjoy them, and has with great difficulty persuaded and instructed youth to share this passion.

The spirit of youth is a fine thing, but far less humane and potentially joyous than the spirit of maturity, which has no American reputation at all, save in routine business and the more solemn professions. That blind spot in our thinking and feeling is a powerfully ageing factor in modern life. Youth is conventional, largely unoriginal, indeed, almost exclusively imitative, and has to be. Glorify that and one glorifies whatever is the moment's fashion, whether communism, fascism, pacifism, or militarism. Youth follows. It rarely leads. Youth's imitations of maturity are the source of its daring and its occasional enterprise.

We are all familiar with the piddling literary attempts of almost all great writers in their youth. That out of such feeble cleverness a personality finally emerges to perform original work and develop authentic feeling and interior power is always a phenomenon little short of the miraculous when it occurs. Yet we remain persistently immune to

all such facts, and here in America, and throughout much of Europe, idealize just that one characteristic which is our weakness and danger—the imitative and sentimental restlessness of youth.

We do so, still dominated by the psychology of a past when more than fifty per cent of our population was under twenty. That lingering psychology has many forms. The civil service age limits voice its teachings, as do the limitations in many other professions, and the unwritten rules of industry which make even forty the beginning of old age. These bars across the gate of opportunity combine to make the man and woman in middle life believe himself old and on the way to the human junk yard. They make him accept this belief against the testimony of his own blood and brains; for such influences strike deep into the interior man like a constant trickle of cold water into the boiler fires. Something is saying into the ear of every man and woman over forty in the civilized world, unless that person is mounting on a rising tide of success, "You are older. You are getting old. You are not so good as you used to be." And God help him if he listens.

Youth says it, believing that it needs to insist on that chance to make a place for itself. One's own lazy contemporaries say it to justify their own self-coddlings and abandonment of effort. Something in all men is always looking for an excuse for minimum rather than maximum exertion. Under our prevailing notions the first gray hair gives that magnificent excuse long sought by the indolence of our natures. We look in the glass. We are indeed older. This face is no longer the face which graced the platform at the graduation of the West End High School class. What forty years of sunlight and summer beaches and winter cold have done to our wrinkles and complexions means nothing as to the man or woman inside and has often added an interest and a beauty of power and character that was never there in youth. But it says again to our ignorant selves, "You

are older. You are getting old. You are not so good as you used to be."

Though that saying begins with a truth and ends with a lie, it steals into the unconscious on the pass word of its first specious truth, and stays there and festers. And our superstitious and lagging social thought approves the formula. By that process a man passes almost immediately from a state in which all of his delinquencies are blamed upon youth and inexperience to one in which they are assigned to the infirmities of advancing years.

These things are true in business, in sports, in recreation, and in the professions, and they are also true as to the most intimate details of personal life. One of the most definite characteristics of human nature is one's instinctive revulsion at love or its activities in any person of one's own sex ten years older than himself. That is one of the few things which, almost universally, we consider to be ridiculous.

As Dr. G. V. Hamilton of Santa Barbara has pointed out in his contribution to the recently published *Problems of Ageing*, a very considerable number of young people are afflicted with a distaste mounting to loathing at the thought of their own parents enjoying any physical relationship. The psychoanalysts have pointed out the probable origin of this reaction, and I do not need to do so here. What is often overlooked, however, is that the mature and the ageing have also been young and have felt just this revulsion themselves at love in people of the age to which they have at last attained. And they cannot completely have forgotten it.

A danger arises which is commonly added to, and often made effectively destructive to personal happiness, by the contempt and ridicule of the young at every hint of sex life in their elders.

In addition to these influences there is a large body of ancient superstitions and clichés, and of modern dogmas, whose combined effect is to convince a man or woman that after two score and ten—

not to mention three score and ten—life is over, love is impossible, enterprise and originality must inevitably decline, and the mental and physical powers begin to fail.

For none of these beliefs is there the slightest foundation in fact. There is no scientific evidence that any age which a human being is likely to experience has as its necessary accompaniment any important loss of the power to live an adequate mental and emotional life. In that study of the characteristics of age, referred to above, a study containing the findings of twenty-five of our foremost biologists, psychologists, and physicians, one looks in vain for confirmation of the popular superstitions concerning old age. Life does not wear men out, mentally or physically. Accident and disease may do so, faulty diet may do so, depressed and discouraged mental states are certain to do so; but not activity of mind or body.

The psalmist's "The days of our years are threescore years and ten" was written in a world when the expectation of life at birth was probably not twenty years. But that single phrase still haunts the human memory with a superstition of the plagues that follow our attempts at living on borrowed time.

Except for the first year of life, more of us die between seventy and eighty than in any other decade. This may be taken as a fulfilment of the old psalmist's wisdom, predicting in a remote pastoral world a fixed fact for twentieth-century man. Or it may be taken as an evidence of the effect of fatalism and resignation from life upon human mortality.

IV

I prefer the second interpretation, for whether at three score and ten or at two score, all men and women whom I have known to retire from life and the functions of life have begun at once to grow old and to grow old dangerously. Retirement is in my observation a fatality

and not a blessing. I do not believe it to be a reasonable human goal. It reflects the traditions of a period when, for the average man, life always failed of fulfilment and even the pleasures of maturity were experienced by few. It was a retreat into hiding from the mysteries of disease under a belief that it was the activities of life which wore out the human body instead of keeping it as we know now vigorous and alive.

George Washington was born in February, 1732. In 1758, having retired from command of the Virginia militia because of ill health, before the close of the French and Indian War, he wrote, "I have now too much reason to apprehend an approaching decay." (Age 26.) In 1759, "I hope to have more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced amidst a wide and bustling world." (Age 27.)

At the outbreak of the Revolution he was summoned from this retirement, against his will, to command the Continental army. It was not mere modesty which prompted the declaration with which he began that task. "I this day declare with the utmost sincerity I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." And to Mrs. Washington, "A trust too great for my capacity." (June, 1775, aged 43, after seventeen years of rustic retirement.)

Washington's capacity returned to him, and developed brilliantly. The gentleman farmer became his country's most distinguished soldier, but again, in 1783, in the fifty-first year of his age, he wrote, "The scene is at length closed. I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

"Heavy and painful oppressions of the head, and other disagreeable sensations often trouble me." [I am] "descending the hill I had been fifty-two years climbing . . . of a short lived family . . . soon expect to be entombed in the mansion of my fathers." (1784, aged 52.)

And finally, "So unwilling am I, in the evening of life . . ." (1789.)

Unwilling or not, this retired old man,

oppressed with the symptoms of approaching decay, was again drafted by circumstances, dragged from his second retirement, served as President of the Constitutional Convention, and then for eight brilliant years as President of the United States at our nation's most critical hour. What Washington called retirement would scarcely be considered so to-day, but that the demands of high office evoked from him powers of mind and body which he did not believe himself to possess is unmistakable from the record. In public office he was rarely seriously ailing; during his three retirements his failing health is a constant theme of his letters.

The average man in retirement to-day has little opportunity for activity or usefulness, and amply justifies all that can be said concerning the debilitating effects of old age. After he steps out of the active scenes of life he is likely to develop those characteristics almost immediately, particularly if he is condemned, or condemns himself, to living with the young. A sudden loss of the sustaining habits and motives that have kept him in active competition for the rewards of labor, can within six months transform the busy lawyer, physician, or merchant into an aged hypochondriac.

Duty, as a driving force evoking from a man all of his capacities, goes into reverse. Last year his obligation to his work, to others, and to himself emphatically energized him. This year he has become an obligation to society or to his children, and he is as emphatically de-energized by that sudden reversal. The very kindness and well-meant consideration of the young adds an effective depressant to his pride. He reaches out for sympathy as about the only effect left to him to produce, reverting to the behavior patterns of childhood. Or, even worse, as Washington was doing at fifty-one, he begins to study his own organs with anxious attention. But man's interior arrangements are not designed to be fondled by the imagination. The precise mechanism is not clear, but

it is certainly possible for a man with nothing else important to do to so concentrate his attention upon his bodily organs that they become, in part, responsive to conscious thought. But the conscious thought which directs its attention to the heart, the liver, the kidneys, or the functions of digestion and elimination, is invariably pessimistic. An idle old person searches himself for symptoms of decay, as Washington was doing at fifty. And the result of too much thinking, too much amateur anatomizing and self-physicking, to which the old become profoundly addicted, is all too frequently the development of a neurotic heart, neurotic kidneys, or stomach and bowels that respond to every emotion.

It is not probable that pessimistic thought about the unconscious organs ever killed a man directly, but it is certain that such attention can diminish his vitality, his enjoyment of living, and his awareness of everything but the possibilities of physical disaster. It is man's exterior, self-controlled machinery which alone thoroughly repays his study, in the search for proper food, proper activity and companionship, and in the attempt to discover uses for life and ability at every age.

Some of the greatest tasks ever undertaken by men were undertaken and carried through in what are called life's declining years. Sophocles completed his Oedipus trilogy at ninety. Titian painted the magnificent Christ of Pity at ninety-nine. At seventy Franklin began the task of gaining for our struggling colonies the alliance of France. At eighty Thomas Edison was deep in research as to the possibility of producing rubber from native American plants. Old Dr. Carver, born in slavery, is still eager and successful in his experiments to restore and rebuild the economic foundations of negro life in the deep South. It is not necessary that the elderly man or woman should attempt to reverse life habits and to rock the world with a masterpiece of art or a discovery of science, though many have done so; but

it is necessary that activity and usefulness shall be carried on.

For any human being to retire into a parasitic life is for him to condemn himself, at once, to a position defenseless against nature. It is no matter whether he become parasitic upon his children, upon society at large, or upon the efforts of his own youth, though the latter is the most respectable and the least unpleasant. But if, being able of body and mind, he consents, or is forced to step out of the useful arena of life and to be supported by his juniors, or by his past, he is at once inviting life to retire out of him.

I am saying, in brief, that this world is nobody's paradise, whether he be old or young. One can get little out of it in safety at any age without putting into it a continuous supply of himself. Trying to beat that truth, one puts himself at once into the power of the hostile elements.

V

Recall for a moment what adverse and unhappy emotions can do to young bodies and young minds. A severe disappointment in love, the loss of a position or of a considerable sum of money, or any failure in achievement can cause severe mental and physical symptoms. Boxers, ball players, writers, painters, and also, to make no invidious comparison, race horses, canary birds, and dogs, exhibit emotional effects on physical and mental output and often in exaggerated forms. In the young, emotional depressions impair the appetite, disorder the digestion, and lead to severe anaemias, of which the chlorosis of girls in their teens is a typical form. Frustration of any sort frequently disorders the regulation of the glands, leads to a loss of interest in life, to an impaired attention for present events, to day-dreaming, mind-wandering, and consequently to that imperfect memory which so frequently plagues the high-school pupil as to French grammar or solid geometry, as a concomitant of early love.

Whatever appears to be a hopeless frustration of any important need or impulse in life is likely to lead the human mechanism into a retreat from reality. That retreat into dreams, or into an appeal for sympathy, which Alfred Adler called the Feminine Protest kills one's awareness of his present scene.

But in all human experience there is no circumstance that so discrowns a man as retirement from his part in the active life of the world. When he who produced now only consumes, when he who gave the law receives it, no matter how kindly, when he who was a man among men, is now socially only a child, his life is over in his own inner self-judgment. Unless he has available to himself some source of dominance and pride, he becomes neurotic and retreats into the past.

It is notable among old people that the memory for distant events is sharp, but that the memory for yesterday is clouded and obscure. Why is this so? If all memory were obscured we might well hold that the brain cortex had suffered a significant destruction. But all memory is not ordinarily obscured. I have heard a man who could not recall my name, though he had known me for ten years, describe in vivid and minute detail every incident of Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox Court House. Why could he not remember the events of the morning, or of five minutes ago, and recall so well the events of a morning sixty years before? It is very simple. To-day's events were obliterated by the humiliation of his obscure and unachieving later years. He was dazed by the collapse of motive. He was very far from being economically disadvantaged, but there was no reality left for him as a man. His mind rejected every incident on the theater of his defeat. He lived only in the past.

Our powers of self-protection through mental devices are vast, and at times almost incredible; but as they operate in the old, under the conditions of uselessness which are imposed on the old by the forms of modern living, those self-

protecting mechanisms tend to close the doors on reality altogether. Consider how many and how painful the events in each day's life over which an old man's attention must glide to preserve him any pride at all, and one sees at once the essence of the problem of old age. With the numbers of the aged growing, it is now a matter of large human importance, not so much to be just to them—for under democracy they will shortly be able to demand justice for themselves—but to achieve a reality for them from which they will not need to retreat into the past.

In 1930 eighty-seven per cent of all men from 60 to 65 were at work, seventy-nine per cent of all men from 65 to 69, sixty per cent of all men from 70 to 75. Cast those men into idleness as a public policy, and we cast American politics into the control of premature senility.

For this much is certain. Any world in which the accent of economic life comes to fall upon an idle old age of living in plenty without toiling or spinning is not practicable for human nature. For the good of everybody the old should work. For the good of their minds and bodies they should work, not in competition with the young, in those fields of heavy production in which all employment is now declining, but in all those supplementary directions which are equally needful for a balanced civilization.

Any scheme, however well intended, which plunges a large and politically important body of our citizens into retirement, at any age whatever, is dangerous to them and dangerous to our national life. Progressive retirement, gradual relinquishment of function, is the mental and emotional cause of the symptoms of old age. To wish that fate of social uselessness upon any portion of our people, whether they desire it or not, is to evade the problem that is posed for us by human survival, and to do the direct opposite of what is politic and wise.

Some may choose to see in certain present phenomena of European statecraft in democratic nations the beginning

result of such an evasion. Some may see such results in the political issues of certain of our American States. Whether such deductions are premature or not, this problem is certainly now before us. As to the issue between a policy of generous cash doles and an answer worked out for the good of all, this much can be said. It is not a financial probability that the askings of the old can be met on the scale they now desire, and it is a psychological probability that if we should so meet them we should suffer far graver losses than losses of economic stability.

VI

There is one clear line of attack which it would be far more humanly profitable for the ageing to pursue than any cause they are now publicly engaged in promoting. That is a fight against compulsory retirement on the basis of age alone, whether in government, industry, or the learned professions. Compulsory retirement is creeping downward, for the ageing have not been contending for the right to work, but only for the right not to work.

To-day a man stands at the throttle of a great locomotive. To-morrow he is judged, by custom, to be unfit for any form of activity. His forty years of accumulated experience are assessed as worth literally nothing. He is, by one tick of the clock, rendered useless to the industry he has spent his life in serving. That is untrue, unreal, and wasteful of human values. Such a man should still be a railroad man. Perhaps his duties should be lightened or changed, and his time off extended, but to throw away the value of that experience, when it is the one thing that young men coming on in his place most vitally need, is a kind of waste that industry is no longer either successful enough or youthful enough to indulge in. This is true in many lines.

No man should be made to retire unless he can find a better use for his time than to continue at some form of his life work.

Our success as a nation depends on no one man, on no one class of men, but on all men, and on all ages, and on all our acquired and accumulated abilities. The old professor is not so quick-witted or so up-to-date as the young instructor, but the chances are high that he has qualities that the young man lacks. Why throw away only the old man's qualities? We need them to prevent us swallowing, hook, line, and sinker, every novelty of thought or invention as a world-transforming revolution. We need old men, and it is old men who must fight for their chance to stay real, and to remain a part of the national life and progress. They cannot do so by fighting for doles for all people over sixty. In doing so they are asking themselves out of the picture.

It is not contended that in many lines this is now a practical solution for the problem of the ageing man. That it is the best solution, where possible, there is no question. That the young instructors in a college should be first assigned as assistants to older men, who have reached the conventional retirement age, would do much for American education. That on the railroads, or in many industrial occupations where acquired skill is too precious a social value to be thrown into premature decay, such a set-up should be fought for by the ageing is obvious, for the sake of their health and longevity, of their own pride, and for the welfare of the industry they have served.

Where that is not possible other occupations must be developed. A first step in that direction is that lately suggested in New York by Assemblyman James J. Wadsworth, that a medical board be appointed to repair an applicant for relief who suffers from a physical defect instead of keeping him, for the balance of his life, dependent on the taxpayers.

That the old are capable of education and re-education is a truism among those not bound by superstition. The old can learn whatever it interests them to learn, and though vocational guidance for the ageing is as yet an almost un-

explored field in America, it is inevitable that it must become an important form of social and educational effort in the near future.

I will not attempt to list here the things which old women can do, or can learn to do with pleasure and advantage. There are, for one instance, forms of weaving and quilting which it seems impossible for the young to carry to the highest perfection, but which are still favorite occupations for the old who have mastered them. Are there too many of such products of hand work in the homes of to-day? Are not those we possess prized? And is it not true that the public which does not prize them begins to do so whenever it acquires an opportunity to value anything other than a machine-made product?

For old men there is a great variety of possible occupations. Almost every man is fond of tools, and enjoys some form of construction. But such inclinations have little encouragement or direction in the social conditions of modern urban life. There is neither space for them in the standard house or flat, nor time in the standard scheme of living.

One retired Western business man has devoted his remaining years to gratuitous toy-making. Most men of sixty-five or older have neither the facilities nor capital, nor perhaps the enterprise, if unassisted, which has made that undertaking possible for an individual man. But there are surely never enough toys in this world to satisfy the affectionate destructiveness of youth, nor enough hand-made things of every kind. Along such lines are potential occupations for men whose desire for manual creation has been thwarted by mechanical work, whether of the white- or the dark-collar variety. Gardening is another activity for which there exists in most men a thwarted desire. These are suggestions that would seem applicable perhaps only to the least able and to those whose normal skills are not high; but there is no limit to the range of what I have suggested, for it covers the possibility of serv-

ice to all the arts and sciences of peace.

What could best solve this problem, which is to weigh very heavily, and could even weigh crushingly upon the future of our country, is for the old people to solve it for themselves, with whatever help is needed from the people as a whole. Such help should cost far less than any present solutions contemplate. I suggest that the ageing will go very much farther toward happiness and satisfaction, and be on far firmer ground with all the people, if the more far-sighted among them will begin to organize societies for self-help and self-direction, rather than for the promotion of economic experiments of unknown dimension and unforeseeable consequences. The object of such societies could be both social and economic, to provide companionship among the ageing, who are apt to have lost a good deal of it, and to provide a self-sustaining or part-sustaining independence for those who cannot be continued in some form of their old employment.

I realize that there are prejudices to be overcome. I realize that the ageing do not, as a class, now believe in themselves, nor in their capacities. I realize that they have been for two industrial generations in a contention with the young which they have lost by having to play the young man's game. But it is not necessary that they should play that game. If they are now dispossessed by the speed of one kind of life, and dispossessed of their social confidence by changes of appearance which make them different from their remembered selves, there is, nevertheless, a world for older men and women, and it is up to them, with the help of us all, to create such a world for themselves.

What are the possibilities? What could be achieved by groups of ageing people, or even colonies of ageing people working and living together, not as inmates but as co-operators? Not only usefulness and activity, but also love and happiness are attainable by old men and

women who are not content to succumb to the mental and physical hazards of modern life. The very best physicians of mind and body, men like Barker of Johns Hopkins, assure us that old people can and do recover their interest in life, in love, and in physical pleasure long years after they have resigned themselves to blankness and despair. Such restorations have followed a renewal of motive and a recovery of self-confidence.

Suppose every one of us could be assured that at sixty-five or seventy there was still something ahead and something different. Suppose he knew that life still held out for him, at that age, or would hold out for him at that age a renewed opportunity for an independent life, a chance of doing with profit the things life has given him no chance to do before. And suppose he knew that if he needed it, life still held for him a chance for love and happiness among those of his own age, who had learned, or were learning, not to be outpaced by the briskness and the enthusiasm of the young. I think it would make the world a very different place for us all.

I do not say that this would ever pay its own way in dollars. But that is not, about this problem, the important question. In dollars it would probably cost far less, now and eventually, than any adequate form of cash dole. We speak of social security for the aged as though all that matters is a little money in hand. That matters, but Democracy is just now realizing that keeping itself in emotional health also matters, if our form of government is not to be merely a fair-weather political device, whose success was made possible only by the practically unlimited growth and youthfulness of our past. Having enough money to live on matters seriously to the ageing as to everyone else. But handing out only money does not give to them, nor to the rest of us, any important social security. The time has come when for social security we must think about the problems of the aged in terms of what they really need.



ROOSEVELT: THE RICH MAN'S ALIBI

BY ELMER DAVIS

THE third term is still, at this writing, a topic Mr. Roosevelt does not care to discuss; but his fellow-citizens find it increasingly absorbing for reasons not greatly to his credit, or to theirs. It is evident that the New Deal is not so enshrined in the hearts of the people that Mr. Roosevelt could nominate and elect his successor. No Hopkins, no Ickes, no Jackson can be deputized to carry on the good work, as Taft was deputized by an earlier Roosevelt; which, considering Taft's performance, may be just as well. Nor has any of the Republicans, any of the conservative Democrats, who have been standing in the spotlight where the customers can look them over, evoked any deafening popular demand.

So more and more people—even people who are very tepid in their admiration for the New Deal—have been saying that if Roosevelt runs again they will vote for him. But it can hardly be said that he is, as Washington once put it, the man “who on some great emergency shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public.” There are those who so regard him, but that feeling will not become widespread unless a world war breaks out before the next Democratic national convention. In the chronic domestic emergency—great enough except by contrast—many citizens seem to feel rather that he is the man least incapable of serving the public, among those we are likely to have a chance to vote for in 1940. They are for him by default.

If Mr. Roosevelt should become our

first third-term President simply because among a hundred and thirty million people there is nobody who looks as if he could do any better, it would not be particularly flattering to his self-esteem or to that of his constituents. To avert such an embarrassing situation, I venture to suggest that there is one class in American society (besides Federal office holders) which owes him not only affirmative but enthusiastic support; which ought to back him, not merely for a third term but for a life tenure. This is Big Business. To the leaders of industry, commerce, and finance Mr. Roosevelt has been such a godsend as they could not have dared to hope for in the dark days of 1932.

They had been the ruling class of the nation ever since the Civil War, barring a few brief interludes; but in October, 1929, something began to happen which they did not know how to handle, and they kept on not knowing how to handle it right up to March 4, 1933. The exposure of the intellectual bankruptcy of a ruling class is usually the prelude to revolution, violent or peaceful; the New Deal, in those first days when the banks were closed, could have been a peaceful revolution almost by unanimous consent. But it preferred a program of moderate reforms which, if they succeeded, would restore the prosperity of the former ruling class (along with all the rest of us) even though depriving it of much of its power. Whether or not this can be done, it has not yet been done with any conspicuous success; and for the past six and a half years Mr. Roosevelt, not Big

Business, has been out in front to take the blame.

In his mistakes, actual or alleged, the conservative rich have been able to find a sufficient cause not only for everything that goes wrong, but for everything that has stayed wrong since his first year as Governor of New York. They ought to be the most zealous third-termers in the country. So long as Roosevelt is in the White House they are spared the painful effort of trying to think; spared, it may be, the still more painful confession that even if they tried to think no thoughts would come.

It is now almost a decade since Big Business, encouraged to run wild by a succession of respectfully admiring Administrations, finished its joy ride by running violently down a steep place into the sea. But for the first third of that decade it had a friend in the White House—a somewhat passive friend who thought that people who had fallen into the water ought to swim out if they could, but was eventually willing to throw them a life-preserver. Three and a half years in which the ruling class could reflect on its mistakes, and try to think out some justification for its continuance in power.

In those three and a half years Big Business and its friends in the Administration produced exactly two ideas. One was the sort of economic planning which eventually was more or less embodied in the NRA; the business class which was chiefly responsible for that scheme was at least smart enough to duck the blame for its failure, leaving persons vaguely designated as “professors and theorists” to hold the sack. The second idea was governmental interference with “natural economic processes” by advancing money to people in trouble. So long as money was advanced only to the rich it looked like a happy inspiration; but most business men lost faith in it when it was extended to the poor as well.

Big Business went along meekly with the first emergency measures of the New

Deal, grateful for anything that would avert catastrophe; but as soon as people got their breath again it began to use that recovered breath to complain that whatever was being done was wrong. Wrong or not, it seemed to work for a while; the country was prosperous enough in 1936 to vote confidence in Mr. Roosevelt; and after his reelection he began to pay attention to the complaints of the opposition. The most persistent and most plausible complaint was against government spending and the consequent deficits; if this had been necessary in an emergency, it ought to be possible to dispense with it now that the country was prosperous once more. Mr. Roosevelt began to cut down the spending, as Big Business asked him to, and prosperity blew up in his face. Any orthodox economist will tell you that governmental economies, actual or proposed, were not the cause of the recession of 1937. Such an event in a complex society has many causes; still it looks like a remarkable coincidence.

By the fall of that year Big Business, or at least its spokesmen, had decided that what was wrong with the country was the undistributed-profits tax and the capital-gains tax. When Congress met that winter the all but unanimous voice of Business insisted that if only we got rid of those pernicious statutes everything would go well once more. If Mr. Roosevelt were the master politician that his enemies like to think he is, he would have let Business have its way. Politically he had nothing to lose; if Business were right and repeal of those taxes restored prosperity, an Administration which had three years to run would get the political benefit of that prosperity; if Business were proved wrong, no objection could be offered when the Administration tried something else. But he chose to fight when it was evident that he could not win, to make concessions so slowly and grudgingly that when the “stump” of the undistributed-profits tax was amputated at last, Business could say that the change

had come too late to do any good. Maybe nothing would have done any good; but, as Mr. Roosevelt chose to play it, Business, not he, was alibied for the failure.

Meanwhile conditions improved a little, but not much; there were still idle men, millions of them; there was idle money, billions of it, which could put those men to work if its possessors could be persuaded to invest it. Last winter there was much talk about Business and government getting together—an alliance which would promote the national welfare as much as the getting together of England and Russia would promote international welfare. But it soon appeared that Business and the Administration trusted each other about as little as the British and Russian governments. Nothing much came of the attempt at rapprochement—and a Gallup poll taken last May sampled public opinion on the failure. Of the citizens who answered separate questions, on the responsibility for our troubles, fifty-four per cent thought the Administration was not friendly enough to Business, sixty-five per cent thought Business was not friendly enough to the Administration; sixty-three per cent thought the Administration's attitude was delaying recovery, sixty-nine per cent thought the attitude of Business was delaying recovery. Not much comfort in that for either side; less even for Business than for the Administration. But Business is not in power; Mr. Roosevelt is, and has to keep trying to do something about it.

He has been able to think of nothing since then but the old program of government spending financed by a deficit; and that cannot go on forever. No doubt we can stand a larger public debt than we have at present—how much larger no one knows. The one thing certain is that we cannot stand more than the majority of people who think about the public debt believe we can stand; if they ever decide "This is too much" it will be too much.

Sometimes this recurrent resort to more spending when everything else fails looks like a mere compulsion neurosis—the automatic behavior of an organism unable to adapt itself to any other pattern. Once it was called pump-priming; but if the pump has not been primed by the billions poured into it in the past six and a half years, it looks as if something is wrong, either with the priming technic or with the pump itself. If the trouble is with the pump—if American business as now constituted can never get going again on a sufficient scale to absorb the unemployed—we had better be finding it out, and trying to think of something to do about it. The Works Financing Bill of last summer could be regarded as the beginning of State capitalism—perhaps the logical next step, if private capitalism cannot or will not function. But it was not so advertised; nor do we know yet whether the situation is serious enough to require that remedy. We shall never be able to find out whether that is so or not so long as it can all be blamed on Roosevelt.

The present state of the nation offers a golden opportunity to the Opposition. The New Deal is keeping the country going, but not much more, and by methods which cannot be indefinitely continued. Here is the chance for Big Business—the men who have met pay-rolls and feel that that experience qualifies them to meet anything else—to offer an alternative program. Chastened and educated by a decade out of power, the old ruling class can now step in to tell us what is wrong and how to cure it.

Well, gentlemen—?

II

Of the various organs of American business the most representative is the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. Its convention last May gave up trying to play ball with the Administration and devoted itself to entertaining Congress at dinners where the Administration was put on the pan.

The Chamber knew just what Congress ought to do; besides some minor and non-controversial alterations in this and that, most of which have since been effected, its resolutions demanded repeal of the wage-hour law, the virtual disembowelment of the Labor Relations Act, weakening of the Securities Act; abandonment of "the underlying philosophy of WPA" and return of relief to local control, on a more modest basis. Also government expenditure should be brought down "within the amount that the country can currently afford"—a euphemism for the balanced budget; but "excessive and hampering" taxes should be reduced too, so the country would be able to afford even less than now.

Any serious attempt to carry out this program would mean a terrific slashing of government expenditures. The Chamber did not suggest just where they ought to be slashed, perhaps because too many of its members are dependent on those expenditures for their margin of profit. As C. F. Hughes lately wrote in the *New York Times*, steel men who denounce government extravagance do not refuse government orders; nor do the food industries object to the food stamps which enable relief workers to eat below cost, with the government making up the difference.

The National Association of Manufacturers, more intransigent once than the Chamber, has lately been singing a softer tune. Its Committee on the Study of Depressions—fifty-two executives and economists—issued last February a report which set forth the "conditions of a new prosperity." Government must stop interfering with the effective functioning of private enterprise, must promote it instead; business must accept government regulation in "certain aspects," government must recognize the difference between regulation and control; taxes must be moderate and equitable, the public debt kept within safe limits; government must not compete with private industry; there must be no monopolies (except natural and legal

ones), no stock gambling and manipulation.

This is familiar doctrine. If business men will only stop grabbing, if government will confine itself to keeping the few incurable chisellers in order, the "effective functioning of private enterprise" will follow automatically. Many economists (and not merely Marxians) would doubt this; but their doubts are as irrelevant as the program itself. Whatever its merits as an economic constitution for the Perfect State, it is no blueprint for action in the United States in 1939. It seems probable that the economists on the committee had more to do with these conclusions than the executives; for while the N.A.M. lent its name to the report it did not try to do anything about it, but has been chiefly busy with the more modest and practical endeavor to pull the teeth out of the Labor Relations Act. At the end of July too the N.A.M. was able to announce triumphantly, "as a result of a nationwide survey," that answers to the question, "Who has done most for the United States in the past ten years?" showed an overwhelming preponderance of opinion that manufacturers, industrialists, merchants, and bankers had done more than labor leaders, politicians, or social reformers. But it is conceivable that this sampling of opinion was not strictly representative.

Mr. Wendell Willkie, who is regarded as one of the more intelligent leaders of Big Business, lately offered in the *Saturday Evening Post* his analysis of the idle-men-idle-money problem, arriving at a solution which will surprise nobody. "It is fear—fear as to what the government is going to do, fear as to what may happen to industry—that has kept the investor from providing business with capital. . . . Government regulation, government competition, and government discouragement of investment are the three elements that compose the fear that dominates the business man and the investor today. . . . When the people of America feel strongly enough about it, they will

force the government to abandon these hostile policies."

But until the people elect an Administration that will abandon them Business has its alibi and need indulge in no mental exertion.

Mr. Willkie is head of the Commonwealth & Southern nest of utility corporations, which, thanks to an accident of geography, has been the chief victim of government competition. His discussion of his troubles with the TVA, commendably temperate in tone, sets forth that because of that competition not only his stockholders but "all utility investors fear for the safety of their investments." Well, that must make them feel at home. A lot of utility investors feared for the safety of their investments in 1932, and not merely those who had put their trust in Insull. People were buying the common stock of Mr. Willkie's Commonwealth & Southern at 29 in September, 1929, and (after some big mergers that should have increased its value) were selling it for $1\frac{3}{4}$ the day before Mr. Roosevelt was inaugurated. He can't blame the New Deal for that.

Another thinker of the Right Wing, Representative Bruce Barton, told the Republicans of Tioga County, New York, last summer that New Deal Congressmen ought to ask leading manufacturers in their districts "how many men were employed in 1938 as compared with 1928." Mr. Barton picks his years carefully, business and employment being somewhat better in 1939 than a year ago. But even Tioga County Republicans must remember that the New Deal began in 1933; that it was not Mr. Roosevelt who was elected President in 1928, on the promise that a continuance of Republican policies would banish poverty forever from this land.

These are all responsible men, who weigh their words. Their creed—that "Business" lacks confidence, and it is all Roosevelt's fault—is held in cruder forms by great numbers, probably a majority, of business men, big and little. A more significant publication of the

National Association of Manufacturers than the above-mentioned committee's conclusions was the report issued in January of a "random survey" of three thousand stockholders—not mere economists, but men who have money; most of whom indeed admitted that they had some of that idle money which might put idle men to work. They are not investing their money because they do not think they could get enough profit. Why? Only eight per cent of them think industrial management could be improved; and if any had apprehensions of a more general character, they were not numerous enough to be mentioned. Three-quarters of them blamed their fears on high taxes, about as many mentioned governmental restrictions on business, and about five-eighths adduced labor troubles as another deterrent. They were asked how a better atmosphere for investment could be created. Of the numerous suggestions, some of the most popular were reduction of government spending, less government interference with business, a balanced budget; most popular of all was the summary of all these demands, a simple "change of Administration."

How far the answers of three thousand individuals can be taken as representing the opinion of the investing class may be open to question; but the answers given by overwhelming majorities within this group are the answers offered or implied by countless speeches, writings, advertisements originating in the same class; dissenting opinions are few and feeble. So it seems that if these gentlemen can only get the right kind of Administration—an Administration which would balance the budget, reduce both government expenditures and taxes, let business alone and put labor in its place—they will loosen up and put their money to work. Conversely, they will not put their money to work unless a Republican, or at least a Garner, is elected in 1940. Yet people who talk of a "strike of capital" are denounced as slanderers of American business.

III

No one would deny the plausibility of many of the demands listed by these leaders of Business. Some day the budget will have to be balanced; even if it cannot be balanced now, a gesture in that direction would make people feel more confident. (But when Mr. Roosevelt attempted such a gesture in the spring of 1937 recovery stopped dead.) There is something in the argument, even if it has been overworked, that high personal income taxes discourage venture money, pioneering capital; why should a man risk his money when he might lose, and the government will take most of his profit if he wins? (But in the present state of the world how many are the plausible prospects of the big profits that used to attract venture money?) Government can compete against private enterprise under such favorable conditions that private business has every reason to object to such competition. (But if Business exists, as it professes to exist, for Service, this boils down to the question of whether government or private enterprise, in any given situation, can best serve the public. Sometimes Business recognizes this; for instance, it seems willing enough to let the government take over the no longer profitable field of farm and home financing.) Business men may reasonably wish they could be sure what the government was going to do for a certain time ahead, so that plans could be made with no risk of sudden changes. (But in conditions like these what Administration can say positively what it will or will not have to do next year?)

This is to say that almost all these measures to which Business objects were attempts to meet specific and usually urgent problems. The attempts were often unsuccessful, many of the answers turned out to be wrong. But if Business wants to be restored to power it had better try to think up better answers instead of ignoring the existence of the questions. Such effort might help "confidence" too.

Your ordinary business man talks as if confidence is something that only Business can feel—or more often not feel—in the government, in general conditions. It seldom occurs to him that it is something that the public may feel (or not feel) in Business itself. Business is of course an ambiguous term; but people who use it with a capital letter usually mean the class of the public engaged in large-scale production and distribution—the Big Business which in a complex and interdependent society must function with fair success (unless we overhaul our entire system) if the rest of us are to do enough business to live on.

Business, in that sense, is the most timid and most sensitive of all creatures. It is constantly proclaiming its own lack of confidence in everything but itself, and expects that lack of confidence to be taken as final condemnation. But if anybody ventures to imply some lack of confidence in Business, Business is terribly hurt, and calls him a crackpot and a Communist. Yet how much confidence has Business earned that it should ask us to restore it to power next year through a subservient Administration? The Big Business men who dominated the country in the twenties may be unable to remember farther back than 1933, but some of us can recall 1929. An advertisement points out that so and so many billion dollars were invested in capital-goods industries in the twenties, that very little is being so invested now, and that investors blame government policies for the difference. Many of them do; but there must be some investors who put their money into capital-goods industries in the days when government was giving business every encouragement, and remember what became of it.

Experts and inexperts are still debating the reasons for the collapse of Coolidge prosperity. The overproduction theory is now in disfavor; yet it is a fact that business—in the sense of the volume of goods sold—began to decline some months before the collapse of stock prices. Many industries were produc-

ing more than they could sell, even with all the resources of high-pressure salesmanship and the installment plan; and they could not sell it because not enough people had enough money to buy with. (Ultimately that explains the slackening in capital-goods industries too.) Mr. Roosevelt has been trying to give more purchasing power to more people. Maybe his methods are inefficient, but the gentlemen who complain of that inefficiency might tell us how they expect to sell what they make in the next boom.

Mr. Garet Garrett lately remarked in the *Saturday Evening Post* that the farm problem is simply this: all the farm products we can use, plus all we can sell abroad, could be produced by two-thirds of the people now living on the farms. He thinks the surplus farm population might better move to town and go to work in the factories, because the demand for food is capable of little expansion except as the population expands; whereas "the demand for the products of industry is expansible without any end that we can see." End is a large word, but I can see two limitations on the demand for industrial products; people cannot be made to take much more than they want, and it is no good making them take much more than they can pay for. Most of us want more than we have now; how to pay for it is the problem. As production increases, purchasing power will of course increase too; but would it increase fast enough to keep up with production? It did not in 1929.

How does Business propose to keep it up next time? So far, only by repealing the wage-hour law, cutting the guts out of the Labor Relations Act, and thus keeping down purchasing power for everybody but the purchasers of steam yachts, sable coats, and private swimming pools.

The business man yells "Treason!" when anybody says that the nation, or the world, is entering on a period of static economy; yet it must be plain to anyone that many of the conditions that made the expanding economy of the

century before 1914 are gone. Notably the foreign market is likely to be worse rather than better in any discernible future. American prosperity in the decades just ahead of us must depend on more intensive and more intelligent exploitation of what we have got here at home. We have the material resources and the man power for an enormous expansion of our domestic economy, if only we have the brains to put them to work.

Extreme radicals say the thing cannot be done under the system of private enterprise, however modified and reformed. Mr. Roosevelt has been trying to prove that it can be done; and the men who own that system of private enterprise, who have the biggest stake in proving that it can be done, content themselves with saying that he is doing it wrong, and make no serious effort to find out how it could be done any better. All they offer, substantially, is the same old methods that failed in 1929. It may be useless to expect Business to consider the interests of the public, but it might show some intelligent awareness of its own.

Most business men seem to feel, however, that they need not be aware of anything so long as Roosevelt is in the White House. If they get what they want in 1940—not merely a Republican, but the right kind of Republican—the four years following are likely to bring them the most painful humiliation of their lives; and what they might get in 1944 would make them look back to the Roosevelt Administration as a vanished Golden Age. It was no Red agitator, but a Wall Street lawyer, who warned the National Electrical Manufacturers Association last winter that "if private business does not find a way to solve the economic cycle, political remedies more and more violent and unpalatable will fill the void."

IV

To the plain citizen the prospect looks pretty dark; but then comes the saving thought that whoever may be elected

President next year he will be a politician; and the most routine-minded politician knows some things that business men are apt to forget. He knows, for instance, that the poor vote too; and that it will be hard to persuade them to vote for a candidate who looks as if he represents solely or chiefly the interests of the rich. Landon, a very respectable figure originally, was sunk when the Pews and Hearsts moved in on him; and the next Republican nominee may profit by his example. If he is elected he will hesitate to carry out many of the present demands of Business; indeed, if we get a "business Administration," you will see plenty of business men back-tracking.

No doubt the wage-hour law would be repealed, the Labor Relations Act reduced to a mere false front; the current administrations in Wisconsin and Minnesota are rehearsals of what the conservatives would like to do. Relief will doubtless be revised too; but men who now seethe with rage at the idea of coddling free self-reliant Americans who resent paternalism (or supporting a lot of lazy bums who don't want to work), may suddenly discover that relief meets a specific need, and cannot be done away with until that need is met in some other way.

Surtaxes would be reduced, but if you talk of a sales tax to make up the lost revenue 435 Congressmen will suddenly remember that they are going to come up for reelection in 1942. So don't look for a balanced budget. It could be brought anywhere near balance only by enormous and ruthless slashing of government expenditures. Every business man is for that, in theory; but expenditures are specific, directly or indirectly some business man makes a profit out of every one of them; and he is not likely to demand slashing of the expenditures that benefit him. The chances are, then, that a Republican Administration would be (as a Landon Administration would have been) little more than a carbon copy of the New Deal.

Conservative politicians are like other politicians: they shout for economy, but

they did not hesitate to ally themselves with the Townsendites in the 1938 elections, or with the silver Senators this summer. To be sure there are a few stern patriots who do not truckle to expediency. Senator Vandenberg, admitting last spring that he would accept "responsibilities of a larger nature" if they were thrust upon him, talked of the need of "a pre-pledged one-term President, manifestly free of all incentive but the one job of saving America." Washington experts were not much impressed by this renunciation of a second term when he was still so far from a first one; and how he would save America is something that Mr. Vandenberg apparently wants to keep for a surprise. Even sterner was Senator Taft, who felt that any Republican elected in 1940 would have to be so "rigid in enforcing economies and necessary changes" that he might not be reelected in any case. Mr. Taft seems willing to take the risk, but the delegates to the next Republican national convention are not likely to nominate a man who warns the poor in advance that if he is elected they will get what is coming to them. (But that is not what Mr. Taft meant? Well, that is what Charlie Michelson might say he meant; and more people would believe Michelson than Taft.)

Many business men would of course prefer an outsider, a "practical man," to any politician; but presidential candidates are nominated by politicians, who try to pick somebody who can win.

This is not an attempt to prove that any conservative Administration must be a failure; it is only a notation of the fact that nobody has yet even sketched the outline of a program on which a conservative Administration could be a success. Possibly it could be done, but the men most interested in getting it done have not been thinking out how it could be done. They have contented themselves with the comforting reflection that all our troubles are the fault of that so-and-so in the White House.

They can't say that if they send a

Republican to the White House. A conservative victory would bring a lot of that idle money out of hiding, might even give us something that looked like a boom for a year or two; but there is little evidence that Business would know any more about what to do with a boom than it did in the later twenties. A conservative Democrat—a Garner, a Clark—might save its face for a while; it could be argued that while the fellow meant well, after all he was not a Republican. But a conservative Democrat seems a less likely prospect than some Republican who would not let his conservatism protrude too noticeably before election day. He might come in like Hoover; he would probably go out as Hoover went.

After the conservative victories in last fall's elections some of the New Dealers felt that they might as well let the Republicans have it next year; for then, after the foredoomed Republican failure, Roosevelt could come back triumphantly in 1944. But if the next Administration—*no matter whose*—is a failure, patience with half measures will be about exhausted. If the conservatives are in power to take the blame for that failure they will have to face somebody much tougher than Roosevelt in 1944. Who would he be? Nobody can guess now; if we are lucky, a La Follette or a La Guardia; more probably some rabble rouser, as yet unheard of. And then Business would have to decide whether it would swallow "political remedies more violent and unpalatable" or try to hold on to power by whatever means.

Fascism? Not then; too many business men have seen what was done to the business men of Germany by a party which their money helped bring to power. Norman Thomas, I think, has called the turn for 1944 if the four years preceding are years of failure, whether Republican or Democratic: "The first result of a continuance of unemployment and poverty is likely to be a rather old-fashioned reactionary movement. When that fails—and it will—the real Ameri-

can Fascist demagogue, whoever he may be, will have his chance."

Business would not like him at all; neither would anybody else. The Gilberts and Deatherages, testifying before the Dies committee last spring, were only an obscene joke; but men like that have come to power in other countries, countries that till lately were civilized.

V

All these calamities would be postponed, if not averted, by the reflection of Mr. Roosevelt; other calamities might not be. A third-term campaign would be one of unprecedented bitterness, with reason even more than usually subordinated to passion; and four more years of the New Deal is no appetizing prospect—unless we can get nothing better. I do not contemplate a third term with any great enthusiasm, but I am not a Big Business man; if I were I should want to keep my alibi till I had some ideas to take its place. Even as it is, if Roosevelt runs again I suppose I shall vote for him—by default.

Whether the people who feel that way will be numerous enough to reflect him, nobody knows. The elections of 1938 certainly indicated a swing to the right; yet various polls taken soon afterward showed that Mr. Roosevelt was more popular than his party or his policies, and that popularity seems to have been increasing ever since. Many people who have little faith in the things he is doing still have faith in him. Why? Perhaps because they know that even if he does not run the country very well, they can count on him not to run it solely or chiefly in the interest of Big Business.

Whether he chooses to run or not, the rich and well born could profitably reflect on that. His popularity may not tell much about him; but it tells a good deal about the former ruling class—the class which between 1921 and 1933 had unhampered opportunity to show what it could do, and showed it.



THE STRANGE NOISE OF DR. BELDOON

A STORY

BY MORRIS MARKEY

IT WAS just a little after five o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, April 27th, when Doctor Beldoon heard the noise for the first time. He had permitted Miss Burch to leave early so that she might enjoy a long week-end, and with his appointments for the day behind him, he was going over the account books. Business was not good. But then it could be much worse, as witness the gloomy affairs of several of his colleagues. If only three or four of those old bills were paid up . . .

Mr. James Evinrude Peters, for example. One year ago exactly, he had been whimpering for the salvation of his meager body, saying, "Spare no cost, Doctor. Expense means nothing at all." It had been a good operation too. But with Mr. Peters striding again among his devout employees, those fine words had slipped quite out of his mind. He had not paid a dime. He probably did not even open the monthly statement.

Dr. Beldoon's thoughts dwelt harshly upon Mr. Peters. Sitting there alone, he began to lose his temper. He got pen and paper and muttered to himself, "I'm going to tell that robber exactly what I think of him."

He dipped his pen and wrote, "Sir." And then he heard the noise. It was a low, hissing sound, just behind his right ear. Dr. Beldoon spun sharply round and cried, "What was that?" The room was empty. He got himself a glass of water and sat down again at his

desk. He wrote, "Apparently, it is necessary . . ." The noise came again, no louder, no more insistent, but precisely the same as before.

This time he did not jump. For some odd reason he had been expecting it. He got slowly to his feet and ran his handkerchief over his face and said, "I'm getting a little jittery. I'll go out and walk home and let this thing wait until to-morrow."

The next morning, in the absence of Miss Burch, he opened the mail himself. The third letter down contained a check for four hundred dollars, signed James Evinrude Peters. Dr. Beldoon laughed to himself and said, "Lucky coincidence, having that ringing in my ear last night. I should have lost a patient." He forgot all about it.

But before the month was out he had occasion to remember it well enough. For the noise came again. Mrs. Verna Cassidy was in his treatment room. She was an old patient, and a pleasant one, and he had accustomed himself to the humoring of the tendency she showed toward hypochondria. He always listened gravely to her symptoms and generally gave her something harmless in the way of a pill or an elixir. This time it was sore throat—the most dreadful sore throat that human ever suffered. He smiled to himself at the fluency of her complaints, even as she protested that she was hardly able to speak at all.

He made the customary examination,

saw that her throat was indeed rather inflamed, and spoke sympathetic words.

"Those tonsils acting up again," he told her. "I'll just give you a good gargle and ask you to rest quietly at home for a day or two."

Just behind his right ear there was a low, hissing sound. He glanced quickly at Mrs. Cassidy. "Did you hear anything?" he asked. She seemed bewildered. "Hear anything? Of course not. What should I hear?"

"It's nothing," he said. "But here—perhaps I had better take a culture of that throat after all." He proceeded with his swabs. The next morning the laboratory informed him that Mrs. Cassidy had diphtheria. It required all of his skill to save her life.

He worked over her so intently that he did not have time to think very much about the noise. But when her recovery was assured, and he could relax, the queer nature of the occurrence struck him with full force. His mind dwelt upon it, and he debated the wisdom of confiding in his wife. She was a sensible woman. She might have some perfectly simple explanation. But in the end he decided that there was nothing really except a pair of absurd coincidences, and he would sound foolish if he talked of them.

Nevertheless, he went to Dr. Lane and had his ears examined. Dr. Lane was a hearty man. He slapped Dr. Beldoon on the back and roared, "You're as sound as a two-year-old. Not a thing wrong with those ears, my boy."

Well he had known that. The noise was not, strictly speaking, in his ears at all. It was just behind his right ear, quite outside of his head. For some perverse reason he wanted to hear it again now: to listen carefully and analyze its quality objectively.

He heard it. He was operating on a child. It was a simple job. He reached toward the nurse's hand for an instrument and started to insert it into the incision he had already made. But before he could do so the low, hissing sound

came, immediately behind his ear. He thrust the instrument back into the nurse's hand and harshly demanded another one. "That was not sterilized," he said. The nurse made no answer.

There was no way for him to determine, later, whether his suspicions of the instrument were justified. But, beginning with that episode, he placed greater and greater dependence upon the noise. He began to accept its warnings without question. Consequently the noise came much more frequently. In diagnosis and treatment and operations he found himself listening carefully. And when the low, hissing sound spoke to him he immediately checked his course, whatever it might be, and cast about for a new approach.

Several times he experimented by deliberately doing something wrong to see whether the sound would come—such as prescribing quinine for simple indigestion. But on these occasions nothing happened at all.

After the first shock of astonishment, he began to feel elated over his unique possession. How fortunate, he thought, to be blessed with this remarkable insurance against error. He went about in fine humor, and all of his friends spoke to him of his glowing health, his obvious delight with the world. His wife was particularly pleased and joined him in seeking out gay amusements from one end of the city to the other. Once or twice, he thought, she glanced at him with a rather peculiar expression on her face. But the expression passed so quickly that he could not be sure, and he dismissed these incidents as idle fancies.

By the end of summer the low, hissing noise was as natural to Dr. Beldoon as the water he drank or the food he ate. And it was this very fact which opened up the final succession of events.

On a Thursday night, with the cook out, he and his wife were making up some bizarre concoction at the kitchen stove. (He was very fond of cooking.) In following the complex demands of the recipe he became slightly confused and

started to put the carrots in before the leeks. The warning came, in its usual way, and Dr. Beldoon said lightly, "Much obliged, son. I'm glad you were looking."

His wife, who was standing directly beside him, caught her breath. "Roy!" she said.

He looked at her, and there was no doubt now of the peculiar expression. "What is it, my dear?" he asked.

She seemed quite upset. "I don't like to be a killjoy," she said slowly. "You've been wonderful lately. But . . . I don't know how to put it . . . it isn't just exactly like you. You've been so . . . well, not unnaturally gay, but . . . strange isn't the word either . . . Please, Roy, what's the matter?"

He was a trifle confused. "Matter?" he said. "Why, nothing. Nothing at all. Of course I've been in good spirits. Probably because I've been having luck with my patients. Haven't lost a life since April."

It was three o'clock in the morning when he sat bolt upright in their darkened bedroom and heard his own words echo loudly in his head. "Lucky with my patients!"

That was it. Luck. Not his own skill. The luck of that damned hissing sound. And what did he know about the hissing sound anyway? It might be toying with him, building him up for some horrible catastrophe. Getting his complete confidence, just to ruin him—to make him murder, yes, actually murder one of his patients. Why, the thing might turn against him any moment!

He did not sleep again that night. Wild and cruel imaginings swept through his mind. He tossed, making up his mind a thousand times over that he would never heed the noise again, no matter what the consequences. He was up early and left the house without seeing his wife.

All through a heavy day of work he kept waiting for the noise so that he might defy it. But it did not come. Nor did it come the next day or the next.

Then, late on Saturday, one of his oldest and dearest friends was hurt in a dreadful automobile accident. He was called to the hospital where the friend lay, and listened to the friend's wife, begging for the performance of a miracle.

The right leg was severely crushed. If this had been the clinic, he would have amputated without a second thought. But this was Frank, his friend, and it seemed horrible to make of Frank a cripple for the rest of his life. If surgery had great resources, this was the time of all times to call them up. He dismissed the idea of amputation and bent over to put the broken bones back into their proper place.

Just behind his right ear there was a low, hissing sound.

It was all he could do to keep from crying out in anguish. Clear as a flame before his eyes there gleamed his determination to ignore the noise whenever it should speak again. He went furiously to work. But at intervals of perhaps one minute, the noise repeated itself—never urgent nor plaintive, but changeless and sure.

His nurses did not know how close he had come to a hysterical outburst when, in a low, tight voice, he said, "Prepare to amputate."

From that day on the life of Dr. Beldoon turned into a dark and bitter dream. The change that came over him was indeed remarkable. His face grew drawn and expressionless, except for the eyes which were eternally darting about. He spoke rarely, even to his wife, and sleep was almost impossible. He lost weight to an alarming extent.

Naturally, his wife and his friends tried to talk to him. But there was only frustration to reward them, because he seemed hardly to hear them at all. When he answered, it was to say in a vacant sort of way, "Oh, yes. Yes. You are certainly right." A few of his acquaintances concluded that the stress of the times had driven him to the use of drugs. But this of course was not true.

It was past midnight of November 12-13th that the solution of his difficulties came to him as suddenly and simply as a summer rain. He would destroy the noise. Why, in the name of Heaven, had he not thought of that before? He almost chuckled at his own stupidity. He knew exactly where the noise was hiding. Immediately behind his right ear. And destroying it would be so ridiculously easy too.

He went into his library, moving quietly so that he would not wake his wife, and found his pistol in the drawer

where it was always kept. He examined its load. Then he listened.

There was no noise this time. He laughed quite loudly and cried in a jeering way, "Ha! You're quiet this time, are you? Afraid to let me know where you are, eh?"

A light of triumph, mixed with an intense amusement, was in his eyes as he aimed carefully at the spot where the noise was hiding and pulled the trigger. When his wife came rushing into the room a smile of great contentment was on his still lips.

LOST WORLD

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

THREE times through this thicket of thorns, this baffling
Tangle of dripping briars, this malign net
Of fog and lashing boughs; over fallen timber
And icy ledges, three times, seeking a trail,
I have torn, bleeding, my way, and returned whence I came.
Against this trunk, rising from earth into nothingness,
I have beaten red my despair. The exhausted flesh
Sprawls among rocks and snakes and seems already
Detached from the thing that is I, sinking back into earth.

Somewhere there is a River, deep and full.
I must be still, be still, and fold my hands,
Quiet the hammers and the drums, the confusion
Of words bubbling, the brew of meaningless words;
And force each fear, each hooded fear to stand, stirring
No shadowy fold, that, haply I may hear
The River that will tell me where I am.



HOW THE WRIGHT BROTHERS BEGAN

BY FRED C. KELLY

IN RECENT years we have heard much about the importance of the profit motive as a spur to human achievement. More than once I have listened to men, in Pullman cars and elsewhere, discussing the work of inventors as a good example of the fortunate relationship between desire for profit and scientific progress.

Once, in a smoking compartment, I ventured to ask a man who had been explaining inventors:

"Don't people sometimes become curious about a problem and work to see what they can find out?"

The man replied: "Say, you don't think they would work long just for their health, do you? Take the Wright brothers. How long would they have kept on pouring money into their experiments and risking their lives trying to fly if they hadn't expected to get rich at it? It's the chance for profit that keeps things going."

Most of the other passengers in the compartment nodded approval.

Not long after that I was in Dayton, Ohio, and inquired of my friend, Orville Wright:

"Do you think the expectation of making money is the main incentive to inventors?"

He reflected for a moment before replying: "I hardly think so. I doubt if Alexander Graham Bell expected to make much out of the telephone. It seems unlikely that Edison started out with the idea of making money. Certainly Steinmetz had little interest in financial

reward. All he asked of life was the opportunity to spend as much time as possible in the laboratory working at problems that interested him."

"And the Wright brothers?"

Orville Wright chuckled. "If we had been interested in invention with the idea of profit," he said, "we most assuredly would have tried something in which the chances for success were brighter. You see, we did not expect in the beginning to go beyond gliding. Even later we didn't suppose the aeroplane could ever be practical outside the realm of sport. It was the sport of the thing that appealed to Will and me. The question was not of money *from* flying but how we could get money enough to keep on entertaining ourselves with it. It was something to spend money *on*, just as a man spends for golf, if that interests him, with no idea of making it pay."

"You didn't foresee commercial planes or transcontinental and trans-Atlantic flights?"

"No; and in our wildest dreams, even after we had flown, we never imagined it would ever be possible to fly or make landings at night."

"Still," I suggested, "it seems strange that you didn't have more of a profit motive, inasmuch as you had been in business as a means of making a living and obliged to make the business pay. Didn't you go into the printing business as a youngster to make money?"

The inventor smilingly shook his head: "I got interested in printing," he said,

"after my curiosity had been aroused by some woodcuts I saw in the *Century* magazine, and I tried to make some tools for carving wood blocks. The first tool was made from the spring of an old pocket-knife. Gradually I became more and more interested in printing—but making it pay its way came as an afterthought."

Yes, the truth is that, from earliest years, Orville Wright, as well as his brother Wilbur, have always been motivated by what Thorstein Veblen called the "instinct of workmanship." Their father, the Rev. Dr. Milton Wright, used to encourage them in this and never chided them for spending on their hobbies what little money they might have. But he did urge them to try to earn enough to meet the costs of whatever projects they were carrying on. "All the money anyone needs," he used to say, "is just enough to prevent one from being a burden on others." Hence the Wright brothers tried to earn their own spending money. But they never became interested in a hobby because it might be profitable.

Most of Orville Wright's childhood recollections have to do with mechanical devices of one kind or another. One of the high spots of his early years was the day he attained the age of five, because he received for a birthday gift a gyroscopic top that would spin while resting on the edge of a knife-blade or on a piece of string held taut. Shortly after that fifth birthday began an association which had an influence on his life for a number of years. His mother started him to kindergarten. The school was within a short walking distance of the Wright home and Orville set out after breakfast each morning with just enough time to reach the classroom without loitering on the way. His mother bade him return home promptly after the class was dismissed and he always arrived punctually at the time expected. When asked how he was getting along, he cheerfully said all was going well, but did not offer any details. At the end of a month

his mother went to visit the kindergarten to learn just how little Orvie was doing.

"I hope the child has been behaving himself," said the mother to the teacher.

The teacher stared at her in astonishment. "Why," said she, "you know, since the first few days I haven't *seen* him. I supposed you had decided to keep him at home."

Naturally there was an investigation. It turned out that Orville had almost immediately lost interest in the kindergarten and had regularly gone instead to a house two doors from his own where lived a playmate, Edwin Henry Sines. With an eye on the clock to adjust himself to the kindergarten hours, he had stayed there and played with young Sines until about a minute before he was due at home. Orville's father and mother were not too severe when this little irregularity was discovered because the boys had not been engaged in any mischief. On the contrary, they had been doing things that might properly be called "constructive." They invented new games and made little devices of wood with such crude carpenter tools as they could find about the house. One thing that fascinated them was an old sewing-machine. They "oiled" it by dropping water from a feather into the oil-holes, and had a belt of cotton cord from the main wheel to operate other "machinery" consisting largely of spools. The boys might have invented something important—to them at least—but their intimate association was interrupted after a short time because Orville's father, a bishop of the United Brethren church, was shifted to Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Later the Wright family moved from Cedar Rapids to Richmond, Indiana.

While in Richmond, Orville rigged up a small wood-lathe. Encouraged by his brother Wilbur, four years older, who offered to help him, he then built a much bigger lathe, seven or eight feet long. Neighbor boys seemed only too glad to come and work the foot-treadle that provided the motive power, and the lathe was considered a success. But Wilbur

thought it needed improving. He had noticed that bicycles were being equipped for the first time with ball-bearings to give easy-running quality and he decided that the lathe should have ball-bearings. Orville and he looked about the barn for material that could be adapted and took some metal rings from an old set of harness. On the inner side of two rings tightly held side by side would be a track for several small marbles, and within the circle of marbles would rest the shaft of the lathe. What could be simpler? Several boys came as aides and spectators to the upper floor of the barn where the lathe was set up, and awaited eagerly the final tinkering before the ball-bearing improvement could be demonstrated. When the lathe got to going there was a terrible noise, and after a time it seemed as if the whole barn was beginning to sway and shake. It was evident that the marbles in the bearing had not been strong enough to stand the strain and had broken to bits, which partly accounted for the noise. But why should the barn itself be so agitated? Orville went downstairs to find out if there could be any other cause.

When he reached the outside he saw his sister held against the side of the barn by an invisible force, unable to move. A small cyclone was taking place! All the boys upstairs had been too much absorbed in watching the lathe and its new ball-bearings to take notice of such minor phenomena as weather.

II

After an absence of seven years the Wrights returned to Dayton, and Orville resumed his friendship with young Sines. It was along about this time too that he was interested, as already mentioned, in making crude woodcuts—which he learned how to do from reading an article in *Harper's Young People*. He printed his first woodcuts on a press his father had for copying letters. To-day the old-fashioned letter-press is seldom seen. It consisted of two horizontal metal plates

that could be forced close together by turning a little wheel at the top of a threaded rod. One's letter was moistened and placed next to a thin tissue sheet in a record book which went between the plates of the press. Under pressure, a copy of the letter was transferred to the tissue. Such a press was a handy device for a boy to play with. But Orville Wright soon wished for a press on which he could set type and print titles or comments to go with his woodcuts.

Ed Sines had got hold of a small press, capable of printing only one line at a time, and they knew a boy whose father, employed in a Dayton newspaper office, was able to obtain for them a lot of pied type that had been thrown into the hell-box. Then they got a slightly larger press from a boy who was willing to trade it for a complete file, covering more than a year, of a magazine called *Golden Days*. This magazine contained serial stories so exciting that many parents did not approve of it, and back numbers had a way of disappearing; hence it was not surprising that a file of it could be swapped for an article of seemingly greater value. The boys found it was more fun if they printed something of practical use, such as business cards. Their first job of that kind read: EDWIN HENRY SINES, Lawns Mowed. That gave them the idea of going into the job-printing business, and they formed the partnership of Sines & Wright. They took orders for calling cards from various boys, some of whom paid them as much as fifteen cents. Once they received from a neighbor an order that, if well executed, would pay them nearly a dollar, and they began to think of still bigger jobs. But they were somewhat handicapped by the fact that their type did not include quite all the letters of the alphabet; and their press was too small.

Orville's elder brothers, Lorin and Reuchlin, owned a boat they no longer used, and they heard of a boy who would trade a good-sized printing-press for the boat. Their father suggested that if

they would make the trade and donate the press to Orville, he would buy for Orville twenty-five dollars' worth of brevier type.

Thus equipped, Sines & Wright could handle bigger jobs and they got occasional orders from neighborhood stores. All went smoothly until one day they got an order from a man who wished to pay for his printing not in money but in popcorn. He had a lot of popcorn on the cob and assured them it was worth more than the two dollars the printing would have cost.

They accepted the popcorn—which, it turned out, was indeed worth two dollars—and Orville Wright saw greater opportunities opening before them. With a liquid capital of two dollars they could buy more type, do a greater variety of printing, and hence have more fun. But Ed Sines thought there was such a thing as over-extension of plant. Why not simply divide their popcorn and *eat* it? The two boys were so far apart in their convictions that there was only one thing to do—one must buy out the other and they would dissolve the partnership. Inasmuch as Orville Wright already owned the press they were using and most of the type, it was logical that he should be the buyer, and by paying his share of the popcorn he was able to take over his partner's interest without much cash outlay. Thenceforth when they worked together, as from time to time they continued to do, Ed Sines was no longer co-proprietor but a salaried employee.

Before long Orville decided that the printing business was too much fun to be confined to job work, and he was determined to get out a little neighborhood paper. But that would require a bigger press. To buy it was out of the question. He knew of only one way to get such a press and that was to make it himself. This he proceeded to do. In the back yard was a pile of fire-wood, cut in four-foot lengths, and from these he made the framework and some of the working parts of a press with a flat bed large enough to print a five-column

paper. From nearby junk yards he got various cogs and odds and ends of iron or steel that could be used. A difficult problem was to find a means of forcing the type against the printing surface, always with the same pressure, just enough and not too much. Orville searched the Wright barn and tool-shed for something that could be used, but without success until his eye happened to alight on the old family buggy, no longer in use. The buggy had a folding top, held firmly in place, when raised, by steel bars hinged in the middle. They were designed to force the top just so far and no farther. Exactly what he needed!

Wilbur Wright, observing his sixteen-year-old brother at a tough job, once again offered his aid. Some of the suggestions he made for moving parts of that press were peculiar in that they seemed to violate all mechanical rules and could not possibly be expected to work. Yet they did. Some months later a well-dressed stranger entered the little rented shop where Orville was feeding paper into the press, and asked if he might look at that "home-made printing outfit." He had seen an item about it that a Dayton correspondent had written for out-of-town newspapers. What at once astonished Orville and two or three boys in the shop was that the visitor, with complete disregard of his good clothes, lay right down flat on his back on the floor to watch the press in operation. After he had observed it for several minutes, he got up, brushed himself off, and remarked: "It works all right, but I still don't understand *why* it works." Before leaving he laid his card on a table. He was the foreman of the mechanical department of a newspaper in Denver.

Soon after he had made his new press, Orville Wright printed a little five-column newspaper which he called the *West Side News*. All copies of a small edition were distributed free. It seemed to arouse enough interest to justify another issue a week later. For this

second issue Ed Sines hustled about and obtained a number of advertising orders, and other boys went after paid subscriptions on commission. That issue more than paid its way and the weekly *West Side News* became a regular enterprise. Orville Wright, though having the title of editor, was not interested in writing. (To this day he dislikes writing even brief letters, so much so that his close friends consider it an event to receive a note from him.) Various other lads offered their services in preparing news items and articles. From time to time Wilbur Wright helped to fill space by writing humorous essays. He had been hit in the face with a hockey-club while skating and was for a few months confined to the house, physically inactive. The common impression is that the Wright brothers were in the publishing business together, but Wilbur's part did not go beyond the assistance he had given in building the press and his literary contributions. Another contributor was a young Negro lad, still in high school, Paul Laurence Dunbar, whose poetry later made him famous.

Considering that Orville Wright was only seventeen when the paper was launched, the business was a success. It did not bring the proprietor a fortune, nor was that the purpose of it, but it gave him spending money he needed—and he used part of that for mechanical experiments in other directions. During this period Orville made a crude calculating machine—some time before any such device was on the market, but he didn't bother to have it patented—and he also worked on an improvement over any existing typewriter. He and a neighbor boy rigged up a telegraph line between their homes and for years afterward Wilbur Wright always referred to it as the "first wireless telegraph," because the boys used to shout the messages back and forth to confirm those that they clicked out on the instruments.

At the end of eighteen months of publishing—and having now completed his course in high school—Orville decided to

convert the *West Side News* into a daily, called *The Evening Item*. The daily continued for three months and, though not profitable, at least did not show any financial loss. But it might have become a burden, for at that time the perfecting-press was coming into use and Dayton newspapers were issuing big, thick editions that proved to be increasingly keen competition for a neighborhood sheet. Hence the paper was suspended. But the job-printing business went along for another year or two.

While still operating his printing-shop, Orville Wright got interested in another form of sport—bicycling. His first bicycle was an old high-wheel for which he paid three dollars. (Most of his modest earnings went for material to use in various experiments he was constantly carrying on; so he borrowed the three dollars from Wilbur.) A new type of bicycle with wheels about the same size, and called a "safety," was beginning to be popular and, before long, Orville abandoned his high-wheel in favor of a "safety," with pneumatic tires. Wilbur got one at about the same time. Orville promptly became interested in track-racing. His brother, though a great athlete—a wonderful fancy skater and the best performer in Dayton on a horizontal bar—never went in for racing; but Orville began to enter his name in various track events and to meet the famous racers of the day—Arthur A. Zimmerman, the New Jersey wonder boy who was in a class by himself; Fred J. Titus, John S. Johnson, and, of course, another Dayton racer, Earl S. Kiser.

Whether racing or merely taking long rides, there was need for trying to improve the efficiency of the machine itself and the mechanically-minded Wrights were soon tinkering with their bikes, trying new gear ratios, different types of bearings, various kinds and weights of tires. Before long they knew more about bicycles than anyone in Dayton. Bicycle repair-shops were almost nonexistent. About the only place to go for repairs was to a blacksmith or ma-

chine-shop where the workmen had little specialized knowledge of bicycles, or interest in them, and in a short time the brothers were actually compelled to open a little repair-shop—a predecessor of the shop now on exhibition at Henry Ford's Greenfield village museum at Dearborn, Michigan. Thus once again what had been taken up as a hobby or sport became a business. (Incidentally, the homemade press on which Orville had printed his newspaper was stored for a long time in the basement of their first bicycle repair-shop and when they moved to other quarters they did not take it along. It did not seem to them worth moving. Later when they went to look for it, it was gone. Valuable as it would be to-day, as a relic, no one seems to know what became of it.)

Along with their repair business the Wrights took an agency for one or two makes of bicycles. From time to time they installed what seemed to them improvements on the new "wheels" they handled and a little later the logic of events forced them to buy parts and assemble a few bicycles containing *all* the Wright features. These sold readily and there was a sharp demand for more. Before they were through with the business, they had put out under their own brand nearly one thousand bicycles—first the Van Cleve, and then the Wright Special. A number of those old bikes are still in running order. Any owner of a Van Cleve or a Wright Special to-day, regardless of its state of repair, can probably get more for it than it cost when new. Several specimens were bought for the Ford museum at more than their original cost, but now the asking price has soared much higher than Mr. Ford considers reasonable. A number of the bicycles have been offered in exchange for new Ford cars but one owner insisted that he should have not a Ford but a Lincoln!

Throughout the time they were repairing, selling and building bicycles, the Wrights continued to make various experiments, just for the hell of it.

They made what was doubtless the first pair of "balloon" tires ever installed on a vehicle. It was necessary to build a special "front fork" and widen the frame at the rear to make room for the over-sized pneumatics. The canvas covering on these experimental tires was not too durable and by no means puncture-proof, but the Wrights foresaw that sooner or later bigger and more resilient tires would come into use.

Occasionally the brothers took in trade an old high-wheel. They had two of these, about the same size, that they couldn't sell for much, and the only way to get much benefit from them was to use them in a new way for sport. Why not, they asked themselves, convert them into a tandem? No one had ever heard of two high-wheels operated as a unit, and though riding such an outfit might be dangerous, it would also be exciting. The Wrights soon discovered that the steel rod connecting the two wheels would need a swivel attachment or else it would promptly twist and break. Moreover they found that the man on the rear seat had to learn bicycle riding all over. On turning a corner he had to use a special technic that no bicyclist had ever needed before—a little like the man steering the rear of a long fire-truck. It looked fairly easy and several of their friends tried the rear seat, but only one boy, besides the Wrights, ever succeeded in staying mounted. Indeed, that tandem was perilous enough unless one of the Wrights was also on the less hazardous front seat.

III

A few mishaps with the tandem may or may not have set the Wrights to thinking they should play with something less dangerous. At any rate, they now took up another project that appealed to them for its sporting possibilities—the building of a gliding-machine. This had been in their minds for many years. Back in 1878, when Orville was seven years old and Wilbur eleven, their father had brought home a toy flying-

machine invented by a Frenchman, Penaud. That toy had set off a spark of enthusiasm about the mysteries of aeronautics and, though they had done nothing more than talk about it, the idea of gliding or flying had never left them.

Before they got round to doing anything about gliding, Orville was taken ill with typhoid fever—the same disease that a few years later caused Wilbur's death—and during the convalescence period Wilbur would read aloud to him. Always an omnivorous reader, Wilbur had come upon some reports of the efforts of Lilienthal, in Germany, to build a man-carrying glider. Now that they had a machine-shop, perhaps they too could make a gliding-machine.

They began to read all available scientific literature relating to aeronautics. The best book they could find on the subject was a fairly recent one, *Progress In Flying-Machines*, published in 1894. Its author, Octave Chanute, born in France in 1832, had grown up in the United States and gained a reputation as an engineer. Besides serving as civil engineer for certain western railways, he had built the Kansas City bridge and the Chicago stock-yards. For years he had been keenly interested in aeronautics and late in life wrote his history of attempts to fly. In preparing *Progress In Flying-Machines* he became the best authority on the bibliography of aeronautics. The Wrights wrote to him for information beyond that contained in his book, and he proved to be so willing to help, in a fatherly way, that the correspondence led to meetings and a strong friendship with him that lasted until his death. Indeed, except for the encouragement and proddings of Chanute, it is doubtful if the Wrights would have conquered the air.

Chanute supplied the Wrights with tables of figures, then supposed to be accurate, regarding air pressure against airplane surfaces. Using these figures, the Wrights built a gliding-machine that they tried out on the North Carolina coast in 1901. If the figures had been

dependable they could have known in advance just what the plane might be expected to do. But there was such a wide discrepancy between performance indicated on paper and in practice that they lost faith in all tables of figures then available.

Not long after those first gliding experiments of 1901, Chanute, then president of the Western Society of Engineers, invited Wilbur Wright to appear before the society at its annual meeting in Chicago and talk about his impressions of the possibilities in aeronautics. In this speech Wilbur Wright frankly stated that the best sets of figures obtainable regarding air pressure against airplane surfaces appeared to be totally wrong.

On their return to Dayton, the Wrights, knowing that Wilbur's speech would be published, became somewhat alarmed over taking the responsibility of denouncing the work of eminent scientists, dignified by preservation in large, thick volumes. Being scientific-minded, the Wrights felt it would be presumptuous to brand supposedly established facts as untrue unless unassailably certain of their ground.

They decided to omit from the published record of the speech nearly all criticism of available figures. They would wait until their own experiments could settle the question beyond all doubt. Hence Wilbur Wright's Chicago speech, as it appeared in an engineering journal, was a bit less startling than the one he had actually delivered—though even after the deletions it was of great importance and probably has been reprinted and quoted more times than any other article ever written on the subject of flying.

The brothers set to work to obtain figures that *could* be relied upon. They rigged up in their shop a little wind-tunnel and introduced into it currents of air from fans. By this means they tested the force of these air currents against the plane and cambered surfaces of various proportions and at almost

every conceivable angle. The books told them that no more power was needed to support a square plane in the air than an oblong plane; but the Wrights discovered that the longer the plane surface in proportion to its width, the more easily could it be supported. (Theoretically it would be desirable to-day to have airplane wings many times as long as their width, but the difficulty would be to give enough strength to them without adding too much weight. Hence most wings on airplanes to-day are only about six times as long as wide.) Their air-tunnel experiments proved to the Wrights' satisfaction also that a curved surface was better for their purpose than a flat surface. Moreover, they ascertained just *how much* of a curve was needed.

After their experiments had convinced the Wrights that they must disregard published figures relating to air currents against airplane surfaces, both they and Chanute agreed that they must compile tables of their own.

Except for their findings with the air-tunnel, it is unlikely that the Wrights would ever have flown—and they would not have conducted the experiments except for the chance of Wilbur having been asked by Chanute to address that engineering society in Chicago. It was their efforts to verify by experiment the statements Wilbur had made that turned the tide. Thus the Chicago speech was an epochal point in the history of flying.

However, the Wrights still might not have flown if Chanute had not once again, a few months later, exerted chance influence. Their experiments naturally took much time and, for their modest means, not a little money. Since there was no expectation of ever getting the money back, they began to wonder if they weren't permitting a hobby to become too much of a luxury. Wilbur was inclined to drop their researches. Orville thought they should continue a little longer, but, if Wilbur had quit, Orville would hardly have gone ahead alone. Just at that time a letter came from Chanute. He urged them

not to cease their experiments, because, he reminded them, they already had valuable knowledge of aeronautics far beyond that possessed by anyone else in the world. To go on was almost a duty. That letter was the straw that weighted their decision in favor of going ahead. Without it, flying might have been postponed many years.

Having decided to continue their experiments, the Wrights had a double reason for making sure of their figures. With little money to spend on a hobby, it was much cheaper to work on paper than with actual mechanical material. So careful were they about verifying their data that when they built anything they were reasonably certain it was scientifically correct. The result of this insistence on doing everything possible on paper was that, up to the day when they actually flew, their total outlay of money was a trifle less than two thousand dollars. Even at the present time, it is doubtful if the full value and difficulties of the Wrights' scientific researches are appreciated. The world knows they were the first to build a machine capable of sustained flight and the first actually to fly; but it doesn't know of the grueling mathematical work they had to do on paper before flight was possible.

After establishing certain facts about air pressure on airplane surfaces, the brothers turned their attention to propellers. They had not at first given much concern to propellers because they assumed that all necessary data would be easily obtainable from companies manufacturing motor boats. Surely such companies would have the facts with all possible accuracy and the angle of a propeller most suitable for speed or greatest efficiency in water would also be best in the air. But to their surprise they discovered that the boat-building companies, the very ones that might be expected to have the most information about propellers, knew almost nothing about them—or, at any rate, their knowledge was shockingly inexact. The boat-builders had simply

tried propellers of different shapes until they got something that would answer a given purpose, but they couldn't design a propeller on paper and tell what its performance would be on a certain type of boat.

Hence it became necessary for the Wrights to experiment with propellers just as they had done with plane surfaces. While working on this phase of their problem they made it a practice to change sides from time to time on a puzzling question. During a discussion Wilbur would appear to favor one idea and Orville would pick flaws in the argument. A day later Orville might shift to a point of view exactly opposite to the one he had previously defended and Wilbur would offer every possible objection.

IV

The common impression is that flying would not have been possible much sooner than it was for the reason that no suitable internal combustion engine was to be had. But the motor was the least of the Wrights' worries. For several years before their first flight there were motors on the market that might have met their needs. Naturally, they had to give much thought to how the motor should be mounted on the plane, but they built their own partly because they couldn't spare the money to buy one. The fact is, says Orville Wright to-day, once the plane itself was properly constructed, it would have been possible to make short flights with power provided by a *steam engine*.

Naturally, a glider had to precede a power-driven plane. When the Wrights tested their gliding-machine at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1902, and found their figures dependable, they knew that a flying-machine driven by its own power was a possibility. Indeed, it was more than that. Their figures now showed it to be well nigh a certainty!

When they set out for Kitty Hawk with their motor-driven plane the following year, they were so certain of success

that they got scant thrill from having the plane come up to expectations and make the first sustained flight the world had ever known. They *knew* they were going to fly. "The biggest thrill, I think," Orville Wright once told me, "was lying in bed thinking how interesting it finally would be."

On the December day when they first attempted motor-driven flight, the brothers tossed a coin to determine which of them should be the first man ever to fly. Wilbur won the toss. It was a cold day with a slight wind and he did not get off the ground quite right. He climbed a few feet and came down about 100 feet away after being up just two and one-half seconds. This didn't count as a flight. Three days later, on the now historic December 17th, Orville took his turn. The machine started so slowly that Wilbur could run alongside of it for the first few yards. That flight lasted twelve seconds. They made three more flights that day, despite icy winds. The last, by Wilbur, lasted fifty-nine seconds and covered 852 feet. Then the wind upset and damaged the plane. But the dream of centuries had been accomplished.

The impression persists that the Wrights were secretive about their preparations at Kitty Hawk that day. But the truth is that, being sure of what they were about to accomplish, they desired witnesses and invited various natives of the locality to be on hand. Most of those invited just laughed and went on about their usual tasks. Only about half a dozen were present. One of these was a business man who had come to Kitty Hawk to see about buying some salvage from a wreck off the coast. He was patronizing toward the Wrights.

"What have you got there—a flying-machine?" he asked, in a tone as if talking to someone not quite bright.

"Yes," one of the brothers admitted.

"I think it'll go," said the visitor, with a wink at bystanders; "that is, it'll go if the conditions are right—if we get a hundred-mile-an-hour gale."

As soon as possible after their successful trials the brothers went to a government weather bureau station not far away, near a little place called Kill Devil, and at 5:25 p.m. sent a telegram to their father in Dayton. It read as follows: Success four flights Thursday morning all against twenty-one mile wind started from level with engine power alone average speed through air thirty-one miles longest 59 seconds inform press home Christmas. Orville Wright.

The operator at the weather station sent the message via Norfolk, Virginia. By the time it reached Dayton the figure 59 had become 57 and Orville's name was spelled "Orevelle."

The Rev. Dr. Wright noticed the misspelling of Orville's name but it seems doubtful if he then appreciated the full significance of the message. As requested, he sent word about the flight to the Dayton newspapers. His son Lorin carried the telegram first to the office of the Dayton *Journal* where one of the editors was also local representative of the Associated Press. Was the AP man overwhelmed by the importance of the "scoop"? No. He suppressed a yawn of boredom as he commented: "Fifty-seven seconds, hey? If it had been fifty-seven minutes then it might have been a news item."

Inasmuch as that AP man knew the event was not important enough to be a "story" for the papers, nothing whatsoever appeared about it in the Dayton *Journal* the next morning. Not long ago I took the trouble to find a copy of the *Journal* for December 18, 1903, at the Dayton Public Library, to learn just what the editor did consider important for that issue. First-page news that day included items about: a routine weekly meeting of the local united trades and labor council; a colored man named Charles Brown who admitted pocket-book thefts; a janitor at the Dayton post-office suspected of mail thefts; the pardoning of a robber from Joliet prison, in Illinois. On the page opposite the editorial page, the biggest, blackest

headline was as follows: Stores Are Filled with Christmas Shoppers.

The two afternoon papers on that December 18th did, however, print accounts of the receipt of that telegram by the Reverend Dr. Wright. But they did not indicate that the conquering of the air by man was anything to grow excited about.

Six or seven other newspapers in the country, including the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, printed a fantastic story sent out by a reporter at Norfolk, Virginia, who had heard rumors and telephoned to the nearest weather station—the same station where Orville Wright had sent his telegram. The operator there told him: "I'm not at liberty to disclose *how* I know, or to give you any details, but I do know that there was a successful flight."

With no information beyond that, the reporter, rarely gifted, sat down and banged out a column and a half, crammed with details. He told of how after the first flight by Wilbur, Orville went running up and down the field excitedly waving his hands and screaming "Eureka!" At the time of a later flight at Kitty Hawk, that reporter met Orville Wright and asked him how he liked the account.

"A most amazing piece of work," Orville good-naturedly replied. "Everything in it was wrong with one exception. There *had* been a flight."

Long after that first flight Dayton newspapermen wondered why they were receiving dispatches from Paris, in the press services, about the achievement of the Wright brothers. Hadn't Santos Dumont navigated by air across the English Channel long before the Wrights ever flew? Why then all the shouting? Lacking scientific knowledge, they failed to distinguish between a flying-machine—heavier-than-air—and an airship consisting of a gas-bag equipped with a propeller.

Several months after the Wrights had flown, an American member of the Aero Club of France cabled to a friend in

Mansfield, Ohio, requesting him to go to Dayton "and investigate the claims of the Wright brothers." Though living in the same State and less than one hundred and fifty miles from Dayton, the Mansfield man had never heard of the flights and thought the reference to "claims" must be about some kind of financial claims against his friend in France.

The failure of most newspapers to say much about the first flights was often used as an argument to prove there couldn't be any truth in the stories that men had actually made a successful flying-machine. "You couldn't keep a thing like that *secret*. Some reporter surely would have *heard* about it!"

Even when the Wrights made their first circular flights at Dayton, in 1904, it was said that a reporter for a New York paper would have been discharged for sending in so nonsensical a tale if there had not been photographs to confirm his statements.

Having flown, the Wrights still did not know they had done anything from which they would gain a fortune. They accepted what unexpectedly fell into their laps, but to this day Orville Wright is not sure it's quite decent to live on income from interest-bearing paper.

Still of simple tastes, less interested in benefiting from what he finds than in the fun of finding it, he continues to be an inventor—just to satisfy his intellectual curiosity and his "instinct of workmanship." All over his home are little devices that he has made to satisfy a need and that he has never bothered to have patented. His phonograph is equipped with a crude but simple mechanism for automatically changing the records, and he made this long before any such contrivance was on the market. "To have had it patented would have taken time it was more interesting to devote to something else." At his summer camp in Georgian Bay nearly everything about the place is "some crazy contrivance" as the inventor laughingly confesses—trick windows, doors that open by peculiar mechanism, and even movable roofs.

When the Wrights were at Kitty Hawk it was not possible to have fresh supplies of foodstuffs brought to their isolated shack. If the brothers wanted fresh bread or biscuits they had to bake their own. Orville promptly learned to make biscuits and, in fact, he became a good all-round cook. He invented a toaster that might have been the forerunner of the modern electric toaster. Now and then he likes to go into the kitchen and prepare a meal with his own hands.

His days, when he is in Dayton, are spent at his laboratory where he devotes himself to whatever line of research happens to strike his fancy. Not so long ago he designed for his brother Lorin who, with his sons, is in the toy business, a line of mechanical toys that are amazing for their simplicity as well as for their ingenuity. One of these is an airplane that after a short flight descends slowly with a parachute attachment. Another is a little contraption that catapults a doll, designed as a woman trapeze artist, from a cannon. "She" turns a double somersault and then catches "her" hands on a wire two or three feet away. So accurately is the propelling mechanism contrived that the doll never fails to connect with the wire. Besides inventing the toys, Orville Wright also designed a special machine for making them economically.

Of course, this inventor continues to be a student. Some years ago he learned French and German, not with any intention of speaking the languages, but to read a greater variety of scientific journals and books. When reading at home he usually sits in a certain chair from which he has sawed off part of the rear legs to give it a more comfortable tilt than he could find in any chair ready made. He knows exactly what reading position means the least strain on the eyes. His horn-rimmed reading-glasses, by the way, are of his own special design with a frame requiring a loop over only one ear. Not all his reading is scientific. He keeps close tab on domestic and foreign affairs.

I once said to him: "Even though what you accomplished was without the idea of making money, the fact remains that the Wright brothers will always be favorite examples of how American lads, with no special advantages, can forge ahead and become famous."

"But," said Orville Wright, seriously, "that isn't true, because we *did* have special advantages."

"What special advantages?"

"Simply that we were lucky enough to grow up in a home environment where there was always much encouragement to children to pursue intellectual interests. We were early taught to cultivate the encyclopedia habit; to look up facts about whatever aroused our curiosity. In a different kind of environment I imagine our curiosity might have been nipped long before it could have borne fruit."

SURMISE

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

DO *THEY* look up, those others, from a world
 That swings about a star in fields of space?
 Do they look out when all their night is pearled
 With constellations, studying to trace
 The movements of our faintly shining sun?
 And do they think its planetary net
 May hold these swimming worlds—and dream of one
 Where beings like themselves live hard beset?
 Perhaps they think that this far Earth of ours
 Receives their choicer spirits after death,
 To live where truth prevails and beauty flowers;
 Perhaps they think that here we sense the breath
 Of universal order and abhor
 Their own sad commonplace of ceaseless war.



THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

TO-DAY all British roads lead to London. There the "Empire" has its headquarters. Scattered about the Strand and Trafalgar Square neighborhoods are the Houses of the great dominions, India, and the larger colonies, together with the smaller offices of the lesser units. The steamship lines there display brilliant posters offering to transport one with speed and comfort to the farthest parts of the world, not for pleasure but on imperial business. One does not lightly embark for Zanzibar or Sarawak or British Honduras or even Australia. English trippers stick closer to home: to the Continent, the Mediterranean for a cruise, or Scandinavia. It is the men who run the Empire who patronize the ships going to far places; and it is the colonials—a term which survives to the annoyance of many who dwell not in England—who pack the ships on the return voyages. It is one of the oddities of the British vocabulary that Home (with a capital H) means England not to Englishmen only, as one might expect, but to Australians and New Zealanders. Men and women who have never seen England and never will still call it Home! It is the tremendously strong pull of the tight little island and the great imperial city of London which is symbolized in the single word Home. Home is the center of all things. One goes "out" from England to all other parts of the world.

The major problem of imperial relations is to reconcile the tremendous pull of London with the necessity of granting

a large measure of freedom to the more mature outlying portions of the British community. The phrase for this is *imperium et libertas*. There are many gradations of freedom within the British system, from the pure dependence of the colonies to the almost complete autonomy of the dominions. Because this is true, outsiders all too frequently have a muddled conception of imperial relations. Tightly tied to Great Britain is its colonial empire. Slightly more freedom is granted to India. The greatest measure of freedom has been taken by the dominions. Broadly speaking, the British behemoth—the huge, sprawling friend and hobgoblin of mankind, occupying twenty-six per cent of the world's land surface, containing twenty-two per cent of the world's people—looks like this:

- I. The British Empire: Great Britain and its Colonial Empire. India.
- II. The British Commonwealth of Nations.
 - Great Britain and dependencies
 - Canada
 - Australia
 - South Africa
 - New Zealand
 - Eire

The emphasis placed upon *imperium et libertas* necessarily falls with frequency upon *imperium* at the expense of *libertas*. In such circumstances the phrase sounds fraudulent, and it is. The best proof of this is to be sought in books by British writers. The British fault, like the comparable American fault, is to fall into selective forgetting when finding words and phrases for ideals. British

hypocrisy arises out of the difficulties inherent in the relations of owners and workers, of citizen and subject peoples, of the capitalist system and the imperial relation of peoples. Great Britain is the classic home of both these phenomena. The basic formulations of the capitalist position were written by Englishmen in England, and the most seminal work on economic imperialism, that of J. A. Hobson, was the work of an Englishman who reflected on the doings of his own countrymen. The British community is so thoroughly affected by the difficulties created by these systems that it is hard to write about it without becoming intolerably self-righteous. Yet they must be kept in mind. It is wise, nevertheless, to separate the Empire from the Commonwealth. They are really quite different systems.

The political metaphysics of the British Commonwealth are the product of a long evolution and the driving force behind the evolution is the increasing maturity of the overseas British nations. The leader in defining the status of the overseas communities has been Canada, the senior dominion and the one which, in times past as to-day, has consistently been most mature. She has been ably seconded by South Africa, a community in which a non-British group, the Boers, has sought to realize its national aspirations through British political forms rather than by renewed opposition to the British by force of arms. The lag-gard members of the British Commonwealth have been Australia and New Zealand. These two have lacked the stimulation which seems to come from an acute sense of social and economic maturity; they have no non-British group of size and political power; and because of their geographical position they do not feel secure. Eire, a late and reluctant member of the Commonwealth, by accepting the most advanced interpretations which can be placed upon Commonwealth relations, seems to say that if she cannot have absolute freedom she will get as near to it as possible. The

attitude of Eire is colored by a sense of being an ancient nation which for generations was held in armed subjection. While the Commonwealth partners are on a par in constitutional theory, there is—because of varying local factors—equality of *status* but not equality of *function*.

The written formulation of the existing pattern of relationships is the Statute of Westminster, passed by the Imperial Parliament in London in 1931. This law grants to the several dominions the powers they require to become autonomous nations. They do not lack constitutional right to use these powers, but they cannot sustain independence in a competitive and predatory world. The one power which does not seem clearly to be the right of any dominion is that of secession from the Commonwealth. It was specifically denied to Eire by Great Britain in 1921; but that was before the passing of the Statute of Westminster. Possibly the right exists to-day, not explicitly in any law, but as an anterior right without which the freedom of any community is incomplete. There is, however, no disposition to implement this right, either in Eire or South Africa, the two members in which its existence has been most vehemently asserted. The most aggressive members of the Commonwealth rest content with their indisputable right to follow policies which accord with their own ideas of their national interests, regardless of the lines followed by other members of the Commonwealth.

The single, final, constitutional symbol of the association of the members of the Commonwealth is not any policy unanimously agreed upon, but a common allegiance to the Crown. All acknowledge allegiance in one form or another to this divisible crown. There is no King of the British Commonwealth; there is rather a King of Canada, a King of Australia—who is a single person—at the moment George VI. As King of several autonomous nations, the King may acquiesce in one line of policy in

one dominion and an absolutely contradictory line in another; the King could accept the advice of the ministers of South Africa that he proclaim the neutrality of South Africa in a Second World War, while at the same time accepting the advice of the ministers in Great Britain that he declare war on Britain's enemies! This may sound like elaborate hocus-pocus; it is rather an exposition of the political metaphysics of the British Commonwealth. If it seems intolerably evasive and difficult to follow, consider the celebrated Balfour Declaration of 1926 from which all these things in some sense flow:

They are autonomous Communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown, and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The powers in the hands of the British dominions were not suddenly thrust upon them in 1931, nor yet in 1926 when Lord Balfour made his declaration. They were acquired over long years. The Statute of Westminster simply expressed what the British Community had become as a result of evolution. The evolution still goes on and at some future date, barring cataclysm, a still more radical formal declaration of relationships will be made.

Great Britain does not rule the dominions in the direct and unmistakable way that she rules the Colonial Empire, nor can she reserve from their control crucial powers as in India. She, nevertheless, has in the dominions the enormous prestige of the mother country and the single member of the association which has the tradition and machinery of an autonomous nation. She retains a *functional* superiority which by status she could not claim, particularly in the field of foreign affairs. It is in their foreign relations that the British dominions are least mature. Moreover Britain, consciously and unconsciously, cultivates and reinforces her prestige by such

methods as controlling the news services of the dominions and by permeating the educational system, particularly at the university level, with British-trained personnel. In short, she uses in the dominions tactics used in the United States during the long years when Americans were asserting, without achieving, their cultural independence. In the laggard dominions Anglophilism has, in addition to a high social value, considerable political value; for the question of dual patriotism cannot conveniently be raised.

The Colonial Empire has no political reality except as a collection of dependencies of Great Britain. Its tie to London is obligatory and subject to no qualifications. That Englishmen living in the colonies should call England Home, is of the nature of things. In India the situation is different. The politically conscious Indians are rebellious and have national loyalties of their own. England isn't Home to them; it's the headquarters of the hated imperialists. Indians loyal to Britain—there are many—must necessarily view England, not as Home, but as the source of the power which sustains their position against their fellow-countrymen who are struggling for freedom. They take up a position comparable to that of Englishmen resident in crown colonies *vis-à-vis* the native peoples. In the dominions the situation is different again. In proportion as the dominion is mature—or in proportion as political factors make an anti-English attitude a political asset, as in Eire—no deference is paid to London. A national patriotism is sufficient; an imperial patriotism is superfluous. But the deeper conditions, of economic, national-racial, or geographic origin, may dictate a complex attitude which emerges in a mixed national-imperial outlook. This dual patriotism baffles outsiders. To confound confusion, the emphasis shifts, seemingly at random, according to the subject being discussed and the time of its discussion. Plainly, in the dominions a deep struggle is going on between an exclusively na-

tional patriotism and the traditional imperial patriotism which causes loyalty to center on London. In British terms, individuals and dominions can exhibit either a "crown colony psychology"—complete dependence on London—or a truly national psychology analogous to the outlook of an independent nation. Canadians think Australians and New Zealanders prone to a crown colony outlook, while the Canadians in their turn are suspected of a dangerous kind of nationalism. In short, while the greatest measure of freedom within the community exists in the Commonwealth, it is not a complete freedom.

The future of Britain depends upon how long London remains the undisputed headquarters of the British people. It depends upon how long England remains Home, on how long all British roads will lead to London and nowhere else. The future cannot be understood until one knows what is happening in the farther parts of the community and also can interpret the meaning of the economic changes now taking place in the world. Whatever it is, the British future is not "more of the same." Let us begin a tour by examining the Colonial Empire.

II

The Colonial Empire of Great Britain sprawls round the world, occupying about 2,000,000 square miles of territory and including a population just short of 60,000,000 people. While it includes the Falkland Islands, which have an antarctic climate, it is, nevertheless, overwhelmingly a tropical empire. About four-fifths of the area is in Africa. The existence of a tremendous native population and the tropical climate account for the fact that the number of domiciled Europeans in the colonies is very small. In spite of fierce political and economic struggles for possession of the land and mineral resources, there are few areas now classified in the Empire which it is correct to call "white man's country." The colonies are prevailingly black

man's country, and the whites are there only as intruding exploiters. If their sway is to be extended in the way they so ardently wish, it can be accomplished only by further degrading the natives. The central struggle in the Colonial Empire to-day is the terribly one-sided effort to satisfy the basic needs, economic, social, and cultural, of the natives in the face of the cupidity of the whites. It is only by following this line that progress can be achieved, and certainly nothing will be gained by changing the nationality of the exploiters by swapping the "ownership" of the colonies among the Great Powers of the world. The era of their colonial "swag" must be brought to a close.

The British Colonies* may be distributed in this fashion:

AFRICA

East

West

South: High Commission Territories

THE EAST

Ceylon

Hong Kong

Malaya

Straits Settlements

Federated Malay States

Unfederated Malay States

Dependencies in Borneo

Brunei

State of North Borneo

Sarawak

Mauritius

The Seychelles

MEDITERRANEAN

Cyprus

Gibraltar

Malta

Palestine

Anglo-Egyptian Sudan

Aden

WEST INDIES AND AMERICA

Bahamas

Barbados

Bermuda

British Guiana

British Honduras

Jamaica

Leeward Islands

Trinidad and Tobago

* The following portions of the Colonial Empire are mandates from the League of Nations: in East Africa, Tanganyika; in West Africa, Cameroons (assimilated to Nigeria), and Togoland (assimilated to the Gold Coast); in the Mediterranean, Palestine.

Windward Islands
 Falkland Islands
 WESTERN PACIFIC
 Fiji
 High Commission Territories
 Gilbert and Ellice Islands
 British Solomon Islands
 Tonga
 New Hebrides

No mention is made here of the many parts of the world, like the Near East, in which British influence is paramount or extremely important, though unaccompanied by territorial possession or open assumption of administrative authority. To follow that lead would complicate the picture and lead into the morass of imperial politics, which is not our present concern.

The wide sweep of the Empire makes difficult the selection of one single area as the focal point of the whole. There are several such points, one for each part of the world. From the standpoint of the exploiting producers and traders, it is fair to say that in Africa the possessions in the East (Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Somaliland, and Zanzibar) are the magnets of their interest. In them there is some country which, it is arguable, is white man's country. West Africa (Gambia, Gold Coast, Nigeria, Sierra Leone) is definitely not fit for white men, but it is rich, especially the Gold Coast. Among the Eastern possessions it is hard to discriminate, for they tend all to be foci of special interests. Hong Kong, for example, heads up British interests in southern China—or did! Even little-known Mauritius and the Seychelles assume great importance imperially as strategic points on the route to India *via* the Cape; and, moreover, Mauritius is a valuable sugar colony, while the Seychelles, of minor economic importance, will eventually serve as a landing point for an air service from the west coast of Australia to Africa. They may, that is to say, fall within the imperial orbits of these dominions. The Mediterranean dependencies gain their significance as defensive

points on the so-called life-line of Empire—the route to the East *via* Suez—and as bases from which to dominate the Near East. In the American area the possessions are uniformly of low economic significance if one takes the larger view, with perhaps the most value to be attached to the island of Trinidad and the two mainland colonies, Guiana and Honduras. In the Western Pacific the obvious focus is Fiji. In this area Australia and New Zealand play ambitious roles in the economic life of the British possessions.

III

What does Great Britain get out of this vast domain? First of all, prestige. Prestige is what makes Great Britain a first-class power, and if its position brings with it problems of terrifying magnitude, there are few who as yet would argue that it would be all to the good to “dump” the colonies and accept an inferior status among the nations.

While it is more than probable that the natives of the imperial possessions do not profit much from Britain's presence, and also that the masses of the people in Britain gain little, the fact remains that much treasure flows into Britain from the Colonial Empire. It flows into the hands of private companies and individuals. It helps to make Britain economically strong. Without the colonies Britain would not be what she is to-day. Subtle arguments are advanced to prove that colonies are not economic assets, but the fact remains that no nation ever voluntarily gives them up. They must profit someone. British experience plainly shows that they profit the companies and individuals engaged in colonial production and trade. Their profits flow to Britain. Ergo, the colonies profit Britain.

But it cannot for a moment be said that Britain, for all the tremendous sweep of her possessions, is a self-sufficient Empire. Her own experts state that she is dependent upon outside

sources for petroleum (which largely accounts for her doings in the Near East), potash, antimony, mercury, silk, and flax, as well as most of her cotton and sulphur. If the products she draws chiefly from the dominions are added to the list, it would include the bulk of the foodstuffs consumed in Great Britain, wool, and more metals. This shows that Britain has a far more dependent economy than the United States.

In the commodity markets of the world the Empire plays an important place. It is of course overwhelmingly a primary production empire. In only three of its units has manufacturing assumed a place of even secondary importance: Hong Kong, Straits Settlements, and Palestine. However, the manpower is not chiefly engaged in production for export. It is true that "the great bulk of the inhabitants of the Colonial Empire are much more occupied in producing foodstuffs and a limited range of raw materials for their own use and local sale than they are in producing for the export market." The correct vision of the Empire is of a swarming body of agricultural peasants, with a scattering of pastoral peoples. Of the Empire commodities flowing into the world commodity markets, four categories are of supreme importance: minerals; rubber; the complicated assortment of oil-seeds, oil-nuts, and vegetable oils; and cocoa. Under the category of minerals, tin is overwhelmingly the most important, followed at a distance by gold, copper, petroleum, manganese, and iron. In not a single commodity of major significance does the Colonial Empire hold an *absolute* monopoly, though in rubber, tin, and cocoa, its position is so strong that it commands the market. If absolute monopolies are sought, one must turn to such minor products as bay oil (used in perfuming bay-rum), pimento oil, and such like trivia. If one wishes to build up a true picture of an exploiting colossus straddling the world, one must concentrate on tin and rubber. But

even here a candid student will place more emphasis upon capital investments than on territorial possessions; for in tin the British position in Bolivia complements the position in Malaya.

It is the production and export of these commodities which leads to the disruption of native life, the debasement of the natives into helots laboring for the profit of the white man, and which takes the servants of the profit seekers into what is but dubiously white man's country and into what on anybody's estimate is exclusively black man's country as well. It is this fraction of colonial production which really adds up to "exploitation" and which makes the Empire seem a profitable venture, a source of Britain's strength.

In running the Empire the British have certainly created as many problems as they have solved. It would be idle to deny their accomplishments which they, following the very human impulse of putting the best foot forward, like to celebrate. It would be equally idle to allege that conditions within the Colonial Empire are inspiring. In the final analysis, the relations obtaining in the Empire are patterned by the capitalist system and the imperial relation. On this fundamental economic foundation the British try to erect a structure which will in some degree temper exploitation. The current catchword is trusteeship. They conceive of themselves as trustees in proportion as the resident natives are backward. They claim that they are seeking to advance the welfare of the peoples and to develop the resources. In addition, in dealing with areas where the natives are numerically predominant, the British attempt to work what they call indirect rule. This simply means that some of the simpler powers of government are delegated to the natives, especially the chiefs. An effort is also made to introduce educated natives into the clerical branches of the civil service. The idea allegedly is to permeate the tribes with a sense of responsibility, and the more imaginative Britishers even

think they are leading the natives toward self-government.

This is an illusion. Logic is defeated by economic necessity every time. For if trusteeship and indirect rule were, separately or together, carried to their logical conclusion, then the result would be the displacement of the white man entirely. This cannot be admitted, and it is noticeable that throughout the Colonial Empire no such upshot is at all possible short of rebellion. The British system of colonial government, even when there are many white colonists present in the community, is a highly camouflaged despotism, with ultimate authority, not with the people, but actually in the hands of the Secretary of State for the Colonies and nominally resident in the Crown in accordance with the British political theory. Nowhere in the Colonial Empire is the legislature superior to the executive! It is indeed inconceivable that in the present posture of world affairs the natives of any part of the Colonial Empire should be able to use the various ladders assembled by their British rulers actually to climb to the control of their countries. The basic relationship, which is exploitative in character, precludes any such upshot.

What, then, of the future in the Colonial Empire? It seems logical to suppose that, as far as Africa is concerned, the decisive weakening of Great Britain would be accompanied by an assertion of the power of the Union of South Africa, the center of white leadership in the southern part of the continent. If successful, this would mean the triumph of exploitation, for South Africa is a dominion which cannot survive if this relationship goes by the board. Should it go by the board, then the African possessions of Great Britain can only (a) fall under the sway of native leaders of greater or lesser capacity; or (b) presuming the survival of powerful exploiting nations, under foreign domination of a different nationality. These are both catastrophic prospects.

If a middle course can be followed then

it will probably be this: the British liberals will seek to curb the exploiting whites on the ground that markets do not exist to justify the further uncontrolled expansion of productive areas. This will not be too difficult if world agriculture continues its present chaotic course. As to the natives, increasing emphasis will be put on raising living standards through improved dietetic and housing standards, and through promoting co-operative production, credit, and marketing schemes. These latter will be supplementary rather than central; for the line of thinking one meets in discussions of this matter clearly indicates that a turn away from the policy of bringing native labor power into commercial agriculture is thought best. An attempt will certainly be made to reinstitute self-sufficient peasant agriculture with minimum trading, such as was characteristic in the African past. Little or no attempt will be made to encourage industrialization in Africa or elsewhere in the tropics, beyond minimum processing requirements. In this fashion the natives will be in effect retired from the capitalist system! Such production as does flow into world trade will be kept by policy at levels which experience indicates will bring "remunerative prices," and the returns will go, when taxed, to support the governmental structure and the social services. There is especial need for a health program in Africa. The operation of these things will be in the hands of the white civil servants, at least in the topmost directive offices, thus preserving one of the fruits of empire to Britain—jobs for the citizens of the metropolitan community.

So much for Africa. If Britain's hand weakens, the Eastern dependencies will either follow a line dictated by Indian-Chinese developments, or fall under the sway of Japan. The West Indian possessions will either fall to the United States or—equally likely—become a Canadian tropics. (In either case they will be tied into the North American economic system rather more

firmly than at present.) The Western Pacific holdings will be drawn more closely than ever into the orbits of Australia and New Zealand. The prospect is plainly for drift, shift, evolution, not for catastrophic change. It seems highly unlikely that the British Colonial Empire will be transferred *en bloc* to some other exploiting power, or carved up like a succulent turkey for the benefit of several "aggressors."

The situation in India runs parallel to that in the colonial empire. India is a semi-colonial nation, a great sub-continent inhabited by over three hundred million people. This huge population, most of it on a low subsistence level with the shadow of starvation hovering nigh, is expanding toward the explosion point. The issues in India are: (a) the struggle for remunerative jobs, excessively intense because of the population increase; (b) agriculture, which, because of the absurd land-tenure system, medieval methods, and low productivity, has shown its incapacity to feed the Indian people decently; and (c) industry, which, while of sufficient magnitude to make India eighth among industrial nations, is yet expanding at too slow a pace to absorb both newcomers from agriculture and the urban increase. The current position explains the fact that the north-western frontiersmen perennially revolt—they are driven to it by lack of economic opportunities; that the jobless Indian intellectuals throw so much energy into the Congress Party (founded 1885) to which Gandhi and Jawaharlal Nehru belong, and that the only thing which really unifies the multitudinous religions, races, and tongues is opposition to the British Raj. Ironically enough, it is also the unifying influence of the Raj which convinces Englishmen it should remain in India!

Since 1935 India has been controlled under a Government of India Act, a piece of legislation which simultaneously sought to create a federal structure which would take in the native princes and British India and, while allowing much

Indian participation, retain in British hands such vital matters as foreign affairs and control of the four-hundred-million-pound investment. To the Viceroy, to the Aga Khan, to the Indian bankers and industrialists, the Raj which functions through this Act is a guarantee of life; to the Bombay and Calcutta dockworkers, textile operatives, and small merchants, it represents continued oppression. "*Purna Swaraj* [independence]" they cry. The price of willing Indian co-operation in a British war is, at minimum, dominion status; at maximum, complete freedom.

But deeper than the political issue is the economic: how to feed and creatively employ the Indian people. Agriculture must be reorganized: from the tenure system, to soil analysis, to crop diversification, the job stands plain for all to see. But simultaneously industry must make a planned advance on all fronts. It cannot hope to go ahead at a pace which will quickly absorb the vast annual increase of workers, but it can take up thousands and thousands. India is easily capable of sustaining an industrial structure comparable to that of the United States and it will shortly have an internal market three times as large.

It is internal reorganization that India needs. More foodstuffs for domestic use; industry planned in relation to domestic needs. Should Indian industry run wild, its products will flood the world market in a more exasperating fashion than the Japanese, and will do the Indian people small good.

Fortunately the Indian leaders see these things. They are joined by experienced British administrators who see India plain. It is the exploiting Indian bourgeoisie and the British of Lombard Street who stand in the way. If a sweeping generalization must be made it is this: in India the bankruptcy of the old imperial relationship of peoples is painfully apparent. In the future India will probably, like Africa, cease to be a white man's country.

IV

The Commonwealth is racked by stresses and strains as badly as is the Empire. A recent Commonwealth conference in Sydney, Australia, found it impossible to lay down a forward program to which all delegates would agree; the Commonwealth has futures, not a future. The dominions push and shove like the lusty adolescents they are, but none has yet found a good seat down front. They would all like to be strong nations, but the prospects depend on variables and uncertainties: the degree of economic dependence on London, local problems, resources, and present stage of development, and these vary widely. Furthermore there is the question of markets, which in turn depend upon the economic and political configuration of the world of 1939. Each would like to be as big a "success" as the United States, but that is impossible. None is so blessed with resources; none, as nations, can ever have the luck that the United States had in getting a running start in 1776. In addition, internal markets depend on population and there is slim prospect of rapid growth here. Against India's 300,000,000, they are to-day pigmies!

Canada	10,375,000
Australia	6,800,000
New Zealand	1,500,000
South Africa	2,000,000 whites 6,000,000 blacks
Eire	3,100,000

As nations they have to overcome these unfavorable factors: (a) rising productivity per man-unit in both agriculture and industry; (b) the prospective decline in population in Great Britain which promises to cut down the market for foodstuffs produced in the dominions; and (c) the failure of alternative markets to develop—Australia and New Zealand had great hopes of the Japanese market—and economic traffic jams caused by autarchical barricades, as in Europe. These factors will be hard to beat.

Eire, the dominion nearest London,

is an island community, and so is New Zealand, the dominion farthest away. Canada is vast enough to be rated a sub-continent, like India, while Australia actually embraces an entire continent slightly larger in area than the United States, plus several adjacent islands. Eire has a long history of a character which feeds bitterness into Commonwealth politics to this day, while New Zealand's history covers a little over one hundred years and includes no episodes more bitter than the Maori wars, which are being forgotten. Canada has known two sovereignties, the first of which left a political, social, and cultural legacy of immense complexity, the French-Canadian problem, while Australia has known none but a British history since white men first permanently settled on her shores in 1788. South Africa, which stands alone in all respects, is at the tip end of a mighty continent most of which is, or should be, the home of black men, not white; it was swapped back and forth between the British and the Dutch several times before it finally became a British possession; and as late as the turn of the century its political boundaries were extended by the British in a war on independent Dutch nations as disgraceful in origin and execution as any the contemporary dictators have prosecuted. It too left irrepressible bitterness in its wake. These communities join to make the Commonwealth.

It is of Canada and Australia that one thinks when one is considering the prospect of the emergence of strong nations. Both countries have frontiers, that of Canada defined by cold and ice, that of Australia by heat, low rainfall, and a high evaporation rate. Of the vast empty areas, those of Canada are the more valuable, including a vital mineral wealth. To-day Canada is the leading dominion in the Commonwealth, and it will always hold that position. Indisputably an American nation, it is deeply penetrated by American capital and ideas until it is an integral portion of the North American economy, a situation

which will be accentuated as time goes on. Of all its sisters it is the most mature industrially, though in considerable measure this is attributable to the presence of American branch factories seeking a place within empire tariff walls. It is still, however, chiefly a primary producer, a great wheat country, a source of much of the world's nickel, a heavy producer of wood pulp. All in all, the maturity of Canada, its relations with the United States, and its geographical position assure to it the greatest measure of independence from London of all its sisters.

With Australia, in spite of its vaster area, the situation is different even though the economic pattern is much the same. Both countries are striving for balanced economies. Australia is a warm, dry, isolated continent with the quarter of it that is really valuable strung along the lengthy coast. Its north is tropical and poor. To-day its characteristic products are temperate, wheat and wool, butter and dried fruits, with only sugar coming from the tropics. All, save wool, are elaborately protected as to price. For long a high-tariff country, Australia has had a steel industry for a quarter of a century and is to-day in the midst of an industrial boom only partly attributable to a heavy armaments program. The accent of policy is now on industrial development, not social services. Its financial ties are to London—New York is quite unimportant, but increasingly the reliance is on local money resources. However much room Australia has for expansion, it can never match Canada's potentialities. Moreover, its isolated position in the southern Pacific—a European outpost overshadowed by the brown and yellow countries to the north—gives it a sense of insecurity which as powerfully draws it toward collaboration with Britain for protection as Canada's sheltered position inclines her toward a policy of final reliance on the United States. Canada will follow Britain to war only if her interests so dictate. Australia, because of long sea-

lanes and anti-conscription sentiment, will not send men to Europe for war, but it will, in fear, risk materials in abundance and spend millions on local defense works. In summary, Australia is to-day a weaker and more "loyal" dominion than Canada; and to-morrow it will be a smaller but more individual nation.

Eire will always be Eire, but New Zealand is in a fair way to be a British Sweden in the Southern Hemisphere. Both island countries are by history agricultural adjuncts of the British industrial areas and for long will remain so. To-day both are seeking ways to lessen their dependence upon Britain, Eire with the expected political motivation, New Zealand to protect herself as an economy exceedingly vulnerable to the movements of international prices of butter, meat, and wool. The common aspiration is to "insulate" the economies against outside influences and both seek to accomplish this in part by developing manufactures—because of resources of the light variety. From a different angle, New Zealand is the more progressive country, seeking its economic ends by radically experimental legislation both to achieve "insulation" and to raise domestic living standards, while Eire stubbornly follows established depressive autarchic procedures. But if New Zealand wants economic insulation, it doesn't intend abating its loyalty to Britain, for it is profoundly British by culture and political tradition, while Eire, with its anti-British bias, certainly looks upon its economic program as part of its political campaign to attain the absolute maximum of political independence possible within the Commonwealth. New Zealand will intimately collaborate with Britain in the next war—like Australia chiefly with materials—but Eire will remain neutral. On the other hand, New Zealand's future is that of a Pacific community, in which she is associated with Australia, while the future of Eire is inextricably intertwined with that of Britain and Europe, however

"independent" she may become politically.

South Africa is different. It is a mining country, and the mines have been heavily taxed to get the money for agricultural development against the day of mineral exhaustion. Manufacturing, an uncertain prospect, has yet to come. The burning issue is color: the white population, split into Britons, Boers, and poor whites, hopelessly outnumbered by the black and sustained by black exploitation. Finally, there is the Indian population in Natal. The natives are pressed down ruthlessly by the color-bar, and the Indians live under legal oppression almost as bad. South Africa taught Gandhi to oppose Britain. As economic prospects narrow, the racial mixture begins to boil. Too much pressure, and it may boil over, and if it does the prospect is for a wholesale blood-letting. On the other hand, if a serious attempt were made to advance the status of the blacks the white man would be all through. So the Union teeters between the exploitative system and the unpredictable future of native development. The Union takes an active interest in African affairs for this reason and because it inherits Cecil Rhodes's Cape-to-Cairo-imperialism, and consequently had a severe case of jitters when Mussolini destroyed native independence in Ethiopia. Also it dislikes intensely the West African native organization patterned after the Indian Congress Party. South Africa strongly asserts the right of secession from the British Commonwealth, which to her means protection of the right to control the blacks by strong-arm methods. But there is little prospect that Britain will interfere—that would be a gross invasion of dominion privileges—so South Africa is safe enough for the Empire even though far from as loyal as Australia and New Zealand.

V

The pace of industrialization in the dominions and India to-day clearly

forecasts the decline in importance of many broad sections of the industry of Great Britain. The shift of balance will require the replanning of what remains to insure a position for Britain as a supplier of machines, machine tools, and manufactured goods of a specialized nature. Many of the British trade representatives in the dominions are now strongly urging this course on British manufacturers. The day when Britain was the manufacturing metropolitan area surrounded by primary producing possessions is over. The only portion of the British community in which the traditional relationship has any forward reality is the Colonial Empire and it lacks the purchasing power to sustain the enormous industrial structure Britain still has. At the moment the facts are disguised by rearmament. But remove the artificial coverings and the crisis will be exposed. If Britain can adjust its economy as suggested without depriving too many of her people of a livelihood in the transitional period, it will be an admirable solution. But the big industrialists are not farsighted and will probably muddle into some compromise position, the character of which is suggested by the depressed areas of Britain to-day.

Because the British population, 45,000,000, is declining, the Empire and Commonwealth cannot continue to look to Britain for an indefinitely expanding market for foodstuffs and raw materials. This phase of the decline complements that just outlined. In so far as the underdeveloped communities are dependent upon increased production of primary products for further development, they are blocked except as they can find alternative markets. The only prospective escape from this harsh verdict is a rapid rise in the standard of living obtaining in Great Britain, and even here, experts hold, much of the food required will be in the form of non-transportable products best produced on the farms of Britain itself. Still, rising living standards would certainly ensure

a maximum of continuing stability for Empire and dominion products, even if small opportunity for radical expansion. Britain, in short, is likely in the future to lose her magnetic power over the imaginations of the Empire and dominion producers. They will supply her markets in the fullest measure possible, but they will increasingly look elsewhere for outlets. This course is to-day recommended to them and they are following it to the best of their ability. The present posture of world-economic affairs precludes anything more than minimum success. Experience shows that when Britain says "No" to the anxious venders from the dominions her prestige declines.

Although there is much large talk about the necessity of reviving the flow of capital exports from Britain to provide funds for dominion development, it is unlikely that the end will be accomplished. The flow of loan money out of England to the Empire and Commonwealth has materially declined in volume in recent years. It is not only that the experts in such matters are strongly impressed by the difficulties of remuneratively marketing the products already being produced, but it is also that they are increasingly displaced from the money markets of the dominions by the ardent exploitation of the local resources for loan money. They no longer have a free go. The dominions generally aspire to cut down the present obligations to the City of London, not to increase the dependence. Experience during the depression with the difficulties of servicing existing loans induced considerable pessimism among the dominion financiers. Even in the case of India, fuller exploitation of the local capital market is strongly recommended. It is unlikely that London will assume a much larger place in British finance than it holds now and in a reasonably short time it may decline in importance.

In the Colonial Empire, in India, in the dominions, and, it is now possible to say, in Great Britain also, the forward program must consist in large measure

of a struggle to raise local living standards. How this will be done will differ in each instance. The problem in India is different from that in Australia; the problem in the Colonial Empire is radically different from that in Great Britain. But the objective is in every instance the same. And it cannot be achieved by following principles of action which worked well enough in the past. It is an exploratory effort. It is unlikely that it will result in the re-affirmation of the established relationships of the several parts of the British community. These relationships will change. The new developments will intensify the nationalistic sentiments of the several parts of the community. The intra-community forces will tend to relax the ties that now so firmly bind, economic, political, cultural. There will be a progressive movement upward to power on the part of the dominions and India, looking toward equality with Great Britain. This does not imply the utter collapse of Britain but rather it is to say that in the future she will be no more important than Canada or Australia. Even culturally she will cease to be the dictator and become rather a source, bearing much the same relationship to the several members of the community as she does to the United States, the actual position being defined in relation to the peculiarities of the several nations. India, that is to say, will be far less British than South Africa, and South Africa less British than Australia and New Zealand.

These things are logical and inevitable. They imply, not the weakening but the strengthening of the several parts of the British community. On the other hand, the operation of these forces will weaken the ties holding the several parts together in a single organization. What finally happens in this respect depends not so much upon internal as external factors, especially the policies of competitive and predatory states. If these states were eliminated from the world picture, there might well be a rapid dropping away of

the stronger members of the British community until only ties of sentiment remained. It is the activities of the predatory states that make prediction difficult. What effect will general war have on the British Community?

There are those who think that a general war will bring the British Empire and Commonwealth to a sudden end. They call this the "fall of the British Empire." But the strength, actual and potential, of the more mature members of the British community precludes any such comprehensive upshot. The weaker peripheral areas might be shorn away with disastrous results to the metropolitan community of Great Britain, but the significant portions of the community, the extra-European dominions, would probably maintain themselves. On the other hand, general war would speed up the trends already discoverable, like industrialization and a sense of local responsibility for the nation's destiny. In a simply terrific war—a kind not unlikely—it is possible that India would suddenly and decisively achieve its independence; the cleaving issues in the Colonial Empire and the Union of South Africa might head up very quickly and be "solved" in the least desirable way; Canada would certainly come more firmly still into the American orbit; New Zealand and Australia would very likely come to Washington as suitors for protection if Washington seemed to possess any considerable power (already Australian leaders are talking a Canberra-London-Washington axis to guarantee Australia's position in the South Pacific); and Eire and Great Britain might suffer an eclipse along with the rest of Europe. But while such a comprehensive cata-

clysmic upshot is imaginable, it is difficult to believe it is in the cards. It means ending the British world with a bang, when a whimper seems far more likely.

One has good reasons for supposing that the future of the British community is not a whacking fall. Continued evolution along lines already laid down, at a tempo which will vary in exact proportion to the tempo of world events, seems much more likely. The Third British Empire-Commonwealth will in any event disappear. A Fourth organization, less tightly integrated than the present one, will take its place. Even to-day there are extremely important British roads which run to Ottawa, Canberra, Delhi, Pretoria, Dublin, and Wellington. The time may well come when the road to London, into which all these lead, will appear less attractive than it does just now. It is not for nothing that George VI and his Queen traveled from London to North America, backtracking along the road of empire, with a detour into the world's most powerful English-speaking country; for if London is to remain in any sense central it must draw strength from far places. It is possible that Great Britain to-morrow will be a broken museum piece, with one of Macaulay's New Zealanders actually brooding on past glories on London Bridge. Great Britain may then seek shelter from a menacing Europe by association with the dominions as they to-day aim to strengthen their positions by association with the symbols of power held in London. The cycle will then be complete and students of things British will travel away from London in their search for the sources of power as inevitably as now they are drawn to it.



WHY CAN'T WE HAVE PERFECT TEETH?

BY WALTER C. ALVAREZ, M.D.

IT IS sad to have to admit that, in spite of all the tremendous advances which have been made in our knowledge of essential foods and vitamins, we civilized people to-day do not know why our children are being born with crumbling teeth and with jaws too small to accommodate the normal complement of six molars above and six below.

With their high per capita consumption of protein, milk, butter, fruits, vegetables, and synthetic vitamin D, one should expect to find the best teeth in the world in the mouths of the children of the well-to-do in the United States; but, as everyone knows, these children have some of the worst teeth to be found anywhere, and the only thing that keeps them from being toothless at the age of thirty is the strenuous work of an army of dentists.

Now I do not wish for a moment to decry the wonderful work of the modern research dietitian. He has taught us so much that it would be churlish to complain that he hasn't told us all we want to know. With his help our children now grow tall and straight, broad-shouldered and strong. At every intercollegiate track meet old records fall. Obviously, in most ways our diet must be good and adequate. It fails signally, however, when it comes to producing a wide dental arch and decay-resistant teeth. The question then is: is this defect due to an insufficient supply of some vitamin already known or to the lack of some vitamin yet to be discovered, or to a lack of calcium or phosphorus, or to the pres-

ence in our diet of something hurtful to the teeth?

There can be no doubt from studies made on children that a more adequate supply of some of the known constituents of the diet such as vitamin D will somewhat protect the teeth, but unfortunately, one can give some children all the milk and orange juice they can drink and all the vitamins they can stand and still they will continue to have rampant dental decay. Curiously also in many families there is one child who never has to go to the dentist as his sibs do. One might jump to the conclusion that such a child is more inclined to eat "protective foods" than are his brothers and sisters, but I have questioned such persons and have found no evidence to support this explanation. In fact, some of the persons whom I have questioned have told of having been brought up under most adverse conditions. An old man with the most perfect set of teeth that I ever saw told me that he had begun life as the son of a pioneer in western Nebraska. As a child he lived through the winters on a highly deficient diet of corn and salt pork. A woman with perfect teeth at fifty-five told me that she was born in a missionary station in the Orient where there was but little fresh milk and no salads. Because her mother couldn't nurse her she was raised on the old sweetened type of condensed milk which, by all the rules of dietetics, should have left her crippled and stunted with rickets. Fortunately it didn't. It would seem then that certain persons inherit hard teeth, or

certain men and women, like certain species of animals, can manufacture some of their vitamins while other persons have to have them supplied ready-made. Research workers have tried to find some chemical difference in the blood or saliva to distinguish the hard-toothed persons from the soft-toothed ones but so far without much success.

The sugar that is used to-day in such large quantities does harm to teeth. In one orphanage where, because of lack of funds, the diet was so poor in quantity that the children were somewhat stunted, there was surprisingly little dental decay. The explanation appeared to be that no sugar was put on the table and the children were not allowed to have any candy. When for a period of five months each child was given three pounds of candy a week, there was a tremendous increase in the number of cavities per mouth and later, when the candy was taken away, the decay was arrested. Mrs. Mellanby has reported similar observations in orphanages in England. Along the same line is the observation of Boyd and Drain that diabetics when placed on their usual spare and sugarless diet commonly lose their tendency to dental decay. There is some evidence also that starchy food, when it sticks to the teeth, is likely to cause decay.

Curiously where civilized man has failed primitive man has succeeded. Almost everywhere in the world where savages and primitive peoples live the life of their ancestors one can find wide jaws and beautifully spaced teeth—also teeth which are highly resistant to decay. Stranger yet, perhaps the finest teeth to be seen anywhere are to be found in the mouths of the primitive Eskimos who live on little beside fish and meat and who never in their lives saw a glass of milk, an orange, or a vegetable. Mrs. Eskimo, who never heard of a vitamin or a plate of spinach, is always able to nurse her baby for two years or more, as her civilized sister can rarely do, and when her son is sixty he is likely still to have a strong set of teeth with not a single cavity.

Obviously, then, that chubby Eskimo mother has had handed down to her from her ancestors the secret for which we civilized people are still searching. We want good teeth and she has them, so why shouldn't we long ago have sent someone up to the Arctic Circle to see how she feeds her family? Fortunately, at last a man has had the good sense and the devotion to go and do just this. He is a dentist, Dr. Weston A. Price, and his interesting account of his travels and experiences has just been published. In this book on *Nutrition and Physical Degeneration* Dr. Price tells how he and his wife traveled from New Zealand and the wilds of Australia up through the isles of the South Seas, through Africa and South America, out to some of the bare rocky islets off the coast of Scotland, and up through northern Canada to the Eskimos living within the Arctic Circle. Everywhere he examined teeth and compared their state with the character of the food being eaten. Everywhere he found that primitive men, living according to ancient custom, have almost perfect jaws and teeth, and everywhere he found that as soon as a change was made to the white man's foods, the teeth promptly began to decay down to the gums. In the next generation the children's jaws became so narrow and small that the teeth had to come in out of line and the wisdom teeth couldn't come in at all.

Interestingly, in the South Seas, when the World War so enriched the natives that they could stop fishing for themselves and buy white man's food, they promptly began to lose their teeth, and when the financial collapse that came with the end of the War sent them back to their fishing grounds they lost their toothaches. Furthermore, in some out-of-the-way villages Dr. Price found that the only native with a mouth full of snags was the cook or the storekeeper for some coffee or rubber plantation. He alone had access to the food of the foreigner. In the lonely Hebrides the only men and women found with decayed teeth were those in the seaports

who could sell their fish and buy flour and jam. The naked savages in the Australian deserts, living close to starvation on game, small animals, grubs, a few roots, seeds, and fruits, had perfect teeth, while those in the reservations, living on food supplied by the government, were sadly in need of dental plates.

II

The question then is, why has primitive man such good teeth, and is there any one food present in every one of the many diets which in the many parts of the world produce wide jaws and perfect teeth? A glance at the fish-meat diet of the Eskimo, the egg-grain-vegetable diet of many Orientals, the egg-fish-milk-potato diet of the Tristan da Cunha islanders, the blood-milk-meat diet of the African Masai, the milk-cheese-ryebread-meat diet of the high-mountain valley Swiss, the fish-oat-barley diet of the Hebrides Islanders, or the fish-taro or fish-breadfruit diet of the Polynesians shows that there is no one easily discernible food that carries the essential element. Obviously, fish, meat, and milk are good tooth-making foods, but no one is indispensable, and the element that does the work must be an as yet unrecognized chemical substance.

Dr. Price was much impressed with the fact that many of the people with bad teeth were getting in their diet less than half of the minimal requirements of calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, iron, and the fat-soluble vitamins. However, this probably is not the whole answer to the problem, because Hubbell and others have been unable to show any lack of calcium and phosphates in the blood and saliva of persons with a marked tendency to dental decay.

It is easy to see why primitive man gets into serious trouble when he stops hustling for his own food and begins to buy it from a trader. Usually then he tries to live on white flour, sugar, and canned meat, all of them good energy producers but all insufficient for main-

taining good nutrition. What primitive man fails to see is that his civilized brother reinforces his diet with such important and protective foods as milk, butter, eggs, orange juice, and green vegetables.

Another danger that arises when a man begins to eat large amounts of white bread and sugar is that these incomplete foods so satisfy his hunger that he loses interest in obtaining an adequate ration of the protective foods. The savage who hunts all day gets so hungry that when he finds food he gorges, and thus makes up in quantity for some of the deficiencies in the quality of the nutriment. His civilized brother, who sits all day in a swivel chair, needs so little that unless the foods are well chosen he can easily fail to get a good supply of some of the needed chemicals.

Unfortunately, a mere listing of the foods eaten by primitive peoples who have perfect teeth will not tell us why they have them. The secret is bound up with the fact that hunger long ago taught them to eat, raw, many foods which would disgust and nauseate us. As Stefansson showed, the health and life of the Eskimo depend on his practice of eating much of his meat raw, and more important yet, it depends on his fondness for those parts of the animal which we civilized persons throw away. We eat the muscles (meat) which contain almost no vitamins, while we throw the entrails to the dogs. Primitive man eats the entrails and throws any spare muscle to the dogs. Savages often seem to be particularly fond of the intestines, which are eaten almost raw. They eat also every scrap of the rich blood-forming marrow that they can get out of the bones. Often too they preserve every bit of the blood of a slaughtered animal and make a sort of pudding or sausage out of it.

In all this primitive man behaves like a carnivorous animal. Anyone who has ever watched a cat eat a mouse knows that, beginning at the head, it eats everything, bones, skin, insides, and all, down to and including the tail. Hunters tell

me that when a lion kills a zebra he commonly begins with the liver and other entrails and perhaps laps up the blood. Then if he is not very hungry he leaves the muscles of the animal to the jackals. To-day, at last, the wise keepers of zoos give their animals entrails as well as muscle, to keep them sleek and healthy.

When I was a boy in Hawaii the old natives still lived largely on fish and taro—the big mealy tuber of a plant which grows in mud. The essential point is that they ate the fish raw, and in the case of the smaller fish they ate head, tail, fins, and insides. In Japan the most esteemed part of a fish is the head, and every scrap of it is eaten, including the eyes which are probably full of vitamin A. The Japanese peasant eats quantities of a little sun-dried silver fish, an inch or more in length. Down they go, uncooked, with head, scales, bones, and all, to supply many needed vitamins. When we finicky Americans eat fish it has commonly been filleted, and then it is well cooked so that any vitamins that may have been left are largely destroyed.

In the outer Hebrides Dr. Price found that a favorite dish was a cod's head stuffed with chopped cod's liver. What a feast of vitamins that must be. In New Zealand the natives told Price that their health depended not so much on eating the larger fishes as on eating many oysters and clams which consist largely of life-giving liver.

Many primitive peoples get important chemicals needed for their growth and sexual development by eating, raw, thousands of insects gathered especially at those times when they are mating and producing eggs. Hundreds of pounds of such insects are collected, dried, ground into meal, and made into a cheeselike cake or a pudding which, according to explorers, is not so bad. Similarly, John the Baptist, like the Arabs of to-day, lived in the desert on locusts and wild honey. Perhaps he too, like most primitive peoples to-day, ate the comb, young bees and all. By being finicky and eating only the honey we miss all the vitamins!

Dr. Price found that many primitive peoples know that they can strengthen the pregnant woman and her unborn child by feeding her dried eggs of insects or fish—eggs which must contain all the chemicals necessary for the development of living tissues. Similarly, in some tribes prospective fathers will eat heartily of the sexual glands of fish and animals so that the children will be stronger.

Dr. Price found an interesting answer to the question: Why is it that milk builds such wonderful teeth for the inhabitants of the upper valleys of the Alps and fails to do a perfect job in the United States? He tells us that the Swiss know that milk from cows fed old dried hay or hay grown on poor land or late in the year is not nearly so healthgiving as is the milk of the cows which, in June, are eating the rich grass which grows rapidly up round the snouts of the glaciers. Price says that in this country we have bred cows to yield enormous amounts of milk and butter, while primitive man has cows which yield more of the substances that are good for a calf and a growing child.

Price's studies indicate that better teeth are not to be attained by using more grains and vegetables. He notes that the best teeth are found among peoples who eat no grains or vegetables, that some caries attacks even primitive peoples when they live largely on these foods, and he was unable to find any group of persons "building and maintaining good bodies exclusively on plant foods." A number who had tried it were failing badly. As one would expect, primitive peoples who live on freshly ground whole grains get along much better than does civilized man with his white flour.

Some persons may wonder if there is something about civilization besides our food that makes it so hard for us to have good teeth. Fortunately the answer has been supplied by that small group of English men and women who for several generations have been isolated on Tristan da Cunha, an almost soilless mountain top which sticks up out of the South Atlantic

Ocean. These people eat wild birds and large quantities of their eggs, with potatoes, fish, milk, and a few green vegetables. They have almost perfect teeth, and their immunity to dental decay would seem to be due to the large numbers of eggs eaten and to the lack of sugar. They have no cereals, beef, or butter, and very little fruit.

From all this it would seem obvious that if civilized man wanted good teeth enough to pay the price he could have them by eating, almost raw, more of the insides of animals and fish. Unfortunately, as I realize full well, no civilized man or woman is likely ever to do such a thing: it wouldn't be æsthetic. Perhaps, however, now that we know that there are substances in the entrails which we greatly need for our facial and dental development, science will find a way of extracting and disguising them, and bringing them to our table in a palatable form. Helpful extracts may perhaps

be made also from milk, cheese, and eggs.

Perhaps also some enterprising drug house will put out a prepared salt ration such as is now fed daily to preserve the health of every white rat in every experimental laboratory in the land. This ration contains the right amounts of all the elements and salts which are essential for reproduction, growth, and life. If we were to give such a ration each day to every other child in a boarding school we could soon see if it is an extra supply of chemical elements which children need in order to get good teeth.

In the meantime it might help if our children were taught from the first year to eat much less sugar, white bread, and potatoes, and much more milk, cheese, eggs, liver, kidneys, sweetbreads, brains, tripe, fish, oysters, clams, and shrimp. It is worth trying, although the experiment may fail because we cook our foods so thoroughly.





CONSCIENCE IN WARTIME

BY LUCILLE B. MILNER AND GROFF CONKLIN

IN THE present international tension brought on by the conflict between the totalitarian and democratic forces throughout the world the fear of war is uppermost in the public consciousness. Wartime psychology, for which we are now being prepared, plays havoc with democratic institutions, and those civil rights which are the bases of any democracy will be the first to retreat before the military juggernaut and a militarized public opinion. To preserve these fundamental liberties, guaranteed by the first ten amendments to the Constitution, throughout a period of war stress, is to preserve democracy itself.

During the World War dissemination of ideas of peace, the printing of anti-war propaganda, and assemblage to protest the War were considered subversive. The only civil liberty which received any major official recognition was the right of conscientious objectors to religious convictions against war.

The importance of the conscientious objector must not be underrated. As long as the state is compelled to recognize the right of the individual to freedom of conscience the basic principles of democracy can be said to be still alive. If, in the next war, the government refuses to recognize the rights of the conscientious objector, as many pacifists are beginning to fear will be the case, serious infringement of all our liberties is not inconceivable.

Special treatment for the conscientious objector in the last war was brought about not so much by their numbers as

by their obvious sincerity, and by the existence of a very small but militant sector of public opinion in their favor. Accurate figures concerning the number of objectors in 1917-1918 are not available, but on the basis of the War Department's incomplete statistics, it can be stated that the group was relatively insignificant in size. Of the 2,810,296 men drafted into the Army, approximately 65,000 entered claims for non-combatant service.

Not quite 4,000 of these at first refused service under any military control whatsoever. This does not, however, include the unrecorded number of men who refused even to report to the draft boards on the ground that registration itself was a form of submission to military control. These men submitted to arrest and were sentenced by civil authorities.

Of the 65,000 claims, the local draft boards referred about 57,000 for further consideration by the military. In a majority of the cases the claims were later disallowed, and the men took their places in the ranks without further delay. Only 4,000 of them, as before stated, held to their beliefs and continued their protests after military assignment. It is about these men that the serious problem of the conscientious objector revolved.

About seventy-five per cent of the objectors were members of religious sects whose tenets forbade participation in war. More than one-half of the whole number were Mennonites. The balance came from the Quakers, the Dunkards, the International Bible Students (now

known as Jehovah's Witnesses), the Israelites of the House of David, the Church of Christ, the Church of God, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Pentecostal Assembly, and a handful of even smaller groups. Since over three-quarters of a million church members were represented in these sects and churches, it is obvious that a large majority of the membership of draft age were able to adjust their consciences to the war demand, and took their places in the Army.

In addition there was a considerable number of men who had no direct religious affiliation. At first the government refused to accept these men as objectors, but later as their numbers mounted they were classed with the sectarians as proper objects of special treatment.

A number of "rationalists" were also represented among the objectors. These men were highly intelligent, for the most part college educated. They based their objection to war not on Divine teaching, but on their opposition to force between nations as an instrument of policy. They believed that war was a crime against humanity. Many were members of pacifist organizations. The government never actually formulated a clear policy regarding these men, but those who were adjudged sincere were usually treated like the strictly religious objectors, during the latter part of the War at least.

The remainder of the group was made up of men who disapproved of the World War specifically on political or economic grounds. They did not disapprove of war in general on "conscientious" grounds. Many were Socialists or members of the Industrial Workers of the World. Some had no party affiliations. Few in number but exceedingly strong in convictions, they believed that the World War was an imperialist venture, economic buccaneering, and would have nothing to do with it. In a class war they admitted they would fight, but on the side of the masses. These "politicals" as they were called were refused classification as objectors,

and were treated as common soldiers guilty of violating the Articles of War.

II

The problem of conscience in wartime goes back in the history of this country to the American Revolution. Benjamin Franklin, sitting as a member of the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety in 1775, attached a rider to an estimate of war expenses to be submitted to the Philadelphia Assembly, which requested of that body that it exempt from military service those "persons who from their religious beliefs are scrupulous of the lawfulness of bearing arms." He referred to the Quakers and to the "Menonists," as they were then called.

Although there was no legal draft at that time, public opinion was such that men who refused to fight were considered enemies of the new young state. In order that the objectors would be put to some public use and thus satisfy the demands of the people, Franklin suggested that they be assessed sums of money "equivalent to the expense and loss of time" incurred by those who fought in the Army. After several weeks of violent debate, the Assembly acquiesced in the motion.

As in the Revolution, objectors in the Civil War had to be members of a sect. They were permitted to serve in the non-combatant divisions of the Army, such as the hospitals, the quartermaster corps, or the engineering service, or else to pay three hundred dollars "to be applied to the benefit of sick or wounded soldiers."

Since there was no draft in the War of 1812, the Mexican War of 1848, or the Spanish-American War, there were no conscientious objectors in those wars. For it is only under the compulsion of conscription into the Army that the conscientious objector appears.

Long before we entered the World War the problem of the objector had appeared in various European countries. Little is known about the treatment of men of conscience in Germany and

Austria; some of them are supposed to have been shot and many others to have been declared insane.

French objectors were uniformly sentenced to long prison terms, and at their expiration—or before, as occasionally happened—many of them were transported to French Guiana, in the shadow of Devil's Island. There they were left penniless. Some of them, it is reported, are still there, permanent exiles, unable to pay their passage home.

In England approximately 16,000 men registered as conscientious objectors to the War. Of these 6,135 persisted in their stand and were promptly arrested; 3,750 were sent, as the records reveal, "to works of national utility"; 539 accepted non-combatant service in the Army, and the balance were court-martialed and sentenced to short terms in jail. But that was not the end of their punishment. Upon release the objector was immediately redrafted and, if he still refused to serve under the military, he was retried by court-martial and resentenced to jail. One stubborn political objector was court-martialed and sentenced nine times.

Canada exempted members of religious sects only, but required service of these men in the non-combatant ranks. No provisions for transfer to "works of national utility" were made. There were about 770 objectors in Canada, excluding an undeterminable number of members of the Doukhobor and Western Mennonite sects. These groups received special treatment under treaties which had been made with them late in the 19th century, to persuade them to come to Canada. In these treaties provision was made that neither they nor their descendants would ever have to serve in the Army. Members of these sects were not required to register.

Under the Selective Service Act in this country, which became law in May, 1917, only members of long-established religious sects were exempted from the combatant ranks of the Army. They were required to serve in some non-com-

batant branch. However, shortly after the draft went into effect it became obvious that this limited pattern of treatment was inadequate to meet the problem.

No provision had been made for the non-sectarian objector. As a result many sincere non-sectarians early in the War were treated as disobedient soldiers and court-martialed. The situation soon became so acute as to arouse public opinion, and about six months after the draft went into effect a War Department confidential order went out instructing the commanders of all cantonments to offer non-combatant service to these non-sectarian objectors.

This order proved unsatisfactory and insufficient to take care of the situation. In March, 1918, the President—nearly a year after war was declared—issued a general order which finally established certain criteria regarding treatment of the objectors, including the recognition of the non-sectarians as objectors.

On the theory that objections to war were based solely on objections to killing, the government believed that its offer would suffice to salve the consciences of these men. But hundreds objected to war in general and not only to killing. To these men non-combatant service under military supervision, even in hospital or ambulance corps, seemed to be a tacit admission of the right of the military to control their consciences. They turned the offer down.

These total objectors, "absolutists" as they came to be known, refused to have anything to do with the military establishment. They would not wear the uniform, would not subject themselves to military drill, would not salute the officers. They refused to work under any military orders, beyond caring for their own food and sanitation. These men were obviously sincere. Some means had to be devised to meet their special needs. So, in June, 1918, the President issued an order offering "farm furlough" to these absolutists. Under this order objectors were permitted to go to work

as farm hands on private farms. These farms were under contract to the government and the objectors were subject to military recall.

Objectors were paid the current rate of farm wages, but were allowed to retain only the Army's regular rate of pay of thirty dollars a month. The balance was paid to the Red Cross.

A large number of the objectors who refused non-combatant service accepted the farm furlough, and inasmuch as most of them were from rural districts and had been trained as farmers, the furlough was considered a fortunate solution. As far as is known, the plan was successful, despite some opposition from vigilante groups among the townspeople neighboring on the farms where the furloughites worked. An industrial furlough, similar in intent to the farm furlough, was established at the same time, but was little used.

Machinery to enforce the President's orders was set up in June, 1918, with the establishment of a Board of Inquiry. This Board, which was appointed by the Secretary of War, was composed of two men from civilian life: Harlan Stone, then Dean of Columbia University Law School and now a Justice of the Supreme Court, and Judge Julian Mack of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals; and one representative of the War Department, Major Walter Guest Kellogg. It was the duty of this Board to examine each conscientious objector to determine the sincerity of his objections and to offer him the choice of farm or industrial furlough, and—in a few cases—service in the Friends' Reconstruction Unit in France.

All objectors then in the cantonments were to be examined by the Board. Most of those who were examined were adjudged sincere and were granted the choice of the alternative services formulated in the President's order. The only group which was automatically judged insincere was the handful of political objectors.

For the most part, the Board did an

excellent job, despite the many handicaps the task presented. The objectors were kept in the cantonments nearest to the places of their registration, and as a result the Board, forced to travel from coast to coast and up and down the country, calling at the numerous camps where objectors were held, could not complete its task. When the Armistice was declared there were 940 conscientious objectors in the cantonments still unexamined.

Of the approximately 3,000 men examined by the Board, 1,300 were persuaded to join one of the non-combatant divisions of the Army, 1,200 accepted farm furlough, and 99 were assigned to the Friends' Reconstruction Unit in France.

The balance of the men, 504 in number, were remanded for court-martial. According to estimates, 280 were religious sectarians, 80 were non-affiliated Christians, and the remainder were "rationalists" and political. The large majority of these men were court-martialed because they refused any of the alternative services offered them. However, some were political who were not given the privilege of choosing any alternative.

Among the 1,200 who accepted the farm furlough there were many militant religious sectarians whose objections to war were absolute. Though accepting assignment by the military to work on farms which were under contract to the military and from which they were subject to recall at any time by the military, the furloughites did not have to wear uniforms or subject themselves to military drill. The absence of outward manifestation of army control seemed to these men a satisfactory solution of the problem.

III

The 504 men who refused all of the alternative services offered by the government were the real absolutists. They would not accept assignment to non-military work, in view of the fact that that assignment was made by the War De-

partment, and that they would be subject to its control, however remote.

The composition of the group differed considerably from that of the original 4,000 men who came before the Board of Inquiry. Whereas official estimates of the original group allot 90 per cent of the men to the religious-objector class, only 360, about 70 per cent, of the court-martialed absolutists were religious objectors. The remainder were the rationalists and the politicals, among them some of the most steadfast and unwavering men "scrupulous against war." Subjected throughout the War to every form of pressure from military officials, enlisted men, Y.M.C.A. workers in the camps, family, friends, and the public press, and charged with being cowards and slackers, these men might have recanted and accepted combatant service as the easiest way out. But the end of the War found them as firm in their convictions as the start.

Of the 504 men tried by court-martial, only one was acquitted. The sentences of 53 men were disapproved, 3 by a reviewing authority, and 50 on recommendation of the Judge Advocate General. All of the remaining men, 450 in number, served sentences in Federal penitentiaries.

The length and severity of the sentences meted out by the courts-martial are of interest. Seventeen men were sentenced to death. All of these death sentences were later commuted, but the fact remains that conscientious objection to war was a capital offense in the judgment of the officers of some of the military courts.

The other court-martial sentences were:

- Life imprisonment for 142 men;
- 10 years each for 89 men;
- 20 years each for 73 men;
- 25 years each for 57 men;
- 15 years each for 47 men;
- 5 years each for 29 men;
- 30 years each for 19 men;
- 3 years each for 5 men;
- 40 years each for 4 men;
- 50 years each for 3 men.

Single sentences of 8 years, 11 years, 12 years, 13 years, 18 years, 28 years, 45 years, and 99 years were meted out. A total of 10 men out of the whole group of 504 received sentences of two years each or less.

So greatly in excess of the usual punishment for military disobedience were most of these sentences that the War Department frequently intervened to reduce them.

Opinions vary concerning the kind of treatment which conscientious objectors received in cantonments and penitentiaries. That there was considerable brutality is not denied. According to the Army's point of view, such treatment was at times absolutely necessary. Such mistreatment as the men received in the cantonments, before sentence by court-martial, was inflicted either by the enlisted men, in the nature of hazing, or by a certain few military officials who disobeyed War Department orders concerning decent treatment.

In the early days of the conflict the War Department ruled that objectors should be placed "under the supervision of instructors who shall be specially selected with a view of insuring that these men will be handled with tact and consideration, and that their questions will be answered fully and frankly. . . . These men are not to be treated as violating military laws . . . but their attitude in this respect will be quietly ignored."

Despite this ruling, the animosity of the draftees and their officers toward the objectors made itself felt. In many of the cantonments the War Department's orders were either misunderstood or disregarded. In addition to considerable taunting and vituperation on the part of the enlisted men, the objectors were given insufficient food and sometimes were forced to prepare it themselves without the proper utensils. Sanitary facilities were abominable. Reading material and mail were censored.

Occasionally the men were forced to run the gauntlet or were beaten and

pummeled in other ways. Conditions of this sort were notoriously bad at Camp Funston and Fort Riley. Here refusal to work under military orders usually led to solitary confinement. Men who had been sentenced by the courts-martial were sent to the Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary, and when Leavenworth became overcrowded many were transferred to Alcatraz, then a strictly military prison. It was the absolutists in these penitentiaries who received the brunt of ill-treatment. Modern penal methods were completely ignored. Men were beaten, subjected to hour-long icy-cold showers directly in the face, and occasionally actual physical maimings. Solitary confinement on starvation rations in dark airless cells dripping with moisture and infested with rats was the usual reward for "insubordination," or refusal to obey orders. For refusal to do work under military command, the prisoners were manacled to their cell bars, sometimes as special punishment with their arms behind them for the eight hours of a day during which they were supposed to work.

As a result of mistreatment three men died, two of them being the Hofer brothers, peace-loving Mennonites who contracted pneumonia as a result of their incarceration in a damp cell at Alcatraz, deprived of clothing, drinking water, and toilet facilities. Another man committed suicide; still another, a Negro, went insane.

The strike of objectors and political prisoners at Fort Leavenworth, January 29, 1919, called public attention to the existence of these conditions. The government had already, on December 6th, twenty-five days after the signing of the Armistice, ordered that "the fastening of prisoners to the bars of their cells will no more be used as a mode of punishment," and following the strike, solitary confinement was abolished for conscientious objectors.

The War Department never issued a general amnesty for the objectors, as was done in England. Instead, begin-

ning with January 27, 1919, when 113 of the men were released, the Department slowly cleaned out their jails until, by November, 1920, more than two years after the Armistice, the last absolutist was given his freedom.

This was not, however, the end of their tribulations. The animus aroused by their stand continued after their release; and upon their return home many were subjected to various types of persecution by vigilante groups. There were several cases of tarring and feathering, deportation from the home town, and public boycott against the men and their families. As a matter of fact the general public, including the organized churches of America, with very few exceptions, was more intolerant of conscientious objection and more cruel in the treatment of objectors, than the Army itself.

IV

The question arises: What about the conscientious objectors of the next war? Will they have profited by the experiences of the 1917-1918 men of conscience? Will there be a larger number or a smaller number? Will public opinion, including the church, be as hostile as it was in the last war? What stand will the government take with regard to the treatment of objectors?

These are questions to which no certain answer can be made. Who can foresee what new factors the stress of a war emergency will present? It is certain that a vast war propaganda machine will make every effort to repel the anti-militarist.

There are, however, certain straws in the wind which indicate that pacifists of to-day are thinking about the problem. Peace organizations and the churches are re-examining the record of the last war and are preparing to meet the problem more efficiently when the threatened war breaks out. Pledges of one sort or another are being signed now by pacifists as a means of indicating later that their objections are long-standing and sincere,

and in the hope of establishing a wider front to prevent another war. Individuals not connected with any established group are also seeking a means to express now their unwillingness to fight in the coming war.

Among the churches who are offering their memberships such declarations are: The Broadway Tabernacle, the Society of Friends, the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., and the Mennonites. Organizations doing the same include the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the War Resisters League. The following churches have petitioned the President to grant their conscientious objectors standing as members of churches long recognized as pacifist in belief: The Northern Baptist Convention, the Disciples of Christ International Convention, the Evangelical Synod of North America, the American Unitarian Association, and the Uniting Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A *Pacifist Handbook* recently issued jointly by a number of the leading pacifist organizations explains the courses of action which confront the present-day objector.

The Army's plans are already made. The War Department's Industrial Mobilization Bills, seven in number, which await enactment by Congress on the outbreak of war, grant dictatorial powers to the President over man-power, industry, transportation, shipping, finance, labor, press, and radio.

Civil liberties will be abrogated until

the "emergency" is over, and the President alone is given the authority to determine when that time has arrived. Local registration boards will pass on the claims of conscientious objectors. Under the plan, exemption from combatant service is granted only to members of "well-recognized" religious sects whose creed forbids its members to participate in war in any form.

The President is to be empowered with the right to determine what religious organizations come within the scope of the exemption, what constitutes non-combatant service, and whether the objector is sincere. Non-sectarian objectors, rationalists, and politicals are not referred to in the bills, which means that rules and regulations will be set up by the President for the handling of these men. There is little reason to believe that they will be given any more consideration than in the World War.

No one can estimate the number of conscientious objectors in the next war. Recent polls indicate that there are a good many people outside the enrolled members of the historic peace churches and the established peace societies who will refuse to fight. However, the objective causes of a future war will be of such a nature as to decrease the amount of political objection to it. Collective security is by definition opposed to the isolation which the pacifist represents, and therefore left-wing political groups will furnish few if any conscientious objectors. Labor's stand is unpredictable.



GREAT HAWAII

THE BIG ISLAND

BY LEONARD BACON

THE small Inter-Island Steamer left Honolulu on the stroke of four, with a sudden promptness which in Italy would be pointed out as proof of the superiority of totalitarian ideals, however little it is to be expected in "easy Polynesia." Under a sky as gray as New England's she headed east by south, yielding herself without reserve to the importunities of very large waves. These last at once attracted the unfavorable attention of a yearling bull, as beautiful as he was miserable, who moaned desolately where they had tied him short to a stanchion under the forecastle. If he had any interest in his destination he had forgotten it with the first pitch. Shreds of base radio-music came from the bar on the boat-deck where many passengers were taking adequate measures against what troubled the bull. And the ladies of my party were knocked out with a suddenness which would have been satisfactory if they had been personal enemies, writers of anonymous letters, or members of the D. A. R.

It was working toward sunset as we wallowed into the lee of Molokai. There was a slight diminuendo in the roll and pitch, and the moody sky decided to go tropic. To the east it put on a double rainbow which planted both feet firmly on a sea as black as a beetle's back, while the hole in the western cloud went by degrees from gold to a color between blood and poinsettia. Astern, five dark albatrosses exhibited their gliding virtu-

osity against the furnace-mouth in the rampart of cumulus. They clearly took pride as well as pleasure in a performance which had the beauty of speed uncontaminated by haste. Automatically and inevitably one thought of Coleridge and how nobly he hit off what he never saw.

By steamer it is sixteen hours from Honolulu to Hilo, including a stop at Maui, a stop once frankly described by a sour Islander who said his idea of Hell was Lahaina Roads at two in the morning. Certainly the maniac stuttering clank of donkey-engines and the Conrad-Kipling yells of mates, as the davits gride and groan, lack the elements essential to repose. But there was splendor in the searchlight shafts blazing down on the boats alongside. And, as the sea-poet says, the noble violence of men hauling ropes that always jam, and fending off lighters that invariably bump, has something exciting as observed from the comfortable vantage of a deck well out of harm's way. One sees force in the adage that no sailor can soldier. They have got to take it seriously or not at all while it lasts. But I was pleased when one of them, his trick being over, went up into the extreme bows, where he sang—not to a ukulele, thank God—but to a guitar. He sat there removed and alone, nor could I hear a note, which may have preserved my illusions. Nevertheless, I felt warmly toward that Polynesian, in spite of a gross fatness which proved that one man's poison is another man's poi.

Most aspects of the Islands are so different from everything one has seen before that anything which looks familiar comes as a shock. Hilo under its semi-continuous cope of rain cloud reminds one of the cliché about Cobh (Queens-town to me) on a fine day. The big breakwater-guarded port has nothing that does not suggest the necessities of shipping and might as well be on the coast of New Jersey as in Polynesia. One would never suspect that Hilo is the prelude to a world of fantasy, the port of entry to the bleak horror of the volcanoes and the soft charm of the Kona Coast. A ticket agency at the mouth of the Inferno, a filling station in front of the Gates of Pearl, would not be more prosaically surprising. Nevertheless, the streets of a town where, whatever the actual number, you feel that there are ten Japanese for every specimen of every other race, have their interest. Beside a yellow clapboarded American school the monumental legendary stones, which, I will wager, were never moved by Kamehameha, at least remind you that there was a hero once, whatever posters advertising Clark Gable may say to the contrary. An insane profusion of gardenias in every front yard takes the curse off incompetently utilitarian little houses. And a beautifully formed but very dirty cataract almost in the middle of the town has poetry as well as power in its silt-blackened foam. One did not know that running water could be so foul, nor had one quite expected the sweet humid air rich in some delightful quality, which is not heat but spells the South.

The Big Island, which is Hawaii proper, and which imposed its name, and once its empire, on the chain, really is a big island, twice as big as all the others rolled into one. It is, say, two-thirds the size of Connecticut, but unlike that commonwealth, is still growing. Long before man appeared, the Connecticut volcanoes, in the crater of one of which New Haven now stands, gave over their task of constructing conti-

nents. But in Hawaii two at least are still on the job and may be so for geological periods to come. Their fiery vitality affects everything whatever, men, beasts, vegetation, the shape and color of the land, and the ocean-bed at the bottom of all. The inner flame, now dormant, now wildly awake, makes itself felt either way. And, as a few thinkers are beginning to understand, it might do the Marxian good to realize that his dialectic is only a case under the larger category of geological determinism.

The poet Marianne Moore, whose eccentricities have obscured her genuine virtues, has compared Mount Hood with its tentacular glaciers to "a glassy octopus, symmetrically poised," an image which is quite good enough to steal. The Big Island consists not of one but of four octopuses, fiery or quenched, that reach out huge arms of lava from their enormous flat-domed bodies. The vast creatures lie like a school of giant squid, from time to time shooting out a feeler of fire purposefully and irresistibly, as the incomprehensible force directs them. Two of them seem dead, but who knows? And one of them, still very much alive, is, so geologists say, the largest single mass of mountain man knows. The slope of Mauna Loa is continuous from twenty thousand feet under the sea to the snow-covered boss of the summit nearly fourteen thousand feet above tide level. Though they admit that the top of Everest is farther from earth's center, Everest, to the geological mind, is a mere pimple on an uplifted plateau by comparison with the gigantic wen of Mauna Loa which is a hundred and twenty miles in diameter at its base in the sea ooze. There is no comparable hunk that sticks out of the earth's surface anywhere.

In their gigantic reflex writhings the volcanic octopuses have manufactured a singular landscape, different from any I know, and in particular from Oahu where little mountains look huge. On Hawaii, on the contrary, huge mountains look little. It requires a logical

process to arrive at the correct conclusion that both Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa are taller than the Jungfrau. You would never guess it, for the great curved shields are so vast in diameter that their vertical dimension is lost sight of. There is a necessary time element in the proper estimation of their sprawling majesty. Even the withering rose of snow on either summit hardly convinces you of height. But you begin to realize when, after two hours' hard drive away from them, the strange low-looking hills still loom up, hardly altered by sixty miles. Seen from such a distance one could fancy Mauna Loa was detached from our planet, an enormous extra moon, a segment of which had just risen above the horizon, as Jupiter might rise for a watcher on his satellite Ganymede. In spite of their retiring modesty, which is grotesquely like that of tall men who are sensitive about their height, no one will ever consider the big volcanoes disappointing mountains. For it is impossible not to be impressed by a region where familiar forces have made everything different from the known and the expected.

II

Kilauea, the most sociable and approachable of the cones, is also the most active, though even Kilauea is for the moment enjoying a period of calm. A fine modern road leads from Hilo to the bottomless pit. And quite properly it is a primrose path, banked on each side with flowers that look as if they had bloomed only in the opium-dream of a dissipated botanist. There isn't a tuft of grass that does not insist on its difference from anything that is ours. One glance at the close tropical texture of the roadside is like being born again on an unknown planet. The bells of the cream-and-rose air-flower sway in the wind of the motor, hibiscuses glow like coals in the shadow of tree ferns, and the ohia with its red hairy bloom looks at once frowsy and delicately beautiful. Best of all is the kukui whose yellow-

green leaves filter light more attractively than any other tree. When one passes through a grove on a fine afternoon, it is like moving in the center of "a sauterne-colored sunset." Everything under them is softened yet defined by light as liquid as Milton imagined in his blindness. But even on a gray overcast morning of mist and rain they have their particular luminous quality, as if they kept a treasure of sunlight in reserve against a temporary deficiency.

Hardening of the pulse of the motor, rather than any visible stiffening of the grade, informs us that we are climbing, which is corroborated by rapidly gathering fog and drift. One might as well be going up Mount Washington on a foul morning. But presently you are aware of being at the top of something and catch glimpses of a vast sad-colored platter, in which are visible the faint workaday activities of a comatose crater. It is true that drifts of steam issue from countless cracks and fumaroles. But as Gilly Williams said of the London earthquake, the volcano seems so gentle that one might stroke it. Except for the uneasy but perpetual breaths of hot vapor, the aspect of the shallow six-mile hollow (which can explode any time it pleases) is as peaceful, drab, and lifeless as a stretch of Wyoming desert, from which Pullman passengers turn back to magazines quite as empty, caught both ways by ennui. Yet there is a moving impressiveness about that khaki and black world, whose regular breathing may become in a moment an orgasm of fiery retching. It isn't that it's alarming, for it isn't. The eruptions of Hawaiian volcanoes are singularly well-bred. Only once, I think, has there been an explosion that really caught men off their guard. That was at a time just before Cook's discovery, when a chief and an army were wiped out by a whim of Mauna Loa's. But in spite of nearly perfect behavior, the classic definition still stands, and the essence of terror resides in that concerning which nothing can be done by man,

in the lava-flow, in the earthquake, in the hurricane. The proof, to which we are not accustomed, that nature is not expelled by our forks, forces upon us the frightening and unpleasant job of rearranging comfortable and fallacious prejudices. And though something has been learned about checking or changing the direction of lava-streams (the Army dropped bombs on one such flaming flood and apparently gave it pause), the fact remains that in any thorough-paced outburst modern man is just about as helpless as his primitive predecessor. Practically all he can do is to stand aside till the cataract cools at its source, or (which is said to be the most portentous sight in the world) plunges, a red-hot glacier, into the sea.

Kilauea is not one but many craters, of which the quenched fire-pit of Halemaumau is the most exciting, even if the bottom of it, nine hundred feet vertically down, now looks like a badly made asphalt tennis-court. No one would believe that only a few years ago it was a living visible Hell full of fountains and geysers of fire. Now it is as still to all appearance as a hole in the moon "where nothing moves except the shadow of its own rim." That pit of destruction, bleak, drab, vertical, makes you think of the sort of region into which we may imagine that dementia praecox patients withdraw, as the outer cosmos becomes meaningless and the inner world reflects the exterior inanity. It is a place where one would like to confine dictators so that in this life they might see nothingness increase before them in naked enormity. The main crater of Kilauea is vivid and alive by contrast with that burnt-out void, where life will not come for centuries, if it ever does come. But it is wonderful to see and still more wonderful to escape from the pressure of its terrifying vacuum; for the imagination feels something walk over its grave before that Platonic idea of the negation of life.

One flees from the wrath overpast along the main rim of Kilauea and presently comes to a smaller cavity, a

mere fumarole, where life has refused to be negated. The fierce little maw is choked with tree ferns and ohia trees, every frond gray as wet cobwebs with silver moisture, which soaks you as you walk under the dripping branches. The place is aptly copied from those reconstructions of the carboniferous period in geological works that failed to capture the undergraduate mind thirty years ago. But this picture has some dynamite in it, for you recognize with indignation that you are walking in what will be somebody's coal mine in the year 1,000,000 A.D. Let us hope they will need no C.I.O. The big ferns closely resemble the fossil leaves that small boys used to find when they spalted the gray graphitic shale of Castle Rock at Newport. One moves dripping through the Prehistoric. A pterodactyl would match the vegetation better than we do, as we slink between the tarantula arms of the fern and the scrawny trunks of the ohia. Nor is the impression mitigated when we emerge from the crater through a natural tube in the lava a hundred yards long, whose dreary mouth might be the focal point of such a drawing as Doré was apt to elaborate after a good nightmare about Dante. When we emerged I own that the spectacle of the waiting motor, which was evidence of the actuality of "nice commonplace 1939," was not unwelcome. Wet wanderings in another geological epoch are enlightening, but they give one a cold sense of being, in Lord Balfour's phrase, minor and episodic.

After hours of damp visions of destruction past and present, we are touched by the chauffeur's intelligent suggestion that we go where the sun is. We had not supposed it was anywhere, or rather had no reason to believe in it at all. Nevertheless, we escape slowly from under the overwhelming cloud and even catch a fleeting but authentic glimpse of the snowfield on the summit of Mauna Loa. The world brightens slowly on the way to the Kona Coast, as if the light were controlled by a rheostat. The

country is full of unlikely contrasts, here a jungle, there a patch of desert aridity. An immense mass of the yellow twining fungus which Californians call "Spanish Gold" is crushing the life out of some big shrubs on the edge of a lava outcrop. In Hawaii that fungus is called *dada*, and I perceive that it is as fatal to vegetation as its decadent namesake is to literature or art. But you are apt to ignore details as the really tremendous features of the landscape thrust themselves across the path. For more impressive than the mountains themselves are the gigantic tentacles of lava that reach blindly down the flat cone to the waters. Sometimes you can see up them a couple of miles to their very shoulders and armpits, and they are often at least a mile of concentrated deadness across. No one ever passed over their horror of frozen heat without a shudder.

III

We escape from the essence of death and drop down to the living and delightfully exciting sea, where there is actual but faint evidence of a genuine sun. Seated on the bottom of an overturned outrigger canoe, we crown the cups with "okolehao," a distillation of God knows what, that has a startling gamy taste and no mildness in its nature. The beach where we feast is made of ground-up lava, the color and consistency of coal dust. Waves which an artist once described to me as muscular, batter themselves into milk against the steep black sand. And the reefs at the two horns of the little cove go under and emerge from the combers with operatic roars of applause. On the edge of the low cliff behind us stands a mean frame building like a tool-shed, which is all that Rome could manage on that bare stretch of coast. No chapel ever looked so little, so lonely, or so frightened. And well it may, for there is no convert so devout that he has altogether excluded the possibility of one day meeting the Goddess Pelé, probably disguised after

her manner as an old woman. Hawaiians are particularly courteous to unknown elderly ladies, for whom the superstition must be extremely convenient. You never can tell what might happen if one of the boys were rude to some visiting firewoman. And the little Roman Catholic Church within easy reach of Pelé's everlasting arms looks as if it had grounds for uneasiness. For diplomatic reasons the temples of other deities should not be built too near Mauna Loa.

We finish our meal on the ebony beach and take a road which goes in loops, now up a thousand feet, now down again to the very breakers. Sugar cane covers the plain by the coast. A mill with a tall white smokestack sits on the very brink of a cliff, and below it a steamer is moored with four hawsers in what no reasonable man would call a harbor at all. Your skin, without the assistance of your eyes, tells you that you are leaving a world that was arid for a region of humid softness. It is not properly speaking hot. But though it is barely afternoon, the air feels like a New England August evening tempered by the sea breath. The vegetation resumes the full tropic, and the mind goes lazy beyond its wont.

I forget who made the observation that the blind, when they try to imagine color, think of it as something absorbable. Precipitated with what amounts to sudden violence into a world full of orange bougainvillea and violet jacaranda, we take the brilliant trees into ourselves semiconsciously, by a sort of prismatic osmosis, a strange process, strangely satisfactory. The vast torches and banners of color are too triumphant for the plantations between which the road now swings its long curves. For, in spite of the precise elegance of the neat coffee trees, even a New Yorker could tell at a glance that every one of those farms is a down-at-heel and defeated enterprise. And in fact the sharecroppers of Arkansas have hardly taken a worse beating than the conquer-

ing race that set out to plant coffee in Hawaii. It was a Japanese project, and to see them get the short end of the stick is new and strange. But it has happened here. And persons who are afraid of finding Orientals under the bed ought to consider the collapse of Nippon in a suitable climate at what should have been a congenial task. They can be licked by circumstance like any other people. Nor is it improper to draw the conclusion that some slight alteration in a world situation larger than the coffee market might easily diminish their power and with it their insolence. I know few things more depressing than the sight of twenty or thirty pretty, neat Japanese girls bent over their horrible Psyche task of separating bad coffee-berries from good. The job combines the maximum of attention and the minimum of interest, and the spectacle does not improve the taste of your morning cup. The poor little creatures, pathetically intent above their miserable trays, don't look much like mothers of world-conquest.

One is glad to leave the belt of disastrous coffee villages and get down again to the gentle warmth of the Coast at Kailua, where a muted sea roars like any nightingale and a fisherman with a gesture as of the herald Mercury casts his net against the sunset. The next day it will be apparent that Kailua has its oddities, not to mention a shadowy sort of history. There is a piquancy about the aluminum-painted tanks of a great oil company, if you know that they are standing on a stone-age fort that was a useful stronghold only three generations ago. Time gets telescoped in the Islands well enough to satisfy Eddington himself. And we are constantly confronted by "the ambiguity of now." Space gets telescoped too. For a palace, indistinguishable from a fair-sized New England farmhouse, stands by the lovely sea, and reef-fish, golden or cucumber-green, skitter in and out of a rock pool under the hideous narrow windows. The house is just what might be described

in a real estate agent's blurb as an elegant and convenient mansion. That is, it is neither elegant, nor convenient, nor a mansion. But sad dynastic memories move vaguely in the musty rooms, where one beholds the intolerably ugly couches of queens, at least one of whom was as hideous as her bed. One ponders moodily, not without reason, about missionaries who, having no taste themselves, were able to destroy it entirely in people who had. Every one of Kamehameha's successors and "their paramours and priests" looked out at one time or another through windows as narrow as the beliefs they adopted from an invader whose "Gothic look" (and outlook) has been compactly described by one of the greatest of modern psychologists.

The house is now a sort of museum full of tragic, comic, and shopworn mementos of a dynasty which was full of contrasts. You suffer an absolute shock as you look at the brutally ugly countenance of Princess Ruth, who came pretty near a world's record for mountainous ill-favor. She was high-minded and forceful, but O God! At the opposite pole, her niece, the pathetic little Cleghorn princess, looks out at you from a pinky sepia "cabinet photograph." If her father had not been a pig-headed Scot who refused to take Stevenson's advice, that girl might be Queen of an independent Hawaii to-day. But Cleghorn sent his daughter, the heiress apparent, to die in Edinburgh of the same influenza that killed the King and Queen, her maternal ancestors, in London sixty years before. The girl's face is as beautiful as her dreadful aunt's is horrible, and it is impossible to say more. The whole hope of an independent Hawaii hung on the cobweb of her life, for she was as sweet and conciliatory in spirit as she was lovely in appearance. And her death was the signal for the triumph of reactionary chauvinists, who instantly put themselves in the wrong when they held all the cards. It is perhaps as well in the long

run that the Islands came under our authority, but one wishes that they had had a sporting chance after King Holo-kaua, a monarch who seems to have had some astuteness coupled with qualities that belong in a comic-opera version of the Arabian Nights. I wish I knew enough to separate the real from the legendary in his extraordinary saga, and to recreate his recreations for the edification of these times.

IV

It seems to be a law of human nature that the equivalent of Westminster is never very far from the equivalent of Whitehall. In the tiny royal town of Kailua it is just across the street. The white hundred-year-old Congregational Church, bare of ornament within and without, has what can only be described as the beauty of narrowness. Nothing was ever better swept and garnished, yet it has an ascetic charm. In a world of color and pulsation everything has been reduced to whitewash and the yellowish-brown of koa-wood. Nonconformist churches in England where

The seraphs recline
On divans divine
In a smooth Seventh Heaven of
polished pitch-pine,

are garish and flamboyant by comparison. The warm, friendly, delicately scented air is chilled by the inner austerity. In such a region those walls should have flamed with angelic aureoles and Ezekiel's burning chariot wheels. But a faith that made a vanity of whatever charmed the imagination, and "denied all beauty, even of holiness," could get Polynesia itself down. One understands after a single glance at that interior the platitudes which describe the native emptiness of the negative and the prohibitory. Nor is it wonderful if more colorful beliefs increase at the expense of what had life only so long as Protestants really protested.

Fifteen minutes' drive away there is a serio-comic piece of repartee to the tem-

ple of transplanted New England. In a sloping meadow high on the shoulder of a thousand-foot hill, shaded by bread-fruit trees and fronting the whole Pacific, stands a yellow wood chapel, the size and shape of a two-car garage. Its façade is perhaps on the mean side, but at least it is Roman, and no effort has been spared to keep up the tradition. An oceanic conch does duty for a font. The two-by-four pillars branch into not ineffective painted palm leaves on a ceiling hardly out of a tall man's reach. Nor is there any lack of painting here. Every square inch of wall is covered with the pupil-pieces of a former incumbent, who, it is apparent, was a Belgian, intensely homesick, and the incompetent imitator of an incompetent imitation Guido Reni. His effects stagger the brain. To look at them is like listening to a man who is explaining with intense eagerness something important he doesn't wholly understand in a language with which he is anything but wholly familiar. Belshazzar staring at "Mene! Mene! Tekel Upharsin!" written by the moving finger in good Hawaiian, might divert the fancy of some passers-by. I for one preferred a Grand Guignol Cain and Abel with quantities of the sort of blood that detective-story addicts approve. Yet for all the crude vulgarity of execution and thought, the thumb-fingered artist could not escape his own sincerity, which was as genuine as Fra Angelico's. And in the sub-microscopic apse there is something that absolutely touches, for there the exile adorned the mean wall with a perspective of the interior of some recollected cathedral, Brussels or Antwerp, and a long procession of censer-swinging priests marching toward the altar. One thinks of him painting in his lonely Pacific leisure and one hopes that his nostalgia was eventually softened or relieved. As a painter he was to a mere Carracci what Eddie Guest is to Shakespeare; but one is sorry for him just the same.

Though it would appear that Catholicism in the Big Island tends to travel

on a pretty flat tire, Buddhism, in spite of the misery of the votaries, is up and coming. The temple in one of the coffee villages knocked the eye out with its combination of the millennially traditional and the trim contemporary. Little Buddhists were playing "one old cat" and riding scooters in the enclosure as we drove up. And from the sanctuary, like it or not, came the impersonal mechanic wail of a harmonium, though it was not playing, as one is led to expect,

Buddha loves me. This I know,
For the Vedas tell me so.

The mere invention of that self-evident libel bears witness to two things, that the Christians view with a certain alarm the expansion of the older faith, and that the true believers have come a long way from "*Om mane padme hum.*" The East has clearly been hustled. But the shrine itself might have been in a chapel of ease in Lhasa. And the kind dignity and grace of the wisest and most dispassionate of teachers has not been lost in the conventional representation, in spite of the artistic effort of twenty-five centuries. However, one could not ignore discordant notes. Against the lower step of the sanctuary, within two yards of the benignant gleaming image, slouched a flour sack with "American Factors" stencilled in red on the coarse cloth. And, yet another American factor, a full beer bottle waited destiny on a desk in an adjoining cubbyhole, partitioned off from the shrine and labelled "office." The precise dial of an electric meter, also in full view, contrasted strangely with a savior who took no count of kilowatt hours, though I have a hazy recollection that a Sanskrit tradition estimates the strength of Gautama at elephant-power, ten thousand. We, however, have small right to mock in a time when you can park your car at the garage of the Holy Spirit in Lourdes, and papal coronations are in danger of television.

Invaders come and, conceivably, will go. Even the Japanese begin relatively to decline. But in Polynesia one always

gets back to Polynesia, and will after the last of the Islanders is dead or absorbed into a novel and unpredictable race. Something belonging wholly to the great sea-rangers is more striking, interesting, and beautiful than anything the foreigner with his notions about God and the Universe has yet achieved in the Islands. On a beach in a tiny cove stands an insignificant huddle of crude modern cottages and a few meretricious grass huts, the whole rather picturesquely resembling an isolated Italian fishing village or the advertisements of cut rates to the South Seas—no more. But beyond the settlement on one of the points that form the small harbor, under gigantic palms which have been incomparably curved by perpetual gentle winds, lies a fortress that looks as Mycenae would have looked, if, to borrow a piece of equally ancient rhetoric, Mycenae had been built of black lava polyhedrons. The dark russet Indian mynah birds gabble and splash in the rock pools under the low, epic, coal-colored ramparts, and appear almost as much out of place and time as the visitor feels. Who gave them leave to invade the region of the tern and the albatross? And what are we snooping after within the man-and-a-half-high megalithic walls of the City of Refuge, every stone of which was dragged for miles by an army of serfs, during what must have been a highly laborious century? The place is no bigger than one of the Troys dug up by Schliemann *et al.* But with only the ghost of a legend to commend and exaggerate it, the eccentrically shaped ungeometrical sanctuary captures your thought. One is irresistibly reminded of vaster but no more exciting palaces and pyramids. And the Fort St. André at Avignon does not display the brutal power of Philip the Fair a bit more obviously than the black bulwarks on the Hawaiian promontory exhibit the unconquerable will of some dark and determined king of the South. The place, among other things, was once a true sanctuary where a fugitive could for

a time escape the penalty of violating inexplicable tabus. But what counts now is not legends so faded and worn by time and change that they have lost interest and even meaning. Rather what takes us is something that the tyrant builder hardly foresaw, the mere beauty of the inky walls, within which everything is annihilated to a green shade under palms too lovely to desecrate in a description.

One cannot reconstruct what went on in the minds of the creators of that mixture of beauty and terror. But one can see what they saw and in a way feel what they felt, if one has the sense to cruise off the Kona Coast, with a couple of generally ineffective deep-sea lines trailing behind the boat. A hundred and fifty years of the white man have hardly altered the countenance of the Big Island. A road here, scarcely more conspicuous than the lava slides where the chiefs used to ski downhill on surfboards, a town there, barely visible to the naked eye, would be about all that Kamehameha the Great would note as alterations from the time when he levied his armies and sailed to conquer the northern islands. There was, for a reason I do not know how to give, something satisfactory in sharing his view of his world. And if his world has changed little, in spite of power lines and motor cars, his sea has not changed at all. Even on such a lead-colored day as fell to my lot, the experience of it passed into one's nature like beauty born of murmuring sound. The water was a continuum of flat swells as dull as the sky. But round the horizon was a belt of clouds like white meringues with unreasonable spiky silhouettes. On that sunless morning they had no business to be white; but they were, with an eccentric unluminous whiteness that emphasized the pervasive drab-grayness. Mauna Loa's thirty-mile flank sloped up from the water like a world rampart, from which Lucretius might have thrown his javelin into nothingness in vain. The nearer cone of Hualalai under the cloud

was a mass of deadened and variegated greens. And when we headed north, close inshore under the height, the monotonous gray swells transformed themselves into furious vital breakers that spouted like geysers through blow-holes in the lava spear-heads they had quenched a thousand years ago. Nothing more broken and savage-looking than those violent reefs exists. And when a girl in the party, against probability, nature, and that background, caught a seven-pound *aku*, the gratulation was a tribute to the prehistoric which survives even in boats with Diesel motors. The big heraldic-looking mackerel, all azure and scarlet, was as thrillingly beautiful a creature as ever was snatched from a sea that contains every glory and horror, whether of form or color. There is no way of estimating such wild pleasure. Generally, when people are happy they don't know it. But in the drab Pacific warmth not a bird passed, not a fish leaped, without conveying to us delight of which we grew increasingly conscious, as of something other men had known before us and still others would know after us. It is well to be aware of the ancient and enduring distillations.

The Big Island is always exciting, and, quite apart from the splendors of an eruption, may go in for the more subtly dramatic. It did so for us. On the last day as we motored toward Hilo by way of the Kohala Country, a wild combination of deserts that look like Utah and ranch lands that look like Montana, the cloud which seemed eternal was packed away by the trade-wind. The great mountain of Maui stood up in a sort of "décolletage of fog" on the far side of the fifty-mile strait. At the same moment to the east and south, and almost in the twinkling of an eye, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa broke forth in brilliant sunshine. No meteorological *coup-de-théâtre* was ever more sudden or beautiful. The huge white-summitted half-moons gleamed and darkened in subdued and retiring majesty. Between them they walled nearly a quadrant of

the horizon with a rampart, partly dazzling, partly somber. And suddenly one had detected their stealthy and secretive vastness, a subject fit for meditation after we had lost the huge curving crests and found ourselves among the spectacular gorges, tortured crags, and horsetail cataracts of the "Scotch Coast." A newspaper-man, perhaps a trifle bathetically, described the Big Island to me as a young continent. Young or no, in its wholly uninsular manner it runs the gamut of entire Australias.

In spite of foreign testimony and local pessimism, the sun is shining at Hilo. The little steamer is full of the hurry and racket of a ship about to clear. The whole Orient and all the South Sea mill on the dock. The scene is busy but gay and good-tempered, when by the ship's quarter burst out furious, staccato, hysterical yells, as of picketers and scabs. Alarmed one looks overside. But it proves to be only moral rearmament. A Filipino convulsed with religious enthusiasm is preaching to the ship, ere

she depart, apparently with special reference to the potentially profitable first-class. Particles of saliva fly from his lips as convincingly as if he were a high-brow actor spouting "Hamlet." And he tears his passion into quite respectable, if highly rhetorical, tatters. "If God can save Hawaiians," he shouts, "He can save Filipinos. If He can save Filipinos, He can save Japanese. If He can save Japanese, He can save Americans. If He can save Americans, He can save anybody." The idea is a good one and clearly expressed. I wonder vaguely if it is what he meant, and if so, if he knows how much pleasure he gave me. But an hour later as the steamer plows leisurely westward, I find myself considering the magnificent rampart of the coast, distantly over-towered by Mauna Kea and scarred with silver streaks of waterfall. Having such noble things before me, I do not discover within any special disposition to consider the Filipino's problem of salvation, whether it cometh from the East or from the West.





WHY SLUM CLEARANCE MAY FAIL

BY ALFRED RHEINSTEIN AND HENRY F. PRINGLE

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GOVERNMENT housing has developed violent antagonists and equally violent advocates. And if the advocates are to achieve their aims they cannot avoid the dilemmas posed by the opponents simply by denying that they exist.

It is decidedly premature to assume that the problem of inadequate housing—the existence of slum dwellings which breed disease and crime—will be solved in the near future. For the most recent surveys claim that about 6,000,000 city or village homes and 5,000,000 farm homes are below the minimum standard of decency. This means that 36 per cent of the families of the United States live in relative squalor.

Most of these 11,000,000 sub-standard homes will be with us in the cities and on the farms of to-morrow. For billions of dollars, many billions, would be needed to replace them. A start, however, has been made. The federal government has allocated \$800,000,000 to the United States Housing Authority and this is being lent to local agencies, such as the New York City Housing Authority, to remedy the appalling shortage of decent, safe, and sanitary dwellings for families with low incomes. Congress has specified that for each new dwelling unit built a sub-standard one must be torn down. The USHA lends ninety per cent of the total cost while the town or city and investors supply the balance. The federal government provides also an annual sub-

sidy of three and one-half per cent of the cost—about equal to interest and amortization charges.

One difficulty with working out a housing problem is that so many people have such violent ideas about it. The proponents of slum clearance too often assert that it will remedy all the ills of modern civilization, and they brand as economic royalists, or worse, all who dare to oppose it. Its enemies cry to heaven that to replace a tenement before it falls or burns down is rank Socialism. All this violence of opinion, from whichever side, is a hindrance to housing reform. It is wiser to see the other man's point of view and then perhaps to admit certain basic truths: that slums breed crime, disease, and degeneracy, and that their removal, if it can be accomplished with intelligence and with due regard for property rights, will be a step toward a better world.

Few will disagree that the subsidy now offered is generous, for it means that the tenant's rent need meet only the operating cost; but the sociological or philosophical thinking behind the 1937 Housing Act can justify the generosity on several grounds. The experiment is sound if it points the way for private enterprise to enter the field of low-cost housing. It is sound if the cost of the subsidized housing projects is continuously reduced while their quality is improved. It is worth while if the properties are efficiently managed, if the right tenants are selected,

if class hatred in the low-income brackets is not heightened instead of lessened, if politics does not enter to do its nasty work. These are forbidding "ifs" and not all of them, by any means, are now adequately guarded against. It may be stated as an axiom that the benefits of health and safety and decency afforded by a subsidized housing program can be nullified by mistakes in policy or administration.

A housing program depends in the long run, naturally, on public funds. In short, it depends on the willingness of the taxpayers to meet the subsidy. Surely there is something wrong with emergency housing when the people in the immediate vicinity resent the new, model dwellings and express their resentment vividly and at stated intervals. One existing project backs up against a grimy row of old-law tenements. The new houses have light and air and space. They were built round gardens. Their tenants could stroll in the evening through the shrubbery and sniff the flowers. The tenants of the adjoining old-law tenements, on the other hand, could sniff little but garbage and the results of faulty plumbing. Being rugged Americans, they were overwhelmed from time to time by their resentment. At six-month intervals, more or less, the windows of the old-law tenements banged up at night and a barrage of bricks, tin cans, and other refuse descended on the carefully planned gardens. Thereupon the neighborhood would settle into tranquillity until the next outbreak. Among some housing experts, it might as well be confessed, there is a sneaking tendency to sympathize with this highly improper, but understandable, lawlessness.

A housing project made possible through the money of all of the taxpayers should not, then, be an isolated spot of health and decency for a small group, unshared by the community as a whole. The bitterness of that section of the community—nearly always a majority group—which does not live in the shining new houses can be ameliorated to a degree,

however. The project should be so constructed and so operated that certain benefits, such as playgrounds, nurseries, assembly rooms, and other recreational facilities, are available to the entire neighborhood. The landscaped, uncrowded area should ventilate the neighborhood. Model apartments can be an inspiration and not a basis for grievance. A lifting of standards results when a certain number of people in the vicinity get better houses. But it won't work out that way unless the tenants are selected impartially and on the basis of their need.

The perplexities are numerous. Income must, necessarily, be made one factor in selecting tenants, but this brings some strange results. Assume, for instance, that John Smith and Ned Brown work in the same factory and live near each other. Smith is middle-aged and a failure. A porter, he makes only \$17 a week and his prospects are dim. Brown, in contrast, is in his thirties. He is competent and ambitious. His salary is \$35. A new group of federal and city subsidized houses begins to rise in the district and both men apply for one of the apartments. Smith, at \$17 a week, is eligible and ultimately is accepted. Brown, whose \$35 salary is not large enough to accommodate his wife and three children in a more expensive private apartment house, is rejected. A recent ruling of the USHA makes even \$27 a week too high for the admission of such a family. Brown must continue to live in an old-law tenement, without heat, with inadequate plumbing, with probable danger from fire. It is natural for him to damn public-housing projects in general and this one in particular.

This is just one of the difficulties, a relatively minor one. There are many others. Without scientific, systematic selection of the occupants, for example, the best housing project will fail. The entire purpose of government housing can be met or defeated in the selection of tenants. The first rule of course must be the need of those who apply. The

New York City Housing Authority, after careful study, has developed a system which thus far appears to be working. It is called the Preferential Rating Method and it attempts to take all of the numerous factors into account before an applicant is admitted to tenancy. Trained investigators examine the conditions under which he lives and these conditions are divided into two groups. The first group includes safety of the structure, principally with reference to fire hazard. The second covers decency of living conditions: such items as public toilets, lack of central heat, windowless rooms, and overcrowding. No applicant can be considered unless his home falls within one or both of the two groups.

The authority's examiners then look into a third set of factors for a final determination of the applicant's eligibility. These are the human ones. The man with children, preferably under fifteen, stands a better chance than the man who has a family consisting entirely of adults. The stability of his employment and the location of the place where he works also count; if the latter is near by it will help. Each of these items is given a weight and the family with the highest total is the first one eligible. But no family can be considered unless its total income is less than five times the rent or, if there are three or more children, six times the rent. That at least is the law. The maximum has been drastically lowered by a mandate from the USHA in an endeavor to reach those with the very lowest incomes. In New York that means renting a large proportion of the dwelling units to families on relief or receiving other government aid. It means leaving in the slums the independent, self-supporting individual who is able to provide for his family, but not well enough to include a decent home.

The Preferential Rating Method cannot fairly be criticized as cold-blooded, although that accusation is made. Its outstanding merit is that it eliminates favoritism and bars political considera-

tions. It is astonishing how frequently the friends of housing officials request special consideration or people whom they know. They ask that former servants, old retainers, and other worthy families be placed on preferential lists. And the politicians watch all housing projects with greedy eyes. If they can obtain accommodations for their constituents they will, obviously, bring new strength to their machines. Patronage, if it ever gets started, will admit tenants to housing projects and then eject them, in due course, if they fail to vote the right way. Patronage would be the death of housing.

II

The officials operating a completed housing development must walk warily. On the one hand, their relationship toward the tenants should be strictly that of a landlord. Rents must be paid promptly and in full. But the fact to be remembered is that the occupants of subsidized dwellings are families who have not hitherto enjoyed the facilities of modern life. Obviously, there must be educative management to help them adjust themselves to their new environment. But if there is too much control, or if it is unwise, trouble is certain to follow. To put it another way, a little socialization is right and beneficial. Too much would be harmful and disastrous.

Sound and economical operation of public housing may well prove, in the long run, the most difficult of all the related problems. The New York City Housing Authority, after careful study, has trained a force of management assistants who come into constant contact with the tenants. The majority of the assistants are women. Nearly all are selected for their tact and because their social point of view is sympathetic. The management assistants collect rents, but they do far more than that. A first obligation of the Authority was to keep them from being too active. So they are strictly forbidden to volunteer advice

to tenants. Over a period of time, however, they become friendly and are asked many questions. These, naturally, they are free to answer. Often, in due time, they can give valuable information on a wide variety of subjects. For it is vital that the Authority itself shall know in a general way whether budgets are being met. It is the task of the management assistants to submit reports when families are subjected to sudden heavy expenses such as illness or hospitalization. The proper health, employment, relief, or other agencies can then be informed.

In some cases the management assistants become in a small way instructors in domestic science. The contrast between the equipment, kitchen and otherwise, of one of the new apartments and an old-law flat is very great. Refrigerators and stoves of the most modern design are supplied. Tenants are often extremely anxious for instruction as to how they may be used to the best advantage. At the same time, naturally, damage through improper use is reduced to a minimum.

The day has passed, or nearly so, when critics of public housing insisted that bathtubs would be used for coal and that the most model apartment unit would soon be transformed into a crumbling, dirty tenement. The New York City Housing Authority is already operating three large projects, and while it has complexities enough to face, the one of misuse is not among them. It must be remembered that a large percentage of the tenants have never lived in buildings anywhere near as good, and most of them take an immediate and fierce pride in their new homes. The real problem of the Authority lies in their desire to buy too much furniture. They are easy victims to the wiles of installment houses. Evidence even exists to show that some of the tenants cut down on food in order to furnish their homes. Not long ago a delegation of grocers and butchers, who had rented stores in one of the units, called on the Authority to demand that

their leases be revised downward. Model tenants, they said, simply didn't eat enough—and they got their cuts. Such excesses must be avoided.

Yet it will be a simple matter to wreck the whole housing program by well-intentioned piling up of special privileges in addition to decent homes. For this will bring the paradoxical situation of establishing a favored class among the lowest-income groups. A real danger is that too many social experiments will fasten themselves on housing. The temptation is great. Ten or twelve thousand individuals living in model tenements constitute a convenient and interesting body for experimental purposes. Group medical care is suggested. Nursery schools are likely to be staffed with the best teachers. The accumulation of such benefits is surprisingly easy and is of course grossly unfair to the less fortunate residents of the neighborhood. Socialized medicine is a splendid idea and should be worked out. So are many of the other plans for improving health and increasing happiness. But it is vital that they should be available to all the people of the vicinity and not merely to the minority lucky enough to have been admitted to the new houses. Otherwise, as we have seen, the sporadic outbursts of righteous indignation and the showers of tin cans will result.

III

Public housing is the victim of confused thought. Too often the proponents of slum clearance think in terms of dream cities where light and fresh air and green trees are easily available, where there is no congestion, and where the cost of land is cheap. All of this is very nice at Mr. Grover Whalen's Fair and in the tomorrow-land inside his Perisphere. It is often not practicable under more realistic conditions and sometimes, even if practicable, it is decidedly unwise.

One of the greatest dangers in the financing of government-assisted housing

is that of losing sight of real costs. The subject is highly technical and demands attention by experts. Nobody denies that land on the outskirts of a city is cheaper per square foot. But selection of a housing site must depend on other matters as well. Let us assume that the new houses have been built at a total apparent cost lower than in some slum area. Then it may suddenly be discovered that the city has been forced to lay out new streets, establish police and fire protection, build sewers and schools. The actual capital cost will have been much greater than if a higher price had been paid for land in a centrally located area.

That isn't all. The financial picture, where such mistakes have been made, becomes clouded and confusing. True, the federal loan and subsidies are paid. The city must pay for the other improvements, however. The net cost is never determined; the city taxpayer must meet the bill in the end, and housing must bear the burden. Other intangible costs may result when the new project is located in an outlying section. The new school which must be built should be large enough to take care of future expansion. For the immediate present, for that reason, it will be operated at less than capacity and, therefore, expensively. Meanwhile the old school in the congested district has lost some of its pupils. The city must operate two schools instead of one, and both at a high rate per pupil.

Further, the resettlement of large numbers of people on the outskirts of a city may mean an intolerable burden on transportation facilities. The cost of improving these may be staggering. Nor can it be doubted that the additional time taken to get to work is a drain on the worker's strength. To an extent, industry will have to be located so that the blessings of shorter hours will not be wholly dissipated in traveling to and from work. The economy—that is, the economic life—of to-day's city is a complex thing. No lasting gain will result

from a too hasty housing development which forces men to live where there is no industry. Nor is it wise to shift large centers of population away from neighborhoods where shopping centers, of long standing and representing heavy investments, are located. The even flow of commerce is essential to modern life.

Meanwhile, if housing is to succeed, it is wiser to study carefully the relative, real costs of building where land costs are higher. The great opportunity of clearing away slums and improving old neighborhoods may be lost if new houses are built only in cheap-land districts which are still sparsely settled.

Too many subsidized housing projects in the United States either have been, or will be, located unscientifically on supposedly low-cost land, and the responsibility must rest, in part, on the United States Housing Authority. Nobody denies for an instant that low cost is essential to any program. But the arbitrary ruling of Administrator Nathan Straus of the USHA that land shall not cost more than \$1.50 a foot is short-sighted. A standard maximum price for land all over this varied country is out of the question. If safeguards are so rigid and cumbersome that they make it impossible for the authorities to function when conditions vary from the normal, an evil about as great as bad housing itself is created.

Administrator Straus has said that New York and other large cities must bear the added cost if centrally located land cannot be obtained for \$1.50. This is unfair. The Housing Act of 1937 was passed so that municipalities could solve the evil of slums without too great additional tax levies. New York and the other cities do, as a matter of fact, make material contributions. Taxes on the housing projects are waived. Streets are donated.

But Mr. Straus has also suggested that delay may effect a remedy. If the cost of land is too high where slum clearance and new housing are most needed, he has said, prices will be beaten down to \$1.50

or less if nothing is done for several years. Such a form of enforced devaluation would seem unwise both economically and morally. It means that people would be forced to live in structures which deteriorate more and more each year—with the resulting effect on health and morals. The cities too would suffer because of losses in taxation as the devaluation progressed. Nobody really profits from an ancient, broken-down slum. The landlord receives barely enough to continue operation. The investor will probably fail to receive the stated interest on his money and be forced to cut the rate. Obsolete buildings rarely pay adequate taxes. But slum clearance is obsolescence clearance.

Subsidized housing can bring relief from intolerable living conditions to, at best, a few hundred thousand people among the 11,000,000 American families now forced to remain in substandard dwellings. This is vastly valuable, but it offers no long-time cure for the situation. Housing will remain a semi-philanthropical, institutionalized movement unless it points to some path along which private enterprise can follow. The movement will not be continued very long, in view of the ponderous burdens on government, unless this is done. One way is for subsidized housing to constitute a proving ground for experiments which private capital dare not risk. The USHA has missed an opportunity in failing to foster an experimental attitude. Housing authorities are now operating in the ten largest cities of the United States and in scores of smaller communities as well. Yet there is little unity. One authority receives small benefit from the discoveries or mistakes of the others. All data, of every nature, should be instantly available to every local authority and to the building industry. Plans and specifications pour into Washington from many architects, contractors, and engineers. The good should be culled from the bad and the information distributed for the common benefit of housing.

IV

Progress has of course been made, and the capable technical staff of USHA conveys this information as well as can be in a personal and unsystematic manner. One of the major demonstrations has been the use of what has been called the Super-Block. Most of our existing cities were designed for horse-drawn traffic where streets had to intersect at short intervals. Motorized traffic does not require as many cross streets; wide boulevards speed its movement more effectively. Thus a number of the new units cover several blocks without intersections. Costs too have been reduced. In New York it has been possible to cut them from \$2,250 per room to about \$1,200, as compared with the buildings erected a few years ago. This means that twice as many people can be housed for the same amount of money. In the older housing projects the average rent is \$7.10, without gas and electricity, per room per month while the rates in the new ones will be \$5.41 with free gas and electricity. The difference in rent is due mainly to differences in financing.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is financing a large project in the Bronx. Many of its architects are men whose experience has come from work on subsidized government buildings, and it will be interesting to see how the operation of the Metropolitan units compares with the government ones. At best the comparison will be slight. About 40,000 people will be accommodated in the Bronx, but the rentals will be between \$10 and \$15 per room per month. A different income group will be served. The gap between \$10 to \$15 and \$5 to \$7 is significant, for the latter figures represent what is possible when the taxpayers help to pay the bills. How long will they do so? Not for very long unless they see some concrete evidence that private enterprise can be persuaded to enter the field. And private enterprise will not do that while the building trades continue their present hostile, short-

sighted, obstructionist policy toward public housing.

Nobody can say with fairness that the gains of organized labor have not been won at great cost and should be sacrificed lightly. But all things change. The dollar is not worth to-day what it was worth a decade ago. The Economic Royalist gets smaller returns on his bonds and, if he is lucky enough to get any, lower dividends from his stocks. The building-trades leaders are willing to have everything else change. They oppose bitterly, however, nearly all new methods in building construction. This is quite apart from any willingness to cut wages. They oppose new methods because, they fear, their members may thereby lose their jobs or be forced to do other work.

Without new methods the housing program will surely fail. Construction is to-day the one vital industry which has not been able to take full advantage of factory or mass production. To-day's bricklayer, for instance, does his work just about the way it was done in the days of the Pharaohs. The mason, the carpenter, and the plasterer have better tools than their ancestors in the same trades used, but basically, their way of working is not very different. This is not to say that but for labor, houses could be turned out like automobiles. Industry too has been at fault and the prefabricated house does not yet seem to be a success. Sections and parts which make up a house can, on the other hand, be manufactured on a mass basis and thus represent the greatest single opportunity for economy in building. But the building trades oppose prefabrication in any form.

On one large project the forms for pouring concrete were made of plywood. These had been cut to size at the mills. Their edges were veneered to keep out the moisture; this meant that the forms would last longer and could be used more often than if they had been cut on

the job where proper veneering was impossible. The carpenters on the housing project threatened to strike, however, on the ground that these were prefabricated forms. In short, they insisted on waste and higher cost. The plasterers have followed a similar backward policy. Plastering would seem to be doomed sooner or later. In modern buildings it is often not needed. It is expensive and even harmful to the structure. Yet the plasterers' union is urging that the ceilings of fireproof buildings, which consist of concrete arches, must in all cases be covered with plaster. This is costly because it is unnecessary and inappropriate in such buildings. It is obviously time-consuming. It may be damaging, because plaster is a wet material which delays the drying out of the entire structure and affects the stability of certain parts.

The building boom, so persistently predicted over the last decade, is not yet here and one of the main reasons for the delay is cost. Obviously, it will be profitable to the building trades if there is increased activity. Equally obviously, this activity must be calculated in round numbers for the entire country and for the building trades as a whole. It is true that certain trades will suffer. Some of them may disappear. Employment in general will be greatly stimulated though. One of the costs of progress is that the few shall suffer for the many. Unless that cost is paid the procession will be halted.

And yet—and yet the new projects continue to rise. Not all of to-day's building is of fortresses and battleships and other engines of death. Steam shovels are biting into the hard earth, and in their path will follow foundation workers and the men who build walls and roofs that mean homes for the many. Green trees and grass are being planted and they will grow in sunshine where once there had been but the gray shadows and the fetid air of the slums.



MUSIC IN ASPIC

BY OSCAR LEVANT

IT HAS been frequently remarked, and with truth, that a conductor embarking on a debut in New York is confronted with the most critical audience in the world; save that this should be amended to read—at his first rehearsal. Long before a symphonic conductor appears before an audience to impress his qualities on the listeners, critical and otherwise, he has already made the impression that eventually determines the extent of his success or failure—on the members of the orchestra, whose attitude toward any new conductor may be epitomized as “a hundred men and a louse.”

Contrary to the general opinion, a good ambitious orchestra can do more to ruin a conductor than it can to make him. One of the smuggest, most cohesive groups in American music, with the greatest threat of power, is the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra; and it is followed closely by the Philadelphia Orchestra.

It is perhaps a corollary that the opinion of an orchestral musician about a conductor or a piece of new music is quite invalid. So many factors of self-interest are concerned that the purely musical values involved in the judgment of each are beyond the player's objective appraisal.

So far as it concerns a conductor, it may be remarked that an orchestra of the de luxe type mentioned above develops in time a collective identity derived from its strongest personalities. This remains constant except in the

presence of the most strong-willed conductors. The strings of the Philharmonic, for example, amount to some thirty-two Piastras, deriving their style and mannerisms from their concertmaster. There is no trace in their playing of what might be called a “Barbirolli style.” Nevertheless, when this same string section was conducted by Toscanini it did not possess this thick, rich Russian overwash—it had a leanness and strength directly induced by him.

Essentially the question is one of domination—whether the conductor dominates the orchestra or the orchestra dominates the conductor. Utter control of a performance, to the point at which ninety or a hundred players become not merely a cohesive group but the single-minded extension of one personality, is a rare talent among musicians—possessed, among conductors now active in America, only by Koussevitzky, Stokowski, and Toscanini.

I have found in my varied experience as a conductor, soloist with orchestra, and ordinary listener, that there is a general misuse of power all round, depending upon in whose hands it happens to repose in any given instance. The orchestra which finds that it has at its mercy a conductor—whom it may dislike for any reason from lack of musicianship to mere unsociability—is frequently as ruthless in its use of power as the conductor who exercises authority merely because he does not fancy a violinist's complexion or the way he sits while playing.

Pundits may talk of a conductor's "authority," his "beat," and his "knowledge of scores," but actual control of an orchestra is most frequently founded on the less gaudy basis of economics. When an orchestra is aware that the conductor has in his inside pocket a contract for next season and the one after that, carrying with it the power to rearrange the personnel "for the best interests of the orchestra"—in other words, to hire and to fire—its attitude is apt to be somewhat more respectful than if he is merely an interloper to be tolerated for a brief guest engagement.

When Stokowski spent his memorable, and brief, guest engagement with the Philharmonic some years ago (as part of the famous exchange in which Toscanini conducted the Philadelphia Orchestra) he certainly did not leave his "authority," "beat," and "knowledge of scores" in the green room with his topcoat. But no one who recalls the occurrence will forget the playing of the Philharmonic, which led Stokowski to describe the two weeks as "one of the unhappiest experiences of my life."

To be sure, he made the initial mistake of asking the orchestra to learn, for the first time in its history, Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," a work not previously in its repertory. This exertion, coupled with the orchestra's desire—at that time—for Toscanini to emerge as victor in the competition, induced a state of extreme resentment and internal opposition. This attitude was encouraged, to no small extent, by Stokowski's request, on beginning the rehearsal, for "hundred per cent co-operation." As one member of the orchestra says: "Well, you know, after all—a hundred per cent co-operation . . ." as though to say, who does he think he is anyway?

He also indicated his preference for absolute silence from the men when he was giving instructions to a particular choir or soloist. This was in effect an open invitation for whispers and privately exchanged jokes. When one of the bass players had the effrontery to

smile during a Stokowskian monologue he was summarily banished from the rehearsal. Expecting contriteness, Stokowski was astounded to hear him say: "Thank you—I haven't had a Thursday evening off all winter." This witticism evoked a giggle from a rear desk 'cellist, who was promptly directed to join his colleague in exile.

Plainly, neither of these occurrences would have happened in Philadelphia, where Stokowski exacts his "hundred per cent co-operation" not merely by will power, his beautiful hands, and exquisite gestures, but, more pertinently, through the players' knowledge that dismissal from a rehearsal is not for a day or a week, but for all time.

It is hardly surprising, therefore, that present-day orchestral players in the more prominent ensembles have become almost as great prima donnas as the glamour boys of music whom they derisively decorate with that epithet. There is the charming and somewhat pathos-tinged happening that involved Bruno Walter during one of his first guest appearances with the Philharmonic. Innocent and unwarned, he had endured for several rehearsals and the first pair of concerts the mannerisms of Alfred Wallenstein, the orchestra's brilliant first 'cellist, whose gaze was everywhere—on the music, in the hall, up at the ceiling—but not on Walter. Since the first 'cellist sits almost within baton-length of the conductor, his idiosyncrasy could hardly be overlooked.

At last Walter invited him to a conference and said: "Tell me, Mr. Wallenstein, what is your ambition?"

The 'cellist replied that he some day hoped to be a conductor.

"Well," said the conductor, with his sweet and patient smile, "I only hope you don't have Wallenstein in front of of you."

II

In the relationship of conductor and orchestra much depends of course on the first meeting. As a human equation, it

has much the same atmosphere as the meeting of the principals in a pre-arranged Hungarian wedding, with the bride and groom thoroughly aware that they are fated to make common cause whether they are enamored of each other or not. These are not marriages made in heaven; they are made mostly in the office of Mr. Arthur Judson.

The methods of approach by the conductor vary as widely as the literary tempers of Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* and Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. To this mating, the orchestra brings suspicion, skepticism, and mistrust in equal proportions. Unconsciously every conductor feels this and has developed a personal technic for breasting this psychological Maginot Line. With the less secure, the approach is invariably based on talk—a tribute to the magnificent musicianship of the band, a small disquisition on its splendid traditions (in whose future the conductor implies he hopes to play a part), a sigh of anticipation for the pleasure the conductor expects to derive from playing on "this superb instrument." An appeal is made to the co-operative spirit of the men, together with an apostrophe to "What beautiful music we can make together." This is further known as the Clifford Odets or Gary Cooper-Madeleine Carroll-approach, with the orchestra inclined to regard the conductor's part in the making of the beautiful music as perhaps an act of supererogation.

Violently opposed to this is approach II, the martinet or "knock this off if you dare" type, in which the baton is, symbolically, a chip on the shoulder. Such conductors invariably enter unexpectedly (thus immediately placing the orchestra at a disadvantage), clothed in a black half-smock buttoned to the chin, a perfect stage setting for the indispensable Il Duce frown. No word of greeting is exchanged; a curt rap of the stick and a brisk command: "Beethoven." This the orchestra is expected to interpret to mean the symphony of the program. Further communication by word

is withheld until the first mistake, no matter how slight. This provides the opportunity for which the conductor has been waiting to address a negative greeting to his co-workers, in which are mingled supercilious endearment and patronizing contempt.

Falling somewhere between these two is approach III—the good-fellow or Uriah Heep type. The conductor walks in calmly, clothed in a smile, shakes hands with the concert master, taps gently for attention, and addresses the orchestra as "Gentlemen." A harmless, well-prepared joke follows, leading up to the suggestion that since they are going to be together for weeks and months it would be best to develop a "Just call me Al" *entente cordiale*. Sometimes this flowers into a "mingling-with-the-help" manner: the conductor cultivates a program of socio-musical escapades with members of the orchestra, invites them to his home for chamber-music evenings, and sponsors Christmas parties for the children of the musicians. His purpose is to efface the social (and monetary) disparities between conductor and players, to give them an illusion of fraternal equality, to cultivate the impression that he is "just one of the boys." This usually endures only for the first season, after which the chrysalis is discarded, and he emerges from the cocoon to try his wings as a martinet.

More to be pitied than censured is the nervous-irritable type, generally hired for only two weeks in the middle of the season, and secretly convinced that the orchestra is out to get him. His problem is to make a lightning impression on an audience for which the permanent conductor has just directed every sure-fire work in the standard repertory. He is much in the position of a batter who steps to the plate after the previous man has hit a home run with the bases full. Entering with hasty, energetic steps, he mounts the podium in a leap, snaps his fingers with brittle impatience and says: "Three measures before letter C." Before the musicians have a chance to open

their scores or raise their instruments, his right arm is describing arcs and angles. Naturally confusion ensues, and he is apt to smite his forehead in despair and expostulate: "I won't have it I won't *have* it I *won't* have it."

In such circumstances the musicians are likely to reply, "Take your time, buddy."

A recent development, in the post-Toscanini period, is the fabulous-memory type. He is shrewd enough to realize that an orchestra is no longer impressed with a musician who uses a score for rehearsals and conducts only his concerts from memory, so he scorns the use of a score in his rehearsals also. He has memorized not only the notes and tempo indications, but also the numbers of the pages, the lettered sub-divisions of the movements, and the very accent marks in the bassoon part.

It is a part of orchestral folk-legend that one such virtuoso, intent upon impressing the orchestra with his memory, planted several errors in obscure places. In the midst of a furious *tutti* he stopped the orchestra, singled out the third horn player, and said: "Third horn—I heard you play a C. It should be a C sharp."

The horn player responded, with proper contempt: "Some jackass wrote in a C natural, but I know the piece backward, so I played it C sharp as it should be."

Unquestionably the most pathetic of all conductorial types is the man-who-has-risen-from-the-ranks, who frequently combines in his indeterminate manner some elements of all these approaches. As a former member of the orchestra which he is now conducting, he is sub-consciously aware that the musicians are only waiting for the end of the rehearsal to get off together and discuss his failings, as they have discussed, innumerable times in the past, those of the conductors he has played under himself. His method of generating authority cannot adhere to any of the stereotyped categories, since his case is a special one, in which he first has to convince himself of

his authority before he can transmit it to the players. Another accessible pitfall is eclecticism, the risk of reproducing the effects or mannerisms of some distinguished predecessor, thereupon permitting the members of the orchestra to say that he got this bar from so-and-so, that bar from another so-and-so.

III

A conductor should reconcile himself to the realization that, regardless of his approach or temperament, the eventual result is the same—the orchestra will hate him. This is true—hold your breath—even of Toscanini.

When Willem Mengelberg first exercised his virile vocabulary and exciting personality on the men of the Philharmonic, early in the 1920's, their enthusiasm for the new conductor mounted quickly from eager acceptance to blind idolatry. Perhaps there was an influence in the fact that his predecessor had been Josef Stransky.

This devotion endured for several seasons until a dark cloud, in the form of Arturo Toscanini, appeared on the horizon. For some time the loyalty of the Mengelberg faction in the orchestra resisted the defection of the Toscanini cohorts, until it became apparent, from the actions of the board and the public, that the Mengelberg tenure was approaching its end. In the words of one of the players: "The boys knew there was a new boss coming in"—and Mengelberg was gleefully sabotaged. There was perhaps no organized plan, but, somehow, an orchestra which had played the first symphony of Beethoven times without number disagreed on the necessity for a repeat after the trio of the minuet. With the woodwinds espousing one opinion and the strings another, the helpless conductor found himself engulfed in dissonance.

In his turn, Toscanini passed through much the same cycle of endearment, questioning, and resentment. There was rarely a cavil with his sincerity or ex-

traordinary equipment, but his insistence on quality eventually won him the characterization which orchestral musicians apply to any intense and insatiable workman—"slave-driver." This reached open rebellion during his last season, in the preparation of "Iberia" for an all-Debussy program at one of his final concerts. Contrary to the legend that Toscanini is unswervingly faithful to the smallest detail of a composer's conception, he felt that a horn passage in the coda required reinforcement by a trumpet, and directed the incomparable Harry Glantz, first chair-man of that section, to play with the horns. Moreover, he specified that the addition be played *forte*. [Subsequently Glantz has given me many versions, one of which was that Reiner had introduced these changes in the parts previously.]

There was an unconscious reluctance on Glantz' part, to play the note aggressively, and his *forte* was hardly more than a *mezzo piano*. Toscanini interrupted the rehearsal and launched into a diatribe against Glantz, whose playing he had on many occasions praised. Angrily Glantz replied: "The trouble with you is you don't know how to handle men."

Such forthright opposition was unknown to Toscanini, and he stormily demanded an apology, whereupon Glantz walked out.

Unpredictably, the reaction in the orchestra was not sympathetic to Glantz. They felt he was right, but they condemned the action on the eve of Toscanini's farewell to the orchestra. Shortly before, in the preparation of an all-Wagner program, the strings had resented Toscanini's demands for individual playing of a complex passage, impossible to play accurately, man by man, at any time, and sheer absurdity in their season-end state of nervous fatigue. They had discussed the possibilities of a strike, but agreed, as in the case of Glantz, that the time to take action was the year before—when Toscanini still had a power of dismissal over his men.

The difficulty between the two men was resolved by their mutual admiration—the fine musician for the peerless conductor, the demanding conductor for the irreplaceable musician. Through the mediation of van Praag, manager of the orchestra personnel, an armistice was effected—without apology—for the duration of the concert. At its conclusion Glantz's magnificent performance won him a forgiving kiss on the cheek from the maestro.

Though it is commonly believed that a Toscanini performance is the highest reward a composer may expect for creating a work, it is an experience that sometimes has its embarrassing consequences. There was the happening several years ago at a Philharmonic rehearsal at which Ernest Schelling was present as soloist in the preparation of his "Impressions from an Artist's Life" for piano and orchestra. According to his custom, Toscanini was conducting without score while Schelling, the composer, had the music propped up on the stand before him.

The rehearsal progressed without incident for some minutes, when Toscanini, listening to Schelling expound a solo passage against a light orchestral background, suddenly rapped his stick imperiously on the stand beside him and called to Schelling: "What are you playing there?"

Schelling looked up in surprise, and repeated the measures he had just played.

"No, no," said Toscanini. "Let me see the score."

He raised the score close to his eyes, in the legendary way, peering intently at the page. Suddenly he looked up. "Just as I thought," he said. "You were playing wrong."

Schelling confirmed this astounding dictum by returning to the piano and playing a minutely different form of the passage he had just delivered. As he said afterward, he had always played it that way, never bothering to check it against the notes he had originally written.

Another example of Toscanini's remarkable musical faculties was the remark he made to Bernard Wagenaar, Dutch-American composer, after studying his first symphony for a performance of several years ago. Toscanini brought it back with him on a return trip from Europe, studying the score on the boat wholly by sight. When Wagenaar went to greet him at his hotel the day he arrived, Toscanini congratulated him on the work, but added: "There are several places which don't 'sound'"—a revelation that his memorization of the score included the ability to hear the actual *timbres* of the orchestra. The rehearsals revealed precisely the flaws in the texture of the scoring that he had predicted. This incident is in strong contrast to the opinion of Stokowski, who contends that only an actual playing will show the weaknesses of an orchestration. As a footnote to this, it might be added that the dissonant conclusion of the first movement left Toscanini unsatisfied, and he insisted on adding a pure C major chord to the composer's final page.

It is history, however, that one eminent contemporary felt otherwise than flattered by Toscanini's treatment of his music. This was the late Maurice Ravel, who was honored by a performance of his "Bolero" in Paris during the Philharmonic's European trip. It was an initial irritation for Ravel that no tickets had been sent to him and he made his way into the crowded hall with great difficulty, to discover that Toscanini's tempo for "Bolero" was unforgivably fast. He added audible, unscored verbal comments from his box as the work progressed, in a mounting crescendo that paralleled the surge of the music. This monotone of invective brought a storm of shushing from the intent Parisians, to whom Ravel was not a world-famous composer but merely an ill-mannered listener.

The performance completed, Ravel descended angrily upon the green room to deliver his annoyance with the performance in person to the maestro. With

voluble gestures and insistent pounding of his feet, he delineated the impossibility of dancing a "bolero," his or anyone else's, at such a pace. There was the charm of novelty in this experience for Toscanini, since only a composer of Ravel's stature could be thus indifferent to his reaction.

Despite this unprecedented happening, Toscanini continued to conduct "Bolero," content perhaps to regard its unparalleled opportunity for orchestral virtuosity as compensation for the bad manners of the composer. After several brilliant performances with the Philharmonic, in which he had been delighted by the meticulous playing of the orchestra's percussion section, he summoned its members to his room and expressed his particular pleasure with the snare drummer, Schmehl, whose superb *pianissimo* and imperceptible crescendo excelled anything in his experience.

A large florid man with the muscularity of a heavyweight wrestler and a speech compounded equally of Brooklynese and Hemingway, Schmehl replied casually: "Tanks, boss—glad you feel that way about me."

The praise apparently aroused Schmehl to the difficulty of his task, and a consciousness of how well he had accomplished it, for at the next repetition of "Bolero" he was swept by panic, beginning his opening solo at a rapidly increasing *forte*. A contortion of rage suffused Toscanini's face, and he muttered imprecations. Schmehl's partner sought to retrieve the sticks and play the solo himself, but the drummer was too nervous to understand the request. The fury of Toscanini with Schmehl transmitted itself to the rest of the orchestra, a trombone exploded a blast instead of a tone at the climax of his solo, and the performance moved swiftly into confusion.

When the final chord had been reached, Toscanini stalked from the stage without a glance at the audience, and rushed to his room, crying: "Where is Schmehl? I want Schmehl! *Send me Schmehl!*"

The culprit finally appeared, to be greeted by a torrent of "*Stupido*." . . . "Shame." . . . "You play no more for me." All this to the man he had recently decorated with garlands of praise.

Truculently Schmehl accepted the abuse with the patience born of forty years' experience in orchestral playing and, waiting his opportunity, finally said: "You don't like my work? Get yourself another boy."

Nevertheless, the happening cost him his post in the orchestra, for one misgauged *pianissimo*.

There might have been a similar outcome for another impasse at a Philharmonic rehearsal had not the player shrewdly adapted himself to one of Toscanini's few limitations. The problem arose in the rehearsing of Berlioz's "Queen Mab" scherzo (in the "Romeo and Juliet" music). This contains an effect scored for antique cymbals, the tiny equivalents of the familiar large cymbals. Toscanini demanded that the rapid tinkling of the instruments be mathematically precise and metronomically exact, the rhythm sharply articulated.

One after another the percussion players took their turns at attempting to meet Toscanini's requirements, only to find that the task of rustling the two tiny dials together at the proper speed and with the desired clarity defied any technic with which they were acquainted. They were all waved impatiently aside until Sam Borodkin, virtuoso of the gong, tam-tam, bass drum, and glockenspiel, pushed his way to the stand and said he'd like to try.

The orchestra began, and Borodkin stood poised with the small cymbals (each no larger than a silver dollar) in his hands. When his entrance approached, Borodkin bent over the stand, in an attitude of extreme attentiveness, meanwhile substituting a metal triangle stick for the cymbal in his right hand. Then, with his hands barely visible over the top of the stand, he beat out the rhythm perfectly.

Toscanini dropped his baton and called out: "Bravo, Borodkin. Bravo"—being unable to penetrate the deception with his weak vision. No doubt if he could have seen that far he would have found some reason to be displeased with the results.

It is such arbitrary and unpredictable attitudes that exhaust the patience of men who feel that their status, tried and approved, entitles them to better treatment.

In this genre there is the classic experience of the violinist Mischel ("Mike") Gussikoff, who was engaged as concert master of the Philadelphia Orchestra after Stokowski personally scouted his playing of the solo violin part of Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" with the St. Louis Symphony. When the orchestra assembled to begin its season, Gussikoff took his place at the first desk, but noticed that Stokowski did not shake hands with him, greet him by name, or even nod.

This situation endured not only for the first rehearsal, but through the week's concerts and for all of the next month. Eventually Gussikoff began to worry about this silent relationship with Stokowski, and sought to identify it with possible flaws in his playing. He could not find any that justified such mute indictment, and in final desperation he sought out Stokowski during a train trip from a New York concert, and said:

"Please, Dr. Stokowski, I have done something to displease you?"

"No," said the conductor.

"You don't like the way I play my solos?"

"I have no complaint," said Stokowski.

"Then why," questioned Gussikoff, "Why don't you *say* something to me?"

"When I say something," answered Stokowski, "that will be the time to worry."

Baffled by this negative endorsement, Gussikoff withdrew and shortly afterward found himself a position with another orchestra.

IV

It is possible that Gussikoff reacted with particular sensitivity because he had been reared in the pre-war Russian Symphony Orchestra, under the genial guidance of Modest Altschuler. This was the orchestra that was a veritable training school for concert masters, producing among others, Frederic Fradkin (of the Boston Symphony), Maximilian Pilzer (of the Philharmonic), Ilya Skolnik (of the Detroit Symphony), Louis Edlin (of the National Orchestral Association), and the conductors Nikolai Sokoloff and Nat Finston (of the movies). It was this orchestra that introduced many of the finest scores by Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, and Stravinsky (his first Symphony and "L'Oiseau de Feu" particularly outraging the Krehbiels and Fincks) to New York, long before the established orchestras were aware of their existence.

An ardent propagandist for such works, Altschuler also delighted in expounding his conceptions of the scores with illustrated lectures. Attempting to elicit a more soulful solo from his oboist in a rehearsal of "Scheherazade" he stopped and said: "Here is the princess (pointing to the concert master, who plays the over-famous violin cadenza) and you are making love to her." Then, studying the pimpled complexion of the violinist, he added: "I'm sorry I can't do better."

Life in this orchestra was much like attendance at a private university. Such men as Harry Glantz, the admired first trumpet of the Philharmonic, had their early training in the German school of playing almost wholly revised under Altschuler's guidance. When the orchestra toured—as it frequently did—the travels resembled a mass picnic, with baskets of native delicacies ranging from salamis to cheeses carted along as sustenance against the barbaric foods to be found inland.

It was in this orchestra, its scattered survivors of to-day claim, that there originated the fable that has since been

attributed to every musical organization that gives outdoor concerts, from the Philharmonic Orchestra to the Goldman Band. They were playing the "Leonore No. 3" overture of Beethoven during a summer engagement, and the first trumpeter had stolen from his place to give the off-stage fanfare heralding the approach of the Minister of Justice.

Retreating an appropriate distance from the orchestra stand, he raised his instrument, waited for the cue, and was just about to blow when a park policeman rushed up and bellowed: "You can't do that here! Don't you know there's a concert going on?"

Regardless of their respect for a conductor's musicianship an orchestra is frequently made uncomfortably aware of his feet of clay as they are of his head in the clouds. Several seasons ago, I am told, the men of the Philadelphia Orchestra were baffled by Stokowski's desire to conduct, at one of his final rehearsals of the regular season, Strauss's "The Blue Danube" waltz. It was not scheduled for any remaining concert of the year, and the conductor's meticulous preparation of the score, his insistence on this effect and that phrasing, could only be interpreted as a whim.

The incident had passed from their minds by the time they reassembled to play their summer series of concerts at Robin Hood Dell, of which the first was conducted by a guest. Following the intermission, the chairman appeared before the audience, thanked the listeners for their attendance, and added: "Perhaps you have not noticed that we have among us to-night a distinguished guest—our beloved Dr. Stokowski. I know you would be delighted to have him conduct something for us this evening."

Stokowski resisted the flattery with gestures of unassuming modesty, listened to the applause, and finally indicated that he was powerless to deny the audience its wish. He mounted the stage, and suggested that the librarian distribute the parts of—"The Blue Danube."

Not one paper the following day failed to mention how brilliantly he had made his wishes apparent, how forcefully he had imposed his will on the orchestra—all without a single rehearsal!

Occasionally, and at widely separated intervals, a musician will give forth an opinion based not only on his reaction to a given situation, but summing up in sparse phrases his reaction to a conductor's whole personality. When such an incident occurs it is preserved not merely for its succinctness but also for its assertiveness, enduring as part of the folk-legend of orchestral players.

A famous incident of that nature involved, by coincidence, two musicians almost miraculously opposed in size, type, and temperament—the six-foot-four Otto Klemperer, probably the tallest conductor extant, and the barely five-foot Bruno Labate, diminutive oboe virtuoso of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.

It is traditional that orchestral conductors follow one of two practices in their rehearsals of standard works. Generically, conductors of the German school will begin a work, say Beethoven's "Eroica," and play it methodically from beginning to end, indicating as they progress their preferences in dynamics, accents, and phrasings. Others, particularly English and French conductors, in order to expedite rehearsals during a brief guest engagement, will assume that an experienced orchestra is competent to deal with the large aspects

of such a work without measure-by-measure supervision, and merely rehearse those sections in which their ideas are personal—perhaps in the development or at the beginning of the recapitulation.

It was a trait of the thoroughgoing Klemperer to espouse *both* methods, beginning with the scattered-intensive, and progressing thereafter to the overall-extensive. This treatment he frequently interrupted in the preparation of a Beethoven work with discourses on the metronome of Beethoven's time and the state of the composer's relations with his nephew Karl when the work was written, with perhaps even a monologue on the alterations of pitch in the hundred years since.

Having completed such a discourse on one occasion, he turned to Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin" and proceeded to dissect it, page by page, with particular attention to a rather difficult oboe phrase which recurs frequently in the Prelude. Four times, five times, he asked to hear it, and even at the sixth playing he was not satisfied. Disregarding the difficulty an oboist has in controlling his breath for long stretches, and the inevitable tiring of the player's lips, he asked for it again, pausing for a brief footnote on Ravel's use of the oboe before he raised his baton.

Labate peered over his stand at the mountainous conductor and pronounced the undying words: "Mr. Klemps', you talka too much."



IN DEFENSE OF GHOST WRITING

BY SENECA JOHNSON

IN ONE of the larger Eastern cities of the United States lives and works a social reformer and director of philanthropic enterprises whose native language is not English. His social attitudes, and practically all his personal attitudes as well, are fully American; but he has not outgrown, and probably never will outgrow, a certain diffidence in his use of the language of his spiritual compatriots. His ideas in the field of his interest are original, his views are incisive, and his need to present them persuasively is urgent.

In informal conversation this man's speech is lively, colorful, and convincing. Yet because he lacks confidence in his ability to manipulate the idioms and technicalities of the English language in writing he does not attempt to write any of his own speeches, magazine articles, books, or even official reports.

In the past five years I have sat in this man's office and in his home while he talked out his ideas to me for later transcription to paper. I have absorbed a good deal of his enthusiasm, imaginatively placed myself at his point of view, and followed the development of his entirely original ideas. With my own mind then soaked with these ideas, I have gone off to my own typewriter and thrown them into "correct" English.

Much as I might wish I had been able to originate the material I have "written" for this man, all I can honestly claim is that I have served as a kind of super-amanuensis. On my part the job has required a facility for sympathetic interpretation not much different from that

demanded of a good actor, the extractive skill of a newspaper reporter, the readiness to learn of a willing student, and at least a minimum of natural talent for word-slinging. On the part of my principal it has required, beyond the mastery of his subject which I have already indicated, a pretty complete confidence in me as a person and as a writer.

The most this man himself has ever written is a few notes on small file cards. I have not acted, you see, as an editor, nor have I taken dictation. Neither do I pose as a true collaborator, for with no important exceptions every idea I have written in his name has been his own, in origin if not in final detail. The correct name for the process is ghost writing, sometimes called shadow writing, and I am a ghost writer.

II

Ghost writing is writing actually done by one person but published as the work of another. Thus baldly defined, it seems a variety of simple fraud, and in certain instances it undoubtedly is. The thesis of this paper, nevertheless, is that, except in its indisputably fraudulent phases, ghost writing is socially useful and has earned the status of respectability.

The question of its nature and its ethics seems worth examining because in recent months it has been attacked with much moral indignation and no little misunderstanding. A few days before the November elections, for example, Raymond Clapper gave a whole column

to viewing with alarm the practice of ghost writing in national politics, and Hugh Johnson, a few days later, half-heartedly defended the practice in an answering column. As long ago as November, 1932, a writer signing himself "Rufus Dart, II," devoted several thousand words in *Scribner's* to dismal predictions of national political and moral collapse on the ground that things had come to a pretty pass when it was possible for a political wheelhorse to hire a scholar to write his speeches. Articulate members of the non-writing public have muttered the suspicion that they were being cheated, though a presumably non-ghosting writer, Lewis Gannett, in reviewing the newest book by Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, remarked that, good as the book is, it would have been better if the author had hired a ghost. Most damning of all, ghosts themselves have rarely been willing to defend their trade, as if they admitted there were something morally reprehensible about it. On the other hand, they seldom feel guilty enough to give it up as a source of income.

In New York City, as is fairly generally known by now, there exists an agency which frankly calls itself the Ghostwriters' Bureau. But also in New York is a brilliantly intelligent head of one of the three or four largest advertising agencies in the country, who told me, in a discussion of this article, that in his opinion politicians, and especially business men, get their speeches and books ghost-written for the sole reason that they lack brains enough to do the work themselves.

The function of the Ghostwriters' Bureau is to help business men sort out their ideas on any subject they feel the need to unburden themselves about in print, and then to find a writer who can compose a book, speech, report, letter to the editor, or whatever is wanted, on that subject. The enterprising former newspaper men who operate this service have maintained their own self-respect and a reciprocated respect for their business

men clients. Is not the function of the advertising agency almost precisely similar? Yet for some reason, the average advertising man privately feels very much as the one I have quoted does.

III

Are people who use the services of ghost writers brainless impostors? The manner of defense of the practice, when a defense is offered at all, is so often apologetic that the suspicious outsider cannot be blamed for failing to be sure that they are not. This is an important question; for if literature, which is the distillation of our going culture, is infected with fraud, what under heaven can be trusted?

It may be profitable to examine some phases of writing which do not bear any close resemblance to literature but will perhaps help to an understanding of the true nature of ghosting.

A friend of mine who now operates his own advertising agency worked at one time on the copy-writing staff of what was then the largest agency in the country. He had had some pharmaceutical training, and for several years had specialized in writing copy for proprietary medicines and cosmetics. With his tongue in his cheek, he could make a description of a face powder read like a stanza from the Song of Solomon. He had, in a word, the cant of the trade at his fingertips. A friend of his who had begun life as an honest metallurgical engineer had drifted into advertising in a jobless moment and had settled down in the same large agency.

There came a time when my friend, the cosmetics rhapsodizer, was assigned a job of writing copy for a steel manufacturer; and his friend, the engineer, got the job of writing a series of advertisements for cold cream. Naturally, the two men proposed to their common superior that they exchange assignments; but for some reason, perhaps didactic in origin, this rational suggestion was disapproved.

Typical of the absurdity of the situation was a conversation which my friend reports occurred on the day the two men privately went ahead and exchanged jobs, anyway.

"What," asked the cosmetics expert, "does the word *pore* mean to you?"

"A *pour*?" repeated the engineer; "Why, that's the amount of metal handled at one time in a furnace."

From there on the story soars into regions of hyberbolical farce. The only part of it which concerns the present discussion is that those two men wrote each other's copy over long lunches in a speak-easy and turned it in to the office as their own. There it was checked by a superior who knew neither pharmacy nor metallurgy, but did know such technical advertising matters as libel laws, Federal Trade Commission regulations, and so on. The material was further criticized and occasionally revised by representatives of the respective manufacturers, and eventually helped fill nicely illustrated space in the *Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Iron Age*.

Who wrote those advertisements?

Two physiologists known to me carried on an extensive series of experiments with small animals to determine the relative efficacy of several technics of immunization against one of the more common deadly diseases. In a general sort of way they were supervised by the titular head of the laboratory in which they worked. At the conclusion of their three-year experiments they reported the results to their chief in four or five short sentences. Recognizing the importance of the findings, the latter proposed that the whole story be written for presentation to the medical profession. Since neither he nor the laboratory men felt capable of doing the job, he consulted a private practitioner who helped him organize the story in schematic form. The final job of writing a coherent account of the experiments and their results was turned over to a ghost writer who happened to have some knowledge of medicine and medical terminology.

The story was presented as the collaboration of the laboratory chief and his friend, the doctor in private practice. Whose story, in reality, was it?

Again, consider the standard procedure of research and composition in an educational organization which is known nationally among the better colleges and private schools. Its services require an enormous amount of detailed correspondence, of which very little can be handled by the use of form letters. Every letter goes out over the signature of one of the three principal executives in the organization; yet a staff of about a dozen men and women are usually kept busy composing them, and frequently as many as six of these anonymous workers will contribute ideas, phrases, or whole paragraphs to a single letter. Similarly with the research bulletins which the organization publishes five or six times a year: psychologists, statisticians, clerical workers, and finally three or four writers all collaborate in presenting the data and findings of investigations in charts and words. Yet every such document is offered—and accepted—as the work of a single man who signs them all.

IV

The point of these illustrations is that they are typical of situations throughout business, industry, and the learned professions—so typical, indeed, that they are accepted as the normal procedure, and are likely to evoke from the reader who has come this far the slightly annoyed objection that this is not what he understood ghosting was at all.

Without pausing to argue the objection now, let us consider some cases which are admitted by everyone to be examples of true ghosting.

A listener who had never heard of ghost writing must have been surprised and puzzled at the speeches of former President Hoover in the 1936 campaign. Here was a man who eight years earlier could, and did, speak with a straight face of prohibition as an "experiment noble

in purpose . . ." and in 1936 was "wowing 'em" with gags about as good as the average radio comedian's. A year later Mr. Hoover was unhappily wading through speeches which he apparently had not had time to read before he stood to deliver them before a microphone. The cause of the uninitiated listener's bewilderment was simple enough to newspaper men, who had known for years that Mr. Hoover practically never wrote a speech of his own.

If Mr. Hoover's manner of delivery of a speech unfortunately betrayed its ghostly origin, Mr. Landon did a better job. If it had not been for his use, late in the campaign, of the word *cock-eyed* to describe one of the New Deal schemes, the public might never have guessed that he too found literary ghosts useful members of his entourage. There was no flagrant internal evidence of the fact, and it was only because of the self-consciousness of his advisers that the famous *cock-eyed* phrase became known as one of many contributions by ghosts.

It would be less than accurate, however, to suppose that only Republicans utter the compositions of ghosts. President Roosevelt has never denied that many, if not all, of his speeches are ghost-written, and General Johnson, in the role of friendly critic of the President, has repeatedly told the world that Mr. Roosevelt is expert at "picking other men's brains." He has said this sometimes with an admiring, chip-on-the-shoulder, "Sure!-What-of-it?" manner and sometimes with the columnar equivalent of an embarrassed blush. We may safely take his word for the accuracy of the charge, without calling upon my own close, but still secondhand, knowledge. The dependence of former Governor Smith upon Mrs. Henry Moskowitz for help in preparing all kinds of papers and speeches was generally known for years, and the East Side boy who made good in such a big way was realistically unashamed to admit it.

Let us glance at a more obvious form of ghosting. Some months ago a young

man, enrolled in a Midwestern university, confessed in print that he had been earning his way through college by writing other students' papers for them; and in New York City a year or two ago a young doctor of philosophy estimated that he earned about six thousand dollars a year writing papers for students in colleges all over the East. I myself confess to having both collaborated on and written completely the dissertations which helped "earn" the degree of Ph.D. for several people in different fields. Not to make too much of this variety of ghost writing, which is fairly common but scarcely common enough to make every possessor of a college degree suspect, we may assume that its dishonesty will be practically unanimously admitted. It may be interesting to note that the Ghostwriters' Bureau avoids this type of business without argument as to its ethics by the simple device of quoting a fantastically high rate per word for producing papers wanted by college students.

We may end this line-up of illustrations with a quick inspection of the method of composition in use at the offices of *Fortune*, although it by no means exhausts the list of ways in which ghosting or something like it is currently practiced wherever words are used for communicating ideas.

Possibly because of the anonymity of its articles, the myth has grown up that each issue of *Fortune* is the joint product of the whole staff. The vision rises of fifty or sixty people gathering in a large room, with batteries of stenographers spotted at strategic points to catch every random phrase: someone starts off an article with a bright idea cast in a short, arresting paragraph; someone else, stimulated by this beginning, dictates a sentence or two; and as the intellectual temperature of the meeting goes up, soon everybody is bouncing in his chair with eager impatience to get his word in.

What actually happens of course is merely that, two or three months in advance, the editorial staff devises the schedule of articles to be done, and distributes

the subjects to the research and writing teams. Each team then divides the labor involved and goes about its job of writing a single article. Usually a woman researcher assembles whatever information is available on the subject in the public library and the magazine's own "morgue." Both she and the writer, who is a man, then follow the leads thus obtained, visit the places and persons under scrutiny, and return to the office with their raw material. There the writer proceeds to write the story, while the researcher either checks and rechecks his work for accuracy of factual detail or begins new research on the next story on their schedule.

Occasionally a completed story is subjected to heavy editorial revision; sometimes one is even entirely rewritten on the advice of the editors. Most often, however, the story is printed as written. Nothing esoteric actually goes on.

The only slightly unusual aspects of the proceedings are that every *Fortune* writer is supplied with a research assistant at the expense of the publisher, and that he is on a regular salary instead of being dependent upon piece-rate individual sales.

V

Now *Fortune* may be a good magazine or a poor magazine; it is overawing to some people, and infuriating to others for what they regard as its pontifical complacency. No evaluation, overt or implied, is intended here. The only fact relevant to the present purpose is that it is a magazine, not a person, and yet no one seems to think it strange that no author writing in *Fortune*—except those who contribute the infrequent signed papers—is ever quoted; instead, *Fortune* itself is quoted. Without any apparent feeling that they are engaging in mysticism, the business men of America have grown used to the wholly fictitious collective personality of a magazine.

Fortune happens to serve as our illustration of the principle involved merely because it is relatively new and has been

the subject of some curiosity. The *New York Times* or any other large metropolitan newspaper would serve exactly as well, and so, practically, would any of the somberly respectable British literary quarterlies of a century ago. The point is that as readers we have long accepted without question the composite expression of the fantasied corporate personality of a newspaper or magazine.

The commonplace fact is that we accept the legitimacy of impersonal verbal communication in a large number of departments of thought and action. Thus no one ever ponders over a bill from the telephone company, wondering about the individual identity of the bookkeeper who made it up. The purchaser of a Ford or Chrysler car never imagines Henry Ford or Walter Chrysler—whose names, remember, these cars bear—bending over a forge and a workbench carefully pounding out and bolting together that particular car. Certainly the name Bayer does not call up an image of some individual man, with parents and a home and perhaps a wife and children, a man to whom we can complain if his aspirin tablets fail to relieve our headache.

This verges on the burlesque? Admitted; but it has its meaning. A century-and-a-half ago every man knew by name and sight the man who made his shoes. Your grandmother knew by her first name the woman who sewed for her; a scant generation ago we all knew the baker who made what little bread we bought outside the home. And until a year or two ago we all knew, or thought we knew, who wrote this statesman's autobiography, this doctor's story of his adventures, and that inventor's account of his discoveries and labors.

It must be clear that we live in a world the essential character of which can with increasing accuracy be symbolized by the conveyor-belt or the ant-hill. It may or may not be deplorable; but it is not surprising that the conveyor-belt idea has at last been more or less frankly applied to intellectual labors which were once regarded as indefeasibly peculiar to

the mind and character of specific individuals.

A hand-made watch or an automobile which was the sole product of one man's work might be an amusing curiosity; but we should hardly expect the watch to keep accurate time, nor the car to perform as the cheapest of mass-produced cars actually do. A one-man newspaper in a large city would be an absurdity. Advertisements, with fewer exceptions from one decade to the next, have always been the anonymous product of many men's work. In this field perhaps the apogee of personal irresponsibility is reached by the radio announcer whose name you did not catch, reciting the alleged merits of a product from a script prepared by two men he never saw, from data supplied them by a man they do not know, who is the head of a department in the sponsor's company but has never met the president or the chairman of the board. It happens every day.

As a process of getting an idea into communicable form, ghost writing is simply a manifestation of the principle of division of labor and its concomitant, mass production, in a field of operations where this principle has not been much noted. It is of altogether respectable lineage, descending as it does from the medieval clerk, through Grub Street, the *Edinburgh Review*, and modern advertising, to the system we are considering now. It is an established fact, an accepted way of doing things—which is to say that it is already a social institution.

A few years ago John Langdon-Davies wrote a depressing article in which he argued that man's use of his intelligence for the solution of his problems indicates evolutionary immaturity; that those varieties of life which have been through the longest racial experience, such as the termites, the ants, and the cockroaches, no longer depend upon the erratic and frivolous operations of the individual intellect for survival and welfare, but have reduced the whole complex business of living to almost completely automatic routine; and that if man as a species

hopes to continue to inhabit the earth he will have to achieve the same kind of automatic correctness of response to a given situation. The next step in that direction, after division of labor, would be specialization of function, involving the structural adaptation of bodies and minds to the work which individuals were born to perform.

May it not be possible that we are already accomplishing this horrendous objective? The division between those who act and those who think is at least as old as history; but within the category of thinkers is it not possible that we are seeing to-day a further fission into those who think executively, those who think reflectively, and those who think communicatively? The last of course would be our ghost writers.

VI

Well, let us not get too solemn about a matter which is probably, after all, of less than cosmic importance. Let us get at the conclusion from a different direction.

Earlier in this article reference was made to the puzzle offered by the ambivalent attitude toward ghost writing which is held by both readers and writers. Since then we have seen that certain kinds of writing which are either plainly ghosting or border closely on it are accepted without thought as to their ethical or artistic integrity. Other kinds, most vividly illustrated by the academic papers done by ghosts, are equally unquestioningly condemned. A third variety, including the ghosted speeches of men in politics, concerning which no ethical judgment has been offered here, lies in a confused border-region, along with the ghosted anecdotes of explorers and the ghosted autobiographies of flagpole sitters and baseball catchers. It is this last type of ghosting which is the subject of our bewilderment.

The problem is really fairly simple. As human beings, in any situation we resent being imposed upon, and we burn

with an especially furious resentment when not force but craft is the instrument. Most of us accept the lesson of Mr. Brisbane's allegory of the gorilla and the prize-fighter; but it is only exceptionally mature folk who will admit unemotionally that they may not be bright enough to see through every stratagem.

Thus the college student who turns in a ghost-written theme *which gives him credit as a student* is guilty of imposing upon the credulity of his instructor, and indirectly of everyone who takes the student's college degree seriously. But the man who helps compose an advertisement for, say, the Buick line of cars is not thereby helping to induce a belief among the public in the *literary and artistic* skill of Alfred Sloan. The advertisement, despite the fact that no automobile maker had anything to do with it, is not a literary swindle, simply because we accept the convention of the anonymous expert in such matters.

The general rule, then, may be stated that any ghost writing which misrepresents the role of the principal is ethically questionable or worse; but where no misrepresentation is made as to the role or function of the principal ghosting is entirely legitimate, and has in fact been regarded as commonplace for centuries.

The application of this rule to the borderline cases is not difficult, although one's conclusions will depend upon one's antecedent beliefs as to the proper role of certain public figures. If you believe, for example, that it is part of the job of chief executive of the United States to do original research, to create original social theory, and to show original literary skill, then you will of course conclude that both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt are deceiving you when they offer on their own responsibility the results of other men's research, thinking, and writing. If you believe, rather, that the President's job includes the task of becoming informed as to the latest available facts and the best available theory, and then of making the Presidential intentions as lucidly articulate as possible, you will not

consider yourself deceived as to the real talents of any present, former, or future President by his ghosted speeches. "There is also this comfort," says General Johnson in the column previously referred to. "No ghost writer ever permanently made a political silk purse out of an oratorical sow's ear."

The problem becomes more complex only when the soldier, the doctor, the inventor, the prize-fighter, the radio crooner—any essentially unliterary person—charmed by the success of a first ghosted book or article, repeats the performance with the deliberate intention of erecting a shadow-career as a man of letters beside his true vocation. At that point, it seems to me, he becomes a charlatan, within the terms of the rule suggested.

VII

I do not expect to be taken seriously—at first—when I point out, in final explanation of the phenomenon of ghost writing, that the same word, *writing*, unfortunately means two absolutely distinct things. Primarily, it indicates the mechanical art of inditing words in visible quasi-permanent form on stone, papyrus, sheepskin, paper, or other medium. Derivatively, it also means the art of literary composition. Because everyone has at last been taught the former, our minds lazily conclude that everyone is also capable of the latter. "Writing" a note to the milkman about to-morrow's order is therefore regarded—unconsciously and quite unhumorously—as the same kind of exercise as "writing" "Hamlet," only requiring less time.

Merely because you and I can and do write grocery lists we assume that a general, a statesman, a pirate, or an industrial magnate can and does write an entertaining and instructive account of his motives, philosophy, and exploits. The man of action shares our common misunderstanding and is ashamed to admit he cannot perform as expected. He therefore hires someone who is able to write, and supplies the latter with the information

which he would set down himself if he could. If there is blame to be attached to this process it must in justice be sprinkled as generously on the reading public which expects the impossible as upon the slightly pathetic victim of these expectations who mistakenly undertakes to fulfill them.

In business, where corporation reports, company histories, official statements, and semi-official speeches are all more often ghosted than not, the false signing of such material is less often done to please the vanity of the signer than to give a spurious air of human warmth to documents which would otherwise seem even more lifeless than they usually are. The only practicable alternative to the present system of one-man credit for corporate or individually ghosted material would seem to be the expedient of setting up in each corporation, and perhaps in certain government departments, an entirely imaginary figure with a name and a fictional character to "sign" such matter. This would dispose of the last shadow of any ethical doubt arising from the practice of placing unearned credit to the account of a real person. A few listeners to a famous Sunday evening symphony broadcast suspect that at least one large manufacturer has already put this scheme into operation.

In all seriousness, however, the problem is at bottom one of practical necessity. Unless and until telepathy becomes the

normal method of communication among human beings, words will continue to be; and so long as some people are verbal-minded while others are not, the latter will have to call upon the former for assistance.

"I can see no fault in national leaders—whether George Washington with Alexander Hamilton or Franklin Roosevelt with Tommy Corcoran—using ghost writers," wrote General Johnson in the column which was one of the stimuli to the writing of the present article. "After all, the speaker makes their words his own and is thereafter forever responsible for them. It is a lot better that they should be craftsmanlike words than political illiteracy."

If this view of the relationship between the political ghostee and his ghost is reasonable—and I for one do not see how it can be gainsaid—then it seems only fair that the same principle should be applied in other areas of action. No matter how competent a man might be as a bull fighter or a stock broker, his success in his own occupation is no ground for supposing that he is therefore able to write intelligibly, even about bull fighting or trading in stocks. His need to use words for communicating facts and ideas may nevertheless be frequent; is it not "better that they should be craftsmanlike words"? How else are they likely to be so but by the services of the ghost writer?





THE USEFULNESS OF USELESS KNOWLEDGE

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

IS IT not a curious fact that in a world steeped in irrational hatreds which threaten civilization itself, men and women—old and young—detach themselves wholly or partly from the angry current of daily life to devote themselves to the cultivation of beauty, to the extension of knowledge, to the cure of disease, to the amelioration of suffering, just as though fanatics were not simultaneously engaged in spreading pain, ugliness, and suffering? The world has always been a sorry and confused sort of place—yet poets and artists and scientists have ignored the factors that would, if attended to, paralyze them. From a practical point of view, intellectual and spiritual life is, on the surface, a useless form of activity, in which men indulge because they procure for themselves greater satisfactions than are otherwise obtainable. In this paper I shall concern myself with the question of the extent to which the pursuit of these useless satisfactions proves unexpectedly the source from which undreamed-of utility is derived.

We hear it said with tiresome iteration that ours is a materialistic age, the main concern of which should be the wider distribution of material goods and worldly opportunities. The justified outcry of those who through no fault of their own are deprived of opportunity and a fair share of worldly goods therefore diverts an increasing number of students from the studies which their fathers pursued to the equally important and no less urgent study of social, economic, and govern-

mental problems. I have no quarrel with this tendency. The world in which we live is the only world about which our senses can testify. Unless it is made a better world, a fairer world, millions will continue to go to their graves silent, saddened, and embittered. I have myself spent many years pleading that our schools should become more acutely aware of the world in which their pupils and students are destined to pass their lives. Now I sometimes wonder whether that current has not become too strong and whether there would be sufficient opportunity for a full life if the world were emptied of some of the useless things that give it spiritual significance; in other words, whether our conception of what is useful may not have become too narrow to be adequate to the roaming and capricious possibilities of the human spirit.

We may look at this question from two points of view: the scientific and the humanistic or spiritual. Let us take the scientific first. I recall a conversation which I had some years ago with Mr. George Eastman on the subject of use. Mr. Eastman, a wise and gentle far-seeing man, gifted with taste in music and art, had been saying to me that he meant to devote his vast fortune to the promotion of education in useful subjects. I ventured to ask him whom he regarded as the most useful worker in science in the world. He replied instantaneously: "Marconi." I surprised him by saying, "Whatever pleasure we

derive from the radio or however wireless and the radio may have added to human life, Marconi's share was practically negligible."

I shall not forget his astonishment on this occasion. He asked me to explain. I replied to him somewhat as follows:

"Mr. Eastman, Marconi was inevitable. The real credit for everything that has been done in the field of wireless belongs, as far as such fundamental credit can be definitely assigned to anyone, to Professor Clerk Maxwell, who in 1865 carried out certain abstruse and remote calculations in the field of magnetism and electricity. Maxwell reproduced his abstract equations in a treatise published in 1873. At the next meeting of the British Association Professor H. J. S. Smith of Oxford declared that 'no mathematician can turn over the pages of these volumes without realizing that they contain a theory which has already added largely to the methods and resources of pure mathematics.' Other discoveries supplemented Maxwell's theoretical work during the next fifteen years. Finally in 1887 and 1888 the scientific problem still remaining—the detection and demonstration of the electromagnetic waves which are the carriers of wireless signals—was solved by Heinrich Hertz, a worker in Helmholtz's laboratory in Berlin. Neither Maxwell nor Hertz had any concern about the utility of their work; no such thought ever entered their minds. They had no practical objective. The inventor in the legal sense was of course Marconi, but what did Marconi invent? Merely the last technical detail, mainly the now obsolete receiving device called coherer, almost universally discarded."

Hertz and Maxwell could invent nothing, but it was their useless theoretical work which was seized upon by a clever technician and which has created new means for communication, utility, and amusement by which men whose merits are relatively slight have obtained fame and earned millions. Who were the useful men? Not Marconi, but Clerk Maxwell and Heinrich Hertz. Hertz

and Maxwell were geniuses without thought of use. Marconi was a clever inventor with no thought but use.

The mention of Hertz's name recalled to Mr. Eastman the Hertzian waves, and I suggested that he might ask the physicists of the University of Rochester precisely what Hertz and Maxwell had done; but one thing I said he could be sure of, namely, that they had done their work without thought of use and that throughout the whole history of science most of the really great discoveries which had ultimately proved to be beneficial to mankind had been made by men and women who were driven not by the desire to be useful but merely the desire to satisfy their curiosity.

"Curiosity?" asked Mr. Eastman.

"Yes," I replied, "curiosity, which may or may not eventuate in something useful, is probably the outstanding characteristic of modern thinking. It is not new. It goes back to Galileo, Bacon, and to Sir Isaac Newton, and it must be absolutely unhampered. Institutions of learning should be devoted to the cultivation of curiosity and the less they are deflected by considerations of immediacy of application, the more likely they are to contribute not only to human welfare but to the equally important satisfaction of intellectual interest which may indeed be said to have become the ruling passion of intellectual life in modern times."

II

What is true of Heinrich Hertz working quietly and unnoticed in a corner of Helmholtz's laboratory in the later years of the nineteenth century may be said of scientists and mathematicians the world over for several centuries past. We live in a world that would be helpless without electricity. Called upon to mention a discovery of the most immediate and far-reaching practical use we might well agree upon electricity. But who made the fundamental discoveries out of which the entire electrical development of more than one hundred years has come?

The answer is interesting. Michael Faraday's father was a blacksmith; Michael himself was apprenticed to a bookbinder. In 1812, when he was already twenty-one years of age, a friend took him to the Royal Institution where he heard Sir Humphrey Davy deliver four lectures on chemical subjects. He kept notes and sent a copy of them to Davy. The very next year, 1813, he became an assistant in Davy's laboratory, working on chemical problems. Two years later he accompanied Davy on a trip to the Continent. In 1825, when he was thirty-four years of age, he became Director of the Laboratory of the Royal Institution where he spent fifty-four years of his life.

Faraday's interest soon shifted from chemistry to electricity and magnetism, to which he devoted the rest of his active life. Important but puzzling work in this field had been previously accomplished by Oersted, Ampère, and Wollaston. Faraday cleared away the difficulties which they had left unsolved and by 1841 had succeeded in the task of induction of the electric current. Four years later a second and equally brilliant epoch in his career opened when he discovered the effect of magnetism on polarized light. His earlier discoveries have led to the infinite number of practical applications by means of which electricity has lightened the burdens and increased the opportunities of modern life. His later discoveries have thus far been less prolific of practical results. What difference did this make to Faraday? Not the least. At no period of his unmatched career was he interested in utility. He was absorbed in disentangling the riddles of the universe, at first chemical riddles, in later periods, physical riddles. As far as he cared, the question of utility was never raised. Any suspicion of utility would have restricted his restless curiosity. In the end, utility resulted, but it was never a criterion to which his ceaseless experimentation could be subjected.

In the atmosphere which envelopes the world to-day it is perhaps timely to em-

phasize the fact that the part played by science in making war more destructive and more horrible was an unconscious and unintended by-product of scientific activity. Lord Rayleigh, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in a recent address points out in detail how the folly of man, not the intention of the scientists, is responsible for the destructive use of the agents employed in modern warfare. The innocent study of the chemistry of carbon compounds, which has led to infinite beneficial results, showed that the action of nitric acid on substances like benzene, glycerine, cellulose, etc., resulted not only in the beneficent aniline dye industry but in the creation of nitro-glycerine, which has uses good and bad. Somewhat later Alfred Nobel, turning to the same subject, showed that by mixing nitro-glycerine with other substances, solid explosives which could be safely handled could be produced—among others, dynamite. It is to dynamite that we owe our progress in mining, in the making of such railroad tunnels as those which now pierce the Alps and other mountain ranges; but of course dynamite has been abused by politicians and soldiers. Scientists are, however, no more to blame than they are to blame for an earthquake or a flood. The same thing can be said of poison gas. Pliny was killed by breathing sulphur dioxide in the eruption of Vesuvius almost two thousand years ago. Chlorine was not isolated by scientists for warlike purposes, and the same is true of mustard gas. These substances could be limited to beneficent use, but when the airplane was perfected, men whose hearts were poisoned and whose brains were addled perceived that the airplane, an innocent invention, the result of long disinterested and scientific effort, could be made an instrument of destruction, of which no one had ever dreamed and at which no one had ever deliberately aimed.

In the domain of higher mathematics almost innumerable instances can be cited. For example, the most abstruse

mathematical work of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was the "Non-Euclidian Geometry." Its inventor, Gauss, though recognized by his contemporaries as a distinguished mathematician, did not dare to publish his work on "Non-Euclidian Geometry" for a quarter of a century. As a matter of fact, the theory of relativity itself with all its infinite practical bearings would have been utterly impossible without the work which Gauss did at Göttingen.

Again, what is known now as "group theory" was an abstract and inapplicable mathematical theory. It was developed by men who were curious and whose curiosity and puttering led them into strange paths; but "group theory" is to-day the basis of the quantum theory of spectroscopy, which is in daily use by people who have no idea as to how it came about.

The whole calculus of probability was discovered by mathematicians whose real interest was the rationalization of gambling. It has failed of the practical purpose at which they aimed, but it has furnished a scientific basis for all types of insurance, and vast stretches of nineteenth century physics are based upon it.

From a recent number of *Science* I quote the following:

The stature of Professor Albert Einstein's genius reached new heights when it was disclosed that the learned mathematical physicist developed mathematics fifteen years ago which are now helping to solve the mysteries of the amazing fluidity of helium near the absolute zero of the temperature scale. Before the symposium on intermolecular action of the American Chemical Society Professor F. London, of the University of Paris, now visiting professor at Duke University, credited Professor Einstein with the concept of an "ideal" gas which appeared in papers published in 1924 and 1925.

The Einstein 1925 reports were not about relativity theory, but discussed problems seemingly without any practical significance at the time. They described the degeneracy of an "ideal" gas near the lower limits of the scale of temperature. Because all gases were known to be condensed to liquids at the temperatures in question, scientists rather overlooked the Einstein work of fifteen years ago.

However, the recently discovered behavior of

liquid helium has brought the side-tracked Einstein concept to new usefulness. Most liquids increase in viscosity, become stickier and flow less easily, when they become colder. The phrase "colder than molasses in January" is the layman's concept of viscosity and a correct one.

Liquid helium, however, is a baffling exception. At the temperature known as the "delta" point, only 2.19 degrees above absolute zero, liquid helium flows better than it does at higher temperatures and, as a matter of fact, the liquid helium is about as nebulous as a gas. Added puzzles in its strange behavior include its enormous ability to conduct heat. At the delta point it is about 500 times as effective in this respect as copper at room temperature. Liquid helium, with these and other anomalies, has posed a major mystery for physicists and chemists.

Professor London stated that the interpretation of the behavior of liquid helium can best be explained by considering it as a Bose-Einstein "ideal" gas, by using the mathematics worked out in 1924-25, and by taking over also some of the concepts of the electrical conduction of metals. By simple analogy, the amazing fluidity of liquid helium can be partially explained by picturing the fluidity as something akin to the wandering of electrons in metals to explain electrical conduction.

Let us look in another direction. In the domain of medicine and public health the science of bacteriology has played for half a century the leading role. What is its story? Following the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, the German Government founded the great University of Strasbourg. Its first professor of anatomy was Wilhelm von Waldeyer, subsequently professor of anatomy in Berlin. In his *Reminiscences* he relates that among the students who went with him to Strasbourg during his first semester there was a small, inconspicuous, self-contained youngster of seventeen by name Paul Ehrlich. The usual course in anatomy then consisted of dissection and microscopic examination of tissues. Ehrlich paid little or no attention to dissection, but, as Waldeyer remarks in his *Reminiscences*:

I noticed quite early that Ehrlich would work long hours at his desk, completely absorbed in microscopic observation. Moreover, his desk gradually became covered with colored spots of every description. As I saw him sitting at work one day, I went up to him and asked what he

was doing with all his rainbow array of colors on his table. Thereupon this young student in his first semester supposedly pursuing the regular course in anatomy looked up at me and blandly remarked, "*Ich probiere.*" This might be freely translated, "I am trying" or "I am just fooling." I replied to him, "Very well. Go on with your fooling." Soon I saw that without any teaching or direction whatsoever on my part I possessed in Ehrlich a student of unusual quality.

Waldeyer wisely left him alone. Ehrlich made his way precariously through the medical curriculum and ultimately procured his degree mainly because it was obvious to his teachers that he had no intention of ever putting his medical degree to practical use. He went subsequently to Breslau where he worked under Professor Cohnheim, the teacher of our own Dr. Welch, founder and maker of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. I do not suppose that the idea of use ever crossed Ehrlich's mind. He was interested. He was curious; he kept on fooling. Of course his fooling was guided by a deep instinct, but it was a purely scientific, not an utilitarian motivation. What resulted? Koch and his associates established a new science, the science of bacteriology. Ehrlich's experiments were now applied by a fellow student, Weigert, to staining bacteria and thereby assisting in their differentiation. Ehrlich himself developed the staining of the blood film with the dyes on which our modern knowledge of the morphology of the blood corpuscles, red and white, is based. Not a day passes but that in thousands of hospitals the world over Ehrlich's technic is employed in the examination of the blood. Thus the apparently aimless fooling in Waldeyer's dissecting room in Strasbourg has become a main factor in the daily practice of medicine.

I shall give one example from industry, one selected at random; for there are scores besides. Professor Berl, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology (Pittsburgh) writes as follows:

The founder of the modern rayon industry was the French Count Chardonnet. It is known that he used a solution of nitro cotton in

ether-alcohol, and that he pressed this viscous solution through capillaries into water which served to coagulate the cellulose nitrate filament. After the coagulation, this filament entered the air and was wound up on bobbins. One day Chardonnet inspected his French factory at Besançon. By an accident the water which should coagulate the cellulose nitrate filament was stopped. The workmen found that the spinning operation went much better without water than with water. This was the birthday of the very important process of dry spinning, which is actually carried out on the greatest scale.

III

I am not for a moment suggesting that everything that goes on in laboratories will ultimately turn to some unexpected practical use or that an ultimate practical use is its actual justification. Much more am I pleading for the abolition of the word "use," and for the freeing of the human spirit. To be sure, we shall thus free some harmless cranks. To be sure, we shall thus waste some precious dollars. But what is infinitely more important is that we shall be striking the shackles off the human mind and setting it free for the adventures which in our own day have, on the one hand, taken Hale and Rutherford and Einstein and their peers millions upon millions of miles into the uttermost realms of space and, on the other, loosed the boundless energy imprisoned in the atom. What Rutherford and others like Bohr and Millikan have done out of sheer curiosity in the effort to understand the construction of the atom has released forces which may transform human life; but this ultimate and unforeseen and unpredictable practical result is not offered as a justification for Rutherford or Einstein or Millikan or Bohr or any of their peers. Let them alone. No educational administrator can possibly direct the channels in which these or other men shall work. The waste, I admit again, looks prodigious. It is not really so. All the waste that could be summed up in developing the science of bacteriology is as nothing compared to the advantages which have accrued from the discoveries

of Pasteur, Koch, Ehrlich, Theobald Smith, and scores of others—advantages that could never have accrued if the idea of possible use had permeated their minds. These great artists—for such are scientists and bacteriologists—disseminated the spirit which prevailed in laboratories in which they were simply following the line of their own natural curiosity.

I am not criticising institutions like schools of engineering or law in which the usefulness motive necessarily predominates. Not infrequently the tables are turned, and practical difficulties encountered in industry or in laboratories stimulate theoretical inquiries which may or may not solve the problems by which they were suggested, but may also open up new vistas, useless at the moment, but pregnant with future achievements, practical and theoretical.

With the rapid accumulation of “useless” or theoretic knowledge a situation has been created in which it has become increasingly possible to attack practical problems in a scientific spirit. Not only inventors, but “pure” scientists have indulged in this sport. I have mentioned Marconi, an inventor, who, while a benefactor to the human race, as a matter of fact merely “picked other men’s brains.” Edison belongs to the same category. Pasteur was different. He was a great scientist; but he was not averse to attacking practical problems—such as the condition of French grapevines or the problems of beer-brewing—and not only solving the immediate difficulty, but also wresting from the practical problem some far-reaching theoretic conclusion, “useless” at the moment, but likely in some unforeseen manner to be “useful” later. Ehrlich, fundamentally speculative in his curiosity, turned fiercely upon the problem of syphilis and doggedly pursued it until a solution of immediate practical use—the discovery of salvarsan—was found. The discoveries of insulin by Banting for use in diabetes and of liver extract by Minot and Whipple for use in pernicious anemia belong in the

same category: both were made by thoroughly scientific men, who realized that much “useless” knowledge had been piled up by men unconcerned with its practical bearings, but that the time was now ripe to raise practical questions in a scientific manner.

Thus it becomes obvious that one must be wary in attributing scientific discovery wholly to any one person. Almost every discovery has a long and precarious history. Someone finds a bit here, another a bit there. A third step succeeds later and thus onward till a genius pieces the bits together and makes the decisive contribution. Science, like the Mississippi, begins in a tiny rivulet in the distant forest. Gradually other streams swell its volume. And the roaring river that bursts the dikes is formed from countless sources.

I cannot deal with this aspect exhaustively, but I may in passing say this: over a period of one or two hundred years the contributions of professional schools to their respective activities will probably be found to lie, not so much in the training of men who may to-morrow become practical engineers or practical lawyers or practical doctors, but rather in the fact that even in the pursuit of strictly practical aims an enormous amount of apparently useless activity goes on. Out of this useless activity there come discoveries which may well prove of infinitely more importance to the human mind and to the human spirit than the accomplishment of the useful ends for which the schools were founded.

The considerations upon which I have touched emphasize—if emphasis were needed—the overwhelming importance of spiritual and intellectual freedom. I have spoken of experimental science; I have spoken of mathematics; but what I say is equally true of music and art and of every other expression of the untrammelled human spirit. The mere fact that they bring satisfaction to an individual soul bent upon its own purification and elevation is all the justification that they need. And in justifying these without

any reference whatsoever, implied or actual, to usefulness we justify colleges, universities, and institutes of research. An institution which sets free successive generations of human souls is amply justified whether or not this graduate or that makes a so-called useful contribution to human knowledge. A poem, a symphony, a painting, a mathematical truth, a new scientific fact, all bear in themselves all the justification that universities, colleges, and institutes of research need or require.

The subject which I am discussing has at this moment a peculiar poignancy. In certain large areas—Germany and Italy especially—the effort is now being made to clamp down the freedom of the human spirit. Universities have been so reorganized that they have become tools of those who believe in a special political, economic, or racial creed. Now and then a thoughtless individual in one of the few democracies left in this world will even question the fundamental importance of absolutely untrammelled academic freedom. The real enemy of the human race is not the fearless and irresponsible thinker, be he right or wrong. The real enemy is the man who tries to mold the human spirit so that it will not dare to spread its wings, as its wings were once spread in Italy and Germany, as well as in Great Britain and the United States.

This is not a new idea. It was the idea which animated von Humboldt when, in the hour of Germany's conquest by Napoleon, he conceived and founded the University of Berlin. It is the idea which animated President Gilman in the founding of the Johns Hopkins University, after which every university in this country has sought in greater or less degree to remake itself. It is the idea to which every individual who values his immortal soul will be true whatever the personal consequences to himself. Justification of spiritual freedom goes, however, much farther than originality whether in the realm of science or humanism, for it implies tolerance

throughout the range of human dissimilarities. In the face of the history of the human race what can be more silly or ridiculous than likes or dislikes founded upon race or religion? Does humanity want symphonies and paintings and profound scientific truth, or does it want Christian symphonies, Christian paintings, Christian science, or Jewish symphonies, Jewish paintings, Jewish science, or Mohammedan or Egyptian or Japanese or Chinese or American or German or Russian or Communist or Conservative contributions to and expressions of the infinite richness of the human soul?

IV

Among the most striking and immediate consequences of foreign intolerance I may, I think, fairly cite the rapid development of the Institute for Advanced Study, established by Mr. Louis Bamberger and his sister, Mrs. Felix Fuld, at Princeton, New Jersey. The founding of the Institute was suggested in 1930. It was located at Princeton partly because of the founders' attachment to the State of New Jersey, but, in so far as my judgment was concerned, because Princeton had a small graduate school of high quality with which the most intimate co-operation was feasible. To Princeton University the Institute owes a debt that can never be fully appreciated. The work of the Institute with a considerable portion of its personnel began in 1933. On its faculty are eminent American scholars—Veblen, Alexander, and Morse, among the mathematicians; Meritt, Lowe, and Miss Goldman among the humanists; Stewart, Riefler, Warren, Earle, and Mitrany among the publicists and economists. And to these should be added scholars and scientists of equal caliber already assembled in Princeton University, Princeton's library, and its laboratories. But the Institute for Advanced Study is indebted to Hitler for Einstein, Weyl, and von Neumann in mathematics; for Herzfeld and Panofsky in the field of humanistic studies, and for a host

of younger men who during the past six years have come under the influence of this distinguished group and are already adding to the strength of American scholarship in every section of the land.

The Institute is, from the standpoint of organization, the simplest and least formal thing imaginable. It consists of three schools—a School of Mathematics, a School of Humanistic Studies, a School of Economics and Politics. Each school is made up of a permanent group of professors and an annually changing group of members. Each school manages its own affairs as it pleases; within each group each individual disposes of his time and energy as he pleases. The members who already have come from twenty-two foreign countries and thirty-nine institutions of higher learning in the United States are admitted, if deemed worthy, by the several groups. They enjoy precisely the same freedom as the professors. They may work with this or that professor, as they severally arrange; they may work alone, consulting from time to time anyone likely to be helpful. No routine is followed; no lines are drawn between professors, members, or visitors. Princeton students and professors and Institute members and professors mingle so freely as to be indistinguishable. Learning as such is cultivated. The results to the individual and to society are left to take care of themselves. No faculty meetings are held; no committees exist. Thus men with ideas enjoy conditions favorable to reflection and to conference. A mathematician may cultivate mathematics without distraction; so may a humanist in his field, an economist or a student of politics in his. Administration has been minimized in extent and importance. Men without ideas, without power of concentration on ideas, would not be at home in the Institute.

I can perhaps make this point clearer by citing briefly a few illustrations. A stipend was awarded to enable a Harvard professor to come to Princeton: he wrote asking,

"What are my duties?"

I replied: "You have no duties—only opportunities."

An able young mathematician, having spent a year at Princeton, came to bid me good-by. As he was about to leave, he remarked:

"Perhaps you would like to know what this year has meant to me."

"Yes," I answered.

"Mathematics," he rejoined, "is developing rapidly; the current literature is extensive. It is now over ten years since I took my Ph.D. degree. For a while I could keep up with my subject; but latterly that has become increasingly difficult and uncertain. Now, after a year here, the blinds are raised; the room is light; the windows are open. I have in my head two papers that I shall shortly write."

"How long will this last?" I asked.

"Five years, perhaps ten."

"Then what?"

"I shall come back."

A third example is of recent occurrence. A professor in a large Western university arrived in Princeton at the end of last December. He had in mind to resume some work with Professor Morey (at Princeton University). But Morey suggested that he might find it worth while to see Panofsky and Swarzenski (at the Institute). Now he is busy with all three.

"I shall stay," he added, "until next October."

"You will find it hot in midsummer," I said.

"I shall be too busy and too happy to notice it."

Thus freedom brings not stagnation, but rather the danger of overwork. The wife of an English member recently asked:

"Does everyone work until two o'clock in the morning?"

The Institute has had thus far no building. At this moment the mathematicians are guests of the Princeton mathematicians in Fine Hall; some of the humanists are guests of the Princeton humanists in McCormick Hall; others

work in rooms scattered through the town. The economists now occupy a suite at The Princeton Inn. My own quarters are located in an office building on Nassau Street, where I work among shopkeepers, dentists, lawyers, chiropractors, and groups of Princeton scholars conducting a local government survey and a study of population. Bricks and mortar are thus quite inessential, as President Gilman proved in Baltimore sixty-odd years ago. Nevertheless, we miss informal contact with one another and are about to remedy this defect by the erection of a building provided by the founders, to be called Fuld Hall. But formality shall go no farther. The Institute must remain small; and it will hold fast to the conviction that The Institute Group desires leisure, security, freedom from organization and routine, and, finally, informal contacts with the scholars of Princeton University and others

who from time to time can be lured to Princeton from distant places. Among these Niels Bohr has come from Copenhagen, von Laue from Berlin, Levi Civita from Rome, André Weil from Strasbourg, Dirac and G. H. Hardy from Cambridge, Pauli from Zurich, Lemaitre from Louvain, Wade-Gery from Oxford, and Americans from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, California, and other centers of light and learning.

We make ourselves no promises, but we cherish the hope that the unobstructed pursuit of useless knowledge will prove to have consequences in the future as in the past. Not for a moment, however, do we defend the Institute on that ground. It exists as a paradise for scholars who, like poets and musicians, have won the right to do as they please and who accomplish most when enabled to do so.





One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



OVER in the next county the Methodists have a camp ground, in a clump of woods near East Machias. They were in session there for about a week, and I went over on Saturday for the *pièce de résistance*—Dr. Francis E. Townsend (himself) of California. I had long wanted to see the author of America's favorite plan, and there he was, plain as day, right under the GOD IS LOVE sign.

It was a peaceful spot, though it gave one a sultry, hemmed-in feeling, as hardwood dingles often do. There was a ticket booth, where I paid my quarter; and beyond was a lane opening out into the *al fresco* temple where about six hundred people were gathered to hear the good news. They were Methodist farmers and small-town merchants and their Methodist wives and children and dogs, Townsendites from Townsend Club Number One of East Machias, pilgrims from all over the State, honest, hopeful folks, their faces grooved with the extra lines that come from leading godly, toilsome lives. The men sat stiffly in the dark-blue suits that had carried them through weddings, funerals, and Fair days. In a big circle surrounding the temple were the cottages (seventy or eighty of them), little two-storey frame shacks, set ten or a dozen feet apart, each with its front porch, its stuffy upstairs bedroom, and its smell from the kitchen. Beyond, in a nobler circle, were the backhouses, at the end of the tiny trails. The whole place, even with hymns rising through the leafy boughs, had the faintly disreputable air which pervades any woodland rendezvous where the buildings stand unoccupied for most of the year, attracting woodpeckers, sneak thieves, and lovers in season.

On the dais, behind some field flowers, sat the Doctor, patiently awaiting his time—a skinny, bespectacled little savior, with a big jaw, like the Tin Woodman. He had arrived by plane the night before at the Bangor airport a hundred miles away, and had driven over that morning for the meeting. As I sat down a voice was lifted in prayer, heads were bowed. The voice came from a loudspeaker suspended from the branch of an elm, and the speaker was talking pointedly of milk and honey. When he quit, Dr. Townsend's henchman, a baldish fellow with a businesslike manner, took the stand and introduced the man who needed no introduction, Dr. Francis E. Townsend, of California, the world's greatest humanitarian. We all rose and clapped. Children danced on the outskirts, dogs barked, and faces appeared in the windows of some of the nearest cottages. The Doctor held out his hands for silence. He stood quietly, looking round over the assemblage. And then, to the old folks with their troubled, expectant faces, he said, simply:

"I like you people very much."

It was like a handclasp, a friendly arm placed round the shoulder. Instantly his listeners warmed, and smiled, and wriggled with sudden newfound comfort.

"I have come nearly four thousand miles to see you," continued the Doctor. "You look like good Methodists, and I like that. I was raised in a Methodist family, so I know what it means."

He spoke calmly, without any platform tricks, and he sounded as though this was the first time he had ever expounded Townsendism. In words of one syllable he unfolded the plan which he had conceived, the plan which he

knew would work, the plan which he promised to see enacted into law, so that all people might enjoy equally the good things of this life.

"The retirement of the elders is a matter of concern to the entire population." Grizzly heads nodded assent. Old eyes shone with new light.

"In a nation possessed of our natural resources, with great masses of gold and money at our command, it is unthinkable that conditions such as exist to-day should be tolerated. There is something radically wrong with any political philosophy which permits this to exist. Now, then, how did it come about?"

Dr. Townsend explained how it had come about. Flies buzzed in the clearing. The sun pierced the branches overhead, struck down on the folding music stands of the musicians, gleamed on the bare thighs of young girls in shorts, strolling with their fellows outside the pale of economics. The world, on this hot Saturday afternoon, seemed very old and sad, very much in need of something. Maybe this Plan was it. I never heard a milder-mannered economist, nor one more fully convinced of the right and wisdom of his proposal. I looked at the audience, at the faces. They were the faces of men and women reared on trouble, and now they wanted a few years of comfort on earth, and then to be received into the lap of the Lord. I think Dr. Townsend wanted this for them: I'm sure *I* did.

"Business is stymied," murmured the Doctor. "Almost half the population is in dire want. Sixty millions of people cannot buy the products of industry." The Doctor's statistics were staggering and loose-jointed, but his tone was quietly authoritative. There could be small room for doubt.

He spoke disparagingly of the New Deal, and knocked all the alphabetical schemes for employing idle men. "Do you want to be taxed for these useless and futile activities?"

His audience shook their heads.

And all the while he spoke, the plan

itself was unfolding—simply, logically. A child could have understood it. Levy a two per cent tax on the gross business of the country and divide the revenue among persons over sixty years of age, with the one stipulation that they spend the money (\$200 a month) within a certain number of days.

"And mind you," said the Doctor, with a good-natured grin, "we don't care a rap what you spend it for!"

The old folks clapped their hands and winked at one another. They were already buying pretty things, these Methodists, were already paying off old cancerous debts.

"We want you to have new homes, new furniture, new shoes and clothes. We want you to travel and go places. You old folks have earned the right to loaf, and you're going to do it luxuriously in the near future. The effect on business, when all this money is put into circulation, will be tremendous. Just let us have two billion dollars to distribute this month, and see what happens!"

The sound of the huge sum titivated the group; two billion dollars flashed across the clearing like a comet, trailing a wispy tail of excitement, longing, hope.

"It may even be three," said the Doctor, thoughtfully, as though the possibility had just occurred to him. "America has the facilities, all we need is the sense to use them."

He said he was reminded of a story in the old McGuffey's Reader. The one about the ship flying a distress signal, and another ship came to its assistance. "Get us water!" shouted the captain. "We are perishing of thirst."

"Dip up and drink, you fools!" answered the captain of the other ship. "You're in the mouth of the Amazon River."

"Friends," said the good Doctor, "we are in the mouth of the Amazon River of Abundance. But we haven't the sense to dip up and drink."

It was a nice story, and went well.

Suddenly the Doctor switched from words of promise to words of threat.

Lightly, with bony fingers, he strummed the strings of terror. If we're going to save this democracy of ours (he said), we shall have to begin soon. You've read about strikes in the great industrial centers; in a very brief time you will read of riots. And when rioting starts, it will be an easy matter for someone to seize the armed forces of the country and put them to his own use. This has happened in Europe. It can happen here.

The glade darkened ominously. Trees trembled in all their limbs. The ground, hard-packed under the Methodist heel, swam in the vile twilight of Fascist doom. Still the little Doctor's voice droned on—calm, full of humility, devoid of theatrics. Just the simple facts, simply told.

And then the vexatious question of money to carry on with. The audience shifted, got a new grip on their seats with their behinds. The ancient ceremony of plate-passing was a familiar and holy rite that had to be gone through with. The Doctor carefully disclaimed any personal ambitions, financial or political. "I don't want a fortune," he said, confidentially. "I mean that. I don't seek wealth. For one thing, it might ruin my fine son. But it does take money to educate people to a new idea. Give us a penny a day and we'll educate the next Congress."

A joke or two, to restore amiability; another poke at Uncle Sam; another mention of the need for funds to carry on with; and the speech was over.

It had been an impressive performance. Most speeches lack the sincerity the Doctor had given his; not many speeches are so simply made and pleasantly composed. It had been more like a conversation with an old friend. I had listened, sitting there near the musicians, with all the sympathy that within me lay, and (I trust) with an open mind. Even a middle-aged hack has his moments of wanting to see the world get along. After all, this was no time for cynicism; most of what Dr. Townsend had said, God knows, was true enough. If any-

body could devise a system for distributing wealth more evenly, more power to him. One man's guess was as good as another's. Well, pretty nearly as good. I pocketed the few scribbled notes I had made and gave myself over to a mood of summer afternoon despondency and world decay.

The chairman rose and announced that the meeting would be thrown open to questions, but that the time was short, so please speak right up. It was at this point that Dr. Francis E. Townsend (of California) began quietly to come apart, like an inexpensive toy. The questions came slowly, and they were neither very numerous nor very penetrating. Nor was there any heckling spirit in the audience: people were with him, not against him. But in the face of inquiry, the Doctor's whole manner changed. He had apparently been through this sort of thing before and was as wary as a squirrel. It spoiled his afternoon to be asked anything. Details of Townsendism were irksome in the extreme—he wanted to keep the Plan simple and beautiful, like young love before sex has reared its head. And now he was going to have to answer a lot of nasty old questions.

"How much would it cost to administer?" inquired a thrifty grandmother, rising to her feet.

The Doctor frowned. "Why, er," he said. (This was the first "er" of the afternoon.) "Why, not a great deal. There's nothing about it, that is, there's no reason why it needs to cost much." He then explained that it was just a matter of the Secretary of the Treasury making out forty-eight checks each month, one to each State. Surely that wouldn't take much of the Secretary's time. Then these big checks would be broken up by the individual State administrators, who would pay out the money to the people over sixty years of age who qualified. "We're not going to have any administrative problems to speak of, at all," said the Doctor, swallowing his spit. The little grandmother nodded and sat down.

"Can a person get the pension if they hold property?" inquired an old fellow who had suddenly remembered his home, and his field of potatoes.

"Yes, certainly," replied the Doctor, shifting from one foot to the other. "But we *do* have a stipulation; I mean, in our plan we are going to say that the money shall not go to anybody who has a gainful pursuit." An uneasy look crossed the farmer's face: very likely he was wondering whether his field of potatoes was gainful. Maybe his potato bugs would stand him in good stead at last. Things already didn't look so simple.

"How much bookkeeping would it mean for a business man?" asked a weary capitalist.

"Bookkeeping?" repeated the Doctor vaguely. "Oh, I don't think there will be any trouble about bookkeeping. It is so simple. Every business man just states what his gross is for the thirty-day period, and two per cent of it goes to pay the old people. In the Hawaiian Islands they already have a plan much like mine in operation. It works beautifully, and I was amazed, when I was there, at how few people it took to administer it. No, there'll be no difficulty about bookkeeping."

"How will the Townsend Plan affect foreign trade?" asked an elderly thinker on Large Affairs.

Doctor Townsend gave him a queer look—not exactly hateful, but the kind of look a parent sometimes gives a child on an off day.

"Foreign trade?" he replied, somewhat weakly. "Foreign trade? Why should we concern ourselves with foreign trade?" He stopped. But then he thought maybe he had given short measure on that one, so he told a story of a corn-flakes factory, and all the corn came from some foreign country. What kind of way was that—buying corn from foreigners?

Next question: "Would a person receiving the pension be allowed to use it to pay off a mortgage?"

Answer: "Yes. Pay your debts. Let's

set our government a good example!" (Applause.)

And now a gentleman down front—an apple-cheeked old customer with a twinkle: "Doctor, would buying a drink count as spending your money?"

"A drink?" echoed the Doctor. Then he put on a hearty manner. "Why, if anybody came to me and wanted to drink himself into an early grave with money from the fund, I'd say, 'Go to it, old boy!'" There was a crackle of laughter, but the Doctor knew he was on slippery footing. "Don't misunderstand me," he put in. "Let's not put too many restrictions on morality. The way to bring about temperance in this world is to bring up our young sons and daughters decently, and teach them the evils of abuse. (Applause.) And now, friends, I must go. It has been a most happy afternoon."

The meeting broke up. Townsendsites rose and started down the aisles to shake hands reverently with their chief. The chairman announced a take of eighty dollars and three cents. Life began to settle into its stride again. Pilgrims filed out of the pews and subsided in rocking chairs on the porches of the little houses. Red and white paper streamers, festooning the trees, trembled in the fitful air; and soft drinks began to flow at the booth beyond the Inner Circle. The Doctor, waylaid by a group of amateur photographers, posed in front of an American flag, and then departed in a Dodge sedan for the airport—a cloud-draped Messiah, his dream packed away in a brief case for the next performance. On the porch of a cottage called "Nest o' Rest" three old ladies rocked and rocked and rocked. And from a score of rusty stovepipes in the woods rose the first thick coils of smoke from the kitchen fires, where America's housewives, never quite giving up, were laboriously preparing one more meal in the long, long procession. The vision of milk and honey, it comes and goes. But the odor of cooking goes on forever.



The Easy Chair



MEDITATION IN FADING SUNLIGHT

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THE wind turned, coolness came into the air, and the light changed. There was the sound of surf and of children laughing as they ran and, more distantly, of a band playing—playing not some swung lamentation of the moment but “*Wein, Weib, und Gesang*.” People sat drinking and talking at tables in the shade and in the dulling sunlight. In a midsummer of drought and emptiness and the omens of war, one had happened without warning on a good time, and on the spectacle that becomes more poignant as one grows older, of people enjoying themselves. One sipped cool beer, watched a cloud begin to color with sunset, listened as much to the unhurried rustle of voices as to the faint music, and there was no pressure, no necessity, no Europe, no war. A boy came down the avenue between tables, selling papers, incongruous in this peace and, because habits are fixed, one bought the tallest headlines. But it wasn’t the tall headlines that one saw; it was two inches of print under a single-column head: “Havelock Ellis Dead.” So this moment of leisure filled with the drift of half a century, with the spate waters of thought, with the world’s change and Havelock Ellis’s part in change. Havelock Ellis dead! It was as though Mount Everest had died.

One thought: he did something, he got something changed, when he blotted the last page he signed his name on a difference that would last. And: he had a happy life, there was bravery and

serenity in him, his mind was like the peace of remembering triumph long afterward, hopefulness and belief were in his breathing. And, looking round one at the tables where people chatted: no man or woman here would be just what he is if Ellis had not lived. Then, immediately: and there is no man or woman here who has not had to struggle with more than Ellis ever took into account.

One cannot undertake hopefully to determine what a great man has done. What he thinks it was is likely to be wrong and what is generally accepted about it is almost certain to be wrong. The title of Ellis’s great work was a misnomer. He called it *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, but it wasn’t that. It was studies in the anthropology of sex, it was the world’s first scientific encyclopedia of sexual information—and it was of course, incidentally to its purpose, the first charter of sexual inquiry and a vindication of the mind’s decencies. He went out to determine what the facts were, the tabooed facts, the facts forbidden recognition by church and state and by resistances much stronger than either, the “real natural facts of sex apart from all would-be moralistic or sentimental notions.” It is an astonishing thing that no such effort, on a useful scale, had ever been made in all the world’s history before Ellis undertook it toward the beginning of the last decade of the Nineteenth Century. He carried it through to the end he had envisioned,

opposed as savagely as any enemy of an established religion, attacked as unscrupulously as any enemy of an established government, vilified in a grotesque and obscene furor that was diagnostic of the conditions he wanted to clear up. And the book that embodied his findings is a great book, a monument in the advance of thought, of science, of (if the word may still be spoken with grave lips) civilization. It is great not only in what it revealed but in what it accomplished. A book that has altered the substance of things and produced a probably permanent effect on mankind.

But it is not a psychology of sex. Ellis's illimitable energy was expended almost altogether in determining facts of behavior and had little concern with relating them to motive or necessity. He had few theorems, few hypotheses, and such as he had were superficial and optimistic and tended to be mystical. Follow him only a little way beyond what the Ubangi do and what the Church fathers said and how such people or such others behave on such occasions—and you get either into an anarchy abhorrent to science where no law operates, not even probability, or into a dewy vision colored with the century's most illusory hope, where things happen as if by the flowers' will and where a freer, finer, godlike race is on its way to mastery. His social achievement was to force recognition on a wilfully reluctant world, and his scientific achievement was to describe the previously unstated. It remained for others to open up the psychology of sex, to dig beneath description to causes, to reveal the dynamism in the facts that were static for Ellis. There is a brave serenity in Sigmund Freud's mind too, but in the knowledge that supports it you do not find the hopefulness that is inseparable from Ellis.

Furthermore, though the great work has had an undeniably immense effect on society, one cannot be sure just what that effect is. The past fifty years have seen changes in society's understanding of sex, its attitudes toward sex, and even

its sexual practices. Yet those changes are almost unappraisable, since no one can be quite sure, for all their vividness, just what they consist of, nor quite sure, for all their explosiveness, just how far they have gone, nor quite sure, for all their extent, just whom they affect. It is equally impossible to appraise the part played in these revolutionary changes by any single force, such as Ellis's research, of the great composite that effected them. Foremost in time, exhaustive in scope, a work of genius, his book was a principal equation in the intellectual part of that great composite. Lines lead out from it to innumerable foci; it has influenced, directly and by the most innumerable and circuitous indirections, millions of people who never heard of it, who could not understand it, but who think and act and perhaps feel otherwise than they would have done if it had not been written. But there is no way of telling how great a part it plays in those altered thoughts and actions; no one can assign a value to that x .

A boy or girl of seventeen puts an end to the inexperience, the intolerable mystery, that has been torturing him. A frustrated husband or wife seeks outside of marriage a sexual fulfillment he has not found in it. An unmarried woman enters what is called a free union. A boy or a girl, a woman or a man, adopts the course that is called promiscuity. By chance opportunity arrives among friends or acquaintances, and a momentary attraction, a sudden impulse of passion, a heightening of affection or admiration is yielded to. How, in 1939, does the event differ from what it was in 1839?

It might be rash to decide that the event occurs any oftener in 1939. One has a skeptical suspicion that the amount of sexual intercourse has remained approximately constant since Adam's time, that since Adam the sum has been the practicable maximum. And even if the statistics have been stepped up, it would be unsafe to attribute the increase to the spread of intellectual enlightenment. It

may be not that Havelock Ellis permits but that the gods no longer forbid; for more than his half-century the fires of hell have been burning out. It may be that not the gods but the half-gods have ceased to prohibit: the parents who for many reasons have less authority than they used to have, who are more bewildered, have learned to be less despotic, have come to hold their peace whereas they used to speak from the whirlwind. Or it may be merely that the perfection of machinery has reduced to Woolworth levels the cost of appliances which make sure that, as sin no longer has any wages, so experience shall no longer have any consequences.

Yet these doubts are unquestionably too extreme. There is more "freedom" than there used to be, at least among certain classes, notably the adolescents of the bourgeoisie. Unmarried women and frustrated wives may make their trial for sexual sanity with fewer hazards of prejudice and fewer social penalties than used to threaten it. The casual, impermanent, trivial kinds of sexual experience meet no such obstacles and reproof as they once did, and certainly, discussion, representation, literature, and all other inactive aspects of sex have a far wider license than they had fifty years ago. (This last may be, however, merely the periodic phenomenon of an overstrained world, like the world of Charles II or that of the Directory or the Regency, which seeks relief in the smaller sexual stimulants.) What has happened, then, is that attitudes have changed, and it would be folly to deny that for this change the science which Ellis founded is in great part responsible. It would be equal folly to deny that, on the whole, the change has been beneficial. It is a gain that some people are now able to work toward what they conceive to be their private happiness without feeling a private sense of guilt, and a greater gain that society does not rob them of dignity and self-respect. (But the skeptical may wonder if, even here, something has not been lost. Puritans are sometimes sound

psychologists and a pleasure is likely to be greater if you are damned for it.) In effect what has happened is that the individual's private affairs have achieved a greater measure of privacy, and the enlightenment preached by Ellis and his followers has removed a vast bulk of irrelevance from everyone's efforts to work out his destiny.

Mankind, however, seems no nearer than it was to the inner peace and outward mastery that Ellis believed in. Calvary is no longer degraded by the irrelevant execution of two thieves; but for the generality of mankind the way of the flesh remains what, for the generality of mankind, it has always been, a way of the cross. The ultimate traveler from Mars who is to pass judgment on human affairs will note that much, and will be unemotionally aware of other reactions as well. For all freedoms are stern, and every person of mature years has friends for whom this one has been disastrous. It has destroyed many lives by imposing on them one further choice which they were not strong enough to survive. From Mars, Ellis and the movement in which he was so conspicuous must sometimes look like one further item in the paralysis of the social will. The strength of conventions, prejudices, and intolerance is that they protect the weak by making up their minds and determining their behavior from without. Some men might have been better workmen or thinkers if they had not undertaken to decide their sexual conduct for themselves. A society might be better armed against disintegration if it could conserve the forces which enlightenment dissipates. It was the strength of the old-time religion, however false, that it simplified the duty of man. It was the strength of the old-time morality, however unenlightened, whatever lives it maimed, that it was taken for granted. Enlightenment has increased the complexity of individual choice. It has forced a primitive animal already overburdened by his own civilization to live, as Freud says, that much more beyond his psychological means.

Sexual enlightenment has not been Micawber's half-crown that makes all the difference, but it is clearly an unallocated farthing in the sum that has produced bankruptcy.

Precisely there one identifies Ellis's limitation. It was a limitation of his time that it did not recognize the limitations of its material, the limitations of the human race. One thinks of him (in fading afternoon) as a crusader riding eastward out of the Victorian sunset, a last champion of his century's hope. To learn, to know, to declare, to let the light and air in would be enough! The fetid mass of irrationalities which he uncovered would yield to reason; turn it over often enough in open air and the spores of fear and failure must be killed. What was wrong was not the nature of man, which must be sound by all the criteria that could be recognized, but man's ignorance and the institutions which his ignorance had enabled his fears and cruelties to build. But there was an older affirmation—that in much wisdom is much grief and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.

As Ellis came downstage in triumph there entered quietly from an upper wing the unobtrusive figure of Dr. Freud. He has only a small place in Ellis's pages: Ellis welcomed and praised him but seems either not to have fully understood or not to have been much interested in what he was about. But it was that unobtrusive figure who revealed the linkages in the facts which Ellis had so magnificently assembled and who began to make clear what was behind them. The world which Freud opened up was far more desperate than any Ellis had

ventured into, and the race proved to be far more limited, far more beset by forces beyond its control. To let the light and the air heal as much as they could, to let knowledge arm reason to the uttermost, yes—but Freud uncovered bounds beyond which healing cannot go and reason has no force. The goal of the freedom in which Ellis believed was apocalyptic: freedom as power in itself, freedom as invincible. Freud's was a humbler, sterner, sadder freedom: freedom for man to grapple with reality liberated from unconscious forces within himself. Ellis's was a freedom of hope; Freud's of fortitude. Ellis's turned Prospero alone and unconquerable toward the stars. Freud's merely gave Prospero weapons which he might use against the Caliban with whom he must live forever on Setebos. Freud revealed the irreducible, the immutable, the insoluble, which for Ellis had always been the insubstantial fabric of illusion—and with that revelation the Nineteenth Century ended in the psychology of sex, and the Twentieth came in.

Nevertheless, it was a great man whose death was published among these tables in dulling light, among people who had never heard of him and cared nothing for his death, but had something they would not have had of dignity and knowledge if he had not lived. They knew more about themselves and a great man lived anonymously in the pattern of their thoughts. There was confetti underfoot and colored lights would begin playing when the sun went down—a carefree scene in which he meant nothing at all. But something of the moment's color and desire was his.

**For information concerning the contributors in this issue,
see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**



Harpers *Magazine*

AFTER MANY A SUMMER

A NOVEL IN FIVE PARTS—PART ONE

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

IT HAD all been arranged by telegram; Jeremy Pordage was to look out for a colored chauffeur in a gray uniform with a carnation in his buttonhole; and the colored chauffeur was to look out for a middle-aged Englishman carrying the *Poetical Works of Wordsworth*. In spite of the crowds at the station, they found each other without difficulty.

"Mr. Stoyte's chauffeur?"

"Mr. Pordage, sah?"

Jeremy nodded.

"Welcome to Los Angeles, Mr. Pordage, sah! I should have knowed you by your voice, Mr. Pordage," he went on, "even without the book."

Jeremy laughed a little uncomfortably. A week in America had made him self-conscious about that voice of his. A product of Trinity College, Cambridge, ten years before the War, it was a small, fluty voice, suggestive of evensong in an English cathedral.

"Where's my porter?" he said fussily in order to change the subject.

A few minutes later they were on their way. Cradled in the back seat of the car, out of range, he hoped, of the chauffeur's conversation, Jeremy Pordage abandoned himself to the pleasure of merely looking. Southern California rolled past the windows; all he had to do was to keep his eyes open.

The first thing to present itself was a slum of Africans and Filipinos, Japanese and Mexicans. And what permutations and combinations of black, yellow, and brown! What complex bastardies! And the girls—how beautiful in their artificial silk! "And Negro ladies in white muslin gowns." His favorite line in "The Prelude." He smiled to himself. And meanwhile the slum had given place to the tall buildings of a business district. The population took on a more Caucasian tinge. At every corner there was a drug-store. The newspaper boys were selling headlines about Franco's drive on Barcelona. Most of the girls, as they walked along, seemed to be ab-

sorbed in silent prayer; but he supposed, on second thought, it was only gum that they were thus incessantly ruminating. Gum, not God. Then suddenly the car plunged into a tunnel and emerged into another world, a vast, untidy, suburban world of filling stations and billboards, of low houses in gardens, of vacant lots and waste paper, of occasional shops and office buildings and churches—primitive Methodist churches built, surprisingly enough, in the style of the Cartuja at Granada, Catholic churches like Canterbury Cathedral, synagogues disguised as Hagia Sophia, Christian Science churches with pillars and pediments, like banks. It was a winter day and early in the morning; but the sun shone brilliantly, the sky was without a cloud. The car was traveling westward and the sunshine, slanting from behind them as they advanced, lit up each building, each sky sign and billboard as though with a spotlight, as though on purpose to show the new arrival all the sights.

EATS. COCKTAILS. OPEN NITES.

JUMBO MALTS.

DO THINGS, GO PLACES WITH CONSOL SUPER-GAS!

AT BEVERLY PANTHEON FINE FUNERALS ARE NOT EXPENSIVE.

The car sped onward, and here in the middle of a vacant lot was a restaurant in the form of a seated bulldog, the entrance between the front paws, the eyes illuminated.

"Zoomorph," Jeremy Portage murmured to himself, and again, "zoomorph." He had the scholar's taste for words. The bulldog shot back into the past.

ASTROLOGY, NUMEROLOGY, PSYCHIC READINGS.

DRIVE IN FOR NUTBURGERS—whatever they were.

STOP HERE FOR CONSOL SUPER-GAS.

Surprisingly, the chauffeur stopped. "Ten gallons of Super-Super," he ordered; then, turning back to Jeremy, "This is our company," he added. "Mr. Stoyte, he's the president." He pointed to a billboard across the street. CASH

LOANS IN FIFTEEN MINUTES, Jeremy read; CONSULT COMMUNITY SERVICE FINANCE CORPORATION. "That's another of ours," said the chauffeur proudly.

They drove on. The face of a beautiful young woman, distorted, like a Magdalene's, with grief, stared out of a giant billboard. BROKEN ROMANCE, proclaimed the caption. SCIENCE PROVES THAT 73 PER CENT OF ALL ADULTS HAVE HALITOSIS.

IN TIME OF SORROW LET BEVERLY PANTHEON BE YOUR FRIEND.

FACIALS, PERMANENTS, MANICURES.

BETTY'S BEAUTY SHOPPE.

Mile after mile they went, and the suburban houses, the gas stations, the vacant lots, the churches, the shops went along with them, interminably. To right and left, between palms or pepper trees or acacias, the streets of enormous residential quarters receded to the vanishing point.

CLASSY EATS. MILE HIGH CONES.

JESUS SAVES.

HAMBURGERS.

GO TO CHURCH AND FEEL BETTER ALL THE WEEK.

WHAT IS GOOD FOR BUSINESS IS GOOD FOR YOU.

Another zoomorph presented itself, this time a real estate agent's office in the form of an Egyptian sphinx.

JESUS IS COMING SOON.

YOU TOO CAN HAVE ABIDING YOUTH WITH THRILLPHORM BRASSIERES.

BEVERLY PANTHEON, THE CEMETERY THAT IS DIFFERENT.

The Negro waved his hand toward the billboard and said, "That's ours too."

"You mean the Beverly Pantheon?"

The man nodded. "Finest cemetery in the world, I guess," he said; and added, after a moment's pause, "Maybe you'd like to see it. It wouldn't hardly be out of our way."

"That would be very nice," said Jeremy with upperclass English graciousness.

They turned to the right, sped past a Rosicrucian Temple, past two cat-and-dog hospitals, past a School for Drum-

Majorettes and two more advertisements of the Beverly Pantheon. As they turned to the left on Sunset Boulevard, Jeremy had a glimpse of a young woman who was doing her shopping in a hydrangea-blue strapless bathing suit, platinum curls, and a black fur jacket. Then she too was whirled back into the past.

The present was a road at the foot of a line of steep hills, a road flanked by small, expensive-looking shops, by restaurants, by night-clubs shuttered against the sunlight, by offices and apartment houses. Then they too had taken their places in the irrevocable. A sign proclaimed that they were crossing the city limits of Beverly Hills. The surroundings changed. The road was flanked by the gardens of a rich residential quarter. Through trees, Jeremy saw the façades of houses, all new, almost all in good taste—elegant and witty pastiches of Lutyens manor houses, of Little Trianons, of Monticellos; light-hearted parodies of Le Corbusier's solemn machines-for-living-in; fantastic adaptations of Mexican haciendas, and New England farms.

They turned to the right. Enormous palm trees lined the road.

"That's Harold Lloyd's place," said the chauffeur, indicating a kind of Boboli. "And that's Charlie Chaplin's. And that's Pickfair."

The road began to mount, vertiginously. The chauffeur pointed across an intervening gulf of shadow at what seemed a Tibetan lamasery on the opposite hill. "That's where Ginger Rogers lives. Yes, *sir*," he nodded triumphantly as he twirled the steering wheel.

Five or six more turns brought the car to the top of the hill. Below and behind lay the plain, with the city like a map extending indefinitely into a pink haze.

The car turned a shoulder of orange rock, and there all at once, was a huge sky sign, with the words BEVERLY PAN-
THEON, THE PERSONALITY CEMETERY, in six-foot neon tubes and, above it, on the very crest, a full-scale reproduction of

the Leaning Tower of Pisa—only this one didn't lean.

"See that?" said the Negro impressively. "That's the Tower of Resurrection. Two hundred thousand dollars, that's what it cost. Yes, *sir*." He spoke with an emphatic solemnity.

II

An hour later they were on their way again, having seen everything. Everything. The sloping lawns, like a green oasis in the mountain desolation. The groves of trees. The tombstones in the grass. The Pets' Cemetery, with its marble group after Landseer's Dignity and Impudence. The Tiny Church of the Poet—a miniature reproduction of Holy Trinity at Stratford-on-Avon, complete with Shakespeare's tomb and a twenty-four-hour service of organ music played automatically by the Perpetual Wurlitzer and broadcast by concealed loud speakers all over the cemetery.

Then, leading out of the vestry, the Bride's Apartment (for one was married at the Tiny Church as well as buried from it)—the Bride's Apartment that had just been redecorated, said the chauffeur, in the style of Norma Shearer's boudoir in "Marie Antoinette." And, next to the Bride's Apartment, the exquisite black marble Vestibule of Ashes, leading to the Crematorium, where three super-modern oil-burning mortuary furnaces were always under heat and ready for any emergency.

Accompanied wherever they went by the tremolos of the Perpetual Wurlitzer, they had driven next to look at the Tower of Resurrection—from the outside only; for it housed the executive offices of the West Coast Cemeteries Corporation. Then the Children's Corner with its statues of Peter Pan and the Infant Jesus, its groups of alabaster babies playing with bronze rabbits, its lily pool and an apparatus labeled The Fountain of Rainbow Music, from which there spouted simultaneously water, colored lights, and the inescapable strains of the

Perpetual Wurlitzer. Then, in rapid succession, the Garden of Quiet, the Tiny Taj Mahal, the Old World Mortuary. And, reserved by the chauffeur to the last, as the final and crowning proof of his employer's glory, the Pantheon itself.

Was it possible, Jeremy asked himself, that such an object existed? It was certainly not probable. The Beverly Pantheon lacked all verisimilitude, was something entirely beyond his powers to invent. The fact that the idea of it was now in his mind proved, therefore, that he must really have seen it. He shut his eyes against the landscape and recalled to his memory the details of that incredible reality. The external architecture, modeled on that of Boecklin's Toteninsel. The circular vestibule. The replica of Rodin's *Le Baiser*, illuminated by concealed pink floodlights. The flights of black-marble stairs. The seven-storey columbarium, with its endless galleries, its tiers on tiers of slab-sealed tombs. The bronze and silver urns of the cremated, like athletic trophies. The stained-glass windows after Burne-Jones. The texts inscribed on marble scrolls. The Perpetual Wurlitzer crooning on every floor. The sculpture . . .

That was the hardest to believe, Jeremy reflected, behind closed eyelids. Sculpture almost as ubiquitous as the Wurlitzer. Statues wherever you turned your eyes. Hundreds of them, bought wholesale, one would guess, from some monumental masonry concern at Carrara or Pietrasanta. All nudes, all female, all exuberantly nubile. The sort of statues one would expect to see in the reception room of a high-class brothel in Rio de Janeiro. "Oh Death," demanded a marble scroll at the entrance to every gallery, "where is thy sting?" Mutely, but eloquently, the statues gave their reassuring reply. Statues of young ladies in nothing but a very tight belt imbedded, with Bernini-like realism, in the Parian flesh. Statues of young ladies crouching; young ladies using

both hands to be modest; young ladies stretching, writhing, callipygously stooping to tie their sandals, reclining. Young ladies with doves, with panthers, with other young ladies, with upturned eyes expressive of the soul's awakening. "I am the Resurrection and the Life," proclaimed the scrolls. "The Lord is my shepherd; therefore shall I want nothing." Nothing, not even Wurlitzer, not even girls in tightly buckled belts. "Death is swallowed up in victory"—the victory no longer of the spirit but of the body—the well-fed body, forever youthful, immortally athletic, indefatigably sexy.

All at once the car began to descend. Below lay a great tawny plain, checkered with patches of green and dotted with white houses. On its farther side, fifteen or twenty miles away, ranges of pinkish mountains fretted the horizon.

"What's this?" Jeremy asked.

"The San Fernando Valley," said the chauffeur. He pointed into the middle distance. "That's where Groucho Marx has his place," he said. "Yes, *sir*."

At the bottom of the hill the car turned to the left along a wide road that ran, a ribbon of concrete and suburban buildings, through the plain. The chauffeur put on speed; sign succeeded sign with bewildering rapidity. MALTS CABINS DINE AND DANCE AT THE CHATEAU HONOLULU SPIRITUAL HEALING AND COLONIC IRRIGATION BLOCK-LONG HOT DOGS BUY YOUR DREAM HOME NOW.

"Tarzana," said the chauffeur startlingly; and there, sure enough, was the name suspended, in white letters, across the road. "There's Tarzana College," the man went on, pointing to a group of Spanish-Colonial palaces clustering round a Romanesque basilica. "Mr. Stoyte, he's just given them an auditorium."

They turned to the right along a less important road. The orange groves gave place for a few miles to huge fields of alfalfa and dusty grass, then returned again more luxuriant than ever. All at once, through a gap between two or-

chards, Jeremy Pordage saw a most surprising sight. About half a mile from the foot of the mountains, like an island off a cliff-bound coast, a rocky hill rose abruptly, in places almost precipitously, from the plain. On the summit of the bluff and as though growing out of it in a kind of stony efflorescence, stood a castle. But what a castle! The donjon was like a skyscraper, the bastions plunged headlong with the effortless swoop of concrete dams. The thing was Gothic, medieval, baronial—doubly baronial, Gothic with a Gothicity raised, so to speak, to a higher power, more medieval than any building of the thirteenth century.

Jeremy was startled into speech. "What on earth is that?" he asked, pointing at the nightmare on the hilltop.

"Why, that's Mr. Stoyte's place," said the retainer; and smiling yet once more with the pride of vicarious ownership, he added: "It's a pretty fine home, I guess."

The orange groves closed in again; leaning back in his seat, Jeremy Pordage began to wonder, rather apprehensively, what he had let himself in for when he accepted Mr. Stoyte's offer. The pay was princely; the work, which was to catalogue the almost legendary Hauberk Papers, would be delightful. But that cemetery, this Object—Jeremy shook his head. He had known, of course, that Mr. Stoyte was rich, collected pictures, owned a show place in California. But no one had ever led him to expect *this*. The humorous puritanism of his good taste was shocked; he was appalled at the prospect of meeting the person capable of committing such an enormity. Between that person and oneself, what contact, what community of thought or feeling could possibly exist? Why had he sent for one? For it was obvious that he couldn't conceivably like one's books. But had he even read one's books? Did he have the faintest idea of what one was like?

These anxious questionings were interrupted by the noise of the horn, which the chauffeur was sounding with a loud

and offensive insistence. Jeremy looked up. Fifty yards ahead, an ancient Ford was creeping tremulously along the road. It carried, lashed insecurely to roof and running boards and luggage rack, a squalid cargo of household goods—rolls of bedding, an old iron stove, a crate of pots and pans, a folded tent, a tin bath. As they flashed past, Jeremy had a glimpse of three dull-eyed, anaemic children, of a woman with a piece of sacking wrapped round her shoulders, of a haggard, unshaved man.

"Transients," the chauffeur explained in a tone of contempt.

"What's that?" Jeremy asked.

"Why, *transients*," the Negro repeated, as though the emphasis were an explanation. "Guess that lot's from the dust bowl. Kansas license plate. Come to pick our navels."

"Come to pick your navels?" Jeremy echoed incredulously.

"Navel oranges," said the chauffeur. "It's the season. Pretty good year for navels, I guess."

They emerged once more into the open and there once more was the Object, larger than ever. Jeremy had time to study the details of its construction. A wall with towers encircled the base of the hill, and there was a second line of defense, in the most approved post-Crusades manner, half way up. On the summit stood the square keep, surrounded by subsidiary buildings.

From the donjon, Jeremy's eyes traveled down to a group of buildings in the plain, not far from the foot of the hill. Across the façade of the largest of them the words "Stoyte Home for Sick Children" were written in gilded letters. Two flags, one the Stars and Stripes, the other a white banner with the letter S in scarlet, fluttered in the breeze. Then a grove of leafless walnut trees shut out the view once again. Almost at the same moment the chauffeur threw his engine out of gear and put on the brakes. The car came gently to a halt beside a man who was walking at a brisk pace along the grassy verge of the road.

"Want a ride, Mr. Propter?" the Negro called.

The stranger turned his head, gave the man a smile of recognition, and came to the window of the car. He was a large man, broad-shouldered, but rather stooping, with brown hair turning gray and a face, Jeremy thought, like the face of one of those statues which Gothic sculptors carved for a place high up on a west front—a face of sudden prominences and deeply shadowed folds and hollows, emphatically rough-hewn so as to be expressive even at a distance. But this particular face, he went on to notice, was not merely emphatic, not only for the distance; it was a face also for the near point, also for intimacy, a subtle face, in which there were the signs of sensibility and intelligence as well as of power, of a gentle and humorous serenity no less than of energy and strength.

"Hullo, George," the stranger said, addressing the chauffeur; "nice of you to stop for me."

"Well, I'm sure glad to see you, Mr. Propter," said the Negro cordially. Then he half turned in his seat, waved a hand towards Jeremy and with a florid formality of tone and manner, said, "I'd like to have you meet Mr. Pordage of England. Mr. Pordage, this is Mr. Propter."

The two men shook hands and, after an exchange of courtesies, Mr. Propter got into the car.

"You're visiting with Mr. Stoyte?" he asked, as the chauffeur drove on.

Jeremy shook his head. He was here on business; had come to look at some manuscripts—the Hauberk Papers, to be precise.

Mr. Propter listened attentively, nodded from time to time, and, when Jeremy had finished, sat for a moment in silence.

"Take a decayed Christian," he said at last in a meditative tone, "and the remains of a Stoic; mix thoroughly with good manners, a bit of money and an old-fashioned education; simmer for several years in a university. Result: a scholar and a gentleman. Well, there

were worse types of human being." He uttered a little laugh. "I might almost claim to have been one myself once, long ago."

Jeremy looked at him inquiringly. "You're not William Propter, are you?" he asked. "Not *Short Studies in the Counter Reformation*, by any chance?"

The other inclined his head.

Jeremy looked at him in amazement and delight. Was it possible? he asked himself. Those *Short Studies* had been one of his favorite books—a model, he had always thought, of their kind.

"Well, I'm jiggered," he said aloud, using the schoolboyish locution deliberately and as though between inverted commas.

There was another moment of silence. Then, instead of talking, as Jeremy had expected, about the *Short Studies*, Mr. Propter merely shook his head and said, "We mostly are."

"Mostly are what?" asked Jeremy.

"Jiggered," Mr. Propter answered. "Damned. In the psychological sense of the word," he added.

The walnut trees came to an end and there once more, on the starboard bow, was the Object. Mr. Propter pointed in its direction. "Poor Jo Stoyte!" he said.

"Think of having *that* millstone round one's neck. Not to mention of course all the other millstones that go with it. What luck we've had, don't you think?—we who've never been given the opportunity of being anything much worse than scholars and gentlemen!" After another little silence, "Poor Jo," he went on with a smile, "he isn't either of them. You'll find him a bit trying. Because of course he'll want to bully you, just because tradition says that your type is superior to his type. Not to mention the fact," he added, looking into Jeremy's face with an expression of mingled amusement and sympathy, "that you're probably the sort of person that invites persecution. A bit of a murderess, I'm afraid, as well as a scholar and gentleman."

Feeling simultaneously annoyed by the man's indiscretion and touched by

his friendliness, Jeremy smiled rather nervously and nodded his head.

"Maybe," Mr. Propter went on, "maybe it would help you to be less of a murderess toward Jo Stoyte, if you knew what gave him the original impulsion to get damned in just *that way*"—and he pointed again toward the Object. "We were at school together, Jo and I; only nobody called him Jo in those days. We called him Slob, or Jelly-Belly. Because, you see, poor Jo was the local fat boy, the only fat boy in the school during those years. And, being fat, he was fair game for the rest of us. God, how we punished him for his glandular deficiencies! And how disastrously he reacted to that punishment! Over-compensation . . . But here I am at home," he added, looking out of the window as the car slackened speed and came to a halt in front of a small white bungalow set in the midst of a clump of eucalyptus trees. "We'll go on with this another time. But remember, if poor Jo gets too offensive, think of what he was at school and be sorry for him—and don't be sorry for yourself."

The car rolled on again. At once bewildered and reassured by his encounter with the author of the *Short Studies*, Jeremy sat, inertly looking out of the window. They were very near the Object now; and suddenly he noticed, for the first time, that the castle hill was surrounded by a moat. Some few hundred yards from the water's edge, the car passed between two pillars, topped by heraldic lions. Its passage, it was evident, interrupted a beam of invisible light directed on a photoelectric cell; for no sooner were they past the lions than a drawbridge began to descend. Five seconds before they reached the moat it was in place; the car rolled smoothly across and came to a halt in front of the main gateway of the castle's outer walls. The chauffeur got out and, speaking into a telephone receiver concealed in a convenient loophole, announced his presence. The chromium-plated portcullis rose noiselessly, the double doors of

stainless steel swung back. They drove in. The car began to climb. The second line of walls was pierced by another gate, which opened automatically as they approached. Between the inner side of this second wall and the slope of the hill a ferro-concrete bridge had been constructed, large enough to accommodate a tennis court. In the shadowy space beneath, Jeremy caught sight of something familiar. An instant later he had recognized it as a replica of the grotto of Lourdes.

The car climbed on. Beyond the grotto all the hillside was a cactus garden. Then the road swung round to the northern slope of the bluff, and the cactuses gave place to grass and shrubs. On a little terrace, over-elegant like a fashion-plate from some mythological *Vogue* for goddesses, a bronze nymph by Giambologna spouted two streams of water from her deliciously polished breasts. A little farther on, behind wire netting, a group of baboons squatted among the rocks.

Still climbing, the car turned again and finally drew up on a circular concrete platform, carried out on cantilevers over a precipice. Once more the old-fashioned retainer, the chauffeur, taking off his cap, did a final impersonation of himself welcoming the young master home to the plantation, then set to work to unload the luggage.

Jeremy Pordage walked to the balustrade and looked over. The ground fell almost sheer for about a hundred feet, then sloped steeply to the inner circle of walls and, below them, to the outer fortifications. Beyond lay the moat and, on the farther side of the moat, stretched the orange orchards. "*In dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühn*," he murmured to himself. He turned round and, leaning back against the parapet, looked up. The Object impended, insolently enormous. Nobody had dealt poetically with *that*. Not Childe Roland, not the King of Thule, not Marmion, not the Lady of Shallott, not Sir Leoline. Sir Leoline, he repeated to himself with a

connoisseur's appreciation of romantic absurdity, Sir Leoline, the baron rich, had—what? A toothless mastiff bitch. But Mr. Stoyte had baboons and a sacred grotto, Mr. Stoyte had a chromium portcullis and the Hauberk Papers, Mr. Stoyte had a cemetery like an amusement park and a donjon like . . .

There was a sudden rumbling sound; the great nail-studded doors of the Early English entrance porch rolled back and from between them, as though propelled by a hurricane, a small, thick-set man, with a red face and a mass of snow-white hair, darted out on to the terrace and bore down upon Jeremy. His expression, as he advanced, did not change. The face wore that shut, unsmiling mask which American workmen tend to put on in their dealings with strangers—in order to prove, by not making the ingratiating grimaces of courtesy, that theirs is a free country and you're not going to come it over *them*.

"Mr. Pordage?" said the stranger in a harsh, barking voice. "Pleased to meet you. My name's Stoyte." As they shook hands, he peered, still unsmiling, into Jeremy's face. "You're older than I thought," he added.

For the second time that morning, Jeremy made his mannequin's gesture of apologetic self-exhibition.

"The sere and withered leaf," he said. "One's sinking into senility. One's . . ."

Mr. Stoyte cut him short. "What's your age?" he asked in a loud peremptory tone, like that of a police sergeant interrogating a captured thief.

"Fifty-four."

"Only fifty-four?" Mr. Stoyte shook his head. "Ought to be full of pep at fifty-four. How's your sex life?" he added disconcertingly.

Jeremy tried to laugh off his embarrassment. He twinkled; he patted his bald head. "*Mon beau printemps et mon été ont fait le saut par la fenêtre*," he quoted.

"What's that?" said Mr. Stoyte frowning. "No use talking foreign lan-

guages to me. I never had any education." He broke into a sudden braying of laughter. "I'm head of an oil company here," he said. "Got two thousand filling stations in California alone. And not one man in any of those filling stations that isn't a college graduate!" He brayed again, triumphantly. "Go and talk foreign languages to *them*." He was silent for a moment; then, pursuing an unexplicit association of ideas, "My agent in London," he went on, "the man who picks up things for me there—he gave me your name. Told me you were the right man for those—what do you call them? You know, those papers I bought this summer. Roebuck? Hobuck?"

"Hauberk," said Jeremy, and with a gloomy satisfaction noted that he had been quite right. The man had never read one's books, never even heard of one's existence. Still, one had to remember that he had been called Jelly-Belly when he was young.

"Hauberk," Mr. Stoyte repeated with a contemptuous impatience. "Anyhow, he said you were the man." Then, without pause or transition, "What was it you were saying, about your sex life, when you started that foreign stuff on me?"

Jeremy laughed uncomfortably. "One was implying that it was normal for one's age."

"What do *you* know about what's normal at your age?" said Mr. Stoyte. "Go and talk to Dr. Obispo about it. It won't cost you anything. Obispo's on salary. He's the house physician." Abruptly changing the subject, "Would you like to see the castle?" he asked. "I'll take you round."

III

There was silence in Ward Sixteen of the Stoyte Home for Sick Children; silence and the luminous twilight of drawn Venetian blinds. It was the mid-morning rest period. Three of the five small convalescents were asleep. A fourth lay staring at the ceiling, pensively

picking his nose. The fifth, a little girl, was whispering to a doll as curly and Aryan as herself. Seated by one of the windows, a young nurse was absorbed in the latest issue of *True Confessions*.

There was a noise outside in the corridor. The door of the ward flew open, as though before the blast of a hurricane, and someone came rushing into the room.

The nurse looked up with a start of surprise. "Why, Mr. Stoyte!"

Disturbed by the noise, the young nose-picker dropped his eyes from the ceiling, the little girl turned away from her doll.

"Uncle Jo!" they shouted simultaneously. "Uncle Jo!"

Starting out of sleep, the others took up the cry.

"Uncle Jo! Uncle Jo!"

Mr. Stoyte was touched by the warmth of his reception. The face which Jeremy had found so disquietly grim relaxed into a smile. In mock protest, he covered his ears with his hands. "You'll make me deaf," he cried. Then, in an aside to the nurse, "Poor kids," he murmured. "Makes me feel I'd kind of like to cry." His voice became husky with sentiment. "And when one thinks how sick they've been . . ." He shook his head, leaving the sentence unfinished; then, in another tone, "By the way," he added, waving a large square hand in the direction of Jeremy Pordage, who had followed him into the ward and was standing near the door, wearing an expression of bewildered embarrassment, "This is Mr. . . . Mr. . . . Hell! I've forgotten your name."

"Pordage," said Jeremy, and reminded himself that Mr. Stoyte's name had once been Slob.

"Pordage, that's it. Ask him about history and literature," he added derisively to the nurse. "He knows it all."

Jeremy was modestly protesting that his period was only from the invention of Ossian to the death of Keats, when Mr. Stoyte turned back to the children and, in a voice that drowned the oth-

er's faintly fluted disclaimers, shouted: "Guess what Uncle Jo's brought you!"

They guessed. Candies, bubble gum, balloons, guinea pigs. Mr. Stoyte continued triumphantly to shake his head. Finally, when the children had exhausted their powers of imagination, he dipped into the pocket of his old tweed jacket and produced, first, a whistle, then a mouth organ, then a small musical box, then a trumpet, then a wooden rattle, then an automatic pistol. This, however, he hastily put back.

"Now play," he said, when he had distributed the instruments. "All together. One, two, three." And, beating time with both arms, he began to sing "Way down upon the Swanee River."

At this latest in a long series of shocks and surprises, Jeremy's mild face took on an expression of more intense bewilderment.

What a morning! The arrival at dawn. The Negro retainer. The interminable suburb. The Beverly Pantheon. The Object among the orange trees and his meeting with William Propter and this really dreadful Stoyte. Then, inside the castle, the Rubens, and the great El Greco in the hall, the Vermeer in the elevator, the Rembrandt etchings along the corridors, the Winterhalter in the butler's pantry.

Then Miss Maunciple's Louis XV boudoir, with the Watteau and the two Lancret's and the fully equipped soda fountain in a rococo embrasure, and Miss Maunciple herself, in an orange kimono, drinking a raspberry and peppermint ice cream soda at her own counter. He had been introduced, had refused the offer of a sundae, and been hurried on again, always at top speed, always as though on the wings of a tornado, to see the other sights of the castle. The Rumpus Room, for example, with frescoes of elephants by Sert. The library with its woodwork by Grinling Gibbons, but with no books, because Mr. Stoyte had not yet brought himself to buy any. The small dining

room, with its Fra Angelico and its furniture from Brighton Pavilion. The large dining room, modeled on the interior of the mosque at Fatehpur Sikri. The ballroom with its mirrors and coffered ceiling. The thirteenth-century stained glass in the eleventh-floor W.C. The morning room, with Boucher's picture of La Petite Morphil bottom upward on a pink satin sofa. The chapel, imported in fragments from Goa, with the walnut confessional used by St. François de Sales at Annecy. The functional billiard room. The indoor swimming pool. The Second Empire bar, with its nudes by Ingres. The two gymnasiums. The Christian Science Reading Room, dedicated to the memory of the late Mrs. Stoyte. The dentist's office. The Turkish bath. Then down, with Vermeer, into the bowels of the hill, to look at the cellar in which the Hauberk Papers had been stored. Down again yet deeper to the safe deposit vaults, the power house, the air-conditioning plant, the well and pumping station. Then up once more to ground level and the kitchens, where the Chinese chef had shown Mr. Stoyte the newly arrived consignment of turtles from the Caribbean. Up again to the bedroom which Jeremy was to occupy during his stay. Then up another six storeys to the business office, where Mr. Stoyte gave orders to his secretary, dictated a couple of letters and had a long telephone conversation with his brokers in Amsterdam. And when that was finished it had been time to go to the hospital.

Mr. Stoyte's knobbed face, as he left the hospital, was still illuminated with benevolence and happiness.

"Makes you feel kind of good, playing with those poor kids," he kept repeating to Jeremy.

A wide flight of steps led down from the hospital entrance to the roadway. At the foot of these steps Mr. Stoyte's blue Cadillac was waiting. Behind it stood another smaller car, which had not been there when they arrived. A look of suspicion clouded Mr. Stoyte's beaming

face as he caught sight of it. Kidnappers, blackmailers—one never knew. His hand went to the pocket of his coat. "Who's there?" he shouted in a tone of such loud fury that Jeremy thought for a moment that the man must have suddenly gone mad.

Moonlike, a large, snub-featured face appeared at the car window, smiling round the chewed butt of a cigar.

"Oh, it's you, Clancy," said Mr. Stoyte. "Why didn't they tell me you were here?" he went on. His face had flushed darkly; he was frowning and a muscle in his cheek had begun to twitch. "I don't like having strange cars around. Do you hear, Peters?" he almost screamed at his chauffeur—not because it was the man's business of course; simply because he happened to be there, available. "Do you hear, I say?" Then, suddenly, he remembered what Dr. Obispo had said to him that time he had lost his temper with the fellow. "Do you really *want* to shorten your life, Mr. Stoyte?" The doctor's tone had been one of cool amusement; he had smiled with an expression of politely sarcastic indulgence. "Are you absolutely *bent* on having a stroke? A second stroke, remember; and you won't get off so lightly next time. Well, if so, then go on behaving as you're doing now. Go on." With an enormous effort of will, Mr. Stoyte swallowed his anger. "God is love," he said to himself. "There is no death." The late Prudence McGladdery Stoyte had been a Christian Scientist. "God is love," he said again, and reflected that, if people would only stop being so exasperating, he would never have to lose his temper. "God is love." It was all their fault.

Clancy, meanwhile, had left his car and, grotesquely pot-bellied over spindly legs, was coming up the steps, mysteriously smiling and winking as he approached.

"What is it?" Mr. Stoyte inquired and wished to God the man wouldn't make those faces. "Oh, by the way," he added, "this is Mr. . . . Mr. . . ."

"Pordage," said Jeremy.

Clancy was pleased to meet him. The hand he gave to Jeremy was disagreeably sweaty.

"I got some news for you," said Clancy in a hoarse conspiratorial whisper; and, speaking behind his hand, so that his words and the smell of cigar should be for Mr. Stoyte alone, "You remember Tittelbaum?" he added.

"That chap in the City Engineer's Department?"

Clancy nodded. "One of the boys," he affirmed enigmatically, and again winked.

"Well, what about him?" asked Mr. Stoyte; and in spite of God's being love, there was a note in his voice of nascent exasperation.

Clancy shot a glance at Jeremy Pordage; then, with the elaborate by-play of Guy Fawkes talking to Catesby on the stage of a provincial theater, he took Mr. Stoyte by the arm and led him a few feet away, up the steps. "Do you know what Tittelbaum told me today?" he asked rhetorically. "He told me what they've decided about . . ." he lowered his voice still further, "about the San Felipe Valley."

"Well, what *have* they decided?" Once more Mr. Stoyte was at the limits of his patience.

"They've decided," Clancy said very slowly, so as to give each word its full dramatic effect, "they've decided to pipe the water into it."

Mr. Stoyte's expression of exasperation gave place at last to one of interest. "Enough to irrigate the whole valley?" he asked.

"Enough to irrigate the whole valley," Clancy repeated with solemnity.

Mr. Stoyte was silent for a moment. "How much time have we got?" he asked at last.

"Tittelbaum thought the news wouldn't break for another six weeks."

"Six weeks?" Mr. Stoyte hesitated for a moment; then made his decision. "All right. Get busy at once," he said with the peremptory manners of one ac-

customed to command. "Go down yourself and take a few of the other boys along with you. Independent purchasers—interested in cattle raising; want to start a Dude Ranch. Buy all you can. What's the price, by the way?"

"Averages twelve dollars an acre."

"Twelve," Mr. Stoyte repeated, and reflected that it would go to a hundred as soon as they started laying the pipe. "How many acres do you figure you can get?" he asked.

"Maybe thirty thousand."

Mr. Stoyte's face beamed with satisfaction. "Good," he said briskly. "Very good. No mention of my name of course," he added, and then, without pause or transition: "What's Tittelbaum going to cost?"

Clancy smiled contemptuously. "Oh, I'll give him four or five hundred bucks."

"That all?"

The other nodded. "Tittelbaum's in the bargain basement," he said. "Can't afford to ask any fancy prices. He needs the money—needs it awful bad."

"What for?" asked Mr. Stoyte, who had a professional interest in human nature. "Gambling? Women?"

Clancy shook his head. "Doctors," he explained. "He's got a kid that's paralyzed."

"Paralyzed?" Mr. Stoyte echoed in a tone of genuine sympathy. "That's too bad." He hesitated for a moment; then, in a sudden burst of generosity, "Tell him to send the kid here," he went on, making a large gesture toward the hospital. "Best place in the State for infantile paralysis, and it won't cost him anything. Not a red cent."

"Hell, that's kind of you, Mr. Stoyte," said Clancy admiringly. "That's real kind."

"Oh, it's nothing," said Mr. Stoyte, as he moved toward his car. "I'm glad to be able to do it. Remember what it says in the Bible about children. You know," he added, "I get a real kick out of being with those poor kids in there. Makes you feel kind of warm inside." He patted the barrel of his chest. "Tell

Tittelbaum to send in an application for the kid. Send it to me personally. I'll see that it goes through at once." He climbed into the car and shut the door after him; then, catching sight of Jeremy, opened it again without a word. Mumbling apologetically, Jeremy scrambled in. Mr. Stoyte slammed the door once more, lowered the glass, and looked out.

"So long," he said. "And don't lose any time about that San Felipe business. Make a good job of it, Clancy, and I'll let you have ten per cent of all the acreage over twenty thousand." He raised the window and signaled to the chauffeur to start. The car swung out of the drive and headed toward the castle. Leaning back in his seat, Mr. Stoyte thought of those poor kids and the money he would make out of the San Felipe business. "God is love," he said yet once more, with momentary conviction and again in a whisper that was audible to his companion, "God is love." Jeremy felt more uncomfortable than ever.

The drawbridge came down as the blue Cadillac approached, the chromium portcullis went up, the gates of the inner rampart rolled back to let it pass. On the concrete tennis court the seven children of the Chinese cook were roller-skating. Below, in the sacred grotto, a group of masons were at work. At the sight of them Mr. Stoyte shouted to the chauffeur to stop.

"They're putting up a tomb for some nuns," he said to Jeremy as they got out of the car.

"Some nuns?" Jeremy echoed in surprise.

Mr. Stoyte nodded and explained that his Spanish agents had bought some sculpture and iron work from the chapel of a convent that had been wrecked by the anarchists at the beginning of the civil war. "They sent some nuns along too," he added. "Embalmed, I guess. Or maybe just sun-dried. I don't know. Anyhow, there they are. Luckily I happened to have something nice to put

them in." He pointed to the monument which the masons were in process of fixing to the south wall of the grotto. On a marble shelf above a large Roman sarcophagus were the statues by some nameless Jacobean stonemason of a gentleman and lady, both in ruffs, kneeling, and behind them in three rows of three, nine daughters diminishing from adolescence to infancy. "*Hic jacet Carolus Franciscus Beals, Armiger . . .*" Jeremy began to read.

"Bought it in England two years ago," said Mr. Stoyte, interrupting him. Then, turning to the workmen, "When will you boys be through?" he asked.

"To-morrow noon. Maybe to-night."

"That's all I wanted to know," said Mr. Stoyte, and turned away. "I must have those nuns taken out of storage," he said, as they walked back to the car.

They drove on. Poised on the almost invisible vibration of its wings, a humming bird was drinking at the jet that spouted from the left nipple of Giambologna's nymph. From the enclosure of the baboons came the shrill noise of battle and copulation. Mr. Stoyte shut his eyes. "God is love," he repeated, trying deliberately to prolong the delightful condition of euphoria into which those poor kids and Clancy's good news had plunged him. "God is love. There is no death." He waited to feel that sense of inward warmth, like the after-effect of whisky, which had followed his previous utterance of the words. Instead, as though some immanent fiend were playing a practical joke on him, he found himself thinking of the shrunken leathery corpses of those nuns and of his own corpse, and of judgment and the flames. Prudence McGladdery Stoyte had been a Christian Scientist; but Joseph Budge Stoyte, his father, had been a Sandemanian; and Letitia Morgan, his maternal grandmother, had lived and died a Plymouth Sister. Over his cot in the attic room of the little frame house in Nashville, Tennessee, had hung the text, in vivid orange on a black background: "IT IS A TERRIBLE THING TO FALL INTO

THE HANDS OF THE LIVING GOD." "God is love," Mr. Stoyte desperately reaffirmed. "There is no death." But for sinners, such as himself, it was only the worm that never died.

"If you're always scared of dying," Obispo had said, "you'll surely die. Fear's a poison; and not such a slow poison either."

Making another enormous effort, Mr. Stoyte suddenly began to whistle. The tune was "I'm making hay in the moonlight in my baby's arms," but the face which Jeremy Pordage saw and, as though from some horrible and indecent secret, immediately averted his eyes from, was the face of a man in the condemned cell.

"Old sour-puss," the chauffeur muttered to himself, as he watched his employer get out of the car and walk away.

Followed by Jeremy, Mr. Stoyte hurried in silence through the Gothic portal, crossed a pillared Romanesque lobby like the Lady Chapel at Durham and, his hat still pulled down over his eyes, stepped into the cathedral twilight of the great hall.

A hundred feet overhead, the sound of the two men's footsteps echoed in the vaulting. Like iron ghosts, the suits of armor stood immobile round the walls. Above them, sumptuously dim, the fifteenth-century tapestries opened windows upon a leafy world of phantasy. At one end of the cavernous room, lit by a hidden searchlight, El Greco's Crucifixion of St. Peter blazed out in the darkness like the beautiful revelation of something incomprehensible and profoundly sinister. At the other, no less brilliantly illuminated, hung a full-length portrait of Hélène Fourment, dressed only in a bearskin cape. Jeremy looked from one to the other—from the ectoplasm of the inverted saint to the unequivocal skin and fat and muscle which Rubens had so loved to see and touch; from unearthly flesh tints of green-white ochre and carmine, shadowed with transparent black, to the creams and warm pinks, the nacreous blues and greens of Flemish

nudity. Two shining symbols, incomparably powerful and expressive—but of what, of what? That, of course, was the question.

Mr. Stoyte paid attention to none of his treasures, but strode across the hall, inwardly cursing his buried wife for having made him think about death by insisting that there wasn't any.

The door of the elevator was in an embrasure between pillars. Mr. Stoyte opened it, and the light came on revealing a Dutch lady in blue satin sitting at a harpsichord—sitting, Jeremy reflected, at the very heart of an equation, in a world where beauty and logic, painting and analytical geometry, had become one.

"Shut the door," Mr. Stoyte ordered; then when it was done, "We'll have a swim before lunch," he added, and pressed the topmost of a long row of buttons.

IV

More than a dozen families of transients were already at work in the orange grove, as the man from Kansas, with his wife and his three children and his yellow dog, hurried down the line toward the trees which the overseer had assigned to him. They walked in silence, for they had nothing to say to one another and no energy to waste on words.

Only half a day, the man was thinking; only four hours till work would be stopped. They'd be lucky if they made as much as seventy-five cents. Seventy-five cents. Seventy-five cents; and that right front tire wasn't going to last much longer. If they meant to get up to Fresno and then Salinas they'd just have to get a better one. But even the rottenest old second-hand tire cost money. And money was food. And did they eat! he thought with sudden resentment. If he were alone, if he didn't have to drag the kids and Minnie around, then he could rent a little place somewhere. Near the highway, so that he could make a bit extra by selling eggs and fruit and things to the people that rode past in

their automobiles, sell a lot cheaper than the markets and still make good money. And then, maybe, he'd be able to buy a cow and a couple of hogs; and then he'd find a girl—one of those fat ones; he liked them rather fat; fat and young, with . . .

His wife started coughing again; the dream was shattered. Did they eat! More than they were worth. Three kids with no strength in them. And Minnie going sick on you half the time so that you had to do her work as well as yours!

The dog had paused to sniff at a post. With sudden and surprising agility, the man from Kansas took two quick steps forward and kicked the animal squarely in the ribs. "You goddam dog!" he shouted. "Get out of the way!" It ran off, yelping. The man from Kansas turned his head in the hope of catching in his children's faces an expression of disapproval or commiseration. But the children had learned better than to give him an excuse for going on from the dog to themselves. Under the tousled hair, the three pale, small faces were entirely blank and vacant. Disappointed, the man turned away grumbling indistinctly that he'd belt the hell out of them if they weren't careful. The mother did not even turn her head. She was feeling too sick and tired to do anything but walk straight on. Silence settled down again over the party.

Then, suddenly, the youngest of the three children let out a shrill cry. "Look there!" she pointed. In front of them was the castle. From the summit of its highest tower rose a spidery metal structure, carrying a succession of platforms to a height of twenty or thirty feet above the parapet. On the highest of these platforms, black against the shining sky, stood a tiny human figure. As they looked, the figure spread its arms and plunged head foremost out of sight behind the battlements. The children's shrill outcry of astonishment gave the man from Kansas the pretext which, a moment before, they had denied him. He turned on them furiously. "Stop

that yellin'," he yelled; then rushed at them, hitting out—a slap on the side of the head for each of them. With an enormous effort, the woman lifted herself from the abyss of fatigue into which she had fallen; she halted, she turned, she cried out protestingly, she caught her husband's arm. He pushed her away, so violently that she almost fell.

"You're as bad as the kids," he shouted at her. "Just layin' around and eatin'. Not worth a damn. I tell you, I'm just sick and tired of the whole lot of you. Sick and tired," he repeated. "So you keep your mouth shut, see!" He turned away and, feeling a good deal better for his outburst, walked briskly on, at a rate which he knew his wife would find exhausting, between the rows of loaded orange trees.

From that swimming pool at the top of the donjon the view was prodigious. Floating on the translucent water, one had only to turn one's head to see, between the battlements, successive vistas of plain and mountain, of green and tawny and violet and faint blue. One floated, one looked and one thought, that is, if one were Jeremy Pordage, of that tower in *Epipsychidion*, that tower with its chambers

Looking toward the golden Eastern air
And level with the living winds.

Not so, however, if one were Miss Virginia Maunciple. Virginia neither floated, nor looked, nor thought of *Epipsychidion*, but took another sip of whisky and soda, climbed to the highest platform of the diving tower, spread her arms, plunged, glided under water and, coming up immediately beneath the unsuspecting Pordage, caught him by the belt of his bathing pants and pulled him under.

"You asked for it," she said, as he came up again, gasping and spluttering, to the surface. "Lying there without moving, like a silly old Buddha." She smiled at him with an entirely good-natured contempt.

These people that Uncle Jo kept bringing to the castle! An Englishman with

a monocle to look at the armor; a man with a stammer to clean the pictures; a man who couldn't speak anything but German to look at some silly old pots and plates; and to-day this other ridiculous Englishman with a face like a rabbit's and a voice like "Songs without Words" on the saxophone.

Jeremy Pordage blinked the water out of his eyes and, dimly, since he was presbyopic and without his spectacles, saw the young laughing face very close to his own, the body foreshortened and wavering uncertainly through the water. It was not often that he found himself in such proximity to such a being. He swallowed his annoyance and smiled at her.

Miss Maunciple stretched out a hand and patted the bald patch at the top of Jeremy's head. "Boy," she said, "does it shine! Talk of billiard balls. I know what I shall call you: Ivory. Good-by, Ivory." She turned, swam to the ladder, climbed out, walked to the table on which the bottles and glasses were standing, drank the rest of her whisky and soda, then went and sat down on the edge of the couch on which, in black spectacles and bathing drawers, Mr. Stoyte was taking his sun bath.

"Well, Uncle Jo," she said in a tone of affectionate playfulness, "feeling kind of good?"

"Feeling fine, baby," he answered. It was true; the sun had melted away his dismal forebodings; he was living again in the present, that delightful present in which one brought happiness to sick children; in which there were Tittelbaums prepared, for five hundred bucks, to give one information worth at the very least a million; in which the sky was blue and the sunshine a caressing warmth upon the stomach; in which finally, one stirred out of a delicious somnolence to see little Virginia smiling down at one as though she really cared for her old Uncle Jo, and cared for him, what was more, not merely as an old uncle—no, *sir*; because when all's said and done, a man is only as old as he feels and acts; and where

his baby was concerned did he feel young? did he *act* young? Yes, *sir*. Mr. Stoyte smiled to himself, a smile of triumphant self-satisfaction.

"Well, baby," he said aloud, and laid a square, thick-fingered hand on the young woman's bare knee.

Through half-closed eyelids, Miss Maunciple gave him a secret and somehow indecent look of understanding and complicity; then uttered a little laugh and stretched her arms. "Doesn't the sun feel good!" she said; and, closing her lids completely, she lowered her raised arms, clasped her hands behind her neck and threw back her shoulders. It was a pose that lifted the breasts, that emphasized the inward curve of the loins and the contrary swell of the buttocks—the sort of pose that a new arrival in the seraglio would be taught by the eunuchs to assume at her first interview with the sultan.

Through his dark glasses, Mr. Stoyte looked up at her with an expression of possessiveness at once gluttonous and paternal. Virginia was his baby, not only figuratively and colloquially, but also in the literal sense of the word. His sentiments were simultaneously those of the purest father-love and the most violent eroticism.

He looked up at her. By contrast with the shiny white satin of her breech clout and brassière, the sunburnt skin seemed more richly brown. The planes of the young body flowed in smooth continuous curves, effortlessly solid, three-dimensional without accent or abrupt transition. Mr. Stoyte's regard traveled up to the auburn hair and came down by way of the rounded forehead, of the wide-set eyes, and small, straight, impudent nose to the mouth. That mouth—it was her most striking feature. For it was to the mouth's short upper lip that Virginia's face owed its characteristic expression of childlike innocence—an expression that persisted through all her moods, that was noticeable whatever she might be doing, whether it was telling smutty stories or making conversation

with the Bishop, taking tea in Pasadena or getting tight with the boys, enjoying what she called "a bit of yum-yum," or attending Mass. Chronologically, Miss Maunciple was a young woman of twenty-two; but that abbreviated upper lip gave her, in all circumstances, an air of being hardly adolescent, of not having reached the age of consent. For Mr. Stoyte, at sixty, the curiously perverse contrast between childishness and maturity, between the appearance of innocence and the fact of experience, was intoxicatingly attractive. It was not only so far as he was concerned that Virginia was both kinds of baby; she was also both kinds of baby objectively, in herself.

Delicious creature! The hand that had lain inert, hitherto, upon her knee slowly contracted. Between the broad spatulate thumb and the strong fingers, what smoothness, what a sumptuous and substantial resilience!

"What are you pinching me for, Uncle Jo?"

"I'd like to eat you," her Uncle Jo replied in a tone of cannibalistic sentimentality.

"I'm tough."

Mr. Stoyte uttered a maudlin chuckle. "Little tough kid!" he said.

The tough kid stooped down and kissed him.

Jeremy Pordage, who had been quietly looking at the panorama and continuing his silent recitation of *Epipsychidion*, happened at this moment to turn once more in the direction of the couch and was so much embarrassed by what he saw that he began to sink and had to strike out violently with arms and legs to prevent himself from going under. Turning round in the water, he swam to the ladder, climbed out and, without waiting to dry himself, hurried to the elevator.

"Really," he said to himself as he looked at the Vermeer. "Really!"

"I did some business this morning," said Mr. Stoyte when the baby had straightened herself up again.

"What sort of business?"

"Good business," he answered. "Might make a lot of money. *Real* money," he insisted.

"How much?"

"Maybe half a million," he said, cautiously understating his hopes; "maybe a million; maybe even more."

"Uncle Jo," she said, "I think you're wonderful." Her voice had the ring of complete sincerity. She genuinely did think him wonderful. In the world in which she had lived it was axiomatic that a man who could make a million dollars must be wonderful. Parents, friends, teachers, newspapers, radio, advertisements—explicitly or by implication, all were unanimous in proclaiming his wonderfulness. And besides, Virginia was very fond of her Uncle Jo. He had given her a wonderful time, and she was grateful. Besides, she liked to like people if she possibly could; she liked to please them. Pleasing them made her feel good—even when they were elderly, like Uncle Jo, and when some of the ways in which she was called upon to please them didn't happen to be very appetizing. "I think you're wonderful," she repeated.

Her admiration gave him an intense satisfaction. "Oh, it's quite easy," he said with hypocritical modesty, angling for more.

Virginia gave it him. "Easy, nothing!" she said firmly. "I say you *are* wonderful. So just keep your mouth shut."

Enchanted, Mr. Stoyte took another handful of firm flesh and squeezed it affectionately. "I'll give you a present, if the deal goes through," he said. "What would you like, baby?"

"What would I like?" she repeated. "But I don't want anything."

Her disinterestedness was not assumed. For it was true; she never did want things this way, in cold blood. At the moment a want occurred, for an ice cream soda, for example, for a bit of yum-yum, for a mink coat seen in a shop window—at such moments, she did want things, and wanted them badly, couldn't wait to have them. But as for long-

range wants, wants that had to be thought about in advance—no, she never had wanted like that. The best part of Virginia's life was spent in enjoying the successive instants of present contentment of which it was composed; and if ever circumstances forced her out of this mindless eternity into the world of time, it was a narrow little universe in which she found herself, a world whose farthest boundaries were never more than a week or two away in the future. Even as a show-girl, at eighteen dollars a week, she had found it difficult to bother much about money and security and what would happen if you had an accident and couldn't show your legs any more. Then Uncle Jo had come along, and everything was there, as though it grew on trees—a swimming-pool tree, a cocktail tree, a Schiaparelli tree. You just had to reach out your hand and there it was, like an apple in the orchard, back home in Oregon. So where did presents come in? Why should she want anything? Besides, it was obvious that Uncle Jo got a tremendous kick out of her not wanting things; and to be able to give Uncle Jo a kick always made her feel good. "I tell you, Uncle Jo, I don't want *anything*."

"Don't you?" said a strange voice, startlingly close behind them. "Well, I do."

Dark-haired and dapper, glossily Leventine, Dr. Sigmund Obispo stepped briskly up to the side of the couch.

"To be precise," he went on, "I want to inject one-point-five cubic centimeters of testosterone into the great man's *gluteus medius*. So off you go, my angel," he said to Virginia in a tone of derision, but with a smile of unabashed desire. "Hop!" He gave her a familiar little pat on the shoulder and another, when she got up to make room for him, on the white-satin posterior.

Virginia turned round sharply, with the intention of telling him not to be so fresh; then, as her glance traveled from that barrel of hairy flesh which was Mr. Stoyte to the other's handsome face, so

insultingly sarcastic and at the same time so flatteringly concupiscent, she changed her mind and, instead of telling him, loudly, just where he got off, she made a grimace and stuck out her tongue at him. What was begun as a rebuke had ended, before she knew it, as the acquiescence in an impertinence, as an act of complicity with the offender and of disloyalty to Uncle Jo. Poor Uncle Jo! she thought, with a rush of affectionate pity for the old gentleman. For a moment she felt quite ashamed of herself. The trouble of course was that Dr. Obispo was so handsome; that he made her laugh; that she liked his admiration; that it was fun to lead him on and see how he'd act. She even enjoyed getting mad at him when he was rude, which he constantly was.

"I suppose you think you're Douglas Fairbanks, Junior," she said, making an attempt to be scathing; then walked away with as much dignity as her two little strips of white satin would permit her to assume and, leaning against a battlement, looked down at the plain below. Antlike figures moved among the orange trees. She wondered idly what they were doing; then her mind wandered to other, more interesting and personal matters. To Sig and the fact that she couldn't help feeling rather thrilled when he was around, even when he acted the way he had done just now. Some day, maybe—some day, just to see what it was like and if things got a bit dull out here at the castle . . . Poor Uncle Jo! she reflected. But then what could he expect—at his age and at hers? The unexpected thing was that, in all these months, she hadn't yet given him any reason for being jealous.

"Well, and how's the patient?" Dr. Obispo inquired in the parody of a bedside manner, as he took Virginia's place on the couch. He was in the highest of spirits. His work in the laboratory was coming along unexpectedly well; that new preparation of bile salts had done wonders for his liver; the rearmament boom had sent his aircraft shares up

another three points; and it was obvious that Virginia wasn't going to hold out much longer. "How's the little invalid this morning?" he went on, enriching his parody with the caricature of an English accent, for he had done a year of post-graduate work at Oxford.

Mr. Stoyte growled inarticulately. There was something about Dr. Obispo's facetiousness that always enraged him. In some not easily definable way it had the quality of a deliberate insult. Mr. Stoyte was always made to feel that Obispo's apparently good-natured banter was in reality the expression of a calculated and malignant contempt. The thought of it made Mr. Stoyte's blood boil. But when his blood boiled, his blood pressure, he knew, went up, his life was shortened. He could not afford to be as angry with Obispo as he would have liked. And what was more, he couldn't afford to get rid of the man. Obispo was an indispensable evil. "God is love; there is no death." But Mr. Stoyte remembered with terror that he

had had a stroke, that he was growing old. Obispo had put him on his feet again when he was almost dying, had promised him ten more years of life even if those researches didn't work out as well as he hoped; and if they did work out—then more, much more. Twenty years, thirty, forty. Or it might even be that the loathsome little brute would find some way of proving that Mrs. Eddy was right, after all. Perhaps there really and truly wouldn't be any death—not for Uncle Jo, at any rate. Glorious prospect! Meanwhile . . . Mr. Stoyte sighed, resignedly, profoundly. "We all have our cross to bear," he said to himself, echoing, across the intervening years, the words his grandmother used when she made him take castor oil.

Dr. Obispo, meanwhile, had sterilized his needle, filed the top off a glass ampoule, filled his syringe.

"Ready," he called at last.

Obediently and in silence, like a trained elephant, Mr. Stoyte rolled over on to his stomach.

(To be continued)





BROADCASTING THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

BY ELMER DAVIS

THIS war, before it is over, is likely to differ in several respects (and seldom for the better) from all that went before it, but one difference was apparent from the very outset: it was the first time the peoples of the world could hear a war actually breaking out. We heard the voice of Hitler announcing his "counterattack" on Poland, the voice of Chamberlain admitting the collapse of that "peace for our time" that so proudly he hailed after Munich eleven months earlier. That is, we heard them if we were up so early or out so late; Hitler spoke in Berlin at five A.M. New York time, Chamberlain in London at six fifteen. An embittered radio man in New York who for several mornings running had been dragged out of bed almost as soon as he got into it proposed a new article in international law, if there is any international law after this war is over—that all wars should be fought on Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

At this writing no one has yet been permitted to take a microphone within earshot of a battlefield, as H. V. Kaltenborn did in Spain a couple of years ago; but in air wars every place is a possible battlefield. The war was not three days old when American listeners to a broadcast from Paris heard it interrupted by air-raid sirens—audible, even in a sound-proof studio, because excited men were hastily opening doors. It was only chance that that alarm was false; we may yet hear a broadcast from overseas interrupted by the bomb

that kills the man at the microphone.

All this is something so new that nobody yet realizes all its possibilities, for good and evil. Not the government, which for a day or two seemed to be considering restrictions on the radio; not radio men themselves, though they very wisely got together at once and established voluntary safeguards against such dangers as they could foresee. The newspapers were a little more alert, since their own interests were touched by the development of a form of news reporting which can always beat them on any news of importance; and the result was a prompt, if rather covert, campaign by much of the press to destroy public faith in the radio. Day by day newspapers insisted, directly or by innuendo, that you get too much news on the radio, you can't believe the news you get on the radio, even that you get nothing on the radio which the newspapers hadn't given you hours before.

Nobody who listens to the radio and reads the papers will believe this last charge of course. Broadcasters in their periodic news summaries often, after giving the last-minute news, repeat items already told hours ago whose consequences are still continuing. Just so, newspapers in their last editions carry much news that was in their first editions and that still is a part of the picture of the day. You cannot assume that everybody listening to any given news broadcast was listening to the news an hour or two hours ago.

If the radio gave too much news in the ten-day political crisis that led up to the war, so did the newspapers. You can look at the front-page headlines and then throw the paper away; but the radio uses time, not space, and so, as one radio executive has phrased it, has nothing but a front page. It serves a public which wants to know what is happening when it happens, and during those last ten days of August something was happening all the time. The radio had to tell people about it, and the newspapers' real grievance against the radio was its success.

There are things the newspapers can do which radio cannot, and all radio news men admit it. There are things the radio can do that newspapers cannot; but if any newspaper admitted that, its grudging concession was lost among the cavilings of its neighbors. Yet newspapers hungry for a prompt and drastic censorship of radio should reflect that any such action might set precedents for a chiseling away of the protection afforded newspapers by the Bill of Rights; and when the papers say you can't believe what you hear on the radio they are simply fouling their own nests.

Newspapers get their news from the press associations—the Associated Press, United Press, and International News Service; and from their own correspondents abroad. (Only five American newspapers attempt general foreign coverage by their own staffs, but their special dispatches are sold to many other papers.) The broadcasting systems get their news from the same press associations and from their own correspondents abroad, whose record for veracity and judgment certainly averages as high as that of newspaper correspondents. All correspondents, whether for radio or the press, send along a good many stories that turn out to be untrue; but they try to distinguish as well as they can between rumor and fact.

But the home office (whether of a newspaper or a broadcasting system) has to take this mass of truths, half

truths, possibilities, and lies and try to straighten it out—to estimate what they mean, balance one against the other, and try to weave the whole into a coherent and accurate picture of what is going on. Newspapers can do that in two ways, one of which is mere emphasis. A good news editor will not put unverified rumor into front-page headlines unless it would be of transcendent importance if true, and even then he will label it as rumor—a doctrine not always observed by precisely those papers in New York which were most vigorous in their attacks on radio. And behind that is the newspaper editorial page, whose most useful function is not the expression of the corporate opinion of the paper (since the 1936 election it can hardly be contended that public opinion is seriously influenced by newspaper editorials) but the analysis and interpretation of the news.

But the radio has nothing but a front page, and only in fairly long news broadcasts has it any opportunity for much difference in emphasis. Hence the trade at which I have worked this fall—that of the radio news analyst, interpreter, commentator (nobody is quite sure yet just what to call us) who from time to time takes up the latest news, tries to explain what is true, what is probable, and what is almost surely false (and why); who ties it together, gives it a background, and tries to tell the listeners what it means. This job has been done by Leland Stowe, Raymond Gram Swing, Hendrik Willem van Loon, and many others, but with outstanding brilliance by H. V. Kaltenborn in his day-by-day interpretation of the 1938 crisis. As a listener to the radio reports of that crisis—one of the millions of listeners living in the country, who could see newspapers only once a day—I can testify that the radio did not give us any more news than we wanted; and the average listener would often have had a hard time figuring out what a given piece of news meant without Kaltenborn's informed interpretations to explain it.

II

For some years past I have spent my summers at the seashore, in the southeastern corner of Connecticut. Five or six miles away are the principal defenses of Long Island Sound; almost every day my windows are rattled by the detonations of heavy guns, often the night sky is crisscrossed by searchlights picking out airplanes—and every time that happens I reflect gratefully that this is the one major country in the world where (so far) you can be sure they are only practicing. Wherever I go my ordinary business of writing goes with me; and this summer, when the annual crisis began to simmer—the crisis that had been foreseen a year ago by everybody on earth except the governments of Great Britain, France, and Poland—it looked like an anticlimax. Hitler, it was obvious, would not back down; and few people then appreciated the stiffening of British sentiment which eventually forced Chamberlain to do in 1939 what he could have done with far brighter prospects of success in 1938. In any case I had a job to do—a piece of writing which had kept me hard at work for some months and which, I computed as I got up on the morning of August 22nd, could be finished in about one more week of intensive and unremitting effort. Then, for the first time in months, I was going to take an equally intensive and unremitting rest.

But when the postman brought the morning paper the news of the German-Russian treaty was spread across the front page; after which it was pretty hard for an ex-newspaperman with a continuing interest in European politics to put his mind on anything else. The old fire horse turned out to pasture rears up his head and sniffs the breeze when he hears the alarm bell; big news was breaking, and I wanted to be in on the story. I went back to my typewriter—but that afternoon Paul White, who runs the news department of the Columbia Broadcasting System, called up from New York

and told me that Kaltenborn was in Europe, where even before the war broke out no country was receiving anything like as much news as we get here. A news analyst was needed in the home office, and would I come down and help out?

I had done some broadcasting at odd times over the past dozen years, had sometimes even pinch-hit for Kaltenborn during his absences; but to fill in for him in such a crisis as this was a little like trying to play center-field in place of Joe di Maggio. However, I left my job unfinished and set off for town—reflecting that ten million other men had had to leave the plow in the furrow or the paper in the typewriter and start doing something much less pleasant than I was going to do, simply because Adolf Hitler wants what he wants when he wants it.

That was nineteen days ago, I learn by looking at the date on to-day's paper. For me, and most people in the news side of radio, these nineteen days have been nothing but an endlessly unrolling strip of time, punctuated at irregular and unpredictable intervals by brief blank spots of sleep. The broadcasting systems used to close up for several hours in the early morning; but for four or five nights running at the beginning of September they stayed open all night, to furnish whatever news there was to anybody who was up late enough to get it. Few of us who stayed with the story could tell you now, without looking it up, what day anything happened. But even if you lose track of the days, even if you are put on the air at odd hours, and cannot remember at the end of a day whether you have been on three times or six, you must never lose track of the minutes, nor even of the seconds toward the end of a broadcast when you are racing against a stop watch.

That of course is the basic limitation of radio. Newspapers can expand their size to carry more news or more advertising; broadcasting systems cannot add a twenty-fifth hour to the day. This time element is the chief reason why radio

news work is newspaper work immeasurably intensified. On a newspaper you can normally look forward to certain fixed edition times; extras are published occasionally of course, but you can generally build your day's work round certain deadlines. A radio news room looks, superficially, somewhat like a newspaper office, with its teletype tickers pouring out endless streams of news from the press associations, their bells ringing from time to time when a bulletin is coming up, and its rewrite men who boil down the mass of incoming reports for the periodic broadcast summaries. But radio can get out its extras instantly whenever there is news big enough to justify it; and on the first three days of September big news was popping all the time.

Those bells on the teletypes seemed to be ringing continually—bulletin, bulletin, bulletin; and when the bulletins carried real news they were torn off the ticker and rushed into the glass-walled, sound-proof broadcasting studio next door to the news room, where an announcer put them on the air—half a minute after the bell had begun to ring on the ticker, half an hour before a newspaper extra could get out on the street.

Newspaper work intensified, faster, more exciting; no wonder most of the people in it are young. On the morning of September 1st I looked round the Columbia news room, remembering how I had heard of the outbreak of another world war in the *New York Times* city room on August 1, 1914; and it struck me that of all the men in the room—with the single exception of one of the top executives of the system who had come down because he was an old newspaperman and couldn't keep away from the excitement—I was the only one who had worn long pants in 1914. Most of my present colleagues, then, had not even been born.

III

This is not an advertisement for the broadcasting system I happen to work for;

the two other major networks were doing about the same thing up to, and for some days after, the outbreak of war; but all I can tell you from personal experience is what happened in the Columbia office. I suppose that when we were not putting news on the air I ought to have listened to the news and analysis offered by the other networks; but living with the story about eighteen hours a day, I found relief, when there was an interval of leisure, in listening to the ball game or a musical program, or one of those continued stories on commercial programs which are known to the trade as soap operas.

An eighteen-hour day—but I doubt if I, or even Bob Trout who broadcast most of the news, was ever on the air more than an hour on any single day. But we, and the rewrite men, and the news executives, had to keep constantly abreast of the torrent of incoming news; and further, we were getting several overseas broadcasts every day from our correspondents in London, Paris, and Berlin—even, in the early days, from Warsaw too. Any or all of those broadcasts might at any time be cut off by static, so whenever a foreign broadcast is scheduled somebody has to stand by, ready to fill the time if it fails to come through.

Radio has been covering news more or less for the past fifteen or more years, but it is only within the last few years that it has made arrangements for a regular service from press associations (after a brief interlude in which it gathered its own news so successfully that the newspapers had to negotiate a peace). The first foreign correspondent sent to Europe by an American broadcasting system, as recently as 1930, was assigned primarily to line up musical broadcasts and distinguished speakers. Now, however, the broadcasting systems have their own men in the major capitals, who work under exactly the same restrictions so far as censorship goes as do newspaper correspondents. Everything they put on the air has to be submitted to a censor who can tell them certain things they may not

say, but who has not yet attempted, in any country, to tell them what they must say. (Any correspondent, newspaper or radio, confronted with such a demand would of course refuse, even if it meant that he would have to leave the country.)

So our periodic news summaries, interspersed with frequent bulletins, from press association news, were supplemented by reports two or three times a day from Edward R. Murrow, Bill Henry, and (at first) Kaltenborn in London, from Thomas Grandin and Eric Sevareid in Paris, and from William L. Shirer in Berlin—men who in one respect were far worse off than newspaper correspondents. Time again; the newspaperman can file his dispatch from Europe late at night in plenty of time to make the first-edition deadline in New York where it is five hours earlier, and then—unless there is big news breaking in the early hours of the morning—get a good sleep. But radio reporters have to satisfy the curiosity of American listeners at an hour which is four A.M. in London and Paris and Berlin, and often be ready to satisfy the curiosity of another set of listeners seven or eight hours later. And they can't spend all of that seven or eight hours in sleep; they have to be hustling round for fresh news.

Apparently the feature of our news coverage that most impressed listeners was the four-way telephone talks between Murrow in London, Grandin in Paris, Albert L. Warner in Washington, and Trout or me in New York. I am not sure I can tell you just how that was done, even after listening to a careful explanation from A. H. Peterson, the man who invented the technic. London and Paris are connected by a pair of telephone circuits, and these with a pair of transatlantic short-wave channels to New York and another pair of telephone circuits with Washington. At any rate it sounded to listeners, and to us, as if we were all sitting in the same room. (But you wear ear phones clamped over your head; and while the sound of your own voice trickles in past them from the studio where you

are talking, some engineering gadget keeps you from hearing yourself *over the phone*. If you did, its sound in the studio would be only an interfering echo.) As for the information we got by that technic, it was a marked improvement over a simple transatlantic broadcast, especially in the early days of the crisis; Warner in Washington, or whoever was talking in New York, could ask the London and Paris men questions that were bothering people here, which might not have occurred to them, and thus get a point cleared up promptly. As actual war came nearer we had to be more careful about our questions, asking only the sort of thing that the censor was likely to let them answer.

These broadcasts are sent from the offices of the official or semi-official broadcasting corporations in the European capitals, which have of course no control over what is said; the censor takes care of that, and the material usually has to be ready for him a couple of hours beforehand. But broadcasts have to come off as scheduled, promptly on the second. There is only a limited number of transatlantic short-wave channels, most of which are used for telephone messages. Broadcasting companies reserve what they want (or what they can get) as far in advance as possible and advise their European correspondents by telephone; but here again the inexorable limitations of time come in. A newspaper can hold its presses for a big story, but a broadcaster must be on the air when he is scheduled to be on the air. We had at least one transatlantic broadcast from a man who was almost breathless; he had come to the studio on the run from the office of a dilatory censor.

The news analyst too finds himself constricted by time in more ways than one; and the novice takes this opportunity of acknowledging his gratitude to the announcer who is always by his side, and who can get him out of a jam when he might not find the way out himself. Superficially, this job may seem like the writing of newspaper editorials; time

makes the difference. Newspaper editorial pages, as a rule, are made up once a day; only rarely does important late news call for the insertion of an editorial when the page is once in shape, and these last-minute interpolations are usually brief. Ordinarily, the editorial writer has plenty of time to get his facts together and digest them at his leisure.

But the radio news analyst cannot tell when some piece of immensely important news which calls for interpretation may come in and be put on the air instantly; then he must instantly follow it and tell the listeners what it means, with no leisurely hours to search the reference books and check up on his recollection. In the first ten days I was on the job I seldom knew as much as an hour beforehand when I was going to be on the air; and Kaltenborn in the 1938 crisis often had to jump in without so much as a minute's warning. The feats he then achieved would have been possible only to a man who not only knew Europe thoroughly—all its countries and all its leading public men—but who had filed away what he knew in a dependable memory.

With the ever-present possibility of a European broadcast failing to come through, the analyst must be ready three or four times as often as he actually goes on the air—and often he has no notion whether he is going to be on ten minutes or thirty seconds. If Paris or Berlin fails to come through he begins talking; if they do come through he stops just as quickly as he can. When you have arranged your material for a ten-minute talk in something like a logical sequence, it is not apt to make much sense if you are cut off just as you begin to explain something; but news from abroad naturally has the right of way. The old-timers are skilled in smoothing over such unexpected transitions, but it takes a lot of experience.

The engineers in the control room, visible through a glass wall of the studio, guide the speaker by a code of signs. A finger held up means "One minute to go," two fingers crossed "Half a minute";

a finger drawn across the throat means "Cut it off," the hands held out and drawn apart, "Stretch it out—you have more time than you think." And a veteran announcer of course can always dig you out of any pit you may fall into. (I recall a broadcast on the repeal elections in 1933 when one of those accursed crossings of wires in the nervous system that hit us all occasionally led me persistently to say "wet" where I meant dry; but Ted Husing across the table caught me up every time, so promptly and skilfully that eventually the customers seem to have thought it was an act.)

Not many of these difficulties afflict the speaker who has a set and unchangeable period and reads from a manuscript. Naturally broadcasting companies like to have as much material as possible prepared beforehand, in time for some responsible editor to look it over—a precaution reasonable enough, since a single misstatement, even a slip of the tongue, might let the company in for a hundred-thousand-dollar libel suit or (worse still, from the broadcaster's point of view) might furnish ammunition to the champions of censorship. Here again the newspaper editorial writer has an advantage; his copy is read by the chief editor, it is read again by proof-readers, it comes under the eyes of half a dozen men on the night desk before it ever gets into the paper. Plenty of opportunity there to check for libel or rank error—to say nothing of the fact that most people are less likely to go out on a limb with some wild statement when they sit down at a typewriter than when they are talking offhand.

Unfortunately it is extremely difficult to write something to be read from manuscript which will not sound, when you put it on the air, like something that is being read from manuscript; a few men can do it without boiling all the spontaneity out of it, but it is an art. Further, in crises such as those of 1938 and 1939 there is seldom time for a news analyst to write out anything beforehand; he is

lucky if he even has a chance to set his thoughts in order in his head. So he must talk extemporaneously—what the trade calls “ad libbing”—with nothing but his conscience, his judgment, and his sense of enlightened self-interest to keep him from costing his employer prodigious sums in damages.

From some points of view ad libbing is easy enough (though as in the case of a good many other things, it is easier to start than to stop), but the inexperienced speaker finds it hard to keep his mind on more than one thing at a time; and you often must when you are on the air. Not only must you keep your eye on the announcer and the engineers, in case for any reason you may be cut off or unexpectedly abbreviated; but when you are commenting on news that has begun to come in and is still coming in you are likely to have bulletins thrust before your eyes as you are talking, bulletins that you must read to yourself, if not aloud, because they may change the situation entirely. Sometimes, my friends tell me, they have noticed my voice faltering. That was because I had to read something while I went on talking about something else.

Such virtuosi as Bob Trout and Kaltenborn have long since licked this problem of dual attention. They still talk in the trade about Trout's feat of introducing President Roosevelt over the Columbia network when he was simultaneously being introduced, by Mrs. William Brown Meloney at the *Herald Tribune* forum, over another system. The President was on his special train (and so was Trout) hundreds of miles away from the hall where Mrs. Meloney was speaking, and he was to be introduced whenever she got ready. Trout, through his ear phones, was listening to her speech at the same time that he was making another speech on the same subject—alert for indications that she was about to say, “Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States,” and never daring to build up a sentence of his own so long that he could not smoothly end it when the moment came. People

who were there tell me that the President was so lost in his admiration of Trout's performance that he almost missed his cue.

As for Kaltenborn, as the whole radio public knows, he can listen to a Hitler speech, translate it almost line by line as he goes along—waving to the engineer in the control room to fade it for a moment so that his translation can be heard, but keeping his own attention fixed on Hitler's voice in the background—and still keep the content in his head so that he can give a summary, with analytical comment, the moment it is over. How hard that is I can testify from trying something much less difficult on the reading of Germany's Sixteen Points. My German, when polished by a little practice, is quite adequate for interviewing politicians, but not for line-by-line translation of a complicated and important document. Another man was translating it, but I wanted to be careful not to give the listeners, in summary and comment, any phrasing materially different from his. So with one ear phone off and the other on, I was trying to listen to the speaker in Berlin and the translator in New York at the same time. I got the substance of it all right, but Kaltenborn would have done better.

IV

That day—August 31st—we had been advised from Berlin to stand by for an important broadcast on the German short-wave station at four P.M. New York time. The Sixteen Points hardly seem important now except as a German contribution to the War Guilt Question; but we did not know beforehand that it would be no more than that. That was the day before the war began, when the outcome might still be war, or peace, or any sort of modification of either. And the broadcast of course would be in German; if it were as important as seemed probable, it ought to be conveyed instantly to American listeners, in English. The men in charge of our

news room racked their brains and thought of eleven possible announcements that might be made. The substance of each of these eleven possibilities was boiled down into a single sentence and written out, so that when the German broadcast came the right one could be picked out and flashed on the air. After that the Sixteen Points were something of an anticlimax, even when people still thought they were seriously intended. But we had been ready anyway.

That was the day Kaltenborn came home and I began to sleep, after nine days when I had never got off the single block on East 52nd Street between my hotel and the office. At six o'clock Wednesday morning—one A.M. New York time—Kaltenborn had talked from London, and then got aboard a transatlantic plane; he was in the office by half past four Thursday afternoon, and after studying the Sixteen Points he went on the air from New York a little over forty-one hours after he had broadcast from the other side of the ocean. Then he went home to Brooklyn to get some sleep; but at three o'clock in the morning a press association flash brought the news that Hitler had ordered the army to march and was going to tell the Reichstag why. Kaltenborn was waked up and got to the office in time to pick up Hitler's speech at five (New York time) with the usual line-by-line translation, followed by summary and comment.

I missed the actual outbreak of hostilities. One of my superiors called me up at a quarter past three on September 1st and told me the news; but having got to bed only a couple of hours before (about the time he did, for that matter), I only remarked somewhat drowsily, "What do you want me to do about it?" and he laughed and said, "Nothing—get some sleep." But two mornings later, when the British Broadcasting Corporation gave the tip that Chamberlain was going to talk from 10 Downing Street at what was barely daylight in New York, the

men on the early morning shift in the office got everybody up. I turned on the radio in my room and took notes on Chamberlain with one hand while I was pulling on my clothes with the other; then got to the office in two minutes, and by the time they had finished reading such early bulletins as had come in I was ready to go on the air. With what? I don't remember. What could anybody who had seen the world as it was before 1914 say about the outbreak of war in 1939 except, "Well, there it goes"?

That Sunday, September 3rd, with bulletins coming in from somewhere every minute and put on the air as fast as they came in, was just about as hot a day as radio reporting ever knew—hotter even than the night of the Lindbergh kidnapping, or the Hindenburg explosion, or of a national election. And every now and then one of the executives would pause in his work to sigh thankfully, "Anyway, it's Sunday."

Which brings up another difference between newspapers and radio.

V

Newspaper revenues from circulation, though of minor importance in the budget, are still useful; often they make the difference between the black ink and the red. But radio gets no revenue from its circulation at all; yet it must hold that circulation, that listener acceptance of particular station or network programs, in order to get advertising. This is done by the "sustaining programs," which may range all the way from the Philharmonic Orchestra to a talk on how to fry eggs; programs put on by and at the cost of the network itself. (Usually with the hope of course that any given sustaining program may prove popular enough to be sold to a sponsor, as many have been; even the Metropolitan Opera matinees began as a sustaining program, and the World's Series, once mere news, has a sponsor now.) But every minute the network is open the air must be filled with something, or else whatever listen-

ers have tuned in will turn to a competing network.

Now all sponsored programs (*i.e.* programs which carry somebody's advertising) are undertaken with a clause in the contract providing that they may be interrupted or even canceled for announcements of great public interest. Such cancellation costs the broadcaster money in two ways—he loses advertising revenue, and he has to pay the performers who would have appeared on the program, and would normally have been paid by the sponsor. Newspapers, with a great unexpected flood of news, can always add more pages to carry the news and the advertising too, at relatively little extra cost; but broadcasters cannot add any more hours to the day. When important news comes in at a moment when no news broadcast is scheduled, they have to put it on, even if a valuable piece of advertising revenue has to be thrown out.

Sunday, especially in the early hours, has more sustaining programs and fewer revenue-producing sponsored programs than any other day of the week except Saturday. Most of what was coming along in the morning and early afternoon of September 3rd had to be thrown out to make room for news; and most of it was sustaining programs which cost the broadcasters no loss in advertising revenue, even though they had to pay the salaries of the artists. If war had to come, it came cheaply for the broadcasters on Sunday: and how they needed it! I do not know the figures, but I feel pretty sure that in the ten days preceding September 3rd the three major American networks must have had to cancel hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of advertising.

And what did they get out of it? The consciousness that they had done a job well, that they had told the public what was going on long before the newspapers could tell it; and that in consequence they had earned an even deeper hostility from the newspapers, with a buzz of talk from various sources, some perhaps dis-

interested, about the desirability of censoring the radio. Mr. Elliott Roosevelt, himself a broadcaster, thought there ought to be a censorship of propaganda emanating from foreign stations; Miss Dorothy Thompson, not only a newspaper columnist but one of the most emotional of radio commentators, asked in a moment of self-abnegation why Dorothy Thompson or anybody else should be heard, except as they "confined themselves to an attempted analysis of facts." And while the government decided that there was no need of any kind of censorship at the moment, Mr. Stephen Early, the President's secretary, allowed himself to say that radio was a "rookie" which could be left undisturbed if it were a "good child," but might have to be taught manners if it were a bad child.

Now legally of course newspapers and radio are on a very different footing; and there are better reasons for that discrimination than the accident that radio had not been invented at the time the First Amendment to the Constitution guaranteed the freedom of the press. Radio uses waves that are nobody's property, and hence have been declared public property (it is a pity that such action could not have been taken in time with some of our other natural resources, more exhaustible than waves of radiation). There is a limited number of available frequencies in these waves and the government licenses their use to certain stations so that there will be no such interference and overlapping as bedeviled the early days of the industry.

Also, radio is capable of inflaming public emotions as newspapers can no longer, if they ever could (witness the success of Hitler and of Coughlin). When you have said that you have said it all; foreign propaganda coming direct on short waves is rebroadcast only when it is said by somebody important enough to make his statements news; and as for propaganda in press dispatches that are put on the air, the newspapers printed those dispatches too, and were rather less careful than the broadcasting systems in

labeling them as what they were. For ten days before war broke out there was a torrent of "news" stories from Berlin, obviously inspired by Nazi propaganda officials, insisting that it was in the bag—that England and France would back down again at the last moment as they had in 1938. Our Berlin correspondent was careful to point out that this represented a German view and German hopes, not necessarily what was really going to happen; whereas some American newspapermen in Berlin swallowed the stories, hook, line, and sinker.

Further, instructions issued to our news staff—and I presume something similar was done by the other networks—insisted that Columbia was maintaining its policy of "having no editorial views of its own and not seeking to maintain or advance the views of others." News analysts were to appraise the meaning of facts in the light of the record, but to keep mere opinion to themselves. "Their function is to help the listener to understand, to weigh, and to judge, but not to do the judging for him." Also to be fair, to be temperate, to be calm; not to get the listeners excited by "dire forebodings."

That is a thoroughly sound policy from the point of view of the news analyst (on paper or on the air) as well as from that of his employer. The shrillest newspaper editorial page in the country, and that in a paper of immense circulation—

the *Chicago Tribune*—is unable to persuade many of its readers to vote against the "Communitistic New Deal." If I denounce Hitler once I might do it so forcibly as to impress some of my hearers; but if I denounce him again the next night, and every night thereafter, the customers will say "We have heard that already" and turn the dial to something else. Meanwhile, when I have occasion to analyze and estimate something that Hitler has done, they will have a little less confidence in my interpretation—even if it is only a recital of a factual record—than if they had never heard me turn loose with unrestrained emotion.

Carl Ackermann, dean of the Columbia School of Journalism, came in while the censorship talk was still in the air with a statement that went to the point. "Propaganda either labels itself, or is exposed by the truth which free communication ensures. . . . The people of the United States are not boobs. They have sound common sense and are able to reach honest conclusions after they have listened to the facts and applied discriminating judgment to the facts." Cynics may think he praises us too highly, but nobody who has any faith at all in democracy could give him much of an argument. It would be a pity if after a hundred and fifty years of self-government the American people are still not old enough to be allowed to hear what there is to be heard.



KOUSSEVITZKY, TOSCANINI, STOKOWSKI

BY OSCAR LEVANT

MUSICIANS may differ in their opinions of most orchestral conductors, but of Toscanini, Koussevitzky, and Stokowski, the orchestras of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have one universal emotion—no matter how intensely they resent the effort these men require of them, they invariably look forward with expectancy to their return. Playing for a lesser, more pleasant man may have its compensations in mental ease and physical relaxation, yet these orchestras are not unlike the married man who welcomes occasional philandering, but is, nevertheless, unhappy except in the familiar if demanding routine of his home.

Contrary to the common legend, Koussevitzky does read a score—not very well. Aside from his musical personality, Koussevitzky is altogether more a legend to the outside world than an actuality. Though his is the only non-union orchestra in the country it is in effect a closed shop so far as the emanation of gossip is concerned. He is unparalleled in the performance of Russian music, whether it is by Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Strauss, Wagner, or Aaron Copland. He is also an enthusiast for Mahler and K. P. E. Bach, which, for a conductor of Russian background, is almost as astonishing as his mastery of the double bass.

Few reports leak out of the Kremlin-like secrecy which surrounds the preparation of his programs, but his players have an internal pride in their status as members of the orchestra—unquestionably the finest in the world—even if they

resent the manner in which his miracles are wrought. An inquiry about his rehearsals invariably produces the same enigmatic smile, but no information and less satisfaction.

Over a similar period, however, no conductor in America has produced so many valid new works, both domestic and foreign, and the value mounts steadily. It is significant that he has conducted no other orchestra than his own in America, which may be an expression of affection for his own men or a silent criticism of other orchestras. No matter how unpleasant his mannerisms may be in certain classical scores, there is invariably one work on his program so magnificently played that the memory of all others is effaced.

As a surmise, one might guess that Toscanini would find the Koussevitzky treatment of these classics extremely distasteful and artificial, so different is it from his own. Paradoxically, however, the end result is frequently the same. There is the same insistence on purity of sound, blending of choirs, effacement of blemishes, and personality of phrasing. Many orchestral players consider Toscanini cruel, inflexible, and even petty, citing his inclination to find fault with musicians for no other reason than a dislike of their facial characteristics or the way they sit while playing. One such unfortunate, a violinist, was the invariable target of his criticism, because of his mottled complexion. During a visit by the orchestra to Hartford, someone in the violin section made a false entrance,

and Toscanini, in a rage, placed the blame squarely on his *bête noir*—even though the musician had remained in New York, ill. I know of no man, however, who does not consider him the greatest conductor, *qua conductor*, with whom he has ever played.

It is an amazing reputation that he has built up on the basis of a really remarkably small range of interests, which merely underlines his superiority to other men in most of the works he conducts. Russian music, save for the Frenchified, Ravel version of Mussorgsky's "Pictures from the Exposition," is a closed book to him; French music, save for certain isolated works by Ravel and Debussy, is equally outside his ken (there was evidence of this in the adverse reaction in the Parisian press to his conducting of "Bolero" and Dukas's "L'Apprenti-Sorcier"); leaving English and American music, which he does not conduct, and German and Italian music.

Despite his magnificently vital and invigorating playing of Beethoven, Wagner, Brahms, and Haydn, it is incontestable that they were recognized as composers of merit before Toscanini "revealed" them—and have a fair chance of survival when he has retired. His conducting of Schubert (especially the C major symphony) is less than universally admired; his Mozart and Schumann equally open to question. It is a fallacy to assume that clarity and the most meticulous fidelity to a composer's indications are the *open sesame* to a complete projection of a musical work. Sibelius, for example, rescored and altered his fifth symphony three times before arriving at a satisfactory expression of his purpose. Texture, and the most painstaking exposition of it, are not necessarily the unfailing road to the heart of a work. In his sponsorship of this approach Toscanini, in some circumstances, is inclined to give a composer too much credit.

Musicians are by no means agreed that his Debussy is beyond criticism—the tonal haze that envelops some of his finest passages is too often denied by

Toscanini's all-revealing clarity and tonal balancing. In the same way, his Strauss (save for "Tod und Verklärung") is often X-rayed rather than recreated, the storytelling element subordinated to his obsession for literal statement.

He has done so little contemporary music that his preferences, except among the Italians, can hardly be discussed. He has sponsored no controversial music of merit in his twelve years as a symphonic conductor in New York, invariably choosing contemporary works for which someone else has done the pioneering. No program of his has ever shown the names of such outstanding contemporaries as Bartók, Hindemith, and Schoenberg, and the only Stravinsky he conducts are the "Firebird" and "Petrouchka" suites, each as safe as Mendelssohn's "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage." He would have done more for American music had he played none at all, for the works he has played are neither representative nor deserving of such sponsorship. In the one field of contemporary music—the Italian—which he has investigated with any thoroughness, he has avoided the works of the two most adventurous men, Malipiero and Casella, preferring those of the pretty-pretty or "sweeter than sweet" school.

Nevertheless, he has every physical and temperamental attribute of the complete conductor, including an indomitable authority, a tenacious and communicative vitality, a brilliant rhythmic sense, and an infallible ear. He even possesses the resource of a burning wit, as may be testified by his imperious remark to a violinist who spent every slight pause in a rehearsal tuning his instrument: "It's not the A that counts but the B." Despite the captious comments above, Toscanini remains the "infallible conductor."

I have also the recollection of a conductor—prominent in the days before the animated cartoon reached its zenith—who was the veritable enchantress of the orchestral world. (I use the feminine

gender æsthetically). I miss the tumult he created, both with the orchestra and the press. Physically he had a considerable resemblance to the contemporary Hollywood figure known as Leopold Stokowski, but the latter is obviously an impostor, taking advantage of this resemblance. A musical Lawrence of Arabia, one scarcely knew from whence the authentic Stokowski came, or what his background (prior to the Cincinnati Symphony days) was. Suddenly he emerged in full flower, bringing to orchestral conducting a quality which personalized it almost as completely as Dhiagileff did the Russian Ballet. Essentially, he had tremendous merit as a creative conductor, not alone in his treatment of music, but also in his approach to the mere physical properties of conducting.

I would like to have been present, if I could have my choice of all moments in musical history, when Stokowski suddenly became conscious of his beautiful hands. *That* must have been a moment. Like stout Cortez on a peak in Darien, he saw before him a limitless expanse, a whole uncharted sea that might be subjected to his influence, free from the encumbrance of a baton.

Then came the period of conducting "Scheherazade" from behind a screen, while the mystic shapes of the Color Organ played on it; of reseating the 'cellos (a musical adaptation of the Notre Dame shift, Knute Rockne then being prominent) to his right; of doing away with the lights on the stage because they distracted the audience, and then beam-ing an overhead spotlight directly on his tawny mane as he conducted; of the Javanese gongs, the Indian Temple Bells, the Chinese scales; of lecturing his audiences for not applauding a modern work, though it was not clear whether the lecture was based on a sincere admiration for the composer or on an unslakable lust for publicity.

As a gesture to abolish class distinctions in the first violin section he did away with the institution of concert-

master, thereby creating sixteen prima donnas in place of the one he had before. Nevertheless, when he allowed each of them to bow as they might, without regard for the tradition of uniformity observed by virtually all other orchestras, the results, for him, were excellent. In a later period came the passion for arranging, for making gorgeous tone poems out of Bach's organ pieces, of a Palestrina chorus, of a Buxtehude *toccata*. But the incomparably polished and iridescent playing of the orchestra—as slick, colorful, and vibrant as the audience it attracted—virtually put Bach, for the first time, on the "Hit Parade." It is quite possible that if he had not become bored with music, he eventually would have conducted the orchestra blindfolded, with his left arm tied behind his back.

He created, in the Philadelphia Orchestra of the mid-twenties, an instrument that demonstrated in its exquisitely sensual sound, its urbane virtuosity, how well a hundred men could be made to play together. Surfeited with this accomplishment, he became the dandy of orchestral conductors, a veritable musical Lucius Beebe, wearing his scores like so many changes of attire.

There finally came the period when his vagaries were infinitely more exciting and arousing than the correct traditionalism of the lesser "scholarly" conductors. But when his vagaries became successful—no doubt to his subconscious disgust—he found himself at an impasse. They had germinated the embryo of a new tradition with which—because it had become fixed and static—he was no longer in sympathy. This left him, an unwritten character out of Huxley's *Point Counter Point*, with his original ennui. The only vagary left to him was to give up conducting.

At this moment, however, his return to the Philadelphia Orchestra is certain. This certainty, however, may be vitiated by the arrival of a tantalizing script.

There are a million lights in a million Philadelphia windows for him.

Hurry home, Leo, all is forgiven.



THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION HITS THE FARMER

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

UNNOTICED by the politician whose attention was riveted to the international crisis, and by the economist who was preoccupied with banking and industry, agriculture was becoming the most pressing domestic problem in the industrial countries of the Old Continent during those fateful ten years between the Depression and the outbreak of the present war. By last summer, just before the storm broke, direct and indirect farm subsidies had become so high as to take up a larger part of the national income of industrial Europe than any other expenditure except armaments. Although the farmers account for only 15 to 35 per cent of the population of western and central Europe they had been increasing their political power so rapidly during the past decade that they equalled the workers or the industrialists and bankers in importance and influence. This trend has been submerged by the war, but it has not been broken by it. On the contrary, the war should give it increasing momentum. And the forces which have been responsible for these developments in industrial Europe threaten to project the farm problem to equal prominence in the rest of the Western world.

In England and France, Germany and Italy, Belgium and Holland bread sold for double or treble the world-market price long before the present war broke out. Every lump of sugar which the English taxpayer puts in his cup of tea

has cost him an amount in subsidies equivalent to the full retail price; some of the sugar subsidies on the Continent were even higher. The compulsory admixture to gasoline of alcohol, distilled from surplus potatoes, rye, or grapes, increased by up to 40 per cent the cost of motoring in Europe. And while huge posters admonished the population of London, Berlin, Paris, and Amsterdam to drink more milk, the price had been gradually forced up by government order or with government support to a point 25 or 50 per cent above the level of five years ago. The fact that most of these subsidies have been "hidden" and were included in the price paid by the consumer instead of in the national budget did not lessen their impact on the urban masses.

Dictatorships and democracies have shared alike in the farm-subsidy race. Germany and Italy supported agriculture by direct subsidies, import restrictions, legal minimum prices, and cheap credit, and supplied their farmers with cheap or free compulsory labor. All together they have been spending between 15 and 20 per cent of their total national income on farm subsidies. France, Holland, and Belgium devote at least 10 per cent, probably as much as 15 per cent, of their national income to the same purpose. And Great Britain, whose farms can hardly produce one-third of the minimum foodstuff needs of the country, has been estimated to spend more than 12

per cent of her national income for direct and indirect farm subsidies.

Compared with these figures, the farm subsidies of the United States appear paltry indeed. Direct subsidies here have never exceeded 4 per cent of the national income. And there are almost no "hidden" or indirect subsidies in the form of artificially increased retail prices. As most American farm products sell at the world-market price or below, the tariffs serve mainly to shut out dumping. The only exception of importance is in beef, where Argentina could supply cheaper though inferior meat if there were no ban on imports. The same applies to the trend of farm subsidies. Although farm subsidies in the United States are increasing, the rate of increase is only a fraction of what it has been in industrial Europe. In Germany, Italy, and France direct and indirect subsidies to the farmers rose fully as rapidly as expenditures for armaments during the past three or four years. In England their increase slowed down slightly as a result of the concentration of all national resources on armaments. But it was particularly vehement and rapid between 1932 and 1937. Moreover, a new farm program with new subsidies was about to be introduced when war broke out.

Ten or even five years ago the English farmer seemed almost extinct, so much so that the *Economist* records "the complete disappearance from many districts of the implements for and the tradition of arable cultivation." But last spring the chairman of the British farm lobby was made Minister of Agriculture with full Cabinet rank, which gave him an influence on economic and social policies more direct and as great as that enjoyed by the trade unions and the Manufacturers' Association. In Holland and Belgium it was the emergence of a strong and aggressive farmers' movement which underlay the frequent government crises, and which has forced these two countries to change their traditional orthodox economic and social policies. In France

—where the farmer votes traditionally for the Left—the opposition of the farm wings of the Socialist and Radical Socialist parties was held mainly responsible for the collapse of the Popular Front and for the break with the Communists. At the last Socialist Party meeting it was the votes of the farm delegates which defeated Blum and carried to victory the anti-Communist Right Wing. The fascist dictatorships of Germany and Italy have rested above all on the support of the peasant masses. The desertion of the farm organizations was the final blow to German democracy; and ever since 1933 the Nazi regime has extolled the social and economic position of the farmer above that of the other classes in an attempt to maintain his allegiance. Whereas for the past hundred years of Western and Central European history the farmer was the Cinderella of politics—an inactive bystander or an inert victim of industrial progress—he and his organizations became the most active and most aggressive political forces in the course of ten short years.

These developments were generally explained as due to the desire for "self-sufficiency"—"economic nationalism" in the eyes of the economists and consumer organizations who oppose it and suffer under it. But this explanation does not stand up under closer examination. It does not apply at all to France, which was always self-sufficient in foodstuffs. It does not explain the measures taken to support agricultural production in Great Britain and Germany, which seem to run counter to the demands of autarchy. In both countries the inefficient producers are being supported at the expense not only of the efficient ones and of the consumer, but at that of total production. In both countries the most serious deficiency is in fats and fodder; but in both countries these branches of agriculture have received the least encouragement and support. Instead, England lavished the proportionately heaviest subsidies on the producers of milk, in which she has

always been self-sufficient, and of sugar of which the West Indies produce an inexhaustible and unsaleable surplus from which no potential enemy can cut her off. Nazi Germany has subsidized most heavily the production of rye, sugar-beets, and potatoes although there has always been a surplus of just these crops. The open opposition of the German General Staff to the farm program as likely to diminish, instead of strengthen, the self-sufficiency of the country in the event of war certainly indicated that there must have been some other purpose to the farm program beside the openly professed one of autarchy. This presumption is supported by the fact that the subsidization of agriculture on a large scale and at the expense of the urban consumer started long before military self-sufficiency and rearmament became the slogans of the day; even in England it goes back to the pre-armament days of 1932, and in Germany it was begun in the heyday of the Weimar Republic.

"Self-sufficiency" was not much more than an excuse to make the urban consumers swallow the farm subsidies. Their real purpose was to protect the farmer against the forces of economic and technical revolution which threatened to destroy the social structure of agriculture and to drive the independent farmer off the land, converting him into a landless laborer. After one hundred and fifty years, the industrial revolution finally caught up with the farmer. It threatens to make farming submissive to the same forces of machine-made mass production and concentrated capital investment which rule industry and which up till now, even on new soil like the United States and Canada, have hardly touched agriculture.

II

The most obvious and most spectacular of these new forces is the machine. In all extensive farming—grain, corn, and cotton—it threatens to force a large part of the farm population off the land

and to convert the remainder into unskilled, seasonally employed, landless laborers. Of course machinery has been used in farming for more than a century. But the farm machinery of yesterday—the steam plow and the thresher—were servants of the farmer which increased his productivity without diminishing the need for his labor or his skill. Even the tractor—the real villain of Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*—does not replace the farmer except on submarginal dwarf holdings. But the new machines such as the corn picker and the cotton picker strike at the very basis of independent farming. They nullify the one competitive advantage which the owner or tenant-farmer in extensive farming holds over the big estates: the cheap labor supply of his family. By making an unskilled operation out of harvesting, they destroy the one economic reason for the existence of the farmer in extensive cultivation. For only as long as harvesting requires a skill which seasonal, proletarian labor cannot supply, is it economically necessary to maintain the skilled harvester all the year as a farmer on the land on which in the production of cotton, wheat, and corn neither his skill nor his labor is fully utilized except in the harvesting season. The substitution of machines for skill has made it therefore more profitable and more economical, for the first time in history, to raise bulk crops on an industrial basis, on large mechanized estates and with paid migrant labor. Although mechanized farming tends to produce lower yields per acre and exhausts the soil more quickly than even the most careless individual farming, the machine is giving "big business" a definite competitive advantage.

The most perfect example of the social and economic consequences of machine farming is provided, paradoxically enough, by one of the most backward countries mechanically—Soviet Russia. Collective farming itself is neither a great innovation nor a great improvement. It was adopted because the Russians

knew that it was the only solution to the problem which faced them fifteen years ago: how to increase the production of foodstuffs through a colonization of new but poor soil, parallel with a release of large numbers of farm workers into industry, but without new large-scale capital investment in the land. Neither the labor nor the foodstuffs needed for the Russian industrialization could have been obtained within a short time except through estate farming, with the farmer reduced to a laborer's status. That these economic objectives rather than ideology were responsible for collectivization is shown by the fact that it was delayed in spite of all Marxist and Leninist tenets until the demands of industrialization—especially the imperative need to build an armaments industry—made it inevitable. It is significant that one hundred years ago Germany was forced toward the same solution when her quickly growing western industries demanded a large supply of industrial labor and a rapid increase in foodstuff production. It was then that the Junker estates emerged in the east, destroying the independent farm settlements and replacing them with the large-scale latifundia which up to this day resemble the Russian collective farm in every important feature except in that of ownership.

But the Russian collectivization added something new and vitally important to estate farming: the Central Machine Stations which, though few people outside of Russia seem to have understood their functions, are the real bosses and the entrepreneurs of Russian farming. These Machine Stations which service between twelve and thirty-five collective farms represent a centralized capital investment, very high per unit of machinery but very low per acre and per farm laborer. The management of the collective farms rests with them. Their employees are highly paid skilled mechanics, whereas the collective farmer has become an underpaid unskilled laborer. And although the Machine Sta-

tions show no profit and barely cover their amortization under the Russian system of bookkeeping with its arbitrary distribution of profits, the Russian farm authorities are agreed that the real profit should accrue to them. The introduction of the Machine Stations explains largely why Russia could expand her acreage under plow by 27 per cent and her grain production by twelve and one-half per cent as compared with 1913, while the actual capital invested probably decreased. At the same time the number of farm workers has fallen by more than six millions since 1926, in spite of a total population increase of twenty-four millions. The Russian Government can thus force the collective farmer to hand over 40 or 50 per cent of his harvest at a fixed price, although the Russian grain yield per acre is still the lowest in Europe. Applied on good soil and in a country where mechanical technic and tradition are high, the principle of the Machine Station should restore the profitability of extensive farming while lowering the price of farm products to a level below the present costs of production. But it would eliminate a great part of the farmers and destroy the independence of the rest.

The machine can replace the farmer only in the production of bulk crops on an extensive basis. It cannot be applied, except in its old role as subsidiary, in the intensive production of such crops as vegetables or fruit, or in poultry and dairy farming, which provide the living of the majority of the farmers in Europe and in the United States. But intensive agriculture also is undergoing a revolution which is as hostile to the independent small or medium-sized farm as the cotton picker or corn picker, although it is less spectacular and has been much less publicized than the intrusion of the machine into extensive farming. At first glance new developments such as "chemurgy" or scientific dairy farming seem to assist the independent farmer as the family farm seems better able to take advantage of them than the large-scale enterprise.

The "chemurgists"—Mr. Ford with his new industrial crops, or the chemists who make Southern pine usable for newsprint production—have been hailed as providing a way out for the farmer whose livelihood is threatened by the machine. Even "soilless farming" has been praised as restoring the independence of the "small man." But the new methods and processes of intensive farming represent an economic progress precisely because they project the industrial principles of specialization and of the division of labor into farming. They thereby raise the amount of capital needed for the attainment of a livelihood on the land beyond the reach of the independent family farm. A modern dairy farmer must concentrate on the production of milk and dairy products in order to be able to compete with the commercial enterprises. He can no longer limit his cattle to the number he can feed on that part of his land which lies fallow between other crops. He is forced to buy a large part, perhaps the bulk, of his fodder from the outside, especially as he has to keep up his milk production in winter. He can no longer utilize on his own farm the manure produced by his own livestock. And he must buy practically all his own food-stuffs in the market. Under efficient management, a modern dairy farm should return a better profit than a comparable investment in industry. But in order to break even, a dairy farm in the Hudson Valley must invest to-day a minimum of \$30,000, which is definitely beyond the means even of a well-to-do farmer. Fifteen or twenty years ago such a farm could have been started with \$15,000 on a profitable basis.

Even more striking is the situation with regard to timber-growing in the South. Timber has been widely welcomed as an alternate crop for the Southern sharecropper or tenant. According to official figures, an acre of Southern pine will grow eleven times as much cellulose as an acre of cotton; the profit rate under efficient management

should, therefore, be quite high. But even the fastest-growing pine needs seven years before it attains a size at which cutting becomes profitable. And no independent farmer can afford to wait seven years before obtaining a return. Similar conditions rule in fruit and vegetable growing. An independent farmer who cares for his soil and who has inherited skill can produce higher yields per acre and grow a better product while keeping the soil "sweet" and fertile. But without the capital he is crowded out by the industrial farm which invests much less per acre but much more in the aggregate, uses proletarian labor, and shows a profit although its yield per acre is low, the quality uneven, and the soil depleting.

III

The effects of this undermining of the social and economic position of the farmer in intensive agriculture are visible all over the Northern Hemisphere. They showed most clearly and almost as in a laboratory experiment in north-west Germany during the five or ten years before Hitler came to power. This district had the wealthiest and most independent diversified farmers before the last war. The northwestern farmer had developed a breed of hogs which was admirably suited to the German taste, and which commanded good prices and a ready market. But while hog-breeding gave him his cash income, it accounted for only one-third or one-quarter of his output; for he produced all the foodstuffs for himself and his family, and all the fodder for his hogs and cattle on his own land. Then, in the late 'twenties, hog-breeding on an industrial basis was introduced. The "hog factories" relied exclusively on fodder supplies from outside the farm and largely upon imports of such products as soy beans and oil cakes. They increased the pork and lard supply of Germany tremendously and made former luxuries such as ham available for the urban masses. But

this "soilless farming" drove up to half of the formerly prosperous farmers in the Provinces of Holstein, Schleswig, and Hanover out of business within five years. Some of them became day laborers in the new industry; but the majority became unemployed. Before 1914 the northwest had been the stronghold of German middle-class democracy; for over forty years the German Democratic Party had been deriving its main strength from the support of the northwestern farmers. In 1927 they still voted the Democratic ticket; but by 1930 the district had become one of the strongholds of Nazism. During the Depression it produced, under Nazi sponsorship, the only genuine and sanguinary farm revolt which Germany has seen during the past hundred years.

It was this intrusion of the forces of industrial revolution into farming which stirred the European farmers to political activity and organization. To protect the individual farmer from this threat of extinction was the main aim of the farm programs and subsidies of industrial Europe. This is why the bulk of the subsidies did not go into the production of those crops which would promote self-sufficiency but into the maintenance and safeguarding of the producers of the traditional crops, even though there may have been a surplus of them. Even if the farmers had not extorted this protection, the governments would have had to give it to them. For the social consequences of a destruction of the independent farmer would be disastrous for democracies and dictatorships alike.

No European country, however, has found any real solution. They all give subsidies at the expense of the urban consumer; these subsidies may be effective as defensive measures but do not restore the economic basis of the farmer. In spite of the enormous amounts spent, no European country has achieved more than a slowing down of the revolutionary development. In England the farm population has decreased by 25 per cent during the past decade in spite of all sub-

sidies. Since the production of farm crops has remained stable, it is obvious that industrial progress has resulted in a technological unemployment of a quarter of the farm population. Even in Germany, where the maintenance of the independent peasant farmer is the guiding principle of Nazi social policy and where the farmer is "underwritten" by the government and forbidden to leave or to sell his land, the trend cannot be changed. According to official figures, German farm prices in 1938 should have been higher by 40 per cent to meet the expenses of the farmer. Since the average German farm sells 25 to 40 per cent of its total products on the market, the annual deficit must have been between 6 to 10 per cent, so that there was obviously nothing left for replacements, amortization, and depreciation. And yet the German farmer could rely on the unpaid labor of the compulsory "land service," which was supplemented every spring and fall by the shock brigades of amateur farm laborers, pressed into farm work from the schools, the universities, the industrial plants and the army. The only farms which maintained or even increased their profit margins under the Nazi regime were the large estates which became more and more mechanized even before the present war broke out. An increasing number of them were taken over during 1937 and 1938 by the government to be run like collective farms under a manager appointed by the Four Year Plan authorities. Some of them even began to experiment with Machine Stations, in spite of the opposition of the Nazi Peasants' Organization which saw all its work threatened by this development. If the present war lasts to the next harvest Germany will undoubtedly have to give up her attempts to maintain the independent farmer and will have to introduce Russian methods on a large part of the land, not only in order to make available the manpower of the farm for the army but also to assure the maximum grain supply at the minimum capital investment. War-

time plans in England seem to tend in the same direction, if the attempt to recruit a volunteer "land army" of unskilled female laborers who are to be trained to handle machinery can be taken as an indication. And once the farmer has been driven off the land by machinery and large-scale enterprise, it will be almost impossible to resettle him in view of his competitive disadvantages.

IV

How is the United States affected by these developments? It is at the same time one of the most and one of the least vulnerable of all major agricultural countries. One part of American agriculture has already anticipated most of the technological and economic innovations; the Middle West and Far West have long represented "industrial farming," and stand to suffer very little from those changes which appear most dangerous in Europe. An equally large part of American agriculture—in the South and Southwest—on the other hand lacks all the qualities which gave the average European farmer resistance against the industrial revolution.

Both the high resistance of one part of the American farmers and the vulnerability of another are due to the same feature of American agriculture which distinguishes it fundamentally from farming in western and central Europe. Blessed with free land but beset with the difficulty of finding cheap labor and of bringing his product to the distant urban market or to cheap water transportation, the farmer of the United States was neither forced nor able to accept the agricultural revolution which transformed European farming in the eighteenth century. This revolution introduced the principle of rotation from grain to root crops and thereby with one stroke doubled the productivity of European agriculture, created the independent farm, and laid the basis for the growth of European industry. It put a high premium on the integrated, diversified farm

in the production of which foodstuffs, fodder, and meat balance one another. All through the nineteenth century the trend in Europe was, therefore, toward greater integration, greater diversification, and less specialization. In the United States, on the other hand, the old system—either a single crop or a straightforward "three fields" agriculture—was continued and adapted to the conditions of a new continent. This meant that from the beginning American agriculture tended toward specialization, division of labor, and extensive farming.

Wherever in the United States this system led to the establishment of small-scale holdings, engaged in the production of bulk crops, the new forces of mechanization and industrialization present a danger infinitely greater than any experienced in Europe. Maximum mechanization may, according to reliable estimates, displace 20 or 25 per cent of the German or French farmers and would be diffused over a wide area. But the tractor and cotton picker threaten the livelihood of every sharecropper and tenant-farmer in the Old South, especially as mechanization would be accompanied by the migration of cotton growing to the Southwest and West. Mechanized estate farming is a far greater danger to the Cotton Belt than the competition of the new cotton-growing areas in South America and Asia on which public attention is fixed now; neither Brazil nor Turkestan could produce cotton at the price at which it can be raised in Southern California, once the cotton picker gets going. Until then the crop restrictions of the A.A.A. may be able to keep this domestic competition within narrow bounds. But if the cotton picker becomes a practical reality the cost differential will be so great as to make enforcement of crop restrictions impossible. And with a permanent cotton surplus, underbidding on the part of a few large, mechanized estates would be sufficient to bring the cotton structure down like a house of cards. No other agricultural area in the world is, there-

fore, jeopardized more to-day in its social and economic structure than the Cotton Belt.

On the other hand, no other agricultural region possesses a higher resistance against the invasion of the forces of industry into farming than those parts of the United States in which specialization and division of labor have led to the emergence of large capitalist farms such as are the rule in the corn and wheat belts and in the dairy districts. The size of these farms permits them to take advantage of machinery without displacement of the labor of the family. Their economic structure and—what is even more important—the mentality of the farmer, are adapted to the requirements of specialized production with its demand for simplification of the manufacturing process simultaneously with large capital investment. In spite of their present troubles, the producers of vegetables, fruit, dairy products, meat, and wheat in the United States have, therefore, little to fear from a trend which has been shaking European agriculture to its very foundations.

But this applies only to the already established farms and not to the future expansion of farming in this country. Just now, when specialization and high capital investment have become the driving forces, American farming has reached a point at which any future expansion would have to be in the production of high quality foodstuffs. Dr. Ezekiel of the Department of Agriculture has recently published figures based on the assumption that the consumption of the average working-class family would rise to the level of the consumption of middle-class families with an annual income of \$3,000 to \$4,000. These figures show the potential maximum increase in the demand for farm products in this country. On this basis meat consumption could increase by 50 to 75 per cent and the consumption of fruit and truck crops by 60 per cent. But even assuming complete and lasting recapture of the "normal export markets" wheat con-

sumption would remain unchanged, cotton consumption would increase only by 28 per cent, and the demand for corn by only 35 per cent.

Whatever expansion other than wartime booms there will be in American agriculture must, therefore, concentrate on the high-quality products. And there the rapid increase in the required minimum capital tends to make it more and more impossible for the son of the average farm family to go into business on his own. Even less possible is it of course for the displaced sharecropper or for the farmers who have been driven out from the Dust Bowl to find the capital which would set them up again as independent producers.

The consequences of this development can be seen in the West and Northwest where the production of fruit and vegetables on capitalist, absentee-owned "industrial" farms employing migrant labor has become the rule, whereas this should be a country of homesteaders in the American tradition. In the Middle West, where the rapid growth of industrial centers during the past twenty years would seem to offer considerable scope for the establishment of truck farms and for poultry and dairy farming, the younger generation threatens to become surplus farm labor; a recent writer for the *Saturday Evening Post* estimated this latent rural employment to amount to 30 per cent of the farm population.

V

Up till now these new basic trends have largely stayed below the surface; this momentum was checked by the Depression which prevented large-scale capital-investment on the land. By now, however, these forces are beginning to assert themselves fully. And although in many regions their full impact may remain concealed for a considerable time beneath superficial cross-currents, they constitute everywhere the most important problem of farming. The solution of this agricultural problem

cannot be expected from economic recovery. It is a social, not an economic problem that has to be surmounted. Undoubtedly, the consumption of farm products could expand very rapidly in the event of a lasting return of industrial prosperity, even if Dr. Ezekiel's above quoted figures appear rather optimistic. But under present conditions the growing demand would be satisfied not by independent family farms but to an increasing extent by large-scale industrial enterprises employing proletarian labor. These farm-businesses would produce at lower cost than the family farms. Their expansion might eventually provide work for a large part, if not for the whole, of the farm population whom they displace. But this economic progress would be paid for by the destruction or, at least, by a serious weakening of the social structure of the one main branch of society in which the independent and individualist small man still predominates.

The resettlement of the displaced or superfluous sharecroppers and young farmers on diversified subsistence farms has been hailed as the way out, but would not provide a satisfactory and lasting solution. For the large mass of the settlers it would amount to social disenfranchisement, as the subsistence farmer is practically cut off from the main stream of social life and pushed into an isolated position outside of modern society. Even in its most successful form, subsistence farming represents by definition a regression from market economy and from the division of labor on which the economic achievements of our society are based. Economically, diversified subsistence-farmers could exist only on the basis of continued subsidies; otherwise, they would quickly revert to the status of farm laborers or sharecroppers. For it is a fallacy to think that a diversified subsistence-farmer could be self-sufficient and could feed himself and his family. Experience has shown that the smaller and the nearer to subsistence level is a diversified farm the greater is the percentage of its products that has

to be sold on the market in order to obtain the minimum cash for those industrial goods, foodstuffs, and agricultural implements which the farmer cannot produce himself. The prosperous, wealthy, large farms of eastern France and western Germany needed to sell only 20 to 30 per cent of their products on the market in order to obtain the necessary cash; but the wretched Rumanian or Polish peasant on his subsistence lot had to sell up to 70 per cent of his crops. And yet his consumption of industrial goods was less than one-tenth of that of the German, less than one-twentieth that of the Dutch farmer. The subsistence peasant in Eastern Europe has had to sell his wheat and live on corn bought in the market; he had to sell his pig in order to buy salt, matches, and kerosene. In individual cases subsistence farms may be a success. To risk the investment and the necessary subsidies to establish diversified subsistence farms for displaced sharecroppers is certainly a necessary step in the right direction. But it can be regarded only as a temporary remedy to tide the displaced farmers over until a permanent solution has been found.

The same applies in a lesser degree to farm co-operatives. It is certain that a sound co-operative organization of credit, production, and marketing is an essential prerequisite to any permanent solution of the agricultural question. But co-operatives are no solution in themselves except in countries like Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, which are as yet untouched by industrial civilization, and in which an "agrarian society" is therefore still possible. Otherwise co-operatives are only a means but not an end. They provide no remedy against the invasion of the machine into extensive farming. While they help diversified farmers to concentrate their market production in those crops which give the highest cash income with the lowest investment of capital and labor, they cannot strengthen diversified farming sufficiently to restore its ability to compete against capital-intensive and specialized

industrial farms. Nor can they provide the capital which the intensive farmer would need to reorganize his farm on industrial lines. In general, co-operatives can be said to help mainly the prosperous and successful farmer to be more prosperous and more successful. But they are as little able to make the poor and capital-starved farmer successful and prosperous, as the artisans' co-operatives of 19th-century Europe were able to make the independent craftsmen compete with industry. Farm co-operatives will be indispensable as distribu-

tors of capital and credit, and as schools for new methods and technics. But the new capital as well as the new technics will have to be supplied from the outside. Otherwise the individual farmer can never hope to be able to compete with the industrial, big-business farm. And to restore the economic foundation of family-farming is the only way to prevent the destruction of the farmer's independence other than his artificial maintenance on the European model through economically and socially unbearable subsidies.

LIGHT

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

NOT with drums
Light comes.
It knocks
Upon no door;
From no dim pane
It stirs the dust
Or sweeps the skein
That is the spider's airy fane.
It turns no locks.
It has no language to implore the just,
No thunder to awake
The sluggard and the rake.
It wields no instruments of doom
To raise the somber siege of gloom.
It spins no stratagems with mirth.
But to the wide, clear-windowed room
It is rebirth.



SEAL TREGARTHEN'S COUSIN

A STORY

BY MARGERY SHARP

THE island was off the coast of Cornwall, the smallest and most outlying of a small group three hours from the mainland, and all through the spring, autumn, and winter its inhabitants, who lived by fishing and flower-growing, numbered exactly a dozen; but in summer this number was augmented by the arrival of the Cattletts to fourteen. On every 1st of August Mr. and Mrs. Cattlett set out from their home in Chelsea to make the tedious journey by train, steamer, and rowboat; and on every 2nd, as he stepped ashore, George Cattlett said the same thing.

"Back," said George Cattlett, "to Nature!"

There was no doubt that the island was very natural indeed. Apart from the one narrow strip of flower gardens it was completely uncultivated. Its weather-beaten rocks, its cliffs cushioned with sea-pinks, knew not the hand of man. The jetty was little more than a tongue of loose stones and a rough wall. The cottage occupied by the Cattletts—like all the rest—had outdoor sanitation only. But the Cattletts did not care, they were simple-lifers of the old school, and but for the exigencies of George Cattlett's position as art master at a girls' college, would willingly have lived on their island all the year round. They always thought and spoke of it as theirs, for as George Cattlett so rightly said, Appreciation is Ownership; and it often seemed to them that its actual inhabitants hardly appreciated

the island at all. They were always too busy fishing or planting bulbs, and when they had nothing to do had the curious habit of going inside their houses to do it. Maud Cattlett, who took a great interest in arts and crafts, once tried to interest them in weaving, but with a complete lack of success. That was on her first visit, in 1930, and though she carried down her handloom again in 1931, in 1932 she left it at home. By the summer of 1938 she had discarded also her wood-carving implements and her spinning-wheel, and the Cattletts were able to make the journey encumbered only by one suitcase, two easels, and their personal supply of canvases, brushes, and paints.

"Back," said George Cattlett, "to Nature!"

At the end of the jetty, awaiting them, stood Seal Tregarthen. As the keel of the rowboat grated on the pebbles he stooped down, with one hand grasped the bows, with the other helped Mrs. Cattlett ashore. George Cattlett, disdaining assistance, leaped lightly out into four inches of water, but only laughed at the mishap. As his wife often said, the island turned him into a perfect school-boy.

"Home again!" cried George gaily.

Seal Tregarthen nodded. He was a heavy giant of a man, too blond and big-boned for the true island type, of which his beautiful wife was the dark and perfect flower. Mary Tregarthen stood a little

behind her husband, smiling gravely. Her presence gave the landing a touch of ceremony; always she came down with Seal to greet the Cattletts, to conduct them up to their tiny cottage, and to make them a cup of tea; and the Cattletts were always sorry to see her go, since this was almost their only social contact with island life. She spoke briefly of the weather and the flower crop, waited until her husband had carried up the baggage—all under one gigantic arm—and courteously took her leave.

"I sometimes wonder," said Mrs. Cattlett suddenly, "whether they really *like us*."

"Of course they do," said George. "They simply aren't demonstrative. They're too close to the soil."

"I know, George. That's why I'm so fond of them. But—it does seem so hard to win their confidence. You go fishing with Seal, for instance, but you never bring back any . . . gossip."

The word was misplaced, and she knew it. George frowned.

"Gossip? Thank God there isn't any. You painted Mrs. Tregarthen's portrait . . ."

"I tried to," said Maud, with genuine humility.

"And you didn't get any gossip out of her. If you wanted gossip we should have gone to Bournemouth."

"I didn't," said Maud, more humbly still. "Come and look out of the window, dear. . . ."

As always, the sight of so much sea at once restored peace. For some minutes the Cattletts stood side by side, breathing deep breaths as they had been taught to do in a course on Physical Culture. Then they turned to their unpacking, and as soon as it was finished walked down toward the quay. They passed a row of three cottages, housing respectively three Penruddocks, two Jasper Penruddocks, and three Ambroses. A little farther on came the cottage of the Tregarthens and down by the shore the cottage of the two Ambrose cousins. The whole population of the island was

concentrated in that one hamlet, but not a soul could be seen. The day's work was done, all were within doors. Only as the Cattletts passed each window a curtain flickered.

Peacefully, monotonously the days slipped by. The Cattletts set up their easels, George before a pool in the rock, Maud before the easier outline of a cliff, and worked with diligence. Their talents were worse than mediocre, but they had a lot of fun. George also watched sea-birds through his field glasses, and went trawling for pollock with Seal Tregarthen. On one occasion he stayed out all night. He did not feel very well next day, and Maud had to clean his jacket with turpentine. In the evenings they played bezique and backgammon, or George read aloud to his wife. He was reading *Ulysses*, and had been reading it for some years. In this way all of August passed and the first week in September; and then one day, as she strolled alone toward the jetty, Maud Cattlett received the surprise of her life.

Leaning against the extreme point of the wall was a stranger. He was neither a Penruddock nor an Ambrose. He was also the biggest man Mrs. Cattlett had ever seen. He was bigger even than Seal Tregarthen: he was monumental. His shoulders were like the shoulders of an Atlas, his legs, clad in rust-colored trousers, were like twin pillars. It seemed marvelous that the wall could support his weight.

A long shadow fell between Mrs. Cattlett and the sun. She turned round and saw Seal Tregarthen.

"Who," gasped Mrs. Cattlett, "is that?"

Seal Tregarthen, as usual, took his time about answering. He looked at the leaning figure and looked at Mrs. Cattlett, and finally looked at the sea.

"Cousin," he said at last.

"When did he get here?"

"Last night."

"But how . . . ?"

"Off a fisherman," said Tregarthen.

He shifted his gaze from the ocean to Mrs. Cattlett, and with an obvious effort gave the next piece of information unasked. "Come back to lend me a hand," said Tregarthen. "If Mr. Cattlett wants any fishing, say I'll be out to-night."

Thus dismissed, Maud hurried back to find her husband, whom she had left sitting on his favorite rock at an angle of the path. It was not often that the island provided such a piece of news; to a community of a dozen persons the addition even of one was highly important. Mrs. Cattlett arrived at the rock so obviously excited that George sprang up to meet her.

"What is it, Maud?" he cried. "Has anything happened?"

Mrs. Cattlett nodded violently.

"Look, George! Look on the end of the jetty!"

George unslung his glasses and focussed them. His reactions were all that could be desired.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "What a terrific fellow! Who is he?"

"Seal Tregarthen's cousin," said Mrs. Cattlett proudly.

"How did he get here?"

"Off one of the fishing boats, last night. He's come to lend Seal a hand. Look, dear—he's making this way!"

Moved by a quite disproportionate interest, the Cattletts stood to watch. With very long, very slow strides Seal Tregarthen's cousin walked the length of the jetty, nodded to Tregarthen, and disappeared behind the angle of the wall. A moment later his head and shoulders were again visible, moving steadily above the hedge as he mounted the cliff path; presently only a dozen yards and a corner separated him from the Cattletts' seat. His advance seemed as slow and as irresistible as the advance of the tide; and suddenly, as the waters overrun the last inches of sand, he was upon them—bigger than both the Cattletts put together.

"Good morning," said George. "You're Seal Tregarthen's cousin?"

The man nodded. He did not exactly stop, but he slowed his long stride

and swayed toward them. His big head was thatched with tow-colored hair, his face was deeply tanned, and as his long-sighted blue eyes rested on her husband's face Mrs. Cattlett had a sudden vision of a cart horse leaning benevolently over a sparrow. She put the thought from her at once; but it was strange how Seal Tregarthen's cousin always suggested, right from the start, analogies with the cruder forms of nature.

"It's a fine day," said Mr. Cattlett.

Seal Tregarthen's cousin nodded again, and the rhythm of his stride carried him past the rock. But the Cattletts were left with no sense of having been treated discourteously; they rather felt pleased with themselves, as though they had been noticed by someone in a procession. They also felt the slight blankness that comes after a procession has passed.

"There, now!" exclaimed George Cattlett. "We never found out his name!"

They never did. To them, as (it seemed) to everyone else on the island, the newcomer remained Seal Tregarthen's Cousin. He slipped easily and naturally into the island life, fished with Tregarthen, worked in Tregarthen's garden, and lodged in the Tregarthen cottage. Maud Cattlett, her feminine curiosity scenting a feminine ally, took a half-knitted sock and went down to ask the beautiful Mrs. Tregarthen how one turned heels—after which it was only natural to comment on the new arrival; but Mrs. Tregarthen's manners were equalled only by her discretion.

"Your visitor looks like a strong man," hazarded Maud.

Mary Tregarthen nodded. This universal taciturnity was one of the local characteristics the Cattletts most prized—"Our dear silent island!" as they used to say to each other—but there were times when it could be irritating. Maud tried again.

"Do you know, I don't think we know his name."

"He's my husband's cousin," said

Mary, raising her dark eyes in a steady gaze. "Watch now, Mrs. Cattlett, while I start the narrowing. . . ."

Maud obediently watched. That was another thing about the islanders: they had the faculty of making themselves obeyed. Mrs. Cattlett learned how to turn a heel if she learned nothing about Seal Tregarthen's Cousin.

"He's like a Force of Nature," she told her husband admiringly, and made several attempts to paint his portrait—but only from memory, since there was something about him which made her reluctant to ask for sittings. Not that he was in the least fierce, or rough; on the contrary, his manners were marked by their gentleness, he did everything very quietly, and never raised his voice; but Mrs. Cattlett felt that to sit opposite him, in silence, for hours on end, would be too much. She felt she might become hypnotized, as one can become hypnotized from gazing too long upon the sea or upon a high hill. She did not mention this idea to George, but she noticed that Mr. Cattlett himself, after each of his fishing trips with the cousins, was always unusually ready for a game of backgammon or a hand of bezique or some other bright domestic employment.

A week of pleasant days passed; never, as the Cattletts told each other, had they felt nearer to Mother Nature. Mrs. Cattlett worked at her portrait, Mr. Cattlett fished for pollock and worked at his pool; and then came Saturday and the weekly bunch of papers from the mainland. Apart from the headlines the Cattletts always read the art criticism first, then the literary supplements, then the dramatic notices, then any items about the Royal family; so that it was quite often several days before they got round to the body of the news.

George, on this occasion, got round first: by Tuesday night he had reached a quite obscure paragraph dealing with a rowdy episode in a French café. The name of the café was *Le Coq Rouge*, it was situated on the waterfront at St. Malo, and the facts were simple: on the

night of the fifth a Frenchman, known only by his sobriquet of *Le Petit Danilo*, had in the course of an argument struck his woman companion across the mouth; whereupon an anonymous Englishman lifted him from his seat and threw him out on to the quay. On the cobblestones of the quay *Le Petit Danilo* was found with a broken neck; the Englishman had not been found at all, and it was believed that he had made good his escape in one of several fishing boats then putting out. He was variously described as a sailor and as a fisherman; but all witnesses agreed that he was blue-eyed, fair-headed, and of gigantic size.

"Maud," said George Cattlett. "Read that . . ."

Maud read, then she too sat staring at the paper.

"The fifth," pointed out Mr. Cattlett. "The day you saw him was the seventh, and he'd been landed the night before. From St. Malo to here by fishing-boat would take just about twenty-four hours."

There was no need to explain whom he meant; the gigantic figure of Seal Tregarthen's Cousin was present in both their minds.

"And he was wearing French trousers," went on George unhappily. "Those tan-colored canvas ones. We've seen them on the French fishermen at Penrythen. He isn't wearing them any more."

Mrs. Cattlett folded the paper and placed it carefully in her paint-box. She was deeply troubled.

"You really think—?"

"Don't you?"

"Whatever I think," said Maud, "I don't see that it's our business. His description will be circulated. The police must have it already."

"The police!" repeated George grimly. "The police don't come *here!*"

This was true. There were police at Penrythen, on the mainland, there was one solitary constable on the largest of the islands; but in practice the islanders lived outside the pale of the Law. They were noticeably casual about such things

as gun- and dog-licenses; if they were no longer wreckers, they were certainly smugglers; their attitude to their own policeman was one of live and let live. If he didn't trouble them they wouldn't trouble him; and since their instincts were sporting rather than criminal, the system worked very well. It was not, however, a system designed to co-operate with international law.

"It's a question of duty," said George. "A man has been killed . . ."

"I know, dear. That's terrible. And yet, to set the police on anyone—that seems so terrible too. After all, we aren't *sure*."

George looked at her, and her eyes fell. Quite apart from the physical description, the whole story fitted. It was so exactly what Seal Tregarthen's Cousin would do: no word, no reproof, simply the contemptuous removal of an offensive object. That death had followed was the merest accident.

"It wouldn't be murder," said George. "It would be manslaughter at the most. That's only imprisonment."

"Let's think it over!" pleaded Maud. "A day or two more won't matter. After all, he's here, under our eye!"

That was the trouble. Seal Tregarthen's Cousin was there, under their eye. He moved about them, tranquil, stately and benevolent, like the presiding deity of the island. He did not speak much, but all his words were grave and kindly; and the two Penruddock children followed him like puppies.

"I can't help it," said Maud. "Whatever he's done, it would be so dreadful to shut him up. It would be wrong."

"I wish I knew what to do," said George.

In the end they did nothing. The soft island air, the quiet routine of the island life, seemed to lull their civic instincts. They let day after day slip by, and presently the whole matter seemed to lose importance. After all, it was only an accident. Whoever killed him, the Frenchman had obviously deserved to die. Whoever killed him . . .

At the end of September the Cattletts returned to Chelsea and were at once caught up in their other life. They were very busy; George had his teaching, Maud had the flat to run, and in addition they belonged to innumerable societies for the spreading of culture and the betterment of the world. They attended a course of lectures on Anglo-Saxon Poetry, and another course on the French Drama, and a course on Impressionist Painting. Their minds were so fully occupied that gradually all holiday memories faded together, until one night George brought home a fellow-artist who had just returned from France.

He had returned, to be more exact, from St. Malo.

It was Maud who asked the first question. She couldn't help herself.

"Did you hear anything of a—a disturbance there last summer, at a café called Le Coq Rouge?"

"When Le Petit Danilo was thrown out on his neck and killed? Certainly," said the artist. He smiled, pleased to display his familiarity with water-front life. "They talk about it still. Where did you hear of it?"

"My wife read a paragraph in the paper," said George uneasily.

"It made headlines at St. Malo. The Englishman seems to have been the biggest chapever seen. '*Un géant blond . . .*'"

"Did they ever," asked Maud, "catch him?"

The artist shook his head.

"They didn't and they won't. There were three fishing boats putting out just as it all happened, and he could have tumbled straight off the quay into any one of them. The police got hold of the skippers later of course, and collected a lobster apiece but no information. The sailormen weren't talking."

"Have some more coffee," said George.

The next day, as though to occupy their minds still further, he put down his own and his wife's name for yet another course of lectures, this time on Citizenship. It was the most unfortunate thing he could have done. Every other

Wednesday night through April, May, and June the Cattletts sat in a church hall and were exhaustively instructed in their civic duties; with the result that after the last lecture George Cattlett came home and drank three whiskies-and-sodas in quick succession. He had never done such a thing before, and Maud watched him with alarm.

"It's killing me!" exploded George. "I have thought and thought! I have been thinking day and night about Seal Tregarthen's Cousin!"

Maud's face grew troubled. She could guess what was coming.

"I have failed in my duty," continued George wretchedly. "Out there on the island it all seemed different; I don't know what happened to me. I don't know why I didn't go straight to the authorities at once. Because if the man is guilty he must be punished, and if he is innocent no harm will have been done."

"Yes, it will," said Maud quickly. "Even if they don't take him away and lock him up there'll be police and detectives and—and journalists, George, writing up our island, turning it into a murder-mystery, spoiling and vulgarizing it all . . ."

"Stop!" cried George.

He sat in silent misery, his head in his hands, a conscientious beauty-lover torn between two ideals. It was only the whisky, as Maud firmly believed, which that night saved his reason by overpowering it. When she spoke to him again it was apparent that he was three-parts unconscious.

"I must think," he muttered, as Maud tenderly helped him to bed. "I must go on thinking. . . ."

For another month the struggle continued. Neither of them mentioned the subject again, but it was continually present in their minds. On the first of August Maud, half-fearfully, packed as usual the easels and the suitcase and the boxes of paints. George made no demur. They caught their usual train from Paddington; and then it was, during that sleepless night—passed sitting up

in a third-class carriage—that the long dilemma at last resolved itself. Physical discomfort no doubt had its effect: they were too tired to struggle any more. When they got out in the morning on to Penrythen platform they knew, without exchanging a word, that the die was cast. George's mind was made up; and Maud had submitted.

"We may as well check the baggage," said George.

Maud nodded dumbly. She knew what he meant: they had to tell, but they could never go back to their island afterward. They would have to seek out some other, some inferior spot.

With hearts heavy but resolved, they turned their steps toward the Police Station. At its portal Mrs. Cattlett drew back for the last time.

"George," she whispered, "there won't be a reward?"

"I shouldn't think so," said George; "if there is, of course we shan't take it."

"They couldn't *make* us?"

"Of course not," said George.

A little assuaged, Maud followed him into the presence of the Sergeant. The Sergeant was small and sandy, and not in the least imposing; but he represented the Law. When he asked what he could do for them both the Cattletts instinctively displayed all the signs of guilt.

"There's a man," began George distractedly, "out on an island there, called Seal Tregarthen's Cousin."

The Sergeant looking at him with interest.

"Seal Tregarthen's Cousin?"

"Yes," said George. "And I think you ought to know . . ."

"He's dead," said the Sergeant.

The Cattletts stared stupidly.

"Drowned," said the Sergeant.

"Drowned?" repeated George. "Dead? But that—that's incredible. I beg your pardon, but are you sure?"

"I'm afraid so, sir. The body was identified by all his folks on the island. He was lost with his boat and washed ashore."

"But—when?"

"Matter of four months back. We lost a ketch from here at the same time. It's a cruel coast in a storm."

"I still can't believe it," said Maud. "I mean—he wasn't the sort of man to die."

The Sergeant did not laugh.

"Proper big chap, wasn't he? That's what the coastguard said: a proper Hercules. What was it you wanted him for?"

Between the Cattletts passed a quick glance. Then George cleared his throat nervously. He wasn't used to lying.

"As a matter of fact, it was simply that he—er—owed me a small debt. But it's of no account now."

The Sergeant nodded sympathetically; and the Cattletts went out.

They could still go back to their island. At least it wasn't spoilt. Tragedy had touched it but not squalor. They retrieved their baggage and boarded the steamer as usual, and on reaching the largest of the islands transferred themselves as usual to their accustomed row-boat. Everything was the same—the salt of the sea, the softness of the air, the sudden quietness that always marked this last stage of their journey. Everything was the same until they reached the island.

At the end of the jetty, awaiting them, stood Seal Tregarthen's Cousin.

As the keel of the boat grated on the pebbles he stooped down, with one hand grasped the bows, with the other assisted Mrs. Cattlett ashore. Or such was his intention; but Maud, uttering a loud cry, dropped down again into the arms of the boatman. The craft rocked violently; George Cattlett jumped, landed in the water, and stood there transfixed, the wavelets lapping round his ankles.

"Mr. Cattlett, you'll be sopped," said Mary Tregarthen.

She had been standing a little way up the jetty, the usual grave smile of welcome on her lips; now she advanced, ready to receive Maud Cattlett as the boatman thrust her out. Sheer force of

habit enabled George to pay the man his fee; then the boat was run out again, and the sound of its oars diminished over the water.

"But you're drowned!" cried Mrs. Cattlett violently.

Seal Tregarthen's Cousin slowly shook his big head.

"That was my cousin," he said.

"But we asked at Penrythen!" cried Maud. "We said, 'Seal Tregarthen's Cousin'—and they told us he was dead!"

The big head nodded.

"That's right: my cousin. I'm Seal Tregarthen."

Maud turned almost wildly to the woman.

"Seal Tregarthen . . ."

"This is Seal," said Mary steadily. "They were cousins, Mrs. Cattlett, and they had the same name. Like the Ambroses and the Jasper Penruddocks: we've all the same names around here."

"Then it's your husband," said Maud, pity struggling with bewilderment, "your husband who has been drowned? I'm so sorry."

"He went as he'd have wished," said Mary Tregarthen. The words were like an epitaph. She lifted her head and looked up at the giant beside her. "Seal's my man now, Mrs. Cattlett, we're to wed soon as we can come at a parson."

Maud's mouth opened and shut. There are as a rule no phrases which come more readily to the tongue than those of congratulation; but this was a case to which the rules did not apply. Mary smiled.

"We're not blood-kin, Mrs. Cattlett," she said kindly, "and a woman can't abide here alone."

She went up with them to their cottage and made them a cup of tea and spoke of the fishing and the flower-harvest, and then left them to their startled thoughts.

"I can understand," said George Cattlett at last. "I can understand in a way. When Seal turned up there was a Seal Tregarthen here before him; so he

was Seal Tregarthen's Cousin. And when Seal Tregarthen was drowned he—the cousin—came into his name again. And the man who was drowned *was* Seal Tregarthen's cousin. . . . I admit it's confusing."

"And yet in another way," said Maud thoughtfully, "it's so simple. So natural. You can see how his mind worked. And the minds—I suppose—of everyone on the island. When the coastguards, the policeman, came to investigate and asked who the man was, they just said Seal Tregarthen's Cousin."

"And he was. In a way," said George, "he undoubtedly was." He took a turn or two round the room, and came back to his wife. "What troubles me, Maud, is this: Seal Tregarthen's Cousin—the man *we* knew as Seal's Cousin—had, I am more and more convinced, every reason to change his identity. And he *has* changed his identity. As you say, he's done it in the simplest, most natural way possible. And I ask myself, *was* it so—so unconscious after all? Was it the act of a child of nature, or the act of a clever criminal?"

"George!"

"And *then* I ask myself," continued

George, "are we still justified in letting the matter rest?"

The words were firm enough but the tone was not. Already George Cattlett's neat and conscientious spirit recoiled before the inevitable complications of a putative charge against a potentially dead man. The whole island, without a doubt, would swear to Seal Tregarthen's identity. The islanders might be cunning, or they might be simpleminded, but without doubt they were loyal. Also, they didn't want trouble. . . .

"Look, George," said Maud gently. "Look out of the window."

Seal Tregarthen was coming up the path. Slowly, steadily, he mounted toward them, their baggage packed easily under one arm. The evening light magnified his figure, his shadow stretched gigantic; on his huge face was an expression of profound peace. Either he had no crime on his conscience or he had no conscience. The Cattletts were never to know which.

"Of course we're justified," whispered Maud, "because we can't do anything else. He's too much for us, George, we can't cope with him. No one could: not with a Force of Nature. . . ."





SINCE YESTERDAY

THE SOCIAL CLIMATE OF THE NINETEEN-THIRTIES

PART I. Morals, Marriage, Fashions, Drinking

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

TEN years ago this month the great Panic of 1929 on the Stock Exchange brought down Coolidge-Hoover prosperity in ruins and ended an era of American history, the fabulous Post-War decade. Since then the United States has gone through ten years of portentous change: ten years of Depression and New Deal, against a disturbingly altered background of international dissension and totalitarian advance, leading to war. The political and economic events of these ten years have been recounted and analyzed again and again in HARPER'S and elsewhere. But there have also been various social changes some of which have gone comparatively unnoticed because they did not seem quite to fit into the general pattern of panic, business demoralization, Roosevelt experimentation, and European upheaval upon which the attention of writers and readers has been largely focused.

These social changes seem to me to have been interesting in their own right. In this article and in that which will follow it next month I have gathered some tentative notes about some of them, leaving correlation and appraisal largely to the reader—who, after all, has had his own chance to observe what was going on and to form his own opinions about it.

The processes of social change are continuous and endlessly complex. To contrast the manners and morals and cus-

toms of one historical "period" with those of another is inevitably to oversimplify and almost inevitably to exaggerate. Yet the social climate does alter, just as the seasons do change—even though the shifts in temperature from day to day may be highly spasmodic, and Detroit may be enjoying its "first day of spring" while Philadelphia is being swept by a blizzard. Looking back, one notices various contrasts between the social climate of the nineteen-twenties and that of the nineteen-thirties; and one notices too that most of these changes did not become clearly marked until about the year 1933, when the New Deal came in and the Eighteenth Amendment was repealed. It is almost as if the people of the United States had walked backward into the Depression, holding for dear life to the customs and ideals and assumptions of the time that was gone, even while these were one by one slipping out of reach; and then, in 1933, had given up their vain effort, turned about, and walked face-forward into the new world of the nineteen-thirties.

The Post-War decade had brought to America a sharp revolution in manners and morals—a revolution the shock troops of which were a younger generation addicted to knee-length skirts, hip flasks, mixed drinking in the speakeasy, petting in the parked car, uninhibited language, a second-hand knowledge of Freudian complexes, and a disposition to

defy their more puritanical parents and ridicule the whole puritan tradition. Already by the end of the nineteen-twenties the revolution was playing itself out, at least in the centers of population where puritanism had been most readily undermined. The older generation were gradually becoming accustomed to the outlandish ways of their progeny and relaxing somewhat their own codes of conduct, and the younger generation were getting older and learning the practical advantages of moderation. By the time of the Panic, the "Flaming Mamie" of the co-educational campus, though she still won admirers, was a little less likely to be regarded as a portent of the future than as a relic of the past. As the nineteen-thirties got under way, the change in the climate became clearly discernible.

Not that there was any measurable increase in abstinence, continence, or modesty; indeed there were some areas—some Middle-Western towns, many country villages—where the proprieties of an earlier day had been only slowly broken down and the sound of breakage was still loud; where the behavior of the "young married set" at the Saturday-night rout at the local country club was more abandoned than ever, and where parents were comparing horrified notes about that appalling "new" phenomenon, the tendency of girls of fifteen and sixteen to come back from high-school parties smelling of gin and disturbingly rumpiled. Said the Lynds of their findings in the Mid-Western city of "Middletown," ". . . one got in 1935 a sense of sharp, free behavior between the sexes (patterned on the movies), and of less disguise among the young. A high-school graduate of eight years ago, now in close touch professionally with the young people of the city, was emphatic as regards the change: 'They've been getting more and more knowing and bold. The fellows regard necking as a taken-for-granted part of a date. We fellows used occasionally to get slapped for doing things, but the girls don't do that much any more.'"

Yet in the country at large there was a change of mood, a change of emphasis. The revolution was being consolidated. The shock troops were digging in in the positions they had won.

A neat measure of this change was offered in Hornell Hart's study of social attitudes in *Recent Social Trends*, which appeared at the beginning of 1933. Mr. Hart set forth the results of a careful statistical study of the beliefs and points of view reflected in the magazines of the country at various times. This study suggested that the rebellion against the traditional code of sex morals—or, to put it another way, the rush of sentiment in favor of sex freedom—had reached its peak in the years 1923–1927; and although the magazines contained more discussions of family and sex problems during 1930 and 1931 than at any time during the preceding years, the tone was on the whole more conservative. In the year 1930 the magazines expressed more approval of marriage and family life, more approval of "comradeship, understanding, affection, sympathy, facilitation, accommodation, integration, cooperation" than in 1920.

If the change of mood became more striking as the years rolled by and the Depression deepened, one may ascribe this to a number of causes: the fact that any idea palls after a time, any bright new revolution begets doubts and questionings; the fact that young Mr. X, whose alcoholic and amorous verve had seemed so brilliantly daring in 1925, was now beginning to show not altogether attractive signs of wear and tear; the fact that Mrs. Y, who had so stoutly believed in her right to sleep where she pleased and had been sure that she didn't care with whom Mr. Y slept, had found she couldn't take it after all and had marched off to Reno; the fact that the Z children were having nightmares which the school psychiatrist attributed to the broken home from which they came; and the fact that the younger brothers and sisters of the X's and Y's and Z's were tired of seeing their elders carom against

the furniture and make passes at one another, and concluded that these old people were a messy lot. But the most important reason for the change perhaps was the Depression.

Hundreds of thousands of young people who wanted to get married could not afford to. The marriage-rate per thousand population fell from 10.14 in 1929 to 7.87 in 1932. (Likewise the birth-rate per thousand population also fell, from 18.9 in 1929 to 17.4 in 1932 and 16.5 in 1933—the 1933 figure reflecting, of course, largely the economic conditions of 1932.) When it was so difficult to marry, an increase in pre-marital sexual relations was almost inevitable. “A confidential check-up of one group of more than two dozen young business-class persons in their twenties,” reported the Lynds, “showed seven out of every ten of them, evenly balanced as to sex, to have had sexual relations prior to marriage.” The huge sales of contraceptives—totaling annually, according to various authorities, from an eighth to a quarter of a billion dollars, and transacted not only in drugstores but in filling stations, tobacco stores, and all sorts of other establishments—were certainly not made only to the married. Yet the new state of affairs was hardly conducive to a frivolous or cynical attitude toward marriage and the family; and it pushed into the forefront of attention a relatively new problem: what was to be the future of the jobless young man and his girl who loved each other deeply and really wanted to marry? Were they to postpone marriage and live resolutely apart? Or prevail upon their families to support them, perhaps letting them live in the spare-room or the attic or some other corner of a parental home?

Often the elders could ill afford to feed another mouth; and many a father who had slaved and scrimped for years, dreaming of retirement, and who now wondered how long his own job would last, blazed with anger to hear that young Harry had brought home a bride to consume the family savings. There were

other elders who could well afford to shelter a young couple but who had been brought up to believe that no self-respecting young man married till he could support a wife, and who would cling to this idea, talk about a spoiled generation, tell how *they* hadn't *thought* of marrying till they were making forty dollars a week, and refuse to countenance any such nonsense. As a result, innumerable young couples accepted as an alternative to immediate marriage an occasional night in a cheap hotel room or an auto-tourist cabin (many of these tourist cabins accepted, knowingly or innocently, a large proportion of local traffic). Hating the furtiveness of such meetings, hating the conventions which made them furtive, these young couples nevertheless felt their behavior was right—a response to necessity.

To many others, even less fortunate, the jobless children of jobless parents, the wandering nomads of the Depression, hitch-hiking through the country, riding the freight cars, sex became something that you took when you could; marriage was too remote to think about. Yet even here there was something new about the mood. There was little sense of a change in the moral code being willfully made, little sense that stolen love was “modern” adventure. The dilemma was practical. One managed as best one could, was continent or incontinent according to one's individual need and one's individual code, whether of morals or aesthetics or prudence or convenience. If the conventions were in abeyance it was simply because the times were out of joint and no longer made sense; but that did not mean that one might not long for wedded security.

Among the hatless and waistcoatless young men of the college campuses, with their tweed coats and flannel slacks, and among the college girls in their sweaters and tweed skirts and ankle-socks, there was little of the rebellious talk about sex and marriage that had characterized the nineteen-twenties, little of the buzz of excitement that had accompanied the

discussion of Freud and Havelock Ellis and Dora Russell. Whether there was less actual promiscuity is doubtful: a study of 1,364 juniors and seniors in forty-six colleges and universities of all types from coast to coast—made by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley and Florence Haxton Britten—showed that half the young men and a quarter of the girls had had pre-marital sex intercourse. The striking thing was that there was less to-do about sex. One's personal affairs were one's personal affair. As the editors of *Fortune* said in an account of the college youth of 1936: "As for sex, it is of course still with us. But the campus takes it more casually than it did ten years ago. Sex is no longer news. And the fact that it is no longer news is news."

The Depression also cut the divorce rate sharply: it dropped from 1.66 per thousand population in 1929 to only 1.28 per thousand population in 1932. Divorces cost money; and besides, in times of stress the fancy is likely to be less free. There was a good deal of pious talk about the way in which couples were reunited in love by hardship, but it is likely that in most cases what the hardship did was to subordinate everything to the stark necessity for getting along, love or no love. After the worst years the divorce-rate rose again; no great reform had been effected; people who couldn't get on still separated when they must and could. Yet here again there was a change in emphasis: a more widespread sense of the damage inevitably done by a wrecked marriage to the children and to the separated partners themselves. It was perhaps significant that a public-opinion poll taken by *Fortune* in 1937 showed a majority against easy divorce. A similar poll in 1936 showed 63 per cent in favor of the teaching and practice of birth-control, and in 1937 as many as 22.3 per cent approved of pre-marital experience *for both men and women*: clearly there was no general return to the old puritan code. Yet there was a strong disposition to protect going marriages.

In short, although there was consider-

able public acceptance of pre-marital sex relations as inevitable and not sinful, and a tendency to approve of what one observer had called "a single standard, and that a low one," nevertheless marriage seemed to have become more highly prized as an institution than in the nineteen-twenties. The family seemed to have become more highly prized as an institution. "Sixty per cent of the college girls and fifty per cent of the men would like to get married within a year or two of graduation, and fifty per cent of each sex would like to have children soon after marriage," reported the editors of *Fortune* in their 1936 survey. The fact that the college girls of the nineteen-thirties were more eager for early marriage than those of the nineteen-twenties was noted by many college administrators. These same undergraduates and their contemporaries were on the whole less scornful of their parents and of parental ideas, less likely to feel that family life was a mockery, than the young people of ten years before.

Not only had the Depression made them more respectful of a meal ticket and of security; they had become preoccupied with other things besides intimate personal relationships. The outside world offered so much excitement, so many problems, so many invitations to enthusiasm, so many disturbing uncertainties that the status of the family no longer seemed a matter of burning importance.

II

The vagaries of fashion are so haphazard and are influenced by so many business expediencies that one cannot ascribe them wholly to changes in the social climate. Yet in their main outlines they at least provide suggestions worth correlating with other evidences of the social trend.

If, for example, the women's fashions of the nineteen-twenties called for short skirts, a great reduction in the weight and cumbersomeness of clothes, a long-waisted, flat-fronted figure, and short

hair cut in a Dutch bob or shingled almost like a boy's, surely here was a hint that women had become tired of the restrictions and responsibilities of conventional maturity and wanted a freedom and gaiety that they associated with immaturity: not the freedom of an old-fashioned little girl, sheltered and innocently pretty, but of an aggressively "modern" one—hard-boiled, "sophisticated" (to use a favorite complimentary term of that day), and ready to carry on with the boys. If the mannikins in the shop-windows and the sketches in the department-store advertisements gave the well-dressed woman a hard, blank, world-weary expression, here again was a hint as to the feminine ideal of the nineteen-twenties: she was a girl who, even before her figure had ripened, had become old in experience, had passed beyond the possibility of shock or enduring enthusiasm. And if, during the early years of that decade, the tail-coat was a rarity among men and the dinner-jacket was the standard wear even for the most formal occasions, here was a hint that the men, as well as the women, were in revolt against dignity and formality. In the nineteen-twenties, Americans wanted to be boys and girls together, equipped for a wild party but refusing to let it be thought that even the wildest party would arouse in them more than a fleeting excitement.

Now notice what happened later. Already before the end of the nineteen-twenties the tail-coat was coming in again, with all the dignity that it conveyed. By 1929 the women's evening dresses were tentatively reaching for the floor—and for an effect of graciousness impossible to achieve with a knee-length gown. By 1930 they definitely were long—to remain thus, actually or virtually sweeping the floor, for the rest of the decade. And the women's daytime dresses gradually lengthened too until by 1933 they reached to within a foot or even nine inches of the ground. The severe helmet-hat of 1929, pulled down on the back of the head, gave way to a variety of styles all of which sought at

prettiness, pertness, a gentler or more whimsical effect than had been aimed at in the 'twenties. Women's hair too became less severe, was curled at the back of the head more gaily. Ruffles came in, bows, furbelows, with nostalgic hints of the prettiments of long-dead days. Gone was the little-girl long-waisted effect; the waist returned where it belonged.

As for the flat figure, that was abandoned too. Said *Vogue* in April, 1932, "Spring styles say 'Curves!'" By 1933, when the amply contoured Mae West was packing the motion-picture theaters in "She Done Him Wrong," Lily of France was advertising "the new boneless Duo-Sette," saying, "It beautifully emphasizes the uplift bust," and Formfit, illustrating a new creation with pictures of young women whose breasts were separately and sharply conspicuous, was calling attention to "the youthful, pointed, uplifted lines it will give you." The flat-breasted little girl of the nineteen-twenties had attained maturity and was proud of it; indeed, so striking was the change between the ideal figure of 1929 and that of 1933 that one might almost have thought a new anatomical species had come into being.

There was a subtle change too in the approved type of femininity as represented in the department-store advertisements and the shop-window mannikins. The new type of the early nineteen-thirties was alert-looking rather than bored-looking. She had a pert, uptilted nose and an agreeably intelligent expression; she appeared alive to what was going on about her, ready to make an effort to give the company a good time. She conveyed a sense of competence. This was the sort of girl who might be able to go out and get a job, help shoulder the family responsibilities when her father's or husband's income stopped; who would remind them, in her hours of ease, of the good old days before there were all-determining booms and depressions, the sentimental old days which Repeal itself reminded them of; and who would look, not hard, demanding, difficult to move

deeply, but piquantly pretty, gentle, amenable, thus restoring their shaken masculine pride.

Nothing stands still, and as the years went on new changes took place. So many more women of the upper and middle classes were working now than had worked in the pre-Depression years that in their daytime costumes simplicity and practicality were in demand. The prevailing style of hairdress for younger women (a shoulder-length or almost shoulder-length page-boy or curled bob) was likewise simple—and incidentally very lovely: in years to come it may be that one of the most charming recollections of the nineteen-thirties will be of hatless girls striding along like young blond goddesses, their hair tossing behind them. (One recalls the complaint of a young man that almost every girl appeared good-looking from behind: it was only when he overtook her that disillusionment came.) When in the fall of 1938 an attempt was made to get women to put their short hair up, it only half-succeeded: it was too hard to manage.

Yet the impulse toward old-fashioned decoration, frivolity, and impractical eccentricity was all the time at work. There were attempts to re-introduce, in evening dresses, such ancient encumbrances as the bustle and the hoop-skirt. Ruffled and pleated shirtwaists—with jabots—reappeared. The sandal idea, winning a rational approval for evening wear, was carried over irrationally into daytime wear, so that during the latter years of the decade half the younger women in the country were equipped with shoes with a small hole in front, which presented a stockinged toe to the eye and offered easy entrance to dust, gravel, and snow. As for the hats of those same latter years, here the modern principle of standardized functional utility surrendered utterly to the modern principle of surrealist oddity. There were huge hats, tiny hats, hats with vast brims and microscopic crowns, hats which were not hats at all but wreaths about the hair; high fezzes perched atop

the head; flat hats, dinner-plate size, which apparently had been thrown at the wearer from somewhere out in front and had been lashed where they landed with a sort of halter about the back of the head; straw birds' nests full of spring flowers, hats with a single long feather pointing anywhere—but why continue the interminable catalogue of variations? It was characteristic of the times that a woman lunching at a New York tearoom in 1938 took the bread-basket off the table, inverted it on her head, and attracted no attention whatever.

Maturity too began to pall. Gradually the skirts became shorter and shorter (except in the evening); by 1939 they had retreated almost to the knees. "Little-girl" costumes, "girlish gingham," "swing" outfits "adapted from skating skirts" were bidding for attention, and the massive president of the woman's club was wondering whether she should try to insert herself into a bolero suit and put one of those bows in her hair. Apparently the old-fashioned little girl was becoming the standard type of the new day—unless the fashion-makers should succeed in their attempt, late in 1939, to make her a grown-up old-fashioned woman (at least after night-fall), with a bustle, a wasp waist, and a boned corset startlingly like that in which her grandmother had suffered. Whether the new fashion would last or not, and just what it signified, it was still too early to predict.

III

At thirty-two and a half minutes past three (Mountain Time) in the afternoon of the 5th of December, 1933, the roll call in the ratification convention in Utah was completed, and Utah became the 36th State to ratify the Twenty-first Amendment to the Constitution, repealing the Prohibition Amendment. A telegram went off to Washington, and presently the Acting Secretary of State and the President declared that prohibition was at an end, after a reign of nearly fourteen years.

Crowds of men and women thronged the hotels and restaurants waiting for the word to come through that the lid was off, and when at last it did, drank happily to the new era of legal liquor. They thronged too to those urban speakeasies which had succeeded in getting licenses, and joyfully remarked how readily the front door swung open wide at the touch of the door-bell. But the celebration of the coming of repeal was no riot, if only because in most places the supply of liquor was speedily exhausted: it took time for the processes of distribution to get into motion. And as for the processes of legal manufacture—which for distilled liquors are supposed to include a long period of aging—these were so unready that an anomalous situation developed. The available liquor was mostly in the hands of bootleggers; even the legal liquor was mostly immature. Among the people who, during the first days and months of repeal, rejoiced in at last being able to take a respectable drink of “good liquor” instead of depending upon “this bootleg stuff,” thousands were consuming whisky which consisted simply of alcohol acceptably tinted and flavored. To a public whose taste had been conditioned for years by bootleg liquor, good bush needed no wine.

Drinking, to be sure, did not become legal everywhere. Eight States remained dry—all of them Southern except North Dakota, Kansas, and Oklahoma. (These States received—at least in the years immediately following repeal—precious little assistance from the Federal government in protecting their aridity.) Fifteen States made the selling of liquor a State monopoly—though seven of these permitted private sale under varying regulations, most of which, in a determined effort to prevent “the return of the saloon,” forbade perpendicular drinking and insisted—at least for a time—that drinkers be seated at restaurant tables.

Despite these qualifications, the change in the American *mores* which began in 1933 was tremendous.

Hotels and restaurants blossomed with cocktail lounges and tap-rooms and bars, replete with chromium fittings, mirrors, bright-colored modern furniture, Venetian blinds, bartenders taken over from the speakeasies, and bartenders who for years had been serving at the oyster bar or waiting on table, and now, restored to their youthful occupation, persuaded the management to put on the wine-list such half-forgotten triumphs of their ancient skill as Bronx and Jack Rose cocktails. So little building had been going on during the Depression that the architects and decorators had had almost no chance for years to try out the new principles of functional design and bright color and simplified furniture; now at last they had it, in the designing of cocktail lounges—with the odd result that throughout the nineteen-thirties most Americans instinctively associated modern decoration with eating and drinking.

Hotels in cities which in days gone by would have frowned upon the very notion of a night club now somewhat hesitantly opened night clubs with floor shows—and found they were a howling success. Neat new liquor stores opened—in some States operated by government authority, in others under private ownership; it took some time for customers to realize that it was no longer necessary for a man carrying home a package of rum to act the part of a man carrying home a shoe-box. Restaurants which in pre-prohibition days would never have dreamed of selling liquor installed bars and made prodigious sales; the tea-room proprietor wrestled with her conscience and applied for a license, and even the Childs' restaurants, unmindful of their traditional consecration to dairy products, pancakes, and calories, opened up slick circular bars and sold Manhattans and old-fashioned. And if most of the metropolitan speak-easies withered and died, if the speakeasy cards grew dog-eared in the pocket-book of the man-about-town and at last were thrown away, if the hip-flask became a rarity, if the making of bathtub

gin became a lost art in metropolitan apartment houses, and the business executive no longer sallied forth to the trade convention with two bottles of Scotch in his golf-bag, so many bright new bars appeared along the city streets that drinking seemed to have become not only respectable but ubiquitous.

For a time there was a wishful thought among those of gentle tastes that when good wines became more accessible a good many Americans would acquire fastidious palates. G. Selmer Fougner, Julian Street, Frank Schoonmaker, and other experts in the detection and savoring of rare vintages preached their gospel of deference to the right wine of the right year, and for a time ladies and gentlemen felt themselves to be nothing better than boors if they did not warm inwardly to the story of how somebody found a little French inn where the Armagnac de Nogaro was incomparable. But the crass American nature triumphed; pretty soon it was clear that even in the politest circles whisky was going to be the drink in greatest demand.

Whether there was more drinking after repeal than before cannot be determined statistically, owing to the obvious fact that the illicit sale of liquor was not measured. The consensus of opinion would seem to be that drinking pretty surely increased during the first year or two, and perhaps increased in quantity thereafter, but that on the whole it decreased in stridency.

"Less flamboyant drinking is the present-day rule," said the *Fortune* survey of youth in college in 1936; "there is no prohibition law to defy, hence one can drink in peace." There were signs here and there of a reaction against drinking among the boys and girls of college age; observers reported some of them, at least, to be less interested in alcohol than their elders, and were amazed at the volume of their consumption of Coca Cola and milk (Coca Cola, long the standard soft drink of the South, had followed its invasion of the campuses of the Middle West by extending its popularity

among the young people in the Northeast as well). The American Institute of Public Opinion, taking a poll in 1936 as to whether conditions were "better" or "worse" since repeal, or showed no significant change, arrived at a singularly inconclusive result: 36 per cent of the voters thought things were better, 33 per cent thought they were worse, 31 per cent saw no significant change: not only was the division almost even, but there was no way of knowing what each voter may have meant in his heart by "conditions" being "better."

One change was manifest: there was now more mixed drinking than ever. In fact, a phenomenon which had been conspicuous during the nineteen-twenties, when women smokers invaded the club cars of trains and women drinkers invaded the speakeasies, appeared to be continuing: there were fewer and fewer bars, restaurants, smoking cars, and other haunts set apart for men only; on the whole men and women were spending more of their time in one another's company and less of their time segregated from one another. Perhaps it was not an altogether unrelated fact that most men's clubs were still somewhat anxiously seeking members throughout the nineteen-thirties (a survey of seventy-five prominent clubs throughout the country showed their memberships in 1936 to be even smaller than in 1932, and much smaller than in 1929), and that many of the lodges were in dire straits. Was it not possible to infer that the male sex was enjoying mixed company too well to want very urgently to get away from it? Perhaps the cause of feminism was triumphing in a way which the earnest suffragists of a generation before would never have expected—and at which they might have been dismayed.

And what became of the bootleggers? Some of them went into the legitimate liquor business or other legitimate occupations, some of them went into business rackets and gambling rackets, some joined the ranks of the unemployed—and a large number of them went right on

bootlegging. For one of the most curious facts about the post-repeal situation was that the manufacture and smuggling and wholesaling of illicit liquor continued in great volume. The Federal government and the States, in their zeal to acquire revenue from the sale of liquor, had clapped upon it such high taxes that the inducement to dodge them was great. Year after year the Internal Revenue agents continued to seize and destroy stills at the rate of something like 15,000 a year, and straightway new ones sprang up. In his report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, reporting that only 11,407 stills had been seized, noted, "This is the first year since the enactment of the Twenty-first Amendment that there has been a decline in illicit distillery seizures." Likewise rum-running—or, to be more accurate, the smuggling of alcohol—continued to provide a headache for the customs officers and the Coast Guard; in February, 1935, more than a year after repeal, the Coast Guard found twenty-two foreign vessels lying at sea *at one time* beyond our customs waters, waiting for a chance to sneak in.

So easy was it to operate illicit stills, to store bottles and counterfeit labels and counterfeit revenue stamps and alcohol cans in separate places, bottle the illicit liquor, transport it in trucks or automobiles equipped with traps, and offer a liquor-store or saloon-keeper a consign-

ment of spurious liquor at a bargain, that a year or two after repeal the best expert opinion was that anywhere from fifteen to sixty per cent of the liquor consumed in the United States was bootleg.

Were the American people glad that they had ended prohibition? Apparently they were. A *Fortune* Quarterly Survey made late in 1937 showed that only 15.1 per cent of the men of the country and 29.7 per cent of the women wanted complete prohibition back again. Even combining with this dry group those who were in favor of prohibition of hard liquors but would permit the sale of wine and beer, there was still approximately a two-thirds majority in favor of a wet regime. Americans might or might not think "conditions" were "better," but they did not—most of them—want to re-open the question. What had been a burning issue till 1933 had dropped almost completely out of the focus of general public attention, as if settled once and for all.

Could it really have been true, the men and women of 1939 asked themselves, that in 1929 prohibition had been the topic of hottest and angriest debate in American public life?

[*The second installment of "Since Yesterday" will deal with leisure, sports, gambling, the churches, and "secular religion" in the nineteen-thirties.*]



AMERICAN MILITARY AND FOREIGN POLICIES

THEIR INTERDEPENDENCE AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

BY GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

IT is not always recognized, either by our statesmen or students of our foreign policy, that foreign policy is not a thing in itself, which can be considered apart from other departments of policy. To show its relationship with military policy—its dependence on the element of force—is the subject of this paper; but it may be well to remark in advance that foreign policy and military policy are only parts of the whole policy of the state, affecting not only each other, but every part of the greater policy, directed by the same Government in the service of the same people toward the achievement of the same national ends.

The American people wish those in control of their foreign policy to keep the nation at peace. Why? On the negative side, aside from the costs of war, because we covet the territorial or economic possessions of no other country. It was not always so, but it is so to-day. On the positive side, we wish for peace because we have very definite and very pressing social and economic problems to be solved, problems whose solution requires our undisturbed attention for many years to come. This wish, of course, is subject to the storms of popular emotion, the doldrums of popular apathy and indifference, the pressure of vested interests, the incidence of personalities of varying degrees of honesty, ability, and appeal. Yet certainly popular opinion is decidedly against the participa-

tion by this country in any European or Asiatic war and also is determined to exclude the Western Hemisphere from the field of operations of European or Asiatic power politics.

If we are to avoid war while resolving our domestic problems we must not only have a foreign policy directed to that end, but a military policy which can make us secure against aggression and give weight to our voice in international affairs. The defense of our possessions, and of those of our neighbors who cannot protect themselves, is our responsibility and it is a responsibility which must be discharged. In our own interest, we cannot permit the establishment in this hemisphere of naval or air bases by any expansionist power; the greater the range and striking-power of modern weapons the wider becomes the sphere of our military interest. Yesterday we scarcely looked beyond the Caribbean and Hawaii; to-day Iceland, Greenland, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the Azores, the Cape Verdes, and various islands of the Pacific are all positions which we must regard with attention, and where we must view with anxiety any change in present friendly tenure.

Security is of course relative. Strictly speaking, no state is secure from attack, either upon its home territory, its outlying possessions (if any), or its vital interests by land or sea. But attack upon any of these, where it is a great power, is

always attended with a certain degree of risk; a degree greater or less, in proportion to the military strength of the state to be attacked (using the word "military" in its broadest sense), its geographical position, the character of its people and government, and the ability it may possess to threaten in turn the vital interests of the assailant. The military policy of an America which desires to remain at peace, which harbors no aggressive designs against its neighbors, is chiefly concerned with making the risk of attacking it too great for reasonable consideration by any possible enemy.

The assurance of relative security is a necessity if foreign policy is to have any hope of success against external opposition. For many years we possessed such security merely by reason of geographical remoteness from the centers of power of other great nations. In the early years of the Republic our land frontiers bordered possessions of Great Britain, France, and Spain. Having won our independence from the former with the aid of the two latter (especially France), we eliminated the French frontier by diplomacy, fought a second war with Great Britain which fairly well settled the status of the British frontier, and disposed of the remaining Spanish frontier by the purchase of Florida, not unaccompanied by hostilities. The acquisition of Louisiana had given us a second Spanish frontier, which presently transformed itself into a Mexican frontier, and we made it a cardinal tenet of our national policy that the Spanish frontier should not return. Later we pushed back the Mexican frontier to the more or less natural boundary of the Rio Grande, and advanced over former Mexican territory to the Pacific. In Maine and Oregon we clashed with Great Britain to the northward, might have clashed again save that the growing tendency toward Canadian independence, coupled with the improvement in British-American relations, relieved us of any anxiety in that direction. The most serious challenge to our American exclusion policy (the Monroe Doctrine)

came with the French incursion into Mexico during the Civil War; that conflict ended, we were prepared to meet this challenge with force, and our threat caused its collapse. Russian encroachment on American soil was disposed of by the purchase of Alaska, and the most important, as they were the closest to us, of the European possessions in the West Indies passed under our control as a result of the Spanish-American war.

These historical facts are thus briefly recapitulated to show how we, like every other great people, have ever sought a *secure frontier*, within which we could live and carry on our various affairs in peace. While this process was going on we were more or less safe from overseas attack because no European power could afford to detach and send across the oceans a force of the size necessary to give such an enterprise hope of success. This was due to the balance of power in Europe, which was the controlling factor in European politics from the close of the Napoleonic Wars to the outbreak of the World War; it was further due to our growing rapprochement with Great Britain, the chief naval power of the world and the mistress of the Atlantic sea lanes.

Having reached the natural limits of continental expansion, standing on two great sea frontiers, looking outward across them toward the continents of the Old World, we began to realize that the security of these new frontiers was a matter of sea-power, of the control of the maritime communications of those oceans, at least to a degree which should make it too risky to venture across them to attack us. The possessions acquired from Spain—and notably the Philippines, clear across the Pacific and adjacent to the growing empire of newly awakened Japan—gave us new responsibilities and new anxieties. We began to build a navy.

To-day's Americans, accustomed to our present naval rank, scarcely realize what a revolutionary change this was in our policy. We had never before had a navy which could challenge in line-of-

battle even the least of the great naval powers of Europe save for a fleeting period at the time of the Civil War. Yet in the decade after the Spanish-American war we climbed rapidly up the scale of comparative sea-power until we stood second only to Great Britain, the traditional mistress of the seas. Presently, as rivalry with Britain spurred Germany to mighty efforts, we fell to third place; but the World War temporarily wrecked German naval aspirations, and at its close an exhausted Britain acknowledged our right to stand on a level with herself. A mere quarter of a century had seen us climb from comparative insignificance to the first rank of the world's sea-powers.

We did not do this consciously and of set purpose, save as the purpose of such individuals as Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge may be said to have contributed to the result. We did it under the pressure of events, against the opposition of many leaders in our public life, and without much realization on the part of the country at large of the real nature of the new dispensation.

Yet it was all—with the notable exception of the acquirement of the Philippines—a part of a natural course of human events, the inevitable search for security, for a safe frontier. Just as a continental power, having a frontier whose topography makes it insecure, seeks to strengthen it by armies and fortifications, so we, a military island, having only sea frontiers as against the other great powers, must seek to secure those frontiers by the presence of a sea-power sufficient to command the routes of maritime communications between our island and the seats of power of potential enemies.

The possession of such a sea-power has come to be the key to our security, and the foundation alike of our foreign and military policy, not because we wish to boast of being "the mistress of the seas," but because we are compelled to become so if we are to survive, if we are to possess that security from foreign disturbance which is indispensable to domestic tranquillity. Mahan foresaw this need, and

curiously enough, has been called an "incendiary" and a war-monger because he correctly prophesied the course of history and the future necessities of his country.

II

The possession and exercise of sea-power as the chief instrument of the national security involve a number of interlocking factors which are comparatively new to American thought, though well recognized in Britain. It is of course an axiom that military policy must be adequate to the demands which foreign policy may make upon it, lest the latter be enfeebled. As between continental powers this may not demand more than the keeping up of as large an army as the resources of the country will provide, a fortified frontier, and, latterly, a strong air force.

The adequacy of a maritime policy of defense rests on somewhat more complicated considerations. First of all, its chief instruments—fighting ships—are difficult and costly to construct. They cannot be improvised, as armies sometimes can by making up in numbers of raw levies what is lacked in quality. They take—as to major units—from two to four years to build; their numbers cannot be hastily increased by an industrial speed-up, as with airplanes. In general, a maritime power must stand or fall on the basis of the fleet it has when war breaks out. Hence there is grave need for foresight in the construction of ships which may take as long as three or four years to complete; and there is likewise need for careful attention to comparative standards of fleet strength—standards such as were represented by Britain's old "Two-Power Standard" and the famous "5-5-3 ratio" of the Washington Naval Treaty.

Geography here enters into the matter, for the operating radius of action of a fleet is only 2,000 to 2,500 nautical miles. Its bases must therefore be sufficiently numerous, and suitably located, to enable it to operate in any theater where

the national interests may require its presence.

These bases must be defended—not by the fleet, whose freedom of action must not be impaired by anxiety as to the safety of its base, but by the army. The scale and character of the attack to be anticipated determine the size and characteristics of the garrison. Thus Hawaii, 2,000 miles out in the Pacific, must have a garrison adequate to resist a full-scale attack for a period long enough to permit the fleet to round the Horn (from a possible Atlantic location at the time war breaks out, with possible injury to the Panama Canal as the first hostile act) to come to its relief. Panama, remote from likely hostile bases but vital to the interoceanic transit of the fleet, must be defended above all things against surprise, requiring almost as great a garrison as Hawaii, but one different in composition, with far more emphasis on anti-aircraft, air defense, and sea-coast defense against raiding warships. Puerto Rico, now to become our chief Caribbean base, is so much closer to our mainland than Hawaii that it does not need so powerful a garrison. The home bases need anti-aircraft and harbor defenses to protect them from raids; their defense against full-scale attack is a part of the whole scheme for the defense of the country, in which they bear a part both because they afford points of support for the fleet and deny to an enemy the use of harbors for landing operations.

Besides the defense of naval and air bases, as such, the army of a maritime power such as the United States must take upon itself two other responsibilities: the providing of units suitably organized and trained for small expeditionary forces, to occupy advanced bases for the fleet in areas where such bases are not maintained in time of peace, and the providing of forces for the defense of the home territory, either temporarily, in the absence of the fleet on a distant mission, or locally against "tip-and-run" raids. Thus our army must possess as high a degree of immediate readiness

for action as the fleet itself; on the other hand, it need not be a large army, since its missions are limited in nature and duration. It should make up in quality (of training, equipment, and organization) what it lacks in quantity.

Of course there should always be some provision for the raising of a large citizen army for the defense of the homeland in case of the final defeat of the fleet and the loss of command of the sea. This, however, need not have the quality of immediate readiness. Time will be available for the training and formation of such a force if it is needed. A reserve of arms and equipment in certain categories is, however, essential.

III

Applying these general principles to the situation of the United States, we find ourselves moving along lines which indicate a growing appreciation of our military needs. We have provided—in the Naval Expansion Bill of 1938—for a fleet which will possess marked superiority either to that of Japan in the Pacific, or a combination of Germany and Italy in the Atlantic, and equality (save in cruisers) with that of Great Britain. We are extending our system of bases and providing a new Atlantic bastion (a fortified naval and air base commanding the eastern Caribbean) at Puerto Rico. We are increasing our Army in certain categories (notably the air force) and we are gradually getting away from the old conception of a great force of millions of men to the idea of the Initial Protective Force (Regular Army and National Guard). This latter plan has not yet fully crystallized; there is still apparent some confusion of thought as to the respective functions of the Regular Army (which should provide the immediately ready striking force, plus outlying garrisons) and the National Guard, which should provide certain harbor defense, anti-aircraft, and special type units plus the framework for the citizen forces to be raised if emergency demands.

The foreign policy which this military policy is intended to support has, as observed, for its premier object the assurance of peace in order to afford opportunity for the solution of our social and economic problems. How does our military policy seek to accomplish this object? First, by discouraging attack upon us or our vital interests in this hemisphere, by making such an attack too risky to attempt. Second, by discouraging attack upon American interests outside of this hemisphere (for example, in the Far East, where we still have a hostage to fortune in the Philippines) by providing forces capable of striking at the maritime communications of Japan in the Pacific, or any European power or coalition in the Atlantic—again, a matter of making the game not worth the candle. The point here to be considered is not whether, intrinsically, the Philippines or our Far Eastern trade is or is not worth fighting for; one can go far afield in speculation as to the result of our complete withdrawal from the Far East, and as to whether such a withdrawal might not eventually result in a worse and more dangerous state of affairs than now exists. Our immediate concern, not being gifted with the power of second sight, is for immediate conditions; and unless one is prepared to assert that the American people would not react violently to a Japanese occupation of the Philippines by force, or to an assault upon the International Settlement at Shanghai, the best assurance of peace is to maintain conditions which make such Japanese action unlikely because of the risk involved.

In a third way, also, our military policy is shaping itself toward increasing our security: by its very nature, it is adapted to operate at sea and in limited areas of this hemisphere; as it fulfils this conception, less and less is it adapted to continental intervention in European or Asiatic theaters.

Here again we may read an historical precept—that no nation can hope to be supreme on the sea and the land at the

same time. The historical basis for this assertion rests largely on the military principle of the objective: the resources of no state have, within modern history, been adequate to the pursuit of a sea-power policy and a land-power policy coincidentally, and when it has been attempted the attempt has failed. Philip II reduced Spain to a second-rate power by trying to be master of Europe and of the Spanish Indies at the same time; Louis XIV saw his major schemes fall between the two stools of overseas empire and European dominance; Wilhelm II drained German resources into a useless battle fleet in pursuit of the same illusion. The great maritime empires of Holland and Portugal collapsed because of exposed continental frontiers which the fleet could not defend. Not only do resources lack, in general, for the pursuit of such conflicting policies, but the division of counsel and the incidence of conflicting points of view upon the policies of the state inevitably produce weakness and vacillation at critical moments. There is something more than mere political distrust at the root of the Anglo-Saxon aversion to standing armies; for in Britain's singlehearted devotion to a maritime policy of security lies the root of all her greatness, while from the fruits of that policy she drew the increased strength to grow greater.

IV

Modern conditions only serve to emphasize the force of this historical principle.

Generally speaking, military effort is non-productive. No more men, material, industrial effort, and revenues should be given to it than is absolutely necessary for safety. In these modern times, when science has contributed so enormously to the means of waging war and when, in consequence, the industrial demands of the armed forces are so variant and exigent, it is incumbent upon every government to exercise the greatest prudence to reconcile the need

for external security against foreign foes with the need for internal security against too heavy a military drain upon the economic resources of the nation. This is one of the urges behind disarmament conferences.

The cost of modern armament, both in budgetary expenditure and in the withdrawal of man-power from productive employment, is not the least of the cares which beset the state. It may be said to-day that no nation can afford to defend a continental frontier against a foe of comparable strength, likewise defend its interior positions against air attack, and still maintain a great sea-power. Japan, in the eternal search for a secure frontier, must within the near future thrust back the Russians and reduce her military commitments on the Asian continent or suffer serious consequences. Russia, already strained by the defense of two frontiers, cannot hope also for a great naval armament, and in all her history has never been able successfully to create one despite her vast resources. If the leaders of the Third Reich dream of a preponderant sea-power in Von Tirpitz terms they will fall as the Hohenzollerns fell. The thing simply cannot be done. The burden has ever been too great, and it is growing proportionately greater. This is not of course to say that such a thing will never again be attempted, or that considerable damage may not be done to others by powers fired by such ambitions, before the inexorable laws of nature catch up with them; provision must be made against such attempts, but it is largely in reflecting upon the difficulties which they involve that we may consider ourselves secure in the possession of a fleet capable of dealing either with the Japanese or, say, a German-Italian combination, and not demanding for our security a so-called "two-ocean" navy, capable of dealing with both at once. The advantages of our central position and of our possession of the only short line of communications between our two oceans, give us great strategical advantages which, in the nature of things, are

unlikely to be offset by a sudden and co-ordinated attack.

A third consideration in this respect is that the possession of sea-power gains time—time for reflection, for consultation with friends, for the setting on foot of considered lines of conduct. It makes unnecessary those hastily concerted acts which so frequently entail a whole chain of evil consequences. But just as freedom of action is conferred by sea-power, so it is necessary to sea-power's efficient employment, which requires liberation from the exigencies of local defense, precisely on the principle which requires a defended base for a fleet in order that the commander of the fleet may be able to pursue his proper missions free from anxiety as to the safety of the base upon which his operations depend.

In these considerations there are two significances which bear directly upon American problems of to-day.

First, the necessities of the defense of the British Isles now lay upon the people of Great Britain twin burdens: the need for a great air force and air-defense organization to protect the British Isles from air attack, and the need likewise for an army to set upon the Continent alongside their French allies, lest the latter be overwhelmed. Inevitably this marks the decline of British sea-power, quite aside from the threat of air attack to the dockyards and outlying bases, and the restrictions on British freedom of action imposed by the fear of air attack. The recent state of British prestige in the Far East, the bombing of British merchant ships in Spanish waters during the Spanish civil war, the Ethiopian fiasco were all signposts pointing in the same direction. Freedom of action, the great boon which maritime power confers upon a nation and the essential condition for its efficient exercise, was lost to Britain when the airplane was invented. This, to America, means the end of the pleasant situation in which we tacitly depended on the British fleet for the support of the Monroe Doctrine, and latterly left the Atlantic to the British while we kept watch in the Pa-

cific. We are on our own, though the additional degree of naval readiness thus imposed upon us is fortunately qualified by the factors of time and distance, and the difficulties above referred to which will, in the future, as in the past, beset either a European or an Asiatic power which seeks to expand too far.

Second, since we are compelled by geography and by British decline to adopt a naval policy to ensure our "secure frontier," we are also warned by the experience of others that we cannot be a great land power as well. We must rule the sea, or at any rate our seas—the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. So be it, since in this lies our safety in a troubled world. But all history raises its voice to warn us that we must be content therewith; we must not also seek to impose our will on Europe or Asia by the dispatch of great armies to those continents. We must not, as Britain did in her folly six hundred years ago, as Japan in her folly is doing to-day, overpass the seas which are our ramparts and take upon ourselves the burdens and the dangers of new continental frontiers, whether these frontiers be ours or those of others. We cannot stand guard on the oceans, and at the same time on the Alps and the Rhine.

Fortunately, the guarding of a sea-frontier is not so onerous a task as the guarding of a land plus an air frontier. Naval power is expensive, and must be constantly renewed; but it does not drain the land of its young men, nor does it require the enormous reserves of munitions, the dictatorial control of industry and supply, the centralization of all power which continental frontiers demand for their security in peace and even more in war. Naval warfare has ever a limited objective—the control of sea communications. It cannot become totalitarian warfare unless fought at close ranges; and we do not need to fight at close ranges, nor should we ever dream of doing so.

Sea-power is thus appropriate to the defense of a free people, and a potent

weapon in their hands; the more potent, because the totalitarian methods of warfare forced upon other and less fortunate peoples make them ever more dependent upon the use of the sea for the supply of the increasingly variant categories of raw materials demanded for their munitionment.

The principal objective of the foreign policy of the United States being to keep this country at peace, while solutions for our domestic problems are sought undisturbed by foreign aggression, we have at hand the means, appropriate to our geographical position, of doing so. But the nature of these means must be understood, and the method of their employment both as a support to our diplomacy and as weapons of war must likewise be understood, not only by soldiers, sailors, and statesmen, but by the average citizen, if they are to serve us to the full extent of their power. Our fleets and armies keep us at peace, not by standing as sentinels against the approach of foemen, but by the risk to the vital interests of *possible* aggressors which they constitute. It is lack of appreciation of this factor which leads good and wise men to class the battleship as an inherently "aggressive" weapon and to insist that this country can be adequately defended by such limited weapons as the airplane and the submarine.

It has been urged that the possession of such long-range power carries with it its own peculiar dangers: that men who possess such weapons will seek to use them, that sea-power leads to expansion and expansion to imperial adventure. To this contention, one may only say that there is certainly a greater danger in being weak, in fact, that there is danger in any policy we may adopt—even one of doing nothing and sitting still with folded hands. There is danger in being born. There is danger in living. Unless one is to contend that it is better not to be born at all, or to live at all, there is no validity in a line of argument which tells us that we must not prepare to defend ourselves because the preparation

might lead us to become aggressors in our turn. We must be strong or we shall go under, as others have done. We should not complain at this. We should rather thank God that we are so placed, and so provided, as to be able to make ourselves secure with less proportionate effort than that demanded of others, able to devote a greater part of our substance and the labors of our hands and minds to the works of peace upon which the hopes of the future must depend.

Certainly the first requisite for a strong and wise policy, and one which shall at any given moment be able to choose its course with a single eye to the best interests of the American people, is freedom of action—and it is precisely the boon of freedom of action, of time to think things through, which sea-power confers upon its happy possessor. Time, which General Rowan-Robinson has justly called “the fourth dimension of strategy,” cannot be bought by an unready nation with any amount of money, and hardly with any amount of blood, when the day of its trial arrives. Time is no longer at the service of a people who must defend a continental frontier. Time is the servant of the aggressor—who may choose his own—save only against a sea-power which he cannot reach directly. Sea-power places time at the command of those whom it protects.

V

But sea-power makes exigent demands on forethought—more, as we have already suggested, than most other military means. Sea-power demands thoughtful planning. It is so closely interlinked with diplomatic and domestic and commercial and industrial power, and is itself composed of such diverse elements (fleets, armies, air forces, bases, merchant marine, industrial sources, raw materials, man-power) that it can neither be improvised in an emergency nor built up quickly as an emergency approaches. Moreover, to us it is a new thing, its nature as yet unrealized by most of our

people. We have not had a long period of growth and apprenticeship, as did Britain from the days of the Elizabethan sea-rovers until the genius of Marlborough began to apply sea-power to imperial ends in real earnest. The tempo of modern times is tremendously faster than that of the years of Britain's maritime growth. We have noted how a mere quarter of a century saw us leap from the bottom to the top of the world's naval rankings. To-day we stand alone on our vast military island, with the instruments of our security and the pledges of our future in our hands, a little bewildered by it all, a little uncertain what to do with the awe-inspiring accretion of power that the inexorable march of events has thrust upon us.

Yet we cannot simply stand still for very long. Urgent questions clamor for solution. Our relations with Latin America must be put on a secure and mutually satisfactory basis. Our interest in the islands of the Atlantic, accentuated by the growth of European air power, must be identified with a policy which shall remove them, like Latin America, from the future field of European expansionist adventures. Similar considerations must shape our attitude toward certain Pacific positions. The problem of the future of the Philippines, thorny with difficulties, must be considered and adjusted in a manner at once consonant with our safety and our national honor: how, depends largely on the course of events in the Far East. These and a dozen other problems, partly military, partly belonging to other departments of policy, must receive our early and earnest attention. Nor can we assume that we can find immediate and pragmatic solutions for all our problems. Most of our solutions can be only partial, and attentive upon the courses of action adopted by others, likewise seeking solutions of their own difficulties, as in the case of the Philippines; solution of one problem, when found, is likely to entail the present arising of a fresh problem. The need is not only for wise decisions

now, but for a continuous means for formulating future decisions and ensuring as great a degree of soundness therein as may be possible. And the fact is that we have no satisfactory machinery for this process, taking into account the need for co-ordinating executive and legislative action and for commanding the vitally necessary support of public opinion.

To create the instruments of warfare is not, then, enough. We must create another instrument which shall enable us to rise to our new responsibilities and to co-ordinate the several departments of state policy in the interests of the nation as a whole.

Great Britain, faced with similar difficulties (though not such new ones) found a partial solution in the creation of the Committee of Imperial Defense, which, with the Prime Minister as Chairman, includes other Cabinet Officers (Treasury, War, Admiralty, Air, Home Affairs, India, Colonies, Dominions) and the Chiefs of Staff of the armed services. The Committee was set up not as an executive, but as a consultative and planning body, which could give its considered advice to the Cabinet on all matters relating to the defense of the Empire, inevitably including much that lay outside the strictly military purview.

The need for such a body in the United States to-day is imperative. The President, the Constitutional Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces and the director of our foreign policy, must himself co-ordinate the advice (often conflicting) of many official and unofficial advisers. This burden is an enormous one, and though he can seek aid in bearing it by appointing special commissions to study some particular phase of these problems, such as the Baker Board on air policy, this is a temporary and makeshift device. What is required is continuous study, continuous planning, continuous revision of plans in the light of new events. A Committee of National Defense, with the President as chairman, the Vice-President as vice-chairman, and including the

Secretaries of State, War, Navy, the Treasury and Commerce, the Chief of Staff, the Chief of Naval Operations, and the chairmen and senior minority members of the foreign, military, and naval affairs committees of both Houses of Congress, would constitute a group which could link together the various agencies which are concerned with our foreign and military policies, relate them to one another, eliminate much friction, and provide by long-range planning for the safety of the country.

This is but the framework, the skeleton, which would have to be clothed with the flesh and blood of actuality to give it life. Thus each Cabinet officer concerned should have an assistant devoting his whole time to the work of the Committee, who would normally sit in for his chief at routine meetings; the same for the Chief of Staff and the Chief of Naval Operations. Each Congressional Committee should be provided with a special liaison officer, to keep it in touch with the work of the Committee. There should be, as in Britain, a permanent Secretariat, with a secretary appointed (like the Comptroller-General) for a term of fifteen years, and under-secretaries drawn from the Foreign Service, the Army, and the Navy on four-year details. There should be a National Defense College, with its Director drawn alternately from among the general officers of the Army and the flag officers of the Navy, with a small carefully selected faculty, and a small carefully selected student body from both the armed services and the related civilian services; this College would study particular problems submitted to it by the Committee and make full reports thereon. The functions of the Committee should be (1) to advise, in time of peace, the President in his constitutional capacity as Commander-in-Chief of our armed forces; (2) to advise, when requested, the various committees of the Congress on particular phases of policy; (3) to prepare co-ordinated, continuously revised and improved plans for the security of the country; (4) to act in time

of war as a sort of War Cabinet, assisting the President in the discharge of his functions as Commander-in-Chief; (5) to issue, from time to time (annually perhaps) a report on the state of the National Defense for the information of the people of the country—in so far as such a report could become a public document.

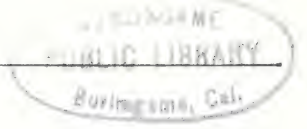
The creation of such a Committee would increase immensely our efficiency as a national unit and contribute markedly to our security in a troubled world. It would do this, not only because of its intrinsic value, as a co-ordinating body, but because it would come to command the public respect and support which is so absolutely necessary to any continuity of policy. The permanent Secretariat would insure that with changing Administrations, the new members would have at their disposal the results of the labors of their predecessors; many of the Congressional and military members, and permanent civil servants assigned as assistants to Cabinet officers, would carry over from Administration to Administration. The presence of the nonpolitical elements and of representatives of the opposition party would tend to lift the discussions above the sphere of partisan politics. It is an instrument for our defense which we need as badly as we need armed forces or capable diplomats, and the need is immediate.

It is all very well to say that we must decide what our policy is to be with regard to this thing or that; we must also create the machinery which will enable us to make wise decisions, to exercise reasonable foresight as to future policy, to co-ordinate toward the achievement of national objectives and national security the best thought which we possess, reinforced by careful planning and study.

We can no longer conduct foreign policy, military policy, and domestic

policy in water-tight compartments. We are to-day the greatest of the Great Powers. We have before us a splendid destiny—and a tremendous responsibility, for upon us devolves the duty of here keeping alight upon this planet the lamp of liberty, the devotion to human rights which elsewhere than on our continent have been ruthlessly trampled under totalitarian feet.

That we shall awake to this destiny, shoulder this responsibility, no one who has studied the American character can doubt. It is not an easy path which lies before us. The problems which we have to solve are not simple ones, nor unattended with dangers. But we have been afforded, in God's mercy, great advantages for our great work. We have a secure frontier. We have enormous economic and industrial resources if we can but find a way to make them truly useful to us. We have a people capable of mighty efforts and of producing leaders equal to any emergency. We have a form of government which permits the rise of the humblest citizen to any height of which his inherent qualities are capable. We have great traditions and great capabilities. We have inventive genius and the industrial and scientific resources to give it scope. Above all, we are a young nation, untrammelled by the dead hand of the past, surcharged with vitality—though we would be the better for a little more experience. But that will come in time. In the meanwhile we need only confidence in our destiny, courage to face squarely the issues, domestic and foreign, which lie before us, and vision to see clearly where our interests lie. These too will come. In that faith Americans may face a troubled future with hopefulness, while not forgetting that its fulfilment will demand the earnest efforts of us all.



LADY IN THE SHOE

ANONYMOUS

ONCE upon a time I had a job. In five years I became the job, and it was I. When you couldn't tell us apart I resigned, and I am still glad that I did.

It was a shock to find, when the day to move out finally came, that a streamlined office is very much like a grandmother's attic. And I felt as reluctant to lay disturbing hands upon the accumulation of possessions as any grandmother. It was six P.M. in the deserted office. Rain blacked the windows for the room's dismantling. The office boy and I worked silently at the sad business. Down came the pictures whose going left clean spots on the wall. We dumped the ash trays, old umbrellas, flower vases, and personal letter files, grimed by years of hurried fingers, into the freight elevator. From there we stuffed them into the back of my car, waiting in the shiny street.

"Well, so long! Thank you for everything—good-by, good luck—and thanks a lot." The boy leaped back into the emptying office building. I pictured him dusting off his hands. The king is dead; long live the king!

A policeman whistled at me for blocking traffic on 42nd Street in rush hour and strode over to the car. He took a look at the rain pouring down the windshield and at the tears streaming down my unexecutive face.

"Well, I guess you'd better get on with it, sister," he said. The purely male terror that erased his scowl made me laugh. I decided myself I had better get on with it.

But it was no use pretending that the simple act of packing up an office turned me into a different sort of person, the kind of person who stays at home. First of all, I had to discover a new reason for being; to try to carve out importance and significance for this new life-without-a-job.

A lot of sympathy is floating about for a woman who "grinds in an office" from nine to five. It's wasted. She has to be effective and keep more than half her wits about her to hold her job. She has to be level-headed and fair-minded for the same reason. If this is not too much of a strain, she has the time of her life—and of other people's too. Why shouldn't she? She is pampered, admired, and protected. Somebody prevents interruptions; somebody remembers, because it has been written down, what she forgets while her mind is on the "important things." Somebody runs out for a soft drink to soothe her on a hot day. The office boy tramps through icy streets to stand in line at the post office with Christmas packages. Nobody expects presents from Poor Dear Nell anyway, because she's "so busy."

Poor dear Nell is quick to catch on. Contentedly filled with a sense of her own importance, she becomes convinced that she is an instrument which the world cannot afford to mishandle. "Too utterly rushed" or "I have a hard day at the office to-morrow" disposes alike of invitations to dinner, all responsibility to one's community, and any amount of

fact-facing. The façade of her job is there and she may be as lazy or as sterile as she likes behind it. On the other hand, she does no end of unnecessary and devitalizing things just because it seems more possible to keep going than to sit down with a book. All of this is the effect of the passport to immunity issued along with the key to the office wash-room. She grants it to herself. As personal relationships or old friendships lapse, owing to carelessness, there are always newer and dizzier people to fill the impatient space.

Men easily single out a professional woman at parties because her attitudes are like their own. All the mechanical circumstances of her life are like a man's. She is not just that unknown quantity, somebody else's wife, but a person who has felt the weight of subway rush hours, has cooled her heels in outer offices, has made mistakes and taken the consequences. She doesn't want to discuss the servant problem and babies; in fact, she usually knows as little about them as her dinner partner does. Moreover, being thoroughly accustomed to association with men, she knows the easy short-cuts to communication. She lunches with other women's husbands almost daily and dines with them occasionally. There is nothing novel or self-seeking about it; it is part of the intangibles of business. If her business has international affiliations as mine did, she welcomes people to town from San Francisco, London, or Prague.

An office is a refuge of impersonality for any woman. Demands made upon her there require an intellectual or human response which bears little relation to the million emotional demands of a home and family. Nobody says "Why" with the steadfast endurance of a four-year-old child. Here is privacy—an escape into the sanctuary of an adult world bare of any hateful incubus of detail.

What woman doesn't like to make money? Let her who doesn't go without the first spring hat. Earning money is

fun. It does all kinds of things to you, quite aside from the careless rapture of spending it. A salary gives you moral support, frees you of the old dependence on husband or friends for reassurance, gives you a measure of achievement.

All this sounds wonderful. But there are catches to it—plenty.

I had a home which I loved and three children under ten. The mechanics of our life were just smooth enough not to intrude on my working hours. I had mastered all the little tricks of doing the job in hand with blinders on for everything else.

My husband and I tried to make a fifty-fifty division of our responsibilities. Since we had moved permanently to the country during my working life, making a train was the biggest item. He likes efficiency; I like to chat with my children in my bath. My passage through the dining room split three minutes between a glass of orange juice and a skeleton of orders to the cook. Only the thought of an incubation period in the bathtub can get me out of bed in the morning. We divided up the bathrooms and left each other's methods alone.

The children confided to my friends that they worried every morning about whether I should "make it" or not. They said, "The terrible thing about our mother is that she won't get up when it's time." I let them absorb all the nerve strain. I didn't worry. I always walked out of the house at the same moment through snowstorms, heat waves, sick babies, or busted pipes. If you are not there somebody will do something about things. In the severest domestic crises I could catch up with my lipstick in the car.

So much for the day. But when I pulled on my hat to go home, the problems and endless studying about children came down round my ears with the hat brim. I remembered that one child had run after my car that morning until she tumbled, because she wanted to be kissed good-by. And we had had no time to stop. I remembered that an-

other daughter was writing notes to the boys in the general tone of Restoration drama. And I pondered on remote control of the young.

It's not all bad, this getting a mother out of the home. Surprising human beings flourish under such a system. Sometimes it makes tough ones. Certainly, it had the effect of making my children self-reliant and responsible. Theirs was no babytalk adulthood. For the baby we had a nurse who was persuaded to make beds, but her talents with the older children did not extend beyond sharing radio programs. They could run an orphan asylum single-handed with their experience in meeting their own and one another's problems.

The trouble was that we weren't having any fun. When we were together I was always a treat to them. This took it out of both of us. They felt no security in the relationship. Either I told them to "run away" or tried to give them a spectacular good time. Once I nearly drowned us all by trying to take them on a picnic where "no one had ever been on a picnic before." And another time I broke an ankle sliding down the roof with them as part of some desperate penance for a long absence.

My seven-year-old daughter told me one day that she was continually afraid in a car.

"But why be afraid of anything?" I said. "Don't you know your father and I are taking care of you?"

"No, I don't," she answered honestly. "You can't take care of us if you're never here. Lots of times I want you but I can't have you."

"I am only an hour away," I protested guiltily. "You can telephone me any time and I shall be with you in an hour."

"By that time I wouldn't want you," she said.

"We wish you would call for us at a party and stand round like other people's mothers just once," they said. Once I did and found the party with its shoes off for one of those reasons best known to

children's parties. My children had no heels whatever in their stockings!

"Are you too tired to tuck us in bed? Just once?" they asked. On those times when I did find energy and time to do it they had crept off into secret selves somewhere, so that it was no satisfaction to any of us.

My two-year-old son knew everyone's name except mine. We were all very polite to one another. They respected moods and fatigue with a restraint beyond their years. We never allowed any whining, but I think a good whine might have been easier for me than the images of their set cheerful faces when I drove off to be gone a week. The voices calling, "Have a nice time!" echoed through my head for seven days.

I never saw their teachers. How much their education needed supplement I never dared to think. It was "the best we could do." Still, education was my favorite subject; I talked about it at the drop of a hat, with high seriousness.

These devils of worry can make a good-sized swarm if they buzz around you long enough. I never allowed them to come into focus, but they were always there for troubled dreams. I lived with the constant sensation that I had forgotten something.

My husband and I have always had a tacit pact that neither work nor children should bulk like Mt. Everest in the path of our life together. In practice the compact amounted to this: when he wanted us to go away for a week-end or wanted me to be on skis or a tennis court at ten o'clock Saturday morning, I got there. At least by half-past ten! But I lost a lot of points in tennis and took too many tailspins on skis by remembering at a wrong minute that Saturday was children's day. I was cheating on the one day they had a right to some sort of comradeship. Too many things prevented us from having a really good time. Too many, too much, too little.

At the battle of the tea table I did some cheating on the other side. I

always pretended not to see that look which comes into a father's eye when he means, "Get those children out of this room—or else!" I let my friends suffer until their faces began to freeze into similar molds. Then I chucked the children out with a side promise that we would do something "when the people were gone."

The fifty-fifty of man and wife must break down. A husband can take over the disagreeable jobs of bills and check-book. He can even interview cooks, scattering them like flies by his whole-truth-and-nothing-but-the-truth presentation of the job. But it can never be assumed that a husband orders one and a half meals a day out of three or vibrates to any maternal compulsions about one and one-half children. A full-time chunk of responsibility is always left for a wife's overtime.

So many pieces of me were chipped off in so many directions that when I took inventory, there wasn't anything left. That was the biggest catch of all. Time never stops. With a single life to live, I decided to live it, not travel through it on a streamlined train.

II

I delivered my husband to the train on the first morning after the good advice of the policeman on 42nd Street. Clutching a newspaper in my hand (an automatic purchase from sterner days), I stood on the platform watching the puff of smoke disappear—glad, but a little afraid.

"I won't have to give up anything because I haven't enough time—ever again," I thought.

I never have known what happened to that newspaper. It wasn't read. Life began, with me stuck in the middle of it.

Slowly I turned to follow the other wives away from the country station, which we left to drowse in the autumn sunshine until our invasion at night. On my way home I bought a package of needles—all sizes, split-eye. I bought

paper clips also, a new roasting pan, and a desk calendar with hours marked on it. Such a wealth of hours! Then my money was gone. I remembered suddenly that Friday would no longer restuff the empty spaces of my purse.

I entered the house with a new air of possession. Innocently and wholeheartedly, I was ready to "get on with it." Walking firmly to my room, I shut the door. Could I ever have been guilty of asking my friends what they *did* all day? I began sorting sheets from the linen drawers. Why I picked that I don't know, unless I wanted to begin at the bottom of this strange new racket and work up. I tore the worst ones into strips to patch the sheets which had a remaining hold on life. I piled the bundle into a work basket which I found. Like the newspaper, I don't remember ever seeing them again.

A timid knock came.

"If I tell you all the things I don't want to do, will you think of something I do want to do?" asked my self-reliant child of seven.

She had hardly beaten a retreat when another knock came. The cook was at the door.

"I came up to ask what we should have for dessert," she explained.

"But you always think of the desserts," I objected.

"Can't think of them any more now. They've gone clean out of my head."

No amount of cajolery could get a desert from her quiescent mind. She faded down the stairs with an order for tapioca pudding which I despise, but it was good for the baby.

The baby. I had forgotten to put him outdoors. He was usually where he was supposed to be without any initiative on my part. But now the nurse was gone. I burst open the door to find him sprinkling the clothes in his bureau drawers with his beloved cod liver oil.

He learned my name with the most surprising rapidity when it looked like his one hope. The first fifteen times he practiced it I rushed to him, torn between

adoration and fear that something was wrong. I finally gave it up in favor of making beds. Housework is a novel and exciting occupation. I have discovered that if you keep on walking everything gets done almost as often as it should.

That night, my husband started away on a business trip.

"Will you come up and see that I get everything in?" he suggested when it was time to pack.

"But I don't know a thing about your packing," I said, settling myself on the bed to watch.

"Oh, that's all right. I'll leave the suits here on the bed that need pressing while I'm away. You had better take the car up for greasing and change of oil to-morrow," he said, folding a pair of pajamas. "And don't forget tires and the battery."

I helped to decide on a green tie for the gray suit.

"When you are passing by the shoe shop to-morrow, you might drop these for new heels." He stood holding a pair of discarded black shoes. "Where shall I put them?"

"On my dressing table," I said.

"I guess you might as well take up these golf shoes for a stretch and cleaning." His head came up from the closet floor. "Hey, I think I'll get my old fishing shoes out if you don't mind. We ought to keep them greased."

I carried the most precious of my face creams into the bathroom to make room on the dressing table. A fly set up a late buzzing.

"Call up the screen people to-morrow and get their estimate on repairs. It's probably cheaper in the fall."

The suitcase was snapped shut.

"Don't let those children take up your time," he advised as we said good-by. "You'll get it down to a system in a few days."

I hardly left the house during that first month without a storm of objections breaking over my conscientious head. Just once I made a getaway with full approval.

"The truth of the matter is," they said, "we're glad you are going out to dinner to-night, so we can get back to our good old radio programs!" I reflected constructively that night about overdoses of maternal sweetness and light.

To my surprise, my friends were hostile toward my quitting work.

"So you can't take it!" from men cloaked a real irritation. Did they feel resentful that another woman had left the Doers? Did they immediately brace themselves for another articulation on the difficulties of "getting through" a woman's day? Or had they lost a convenient example of industry with which to bully their wives?

The more oblique comment, "I think you are quite right, my dear," which came from women, both workers and otherwise, betrayed a similar disapproval. Women despise human frailty in others. It's like having the heroine of a short story turn out to have buck teeth and wear glasses after all. They hoped I should hate being at home and were quite sure that I did. Someone said, "We always knew you were part peasant, but we didn't know you were one and a half peasant!" I replied that I was only letting my neuroses take root so I could make a good selection for setting out in the spring. Must I? Must I to keep caste? Is it cheating honestly to enjoy a woman's life?

Long letters of concealed condolences came at first from my mother. She stepped up the number so as to fill the vacant places of my life. When she took notice of my infrequent contented replies she remarked with some distress, "You sound happy. Either you don't know you have burned your bridges or you don't care!"

III

I look back down the vista of bridges in ashes, as I try to reconstruct them from the holocaust. I speculate on their importance. What have I lost?

Here's one thing. No longer do I get

asked to those parties where fascinating people are asked to meet other people just as fascinating because they earn a similar amount per week. Hostesses can't risk it, because when I am asked what I do, I say "housewife"—as enigmatic as a passport.

Once I went to a party of my former colleagues for a definite reason. I loved them so much. I wanted so much to talk to them. Before long I knew with the finality of demonstration that a ghost has no voice which the living can hear, and no body which takes any space on a window seat.

Farther back is a half-burned bridge. It was the constant friendship with men. Lunching together because you were all in the same place or because someone hates to eat alone is one thing. Having "dates" is another. Polite inquiries about the several healths of one's children, a certain atmosphere that talking shop is giving away secrets—these are the handwriting on the wall. The pay-your-own-check days are over.

And I still would rather come in with the men for cocktails or dinner than be the little woman who greets them at the door.

I'm getting passive about having them talk across me, but I do wince when they apologize for swearing in what is known as my "presence." Somebody is going to have to pay for that by picking up my handkerchief some day, if I can ever find one to drop.

I have lost intimate contact with my husband's daily life, intellectual and emotional. I used to know his day cronies and his favorite girls. There was no excuse for jealousy of his life outside. We were too closely associated and too busy to think up accusations. Peace of mind is a cinch if you are always round the corner for lunch.

But the solid assets from five years of Big City business cannot be lost. Their benefits will be with me always:

1. The confidence that I could handle a job.
2. A surety that I could walk out and

get another job if I needed it. (Maybe this isn't true, but I still think so.)

3. A growth of specialized knowledge and ways of thinking that can be used everywhere.

4. The discipline of a working association with an office unit.

5. The discovery of the friendliness and kindness in the business world.

6. A chance to know people on my own and not at somebody's dinner table.

7. An appreciation that human beings should be paid for what they do. Never, no never, shall I be guilty of asking a lawyer so casually about that lease to my new apartment.

Since these things cannot be lost I search for the least common denominator in the losses which cause twinges of regret. I find that they served as crutches to the feminine ego. They made me feel special, glamorous. I was relaxing more and more comfortably in the pleasant glow of my picture of myself. I was preoccupied, too, with dressing the part. It's thrifty to be smart in business. Next year and next year, one can count the cost, if worries leave one alone.

Before I had a job I had been screaming for self-expression at the head of the pack. I did not stop work because I had ceased to believe in expression—self or otherwise. My reason was a deep desire to catch up with my coat tails to find out what I was expressing and to whom.

Now that I am no longer playing hide-and-go-seek with my own values the growing pains are constant. The yardstick of achievement is long. But I can make a house, a home; I can choose my friends; I can remember that the human body delights in exercise; I can think about good food and how to make it. There is time to laugh, time to be cross, and time to take thought for the world and one's place in it.

It is I who live, not a frazzled shadow of a woman trying to be too many things to too many people.

The trouble with business is that you can't take it with you.



THE CONTROL OF PAIN

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

IT is a curious fact that pain seems to move through the body more slowly than other sensations. According to experiments reported by the Sorbonne psychologist, Henri Piéron, impressions of touch travel from the skin to the brain at the rate of 40 meters a second, whereas stimuli of comparable intensity produce velocities of 16 meters a second from a pin prick, 12 from a pinch, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ from a burn.

Pain appears to be a sort of sixth sense. It has its own nerve endings, as specialized for the reception of pain as the rods and cones of the retina are for that of vision. It has its own nerve fibers, as adapted to the transmission of hurts as the strands of the optic nerve are to the transmission of sights.

A slight pressure may give a sensation of touch, and by increasing the pressure it is possible to produce a sensation of pain. Similarly, a piece of ice held to the skin is felt first as touch, then as cold, finally as pain. But the perception of pressure which is felt as pain moves over different fibers from that of the pressure which is felt as touch; and, correspondingly, the contact of ice which gives a feeling of coldness is communicated to the brain by different connections than those which report the icy presence as painful. Through the influence of cocaine deposited near a nerve it is possible to demonstrate the separateness of these conductors, though all are bundled into the cable of nerve. Under this treatment the first sense that lapses is pain, and dissection shows that the pain-

conducting fibers are smaller than the other constituents of the sensory nerves. Naturally the smaller structures become saturated first. After a while, as the drug infiltrates more deeply, sensibility for cold and warmth grows numb. Last to be lost is the sense of touch, and it turns out that the tactile conductors are the most massive of the sensory nerve fibers.

Efforts have been made to map the surface of the human body with regard to these various receptors, and it is found that their distribution is not uniform. The surface of the eye, the cornea, has no warmth receptors, no cold receptors, no touch receptors, but it seems to be a closely paved mosaic of pain receptors. Contrastingly, there is an area inside the cheek, opposite the second molar tooth, which apparently has no pain receptors. It is sensitive to touch, cold, and warmth, but gives no characteristic response to painful stimuli. The body mappers estimate that for the entire skin in a normal person the warm spots number only about 16,000, the cold spots about 150,000, the touch spots round 500,000, whereas the pain spots are many times more numerous than all the others combined, totaling 3,000,000 to 4,000,000.

Is it any wonder that the commonest signal of illness, the symptom which sends the doctor most of his patients, is pain?

The sensibility is by no means standard, however. Dr. Emanuel Libman of New York, who has made studies of individual sensitiveness to pain over many years, reports that of the patients who

have called at his office for consultation and treatment, 30 to 40 per cent are under-sensitive to pain. Some time ago Dr. Leon J. Saul tested pugilists in this respect, and found that of the ninety-seven fighters whom he investigated only ten were significantly responsive to painful stimuli. Dr. Libman concludes that "the pugilist suffers from shock, usually, not from pain."

Dr. Walter C. Alvarez tells of a man who came to the Mayo Clinic for treatment of severe attacks of nausea. X-ray examination showed that his affliction was a large duodenal ulcer, and the physician was puzzled at the absence of any of the usually agonizing symptoms of this disease until he learned that the patient was so insensitive that he had had fourteen teeth pulled at one sitting without receiving anesthesia and without suffering any pain.

In 1932 a boy of three years was under treatment for various childhood ailments at the Harriet Lane Home of the Johns Hopkins Hospital when one of the staff noticed numerous scars on his hands, legs, and body. The mother explained that many of these markings could be accounted for by the child's practice of picking up hot plates from the kitchen stove. He never cried or showed any signs of pain when he burned himself; he was frequently in fights, often fell down, but seemed not to notice the injuries. Tests made on this boy, and repeated at intervals up to 1937, demonstrated a complete insensitivity to experimental pain. Pins were thrust deep into his flesh, without protest or any sign of distress. The skin of his chest was pinched and twisted until it became bloodshot, the examiner squeezed the usually sensitive heel ligament (*tendo Achilles*) with his full strength, and the boy did not wince. Although this lack of pain response was present over his entire surface, the boy showed no deficiency in his tactile or temperature sensibility. He readily recognized the touch of a pin, could tell whether the pressure was from its point or its head, and distinguished

between the touch of warm and cold objects.

Since the chance discovery of this boy's peculiarity, two similar cases among children have come to Johns Hopkins: a boy of nine years in 1937, and a girl of seven a few months later. Both bore many scars, some of the mutilations dating from infancy; each had a consistent record of indifference to such experiences as burns, cuts, bruises, sand in the eye, broken bones, and other injuries; and in the experiments each submitted to normally painful treatment without showing any evidence that it hurt. Once during his stay in a hospital the older boy complained of pain in his abdomen, however, and the girl suffered severe abdominal pain as a result of kidney disease.

Drs. Frank R. Ford and Lawson Wilkins, who conducted these tests, conclude that the three children are not bereft of pain receptors, but that their indifference is rather the result of "a congenital defect of development involving in a selective manner the neural mechanisms concerned in reaction to pain, and comparable perhaps to color blindness, congenital word deafness, and congenital word blindness." The site of the defect is uncertain, but they suggest that it may be in that part of the brain called the thalamus.

It is this "ancient essential organ of the thalamus" that provides the clearing house for the emotions and primitive sensations—and here, according to the British neurologist, Dr. Henry Head, is the center of feeling for pain.

II

The fact that the girl of the Johns Hopkins studies suffered severe abdominal pain from her illness, though she was not troubled by the pin thrusts and other tests of the experimenter, recalls a point of view which has been advanced by some observers. This is the idea that there is a fundamental difference between the pain of the internal organs, called "visceral pain," and the pain that

arises from the skin and other surface tissues, "somatic pain." The intestine, the liver, the stomach, the heart, even the brain, can be pinched, cut, or burned without eliciting any immediate sensation of pain. But let the lining of one of these organs, or its surrounding membrane, be stretched by some tension of disease, and sharp agony may be felt. In many instances the visceral pain is experienced in areas some distance away from the locus of the disorder: the referred pain of heart disease, which is felt in the left shoulder, is an example. In other cases the pain is a shooting or burning sensation within the distressed organ itself. Recently Sir Thomas Lewis, whose many years of research at the University College Hospital Medical School in London have established him as a foremost explorer of the mechanism of sensation, questioned the identicalness of the two kinds of pain.

"The difference between the quality of skin pain and of deep pain is so clear, the quality of the former is so exclusive to skin and mucous membrane and of the latter to deep structures, that it is possible we are in error in classing both sensations together under the one term 'pain,'" said Sir Thomas. "While painful sensations derived from the human skin are associated with brisk movements, with rise of pulse rate, and with a sense of invigoration, those derived from deeper structures like the periosteum and joints are often associated, as are for the most part those of the viscera, with quiescence, with the slowing of the pulse, a fall of blood pressure, and nausea, the last phenomenon being responsible for the common designation 'sickening' which is applied to this but never to cutaneous pain."

A related question was recently broached by the distinguished French surgeon, Dr. René Leriche of Strasbourg. Referring to pain receptors, pain fibers, action currents, speed of propagation of painful sensations, and similar phenomena which have been reported from the laboratories, Dr. Leriche doubts "if it is pain that has

been studied in all these researches, true pain, the pain of the individual who suffers. . . . Take," says he, "this case of a man who for eighteen years has suffered from causalgia. During those eighteen years pain never left him in peace. He slept but a few hours each night, and only with the aid of drugs. Waking, he found his pain once more. In vain he sought to prolong that semi-consciousness which is on the threshold of reawakening in the hope that the pain would not come back. But it was already there, imposing itself on him, no longer to be escaped. I know that nerves are indefatigable. But all the same, when physiologists say this they are thinking of experimental conditions. They mean something very different from this singular resistance to fatigue of a nerve which ceaselessly transmits the same pain for years. Reflect on this unlikely anomaly, which among vital phenomena would be represented by a functional activity going on permanently, varying only in the sense of a growing intensity. That is pain. Is it to be compared with the fugitive disagreeable sensation of a prick or a pinch imposed on a healthy being?"

To the practicing physician, confronted by men and women suffering the spontaneous pains of illness, experimental pain is "but the fiction of a movement," thinks Dr. Leriche. "With its specific receptors, its special routes, it is but a particularly effective mode of touch," he asserts. But the pain of illness!—that is different. "Such pain is a kind of accident which is evolved against the grain of the laws of normal sensation. It arises usually outside the sphere of the sensory receptors, on the conductors, or in the centers. It is never exhausted. It does not weary. It increases rather than is used up by the lapse of time. Everything about it is abnormal, contrary to law. It is an individual monstrous phenomenon and not a law of the species; a fact of illness. It is a disorder, the consequences of which do not allow us to view it with unconcern, which we must seek to know better in order to fight it the

better. That is the aim of surgery today, faced with the problem of physical pain."

These doubts and questions make it clear that our subject is not a well-charted territory. The nature and mechanism of pain remain one of the profound enigmas of physiology, although the phenomenon itself is perhaps the commonest of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that flesh is target to.

Pain has been described as a protective device. Assuredly the burnt child does dread the fire—provided he is not one of those exceptional Johns Hopkins children who pick up hot plates and sit on hot radiators—but there are pains which plague their victims with no discernible rhyme or reason. The disorders of which they are presumed to be symptoms never reveal themselves, and the pains are the illness. An example is the disease known as trigeminal neuralgia (*tic douloureux*), in which the face may be violently distorted with spasms of muscular cramp during the stabbing attacks of this most excruciating of agonies. It is also true that of many serious hostile agents the watchdog pain gives no warning. X-rays may inflict burns so severe as to make it necessary to amputate the injured tissue, and yet during the period of exposure the rays themselves cause no sensation whatever. Malignant growths are usually without pain in their early stages when such warning would be useful, but in later stages when the tumor may have advanced beyond control there is often an accompanying pain which, though useless, is exceedingly torturing to its victim.

Despite its gaps of ignorance as to what and why pain is, medical science has attained considerable success in the control of pain. Along with the introduction of new pharmaceutical compounds, there have come recent improvements in the technics and mechanical equipment of drug administration. And the surgeons have developed ingenious chemical means of blocking certain pain paths, or of cutting them, thus disconnecting the con-

ductors and relieving the sufferer of useless pain.

As an example of this surgical control, Dr. Frank E. Adair described an operation of chordotomy such as is occasionally performed at the Memorial Hospital in New York to relieve the pains of inoperable cancer. In such cases drugs are but feeble palliatives, effective only when they render the patient completely unconscious. But fortunately the fibers which carry the currents of pain to the brain are concentrated within two narrow tracts of the spinal cord, as diagrammed below.



Cross-section, Spinal Cord

By skilfully severing only the two pain tracts of the cord, making the cuts above the cancerous growth, the site where the pain is generated is disconnected from that part of the brain in which pain is felt. In this way merciful relief is brought, without impairing other functions such as motion; and thus the final weeks are made comparatively comfortable.

Operations of this type are becoming fairly frequent, though they are resorted to only in cases of intractable pain in which relief cannot be got with drugs, for the surgery is extraordinarily delicate. The chemical agents—the analgesic, hypnotic, and anesthetic drugs—remain the principal ally of the pain fighters. Indeed, the surgical relief of pain could not be managed without the prior use of an anesthetic, and so all the technics may be said to rest on the contributions of the pharmacologists. They are God's own men, in somewhat the sense that Sir Wil-

liam Osler meant when he said that morphine is God's own medicine.

More than fifty different drugs are available for the alleviation or prevention of painful sensations, and they represent a wide range of potency. Some, as for example aspirin, are strictly analgesic; *i.e.*, they allay pain but have very little direct effect in inducing sleep and none in producing that controlled unconsciousness which is called anesthesia. Others have only a slight direct effect on the pain mechanism but are primarily serviceable in unhooking the sleep mechanism, and they are called sedatives or hypnotics; barbitol is an example. Still other compounds are capable of safely inducing unconsciousness so profound that none of the external stimuli to wakefulness will produce any reflex, and these are the anesthetics; ether and chloroform are familiar examples. Some drugs qualify in all three classes, a small dose producing analgesia, a larger dose inducing sleep as well, and a still larger portion conferring anesthesia. Morphine is an example of the all-purpose narcotic.

III

It is more than ninety years since the importunate dentist of Boston, who had pulled a tooth without inflicting pain, received his invitation from the house surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital:

DEAR SIR: I write at the request of Dr. J. C. Warren to invite you to be present on Friday morning (October 16, 1846) at ten o'clock at the hospital, to administer to a patient who is then to be operated upon, the preparation which you have invented to diminish the sensibility to pain.

Yours respectfully,

C. F. HAYWOOD

Dentist Morton's "invention" was the administration of ether through an inhaler. Ether remains the principal anesthetic agent in surgical practice to-day, and despite the many changes in ways of inducing unconsciousness, the process of inhalation is still predominant in the operating rooms of the world.

To the anesthetist, called upon to place a patient under general anesthesia for a surgical operation, three modes of administration are available. His problem is to communicate a narcotic to the blood by which it is carried to the brain, there to stupefy the brain cells into unconsciousness, and to accomplish this with the least risk to the patient. He can communicate his drug by (1) having the subject breathe its vapor, thus releasing the substance into the blood by way of the lungs; or (2) by hypodermic syringe he can inject a solution into a vein, thus intravenously placing the narcotic directly into the blood stream; or (3) he may introduce it into the rectum, and by diffusion into the highly absorptive tissue of this organ quickly get the narcotic into the blood stream. Each of these methods has its appropriate technics and specialized chemical agents, and the choice of a method is determined by the circumstances in each case.

If the patient is apprehensive, dreads the operating room, fears the inhalant as "suffocating," then rectal anesthesia may be the choice. With this method it is common practice to anesthetize a patient in his bedroom, trundle him into the operating room, perform the operation, and return him to his bed still asleep. Pirogoff, a Russian, administered ether by this technic as early as 1847, but it was Dr. J. T. Gwathmey of New York who reintroduced the method in 1913, using a solution of ether in oil. To-day the usual anesthetic is avertin, an altered alcohol; but the fact that the clinical dose is dangerously near to the lethal dose makes it necessary in most cases to use avertin only as an auxiliary agent. In a moderate allowance, carefully proportioned to the weight of the patient, it is given as a basal anesthetic, to induce unconsciousness; and after the patient is thus brought to a drowsy and comfortable state he is carried into deep anesthesia by an inhalant.

Intravenous injection is the most direct of all the methods. As one would expect from a shooting of the drug into the blood

stream, it gets its results with dramatic speed. With evipal, for example, the patient is injected, becomes insensible, is operated on, and recovers consciousness, all in a matter of minutes. This anesthetic, a barbituric acid derivative, is especially useful in aiding quick surgery. A more recent introduction is pentothal, even more potent than evipal and yet briefer in its effect. In 1938 German pharmacologists introduced another swift acting barbiturate which they named narcogen. There are barbiturates of longer action, as for example, nembutal, which may give several hours of effective anesthesia. The intravenous method was tried in Europe as early as 1872, by Ore of Lyons, France, using chloral hydrate as the drug; but it did not come into popular clinical use until the synthesis of the barbiturates was attained, and its current vogue really dates from the introduction of amytal in 1927. Dr. John S. Lundy, anesthetist of the Mayo Clinic, is a brilliant practitioner and protagonist of the intravenous technic, has pioneered the use of many of the new barbiturates, and about one-third of the operations by Mayo Clinic surgeons are performed under this method of anesthesia.

There remains the process of inhalation. At the time of the World War, ether, chloroform, and nitrous oxide (laughing gas) were the only inhalants in general use, but to-day the anesthetist has a wider choice: new volatile liquids, such as vinethene (divinyl ether), introduced in 1929, and gases, such as ethylene (1922) and the more recent cyclopropane (1933), all of which are more potent than nitrous oxide, less toxic than chloroform, and less irritating to the respiratory tract than ether. In place of the old ether cone or gas tube, the modern anesthetist has a mask which he fits over the mouth and nose of the patient and through which he feeds a breathing mixture of anesthetic and oxygen from a portable gas machine. Some of these machines have supplies of several different anesthetics, each in its individ-

ual container; and it is common practice to induce anesthesia with one agent—nitrous oxide mixed with ten per cent of oxygen is a frequent inductant—and then, as soon as the first stage of unconsciousness is attained, to switch to one of the more potent inhalants and complete the anesthesia with it. The latest type of gas machine provides a closed system which not only delivers the anesthetic-oxygen mixture proportioned to the optimum need of the lungs but also takes care of the patient's exhalations, extracts the carbon dioxide, and returns the recovered gases replenished with oxygen for rebreathing. This rebreathing technic has fortified the anesthetist with a very close control over respiration; by conserving the heat and moisture of the breath it conserves the energy of the patient, by its reuse of the anesthetic over and over again it makes economically available such highly expensive drugs as cyclopropane, and by retaining all exhalations within the closed system it reduces the risk of explosive vapors.

Some operations require that an x-ray tube be brought into action during the surgery, and in many more the surgeon uses an electric knife to cauterize the blood vessels as he severs them. In either instance the electric apparatus may release an occasional spark. Ether, vinethene, ethylene, and cyclopropane are explosive when mixed with air or oxygen, and there have been destructive explosions during operations performed under anesthesia with explosive agents. Neither nitrous oxide nor chloroform is explosive, but unfortunately the first named is not sufficiently potent for all requirements and the latter is too toxic for general use. The agents used in intravenous and rectal anesthesia are not explosive, and so these technics may be employed when the anesthetist finds that the inhalational method is dangerous.

Another kind of risk is involved in these alternative technics, however, and it lies in the fact that a drug once injected cannot be recalled or diluted. This requires the utmost judgment on the part

of the anesthetist in appraising the amount of dosage that can be injected into the blood stream. The inhalational method is less encumbered by this restriction, for the lungs not only take in but they also give off the anesthetic, and by varying his oxygen input the operator is able to control the situation fairly closely. If symptoms suddenly indicate that the depth of the anesthesia is approaching the danger level, the operator shuts off the tube of anesthetic, pumps pure oxygen into the lungs, and quickly washes out the surplus anesthetic. This continuous control of the degree of saturation of the anesthetic is one of the strong advantages of the inhalational method.

Sometimes a diseased lung calls for excision. Such a case presented itself to surgeons of the Barnes Hospital in St. Louis in 1933 when it was found that a patient who had suffered several months of discomfort in his chest was the victim of a malignant growth in his left lung. Treatment with x-rays or radium was impractical; the safest insurance against the cancer was to take out the afflicted lung. And yet, during the operation, breathing must continue as usual. What a problem in biological engineering! It was like mending a busy street, performing a drastic repair with speed and thoroughness and at the same time keeping traffic safely moving. Or perhaps a closer analogy is the repair of a busy tunnel under the river; for the lungs are contained within the airtight chest and depend for their rhythmic expansion upon the negative pressure maintained between the inner wall of the chest and the outer membrane of the lungs. Any cutting into the chest wall necessarily admits air at atmospheric pressure, and the immediate effect is to collapse the exposed lungs and stop the breathing. Because of this risk, chest surgery has been regarded from earliest times as one of the most difficult, delicate, and dangerous processes of the operating room.

Numerous attempts to circumvent the problem have been tried. In some

hospitals an airtight chamber large enough to contain both patient and operating team was built, and the operation was undertaken there in an atmosphere held at densities lower than that of atmospheric pressure. Other attempts to meet the difficulty provided a small airtight chamber large enough to contain only the patient's head, the chamber was filled with air maintained at higher than normal pressure, and thus the patient was made to breathe a medium denser than the outside atmosphere to which his lungs were exposed. These clumsy makeshifts have been supplanted in recent years by a new technic, intratracheal anesthesia, and fortunately this method was available when the St. Louis surgeons, Drs. Evarts A. Graham and J. J. Singer, were confronted by their patient with cancer of the lung. With its help they proceeded to operate.

First, the patient was anesthetized in a closed system, with nitrous oxide and oxygen. Then the mask was removed and a soft rubber tube was inserted down his throat and into his windpipe. The tube was made airtight within the windpipe by a simple device of inflation. The effect was as though the windpipe had been extended up from the lungs through the throat and mouth to the gas machine. Thereafter a breathing mixture of anesthetic and oxygen was supplied in a pulsating rhythm which exactly simulated the natural rate of respiration. Pressure within the closed system and, therefore, within the lungs, could be maintained at any height desired. Thus it became safe to open the left chest, remove seven ribs, clamp off the bronchial tube connecting the left lung to the windpipe, and then with an electric knife cut off the lung. During all this surgery the apparatus under the control of the anesthetist alternately pumped and sucked, and so kept the right lung functioning. So wide is the body's margin of safety that the one lung was able to take over the breathing job which is normally shared by two lungs.

This operation, a classic in the annals

of modern surgery, was completely successful. The patient, himself a physician and, therefore, able to appreciate the seriousness of his situation and also the skill and ingenuity of the measures used on his behalf, was able to walk out of the hospital ten weeks after the operation. At the time of this writing in 1939, six years later, he was actively engaged in the practice of his profession. His was the first of several successful operations of this kind, and in a recent lecture reviewing the history of chest surgery Dr. Graham made acknowledgment to intratracheal and intrapharyngeal anesthesia as the development which "has made possible a fearless entering of the thorax for surgical procedures."

It is believed that new skills in heart surgery may be facilitated also by this anesthetic technic, and the intratracheal airways have become indispensable also to many projects of brain surgery in which the maintenance of a channel for breathing used to be a major problem.

There are numerous surgical procedures which do not require the complete relaxation provided by general anesthesia, and these may be served by the more localized effects of regional anesthesia. Here again three methods are available.

1. It is possible by infiltration with procaine or some like agent to desensitize the particular area of flesh to be entered by the knife, while the rest of the body retains consciousness.

2. By infiltration with procaine in the tissue surrounding a nerve it is possible to block off pain signals from the entire region of the body served by that particular nerve. Procaine effects are quite temporary, however, and for longer action alcohol is used. The nerves are so well mapped now that it is common practice to relieve many kinds of intractable pain by this nerve-block method, and the procedure is in course of rapid development and extension by neurological surgeons and anesthetists. Among the few pains at present immune to such treatment are headaches.

3. By injection of an anesthetic into

the spine between the second and third lumbar vertebrae it is possible to render the whole lower half of the body insensitive to pain without affecting the sensibility of the upper parts. The height of this dividing line between consciousness and unconsciousness is determined by the potency of the drug administered, the size of the dose, and the speed with which it is injected. By a sudden spurt of the hypodermic syringe it is possible to send a small dose coursing far up the spinal column, with probably dangerous consequences, whereas a slow injection will affect only the lower nerve bundles. Spinal anesthesia shares with other injectional methods the handicap of irrevocability—a dose once administered cannot be recalled or be diluted. Also there have been occasional unhappy experiences with needles broken off in the spine. But in the hands of a competent anesthetist the spinal method has advantages of convenience, quickness of action, and regional effect. Among the drugs most widely used are procaine, spinocaine, metycaine, nupercaine, and pantocaine—all synthetics.

"As a result of our experience," said Dr. Frank H. Lahey of the Boston Lahey Clinic, "all of our group of doctors and their wives have agreed to the selection of spinal anesthesia when it has been necessary for them to have an abdominal operation. We would, however, not select spinal anesthesia unless we could select the anesthetist and insist that he be a trained and experienced man in this method of anesthesia."

IV

The growing demand for medical men with specialized training and experience in anesthesia is one of the really significant trends in American medicine. A few years ago the administration of an anesthetic was commonly regarded as a nurse's job. Many nurses learned their technics well and qualified as experts. But they were permitted to acquire this experience mainly because it was felt

that dripping ether on a mask was not a large enough responsibility for a graduate physician. We know better now. Several of the leading medical schools have specialized departments of instruction in anesthesia, and the graduate "M.D.'s in anesthesia" trickling out from these schools at each commencement find ready appointments in clinics and hospitals. In 1938 the American Medical Association established its Board of Anesthesiology with authority to examine and certify physicians for admission to the new specialty. Applicants are required to have at least three years of postgraduate study and hospital experience, and if certified must confine their practice to anesthesia. Up to the autumn of 1939 sixty doctors in the United States had received the approval of this Board as "diplomates in anesthesiology."

A leader in this movement is Dr. Ralph M. Waters of the University of Wisconsin Medical School. Twenty years ago Dr. Waters was an obstetrician in Kansas City, Mo., and because there was little obstetric practice in the daytime he began to indulge some of his extra hours in an interest in anesthesia. He became known as an expert; surgeons called upon him in difficult cases; eventually anesthesiology engaged his entire practice. In 1925 Wisconsin made him its first professor in this subject, and the department which he developed there has become a fountainhead, not only of anesthetic training but also of anesthetic research.

As an example of the change which is transforming many of the old hospitals, consider a chapter in the recent history of New York's Bellevue. This municipal hospital, one of the largest in the world, operates on about 20,000 surgical cases a year, and until 1936 its anesthetic service was cared for by six nurses. At that time the service was entirely reorganized, and with the coming of Dr. E. A. Rovenstine, one of Waters's disciples, as professor of anesthesia at New York University Medical School, he was made director of anesthesia for the hospital. To-day the Bellevue staff under Dr.

Rovenstine consists of fourteen physicians, all specialists in this field, twelve of them being residents-in-training who will spend two to three years in postgraduate studies and hospital practice.

So we may speak of anesthesia as not merely an art but a science—a combination of applied pharmacology and applied physiology. It is this new competence with a varied armamentarium of specialized technics, specialized equipment, and specialized drugs, not to forget the all-important oxygen, that has given the anesthetist a wider usefulness than was thought possible a decade or two ago. Patients who were regarded as bad risks in the 1920's are successfully anesthetized in the 1930's.

Dr. John J. Moorhead, surgeon of the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, has remarked on the ease with which operations for fracture are now performed on elderly people. A case in point is a woman of eighty-five years who fell on the stairs in 1939 and broke a hip. She had high blood pressure and heart disease, and fifteen years ago an operation at her age would have seemed unthinkable—simply because anesthesia would have been too serious a risk. There were thousands of cases of this kind in the 1920's and earlier—aged persons with broken joints for whom there was nothing better than a sentence to spend the rest of life in a plaster cast, a helpless, futile, frustrated tag-end of existence. But in 1939, with the new knowledge and skill of the anesthetists, it was feasible to place the eighty-five-year-old patient under anesthesia with nitrous oxide and oxygen, set the fracture and take an x-ray photograph to make sure that the set was true, continue the anesthesia deeper with cyclopropane and oxygen, drive a nail to hold the broken bones together—and she was walking two weeks later!

V

But the control of pain involves more than anesthesia. Prior to an operation sedatives are usually given to calm the

anxious patient, for an uneasy mind increases the risk of surgical shock. And in the days immediately following the operation analgesic drugs may be administered to assuage postoperative pangs and twinges. Also, there are numerous painful illnesses other than those associated with surgery. For many of these that are curable, the period of treatment is necessarily long, and meanwhile some relief from pain must be provided. For the incurable ones, the relief of pain becomes the problem supreme. Thus the physician's prime function, no less than the surgeon's, is that of pain fighter.

His principal ally is morphine. "For the relief of pain," says Dr. Frederick Tice of Chicago, "morphine has no rival, and it is this distinguishing property that makes it indispensable in the practice of medicine."

Recently this distinguishing property was quantitatively measured in a series of tests at the Cornell Medical School. There Drs. H. G. Wolff, J. D. Hardy, and H. Goodell have been experimenting on themselves with aspirin, alcohol, evipal, codeine, morphine, and other narcotics. As a means of inflicting pain they use the radiation from a 1,000-watt incandescent lamp directed upon a small area of the forehead for 3 seconds at a time, and by gradually increasing the intensity of the radiation at each successive exposure they determine the degree at which the feeling of warmth changes to one of pain. Thus there is established for each of the subjects a threshold of pain. The next step is to take a measured dose of one of the drugs, and see what intensity of radiation is then required to produce pain. In this way the Cornell investigators have been able to measure the analgesic power of the various drugs very precisely. They report that, as a pain killer, 5 milligrams (about one-thirteenth of a grain) of morphine produced about the same effect as 30 milligrams of codeine and 300 milligrams (1 tablet) of aspirin. Tripling the dose increased the pain-killing effect of aspirin only about

one-sixteenth, of codeine about two-thirds, whereas in the case of morphine the effect was more than doubled. Increasing the dose still farther added nothing to the analgesic effect of aspirin, it raised the threshold of pain only slightly in the case of codeine; but with morphine it was possible to lift the threshold to a height more than three times that of the initial dosage.

If analgesia were the only biological consequence of morphine the drug would be a perfect medicant and there would be no incentive, apart from the commercial one, to seek substitutes. But morphine does things to the human body which cannot long be continued without serious upset to the body's way of life. Above all, it induces that state of physical, mental, and moral slavery which is addiction.

"First," explained Dr. Lawrence Kolb of the United States Public Health Service, "it produces a sense of peace, calm, and contentment, without intoxication. Second, by its continued use the patient becomes tolerant to large doses, as well as dependent upon them for the maintenance of normal body functions and personal comfort. A habitual user of morphine can in nine months build up tolerance from two quarter grains per day to sixty grains per day, an amount sufficient to kill about fifteen unaddicted adults; but instead of being killed or seriously harmed by this large dose, the addict suffers intensely if he does not get it and may even die in collapse if the drug is abruptly taken away from him."

In 1929 a systematic long-range study of drug addiction was begun by the National Research Council of Washington through a committee which it organized under the chairmanship of Dr. William Charles White. Funds were provided by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. The committee outlined a two-fold attack on the problem: (1) a chemico-pharmacological search for non-addicting drugs to replace morphine and the other addictive ones, and (2) a

physiological search, seeking to understand in the body's reactions the mechanism of addiction.

This two-fold attack called for specialists in the little-known field of the alkaloids—for morphine and its kin are alkaloids—and for the close co-operation of chemists, pharmacologists, and clinicians. Appropriately, there was a young man who had gone abroad to study the chemistry of the alkaloids under Wieland at Munich, and just a few months before had joined the staff in chemistry at the University of Virginia. This was Dr. Lyndon F. Small. Also a young pharmacologist, Dr. Nathan B. Eddy, was making himself a specialist in the experimental study of analgesia and of the tolerance and addictive power of morphine. At the same time the Division of Mental Hygiene of the United States Public Health Service under the leadership of Dr. Walter L. Treadway was planning its narcotic farms for the treatment and study of the human addict. Fortunately, the committee of the National Research Council secured the services of Drs. Small and Eddy and the close co-operation of the Public Health Service; and thus it came about that the most fundamental and far-reaching study of the opiates of all time has been pursued during the last decade at the University of Virginia (by chemists), the University of Michigan (by pharmacologists), and the hospitals of the Public Health Service (by clinicians).

The first approach to the problem was an exploration of the morphine architecture, to see if by alterations of its structure an improved drug could be obtained. The second approach adopted the technique of synthesis, to see if entirely new narcotics could be created as substitutes for morphine. Dr. Small himself took on the exploration of morphine. For the project in synthesis he had to look abroad for a chemist adept in this highly specialized field, and in Austria found Dr. Erich Mosettig. Mosettig accepted the call to Virginia in 1929, and since then has turned out many a strange new

molecular artifact in the basement laboratory at Charlottesville.

As fast as Small and Mosettig, with a staff of fifteen assistants, produced their original chemical constructions at Virginia, the new compounds were sent to Ann Arbor for pharmacological testing by Eddy and his associates. They use animals as test subjects, and have found that for each of the morphine effects some species are better indicators than others. For example, cats are non-responsive to the sedative influence of morphine; instead of putting them to sleep, it excites them. But they are quite responsive to its pain-killing property, and inasmuch as they are prompt and emphatic in protesting against pain, Dr. Eddy has used cats to test the analgesia of the new drugs. Rats on the contrary will curl up and go to sleep soon after a dosage of morphine, so they are used to test the sedative properties of the new drugs. Rabbits are the test animals for respiratory effects; dogs for gastrointestinal effects; mice for toxic effects; and monkeys, dogs, and rats for addiction. In each instance the first property tested is toxicity, for a completely poisonous drug would be useless. If the new compound shows a sufficiently wide margin of toxicity it is next tested for addictiveness.

After their pharmacological characteristics are thoroughly investigated and established by these animal tests, the compounds that give promise of being serviceable to medicine are tried on human subjects. These clinical studies are being made at the United States Public Health Hospital, Lexington, Ky. (where narcotic addicts are treated), the University of Michigan Medical School (where both surgical and medical patients are treated), and, more recently, the Pondville Hospital, Mass. (cancer patients), and the Middlesex Hospital, Mass. (tubercular patients).

In the ten years more than 400 chemical products have been examined in these ways, with results of revolutionary significance to the science of narcotics.

Perhaps as much as one-third of the accepted knowledge of opiates has had to be rewritten as a result. Pharmacologists have believed, for example, that as you reduce the habit-forming property of a drug you necessarily diminish its pain-killing power. The co-operative group making these studies have demonstrated that this is not true. By altering the structure of the morphine molecule they have produced derivatives stronger than morphine and less addictive.

Most of these less addictive drugs carry other properties which make them dangerous to life, but Dr. Small has produced one structure which is enormously promising. He calls it methyldihydromorphinone. He makes it from morphine by slight alterations in one corner of the morphine molecule: shifting two hydrogen atoms and adding a new subgroup of one carbon and three hydrogens. It seems a very slight change in the complicated architecture of morphine, and yet the altered structure is so potent that one-tenth grain has all the pain-killing power of a quarter grain of morphine. During the past two years the new drug has been administered to several hundred patients, many suffering from incurable disease, and in no instance has a patient become typically addicted. A longer series of tests must be completed before the full verdict is in, however, and until then the drug will not be placed on the market. It has been patented and the patent assigned to the United States Government, for the benefit of the public.

Dr. Mosettig meanwhile has been accomplishing interesting results by synthesis. He has built up several completely artificial compounds which exert a morphine-like analgesia originating in the central nervous system, but a high toxicity seems to inhere in all these highly analgesic synthetics. They are too poisonous, and never get beyond the animal stage of testing. In synthetics of low analgesia, however, the poison strain is absent. Dr. Mosettig has built one

compound of this type which is interesting. Ten grains of it are necessary to duplicate the effect of one grain of morphine in pain-killing power, but the drug is not poisonous. In its present form it is not sufficiently potent to be useful, but this compound may point the way to the powerful, nonpoisonous synthetic which is the goal. None of the synthetic drugs, so far as animal tests show, are habit-forming.

Beginning in October of 1939 these researches are being transferred from their former bases to the new National Institute of Health at Bethesda, Maryland, a suburb of Washington. Here they will continue, with the same personnel as before, under the joint auspices of the National Research Council and the U. S. Public Health Service. With the momentum under which the work is now moving, we may expect the next few years to yield some possibly dramatic results.

It must be admitted that the nature of addiction, like that of analgesia and of pain itself, remains a mystery of the living body. There are at least half a dozen theories currently propounded to account for the strange readjustment of the body's chemistry which makes it require huge quantities of a substance alien to normal life, and almost every theory has provided the foundation for a system of treating drug addiction. But, as Dr. Kolb has said, "it is unlikely that any specific treatment for drug addiction will be discovered until the mechanism of physical addiction is adequately explained."

The hope is that through objective studies in chemistry, pharmacology, and physiology, such as those described in this paper, we may arrive at an understanding of mechanism—that of addiction, that of analgesia, that of pain. When our treatment of the pain of illness becomes not merely empirical stratagems adopted because they work, but really scientific measures applied because we understand *why* they work, then will our control of pain be complete.



GOBBLE AND TURK

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

IT MAY or may not have been on the twenty-something of November, but it was a matter of a million years ago when a magnificent turkey gobbler walked out from a clump of brush and picked his way across a grassy meadow in southern California about a mile away from Hollywood. He headed straight for a pool of water well out on the plain, walked into the shallow margin, glanced upward at a giant vulture circling high overhead, and drank.

Again he lifted his head high, watched some low-hung animals at a distant pool and shifted position. Or rather, attempted to take a step forward, but could free only one foot. The effort made him lose balance and spread both wings. The stout quills splashed the water as he endeavored to lift his other foot. This time both were caught and the bird put all his strength into a succession of wing beats. He fell on his side and one wing broke through the thin crust at the water's edge, and the iridescent bronze plumage became clotted with black, slimy asphalt.

The great vulture drifted downward but a golden eagle came direct, swiftly, from a tree and pounced on the struggling turkey. Within two minutes the eagle was hopelessly mired, and then the vulture swung around in low circles, watching, but too wary to try to alight. The setting sun of that day a million years back saw the two birds sink slowly out of sight, and to-day we may dig into the asphalt and find their bones in close juxtaposition.

Little by little, from this osseous resurrection there crystallizes a clear picture of those olden days, ancient adventures in the tar of Rancho la Brea. The aptness of this distant horizon to our theme is indisputable when we know that more than five hundred turkeys—young and old—having been trapped and preserved, have been rediscovered. Clean-smelling petroleum bubbles sometimes rise and break through the asphalt at a blow of the pickax, and mingled with this there is at times a faint odor of carrion, perhaps from the embalmed flesh of one of the Pleistocene turkeys themselves; a memory direct from the day of death, locked close in the airtight tar, coming to us through all the tens and hundreds of thousands of years. Just so, for an instant, I have sensed an evanescent ghost of perfume rising from a suddenly opened alabaster jar preserved in an ancient tomb.

These turkeys, judging by their numbers, must have formed a prominent feature in the animal life of this era, and unlike our modern wild turkey, they seemed to have learned little by experience. To be sure, they seldom had more than one chance to escape entombment in the asphalt, but they must have witnessed similar tragedies of many others of their kind and of other creatures. Nine hundred golden eagles foundered in this sea of tar, but only one hundred of the out-sized vultures came to grief as far as we know. This latter fact may be due to a very real need of landing in some place where a clear running take-off was

possible rather than to any inherent canniness. These unbelievable birds had a roclike wing spread of almost fifteen feet and flight must have been possible only under perfect conditions.

If we look back over the period of the development of civilized man, we must multiply it four hundred times before we come to the day of the La Brea turkeys, yet the vegetation and climate appear to be little different from those of the present Los Angeles. Also more than half of the birds flying through that pre-Californian air are still living with us on the earth. Our own geese, hawks, herons, owls, flickers, larks, shrikes, and yellow-headed blackbirds sang and flew and nested, while on the opposite side of the world Javan ape-men, Piltdown and Neanderthals were just beginning to do things with skins, fire, and flints.

Together with the crows and the larks, the Hollywood turkeys saw strange beings—we are certain of this because we find their bones also in the treacherous tar. Giant ground sloths had somehow made their way up from the far south, lumbering awkwardly along, and doomed the instant they broke the crust of the viscid ooze. The saber-toothed tigers came to feed upon them; we have records of at least fifteen hundred which tried and failed, and of all the packs of great, dire wolves, the paws of two thousand were caught forever in the horrid slimy trap, as they howled and slowly died.

Camels slipped and slithered, sank and perished, and monstrous mammoths were as helpless at the touch of the quagmire as the smallest mouse. Horses of several species, some large as our largest, others pony-sized, were the prey of lions larger than any we have ever seen alive.

This is enough to show upon what the turkeys of old looked. They have been named *Parapavo*, peacocklike, but spurs and wishbones can reveal only to our imagination any glory of their plumage.

To-day the asphalt beds have lost

their terror. There would be as much likelihood of seeing a saber-toothed tiger in this Hollywood suburb as a wild turkey. California asphalt beds are now owned and worked and their viscid product put to a hundred uses. Yet a strange fatality seems to follow the slimy tar wherever it goes, and although it is spread out too thin on our roads to be a danger even to a sparrow, these same smooth arteries permit the flow of a stream of deadly corpuscles, never-ceasing lines of automobiles whose toll of wild life continues the carnage of ancient pools.

Though the *Parapavos* are gone forever, yet their tragedies of old are occasionally still enacted before our eyes. Only a year or two ago a hunter in South Carolina came suddenly upon a great golden eagle with a wild turkey hen in his talons. Having killed, he was now devouring it, but he fared no better than his Pleistocene ancestor, for a rifle bullet took the place of the quicksand of tar.

II

It seems to be a turkey's misfortune that the first thought associated with it is that of delectable food. In the Pleistocene days of the asphalt beds man was not in evidence. It is doubtful if he had yet found his way from Asia across the Bering Sea land bridge or begun to dodge the Arctic glaciers which in those days were forever backing and filling across the continent.

Deciphering the asphaltic anagrams, we have seen that a turkey in its death often took with it a predator or a carrion feeder. In man's absence and because of the still uninvented letters of the Piltdown and Cro-Magnons elsewhere in the world, chirographic Novembers and Turkeys and Thanksgivings were conceptions still in the air-to-come, awaiting illumination from the light rays just leaving some distant star.

Even Tegumai cannot help us in the present Pleistocene predicament, although it is almost more than a coin-

cidence that his "T" was "the end of a small bone, polished brown and shiny" just like one of the five-hundred-odd tibiotarsi of *Parapavo* exhuming itself from the tar.

Either because of a deep-seated admiration and regard for our modern wild turkey (or, it may be, because I prefer Long Island duckling) I intend to keep away as much as possible from the sad but true syzygy of turkey and tooth-someness. It seems a very tragic, a "dismal thing," considered from the gobbler's point of view, that the day set apart for expressing gratitude for mercies received throughout the past year should be symbolized by the sacrifice of this splendid bird on the altar of our thanksgiving. No queen or prince ever waited in the shadow of the block with greater personality or dignity than are displayed by a turkeycock on a last Wednesday in November.

To our modern, city-bred generations a turkey means rather one of a long row of indecently defeathered gastronomic martyrs hung in butcher-shop windows than the bird which must have been at least runner-up in any open competition for our national emblem. If this annual turcine holocaust is a phase of destiny then I trust that mass-production merit of some sort is acquired by the race, for in the Metropolitan District of New York City alone a full million of birds are slain at each Thanksgiving to grace our November holiday. But to get away from this horrid consideration of something-to-be-eaten: Thanksgiving—turkey; turkey—cranberry; cranberry—bog, and so we are back again at the asphalt ancestor!

Of all the multitude of turkey forebears which lived their lives in our country, the remains of only a half dozen species have been found, ranging from California to Pennsylvania and Florida. Some were larger, some smaller than our living bird, and one had much longer legs. The one known as *Meleagris antiqua* had its home in Colorado where it lived in the dim past of thirty or more

millions of years before our first Thanksgiving. But the *Parapavos* which perished in the tar pools are far more real, for at least we can handle the bones of young as well as old ones, and we are certain how they died and what were their enemies.

Although well isolated to-day, the family of turkeys is placed near those of quail, grouse, and pheasants, the latter including peacocks and jungle fowl. Only two species remain alive, our splendid wild bird and the even more gorgeously colored and wattled Yucatan, or ocellated, turkey. There is a considerable break in our knowledge of turkey history owing to the fact that our early relatives, the apes and apemen, persisted in confining their progressive activities to the Old World. And when I look back along the path of my pen and reread my subconsciously written "Old World" I realize that in much of our language and verbiage we are still in the pre-ape era, because what I mean is not a world and not even the older hemisphere. Our turkey break extends from 1,000,000 B.C. to 1517 A.D., when Francisco Fernandez with a band of Spanish conquistadores found turkeys in numbers among the Indians on the coast of Yucatan. Grisjalva saw them farther west the following year and Cortez marveled at them still later in Mexico.

All this we know from records published many years later. The first actual mention and description of the turkey in literature is that of Gonzalo Ferdinando de Oviedo, a Spanish historian who had the enviable experience of seeing Columbus just before he sailed. As official historian he himself made trips to the West Indies and to Mexico and it is in a summary of knowledge thus gained at first hand that he wrote, in 1526, the first account of the turkey. Purchas has given us a sadly mangled translation and I have thought it worthwhile to make an exact one. In his old Spanish he calls these birds *Pabon* or peafowl.

Oviedo writes, "There are other *Pabon*, larger, of better taste and more

beautiful [than the curassows of which he had been writing] found in New Spain [Mexico] many of which have been brought to the islands [West Indies] and to Castilla del Oro [Darien] and are domesticated and bred by the Christian inhabitants. The hens are plain and the cocks beautiful, and very often display [*hacen la rueda*, literally, "make a wheel"] even though their tail is smaller and less decorative than those of Spanish birds [peacocks]. Nevertheless the plumage as a whole is very beautiful.

"They have the neck and the head covered with a fleshy skin, without feathers, which often changes color with their emotions. Especially when they display the skin turns very red, and when they cease to show off it changes to yellow and to other colors, almost black and a brown color, and sometimes white.

"On the forehead, above the beak, this Pabon has a short nipple which at the time of display becomes elongated, stretching more than the measure of a palm. In the center of the breast grows a tuft of bristles, as thick as a finger, and these bristles are exactly (*ni mas, ni menos*) like those in the tail of a horse, very black and longer than a palm. The flesh of the Pabon is excellent, in fine, the best comparison is that it is more tender than the flesh of the Spanish Pabon."

Perhaps the most interesting thing about these early records is that they all refer to domesticated birds, although we know that even to-day a race of wild birds extends through the heart of Mexico. We know also that before the arrival of white men the domestication of turkeys was not confined to the Aztecs but extended as far north as what is now Arizona, where the Indians in their pueblos kept and bred turkeys, perhaps as much for the decorative value of their feathers as for their flesh. If in the twenty-fifth year of the sixteenth century turkeys had been obtained and bred by Christianized West Indians, they must have reached Spain before that. Such a novel addition to the eye and to the table would have been included in one of the

first shipments of gold, Indians, and other *curiosidades*. From Spain the turkey spread throughout Europe.

The exact date of introduction into England is as uncertain as the pronunciation of the word turkey itself in those days. Barnabe Googe said that there were no turkeys in England before 1530, and I am inclined to believe him since, in spite of his name, or perhaps because of it, he was a gentleman pensioner of Queen Elizabeth and wrote a right satisfactory quartet of *Bookes of Husbandrie*. But he was also a poet and not born until 1540, so there we are. Cranmer's *Dietarie*, written in 1541, definitely states that for hungry palates of certain ecclesiastics of high rank a single crane, swan, or turkeycock might be served. So we may be sure that for at least six years Bluff King Hal had the opportunity of throwing drumsticks of lusty size over his shoulders.

Fourteen years pass and in 1555 appear two contemporary first illustrations of the turkey, those of Belon and of Gesner. The former shows a group of three, rather terrible as to size of head and feet, but with three indications that the bird in the foreground is a cock—elongated caruncle, breast brush, and spread tail. Gesner has not done so well except in feather texture and throat wattles. Nevertheless, as turkeys they are as unmistakable as Audubon's drawing made more than two hundred and fifty years later.

Three decades bring another distinct hint of the turkey's destiny. No longer is he a *curiosidad* worthy of exhibition or admiration. He is even fallen from the high estate of a comestible gracing only a noble board. Tusser, in 1585, only three years before the Armada, reduces this glorious Spanish derivative to an item in a farmer's menu, glorifying Noël in a gastronomic jingle:

Beefe, mutton and porke, shred piece of the
best,
Pig, veale, goose and capon, and turkie well
drest.

Every road thus far seems to lead to the

kitchen, so I now make a determined effort to depart, and pass down a corridor of many long years, following a sign which says "To the Scientific Department." This brings me out on a musty little study in Upsala, Sweden, where a student is writing, and though farseeing, he has not the faintest idea of the immense importance of what he writes. His name is Carl Linnaeus and there comes from his quill, *Meleagris: Caput carunculis spongiosis tectum. Gallopavo: M. capite caruncula frontali, cristaeque gulari, maris pectore barbato. Habitat: in America septentrionalis.*

Many years afterward this was printed and when it appeared in the chunky, leather-bound old volume lying open on my desk, dated 1758, it became as immortal as a name can be which will be used as far as we can look ahead in all human scientific intercourse. Linnaeus was much more of a botanist than an ornithologist, so he pulled the rather unfortunate boner of using *Meleagris* for the turkey, a name which Aristotle fourteen centuries earlier, the Romans, and even Linnaeus' contemporaries had always applied to the guineafowl. But in taxonomy priority is rightly greater than any error, and *Meleagris gallopavo* is the only one and true binomial handle for our wild turkey.

Before we go on to ask and answer the question "Why is a turkey?" let us become formally acquainted:

"Permit me to introduce Mr. Turkey."

"How do you do. One of the Istanbul Turkeys, I presume?"

"Not at all. Nor Damascan, nor Baghdadian. Just one hundred per cent plain American, by Spain out of Mexico."

I firmly disbelieve that the name of the turkey is a geographical transposition. No turkey had anything ever, in actual fact, to do with the land of the fez and the harem, although it has a head covering which shines with "more-than-oriental splendour," and is itself a confirmed polygamist. The only current name evolving from a geographical title

is the French *dindon* which comes from the old and perfectly correct designation of *Coc d'Inde*, meaning, cock of the West Indies.

A favorite utterance of these birds, on a contentment theme, is the syllable *turk!* *turk! turk! turk!* So in *turkee* we have excellent etymological authority that a turkey is one who *turks*, more especially the hen turkey. Logic wins hands down when we speak of her spouse (how I abhor that hermaphroditic word, which I use here only to end its use), when we talk of the cock bird as the gobbler.

If this is not enough, let us pile up yet more circumstantial evidence, and speak of the turkey as used by Montezuma, long before any ray of the Mexican sun reflected the helmet of a Spaniard. When he or his subjects had occasion to mention this bird they said *Huexolotl*, and if this is uttered with true Aztec guttural accent it is pure onomatopoeisis, synonymous with gobbler.

III

Early in the seventeenth century Champlain gives us the first hint of wild turkeys in New England. In 1604 he writes, "The savages, along all these coasts where we have been, say that other birds, which are very large, come along when their corn is ripe. They imitated for us their cry, which resembles that of the turkey. They showed us their feathers in several places with which they feather their arrows and which they put on their head for decoration and also a kind of hair which they have under the throat like those we have in France, and they say that a red crest falls over upon the head." Although sight unseen, this description is quite as good as that of Oviedo.

From Canada to Virginia there follow, in succeeding years, many references to the great abundance of wild turkeys. The most famous is a result of the proclamation of Governor Bradford of Massachusetts, of three days of thanksgiving in December 1621, to celebrate

the first plentiful harvest after the *Mayflower's* arrival at Plymouth. It is reported that four Pilgrim hunters went into the forest and shortly returned with a supply of turkeys sufficient for a week. So were inaugurated simultaneously the annual festival, its designated endemic martyrs and, doubtless, the subsequent epidemic indigestion, all of which have been handed down to our time.

All the early records of colonial turkeys were of wild birds while the reverse was true in Central America where we hear only of domesticated individuals. This is an exceedingly interesting thing.

No one seriously believes that the earth and its plants and animals were made especially for man. If every human being should be wiped out of existence to-night, all other living creatures would to-morrow go on living and evolving without a moment's delay, and except for domestic animals, many of them would have a jolly better time of it than they now enjoy. Man has had to experiment and to adapt himself to all earthly conditions. But in one particular certain of his fellow-organisms seem to have been ready and waiting for him.

I have watched and studied and shot four species of jungle fowl, and all were equally wild and wary. Nevertheless, if a red jungle fowl cock and hen be trapped and kept and bred for a generation or two, they become, to all intents and purposes, barnyard fowl, and instead of six eggs they will begin to lay double or treble that number. The jungle fowl of Ceylon or Java, on the other hand, can be caged and their rarely laid eggs hatched under hens; but the chicks will continue to be untamable and unadapted to domestication for *n* generations, which means forever.

Wing-shot mallard ducks will turn into fat and contented puddle ducks in no time, while their very close cousins, the wild black ducks, will continue to be wild black ducks when your great grandchildren take over their care. The same holds true of the gray lag goose versus other northern geese. One species in a

number of groups seems to be waiting for domestication, while its congeners will have naught of man.

The ocellated turkey of Yucatan has never even laid an egg in captivity, much less bred; yet both Mexican and New England races of the wild turkey have become domesticated, and as we have seen, the Aztecs had long recognized and taken advantage of this instinct for friendly association. Nevertheless, wild turkeys are not easy to tame or rear. In this respect they lie halfway between the semidetached, catlike human relations exhibited by peacocks and swan and the hopeless surrender of man-bound poultry.

Closely associated with wild turkeys in Mexico are northern representatives of a related tropical family of tree-living, turkey-like birds—curassows, guans, and chachalacas. These show a peculiar reaction to captivity; for while they almost never lay an egg, yet the individual birds become as tame as dogs.

Wherever man has gone over the face of the earth he has lugged live plants and animals along with him. North America was once the cradle and place of evolution of the ancestral horse, yet in historic times this animal had to be reintroduced from the East, accompanied by chickens, cats, and dogs. Tobacco, potatoes, and Indian corn all traveled as man's luggage from west to east, but it was left to the turkey to make a round trip . . . Mexico—Spain—England, and back to the North American continent. Salvaging a pair of birds from the pot, unknown emigrants—Puritan or Cavalier—set sail for America with a crate of tame turkeys. After a century of travel these birds thus completed their Spanish and English wanderings, and the gobble of a descendant of Montezuma's birds was heard by keen-eared wild turkeys in the forests of Massachusetts and Virginia.

The wild turkey is divided into five subspecies, which might popularly be known as the Northern, Florida, Rio Grande, Western, and Mexican turkeys. The most conspicuous change from

north to south in these races is a clearing up and concentration of the light areas in the tail and wings, so that the bars and extremities, which in the northern four are rich chestnut or maroon, pale into actual white in the wild Mexican birds.

Ordinary poultry have given themselves up completely, mind, body, and genes, to their human masters, who have molded the jungle fowl type into giants and dwarfs, fat and lean, ruffled and crested, and by cross-breeding have dyed their plumage almost every color except blue and green. The turkey, both in body and instinct, has proved more conservative and yields to the utmost efforts of the breeder little change of bodily form and only black, white, and red-brown spots of pigment.

The white tail-tipped Mexican bird was the one which went to Europe, was named *gallopavo* by Linnaeus and ultimately returned to the colonies. This color character is a most reliable one and when I was building up the collection of birds in the New York Zoological Park I always refused to purchase a "wild" turkey which had lost its tail-feathers. Once I was completely fooled by a stranger who sold me a pair of birds with magnificent rich chestnut tail bands, which after the first heavy rain washed out into the pattern of tame barnyard stock.

I sometimes heartily envy wild creatures, whose dominant distinction from human beings is that they cannot think or say "I am I." We seem to spend so much of our time saying, directly or indirectly, nothing else. Of all living things we are the most self-conscious, which would be a condition more to be desired than anything else were it not for the fact that the stream of this mental ectoplasm which we send out often, amoebalike, envelops and beclouds the object toward which it is directed. I have at different times read more than two dozen books and general accounts of wild turkeys, and with only two exceptions the birds were,

first and last, considered as "game," which means, "something to be pursued." No fewer than eighteen authors smugly called turkeys "America's noblest game bird," which from a barely excusable original commonplace, has passed through a platitudinous phase and emerges as sheer triviality. Frequently the adjective is shifted to an inclusive "Noble Red Man."

Audubon alone has devoted a full half of his splendid account to the bird itself, from its own point of view, but almost all other authors are aware of wild turkeys only along the sights of a gun or as they titillate the taste buds en route to the stomach.

IV

In the genealogy of these birds on our continent we have been able to glimpse wild turkeys, large and small, reaching back through a million years, but we look around in vain for any close relation among living birds, outside of the ocellated bird of Yucatan. For comparison of the make-up of a turkey we must draw upon many birds. In the ruffed grouse we have a relative similarity in color between cock and hen, unlike the curassows and pheasants, and the still more important frontal courtship. By this I mean the cock spreads his tail fanwise and faces the hen when he displays. Peacocks also perform thus, but with them the tail proper is only a support, a stiffening or busk for the ornate coverts.

The astonishing development of wattled skin on head and neck is approached only in the tragopans and jungle fowl although the prairie chickens have distensible skin drums on their necks. This leaves as unique the hairy beard which hangs from the breast of the gobbler and shows as a small rudiment on the hen. It is as if nature, despairing of doing anything artistic with the wriggling wattle on the crown, had broken out with a crest on midbody. It is one of those structures whose origin and use,

if we knew them, might afford a clue to hundreds of other characters among animals and insects, birds, and fish. We can only look, watch, and wonder, and strive for illumination.

Turkeys, like all reputable birds, harbor a certain number of bird lice. This name weighs heavily against these creatures but the associated unpleasantness is not deserved. The technical term is nearer the truth, *Mallophaga*—eaters of wool. Among birds these plumage lice are not evidences of uncleanness, but on the contrary, they actually live on the detritus of bits of skin and feathers, and so are little friends to be praised rather than blamed. If we do not care for the word louse we can always turn to the scientific name bestowed with the greatest of ease by one Burmeister, in the year of Queen Victoria's coronation, upon the feather louse of the wild turkey—*Oxylipeurus polytrapezius polytrapezius*.

This name of the louse together with another tell us a very interesting story. The ocellated turkey of Yucatan is sufficiently unlike our own form to make its relationship a matter for generic distinction. Yet it harbors within its plumage a feather louse which is so closely allied to *O. p. p.* that it has received the sub-specific name of *Oxylipeurus polytrapezius agriocharis*. The exciting thing about this is that while in size, plumage, and general appearance birds may go on becoming more and more unlike their relatives, their feather lice, living as they do in a sub-plumage world of almost two dimensions, all but hidden from the outer world, may continue for unnumbered decades, like father, like son. In this way they reveal nuances of relationship and identities of forebears which would never be expected from casual, external observations of their hosts.

From an elegant two by two-and-a-half inch egg, creamy-buff spotted and speckled with reddish brown, a diminutive chick kicks himself free and another wild turkey has appeared in the world. When barely dry he and his dozen breth-

ren are led on their first excursion and armed only with an unbelievable amount of instinct wisdom he begins his adventures in a world of giant leaves and monstrous grasshoppers; to whom all pebbles are boulders and arbutus and toadstools high jungle and trees. His knowledge is from within. A bug crawls slowly across his path and he has reached, pecked, and swallowed before he knows what has happened. What can be his sensations when the still struggling morsel passes down his brand-new throat into an unused stomach?

The new world about him is filled with sounds impinging upon unviolated ears. There is no evidence that he hears anything until a faint *put-put* comes down from his mother's beak so high overhead. Something explodes within his tiny brain, and without plan, thought, or sense he dives into the leaves at one side and flattens himself into a bit of nothing. With eyes tight shut he freezes. Although mother may have flown to the ends of the earth and monstrous feet of gods or devils crash all about him, accompanied by loud, horrid snuffles of searching foes, there is never a flicker or sound out of his little being, until years after (so it must seem to him) a low cluck sounds. To other ears it is but a low cluck. To the wild turkey chick, an hour out of his shell, it brings all the comfort imaginable, and reassurance of safety. It is the mother's "All Clear," and he returns to life and food and more adventure.

For two weeks or so this life goes on: daily search for food, nightly shelter beneath the vast catacombs of down of the parent's plumage. Then he discovers that by the grace of the god of turkeys, or it may be by the inexplicable workings of evolution, he possesses a pair of infinitesimal wings, by the violent waving of which he can leave the world of enemy-haunted forest floor and ascend into the branches which have heretofore seemed heaven-high above him. He discovers that he can balance on their slender supports and, when he squats, his toes

automatically lock tight, so no disturbing nightmare can send him toppling.

For a few nights he and his brothers and sisters crowd close on each side of the hen who stretches her wings to the utmost to protect them, especially from rain or dew until sprouting water-proof feathers have replaced the absorbent down. Then a new instinct is unlocked and each chooses a place alone, and, tucking his head deep among the bursting plumage, falls asleep. The night may pass quietly and the rising sun be greeted by a distant gobble, deep and sonorous, a sound new to the chick, yet one which may stir his half-formed syrinx cords to an emulative abortive squeak. Or the new day may illumine some scattered feathers on the ground below, which are all that remain after an owl has come and gone or a raccoon crept out along the branch. Such are the chances of a wild turkey cockerel.

The tree-perching habit has been a deciding factor in the success of turkeys over the continent throughout all past years. A few enemies—nocturnal and arboreal or aerial—may follow, but the great assemblage of creatures from serpents and weasels to bobcats, foxes, and pumas are left behind while the senses of the turkeys are at rest. I have sneaked up on a fat old gobbler of the barnyard at night, and almost always, while the beak and eyes are deep buried among the feathers, the ear openings are nearly or quite exposed. His ancestors, perched high in the tropical jungles, needed the unconscious vigilance of hearing, to report and forestall the slithering shuffle of a boa constrictor's scales over the bark.

With strengthening wings the young bird seeks higher and ever higher perches, until his black blob of a body can be seen silhouetted as far aloft as the branches of the tallest trees will bear him. Once, guided by an old Negro wise in wood lore, I picked my way late at night through the soggy moss and shallow water of a swamp, whipped by a thousand lashes of leafless undergrowth, with howling wind and scudding clouds

making up for the apparent absence of all wild life. On a low mound a group of trees rose high into the air. So ancient were they that their saplinghood must have come and gone before the first white man. We pushed on to the edge of a glade and there waited until a white-rimmed cloud swept past. When the pale moon shone clear my guide pointed up, and there were six black spots. They might have been mistletoe, only they were wild turkeys, asleep on incredibly thin branches. With every gust they swung and swayed back and forth. I looked until my eyes wavered with the strain, and when the shadow of a following cloud made them one with the blackness of midnight we turned and left, my life enriched by a memory which words only obscure and make half real.

If we think the epithet "stupid" is deserved by turkeys because of their lingering trust in high perches even in the presence of man, we must remember that in the early dawn and at dusk, only in comparatively recent years has a feathered arrow ever brought death at such elevations. And this has been followed even still more recently by rifle bullets, fatal and to the birds wholly inexplicable.

With sturdy legs which develop speed faster than any natural enemy, even outdistancing a horse; with great curved wings which can at need take their owner a mile or more, at a flat trajectory as swiftly as any bird half its size; and with a brain which learns quickly from experience of any tangible danger, the wild turkey has held out against terrific odds, even against the cunning of man, armed with trap, dog, and gun. This is a remarkable thing when we realize that a full-grown bird measures four feet in length, five in extent of wing, weighs up to a maximum of thirty-five pounds and is covered with scintillating plumage which reflects the sunlight in iridescent hues of green, copper, bronze, and gold.

The young wild turkey keeps with his family throughout the first winter and

then drifts into loose flocks of other young cocks now roosting high above the ground. Another advantage in his fight for success in life is his diet. He is no gourmet or epicure but takes what comes and enjoys and thrives on it. Even unpleasant tasting creatures like leafhoppers and wasps, tobacco worms and lizards, tadpoles and centipedes are welcome. Four-fifths of his diet, however, is vegetable and when cut off from the dry ground by wide-spread floods turkeys have been known to spend an entire month in the trees feeding on buds and leaves.

What is difficult to understand is the natural shortness of the lifespan of turkeys. Curassows, pheasants, peafowl, and jungle fowl (including the domestic descendants of the latter) average twelve or thirteen years, rare individuals of the two last attaining an unconscionable quarter of a century. But six short years is the average expectation of life of a turkey.

In the third year of his life our turkey cock reaches full stature, with long, flowing breast tassel and brilliant purples and reds on head and neck. Now begins the culmination, the *raison d'être* of his whole existence—the continuation of the race. All his physical and mental being is concentrated on courtship. Nature has bequeathed him instincts for no mere single conquest, the mating and nesting with some one turkey hen. The inflexible command of ancestral custom compels a month or perhaps two of calling to every hen within hearing and, when she arrives, of winning her with what appears to some of us as amusing clowning, but which is in reality the most vitally important thing in his whole life.

No utterance of any member of the great group of eight hundred-odd fowl-like birds has the arresting quality, the shock of unexpected vocal explosion, as the *Gil-obble-obble-obble!* of a wild turkey. Any cock-a-doodle-doo or even the *kok-cak!* of a wild pheasant at dawn is mild in comparison. There is no working up

to a climax; it is an abrupt clap of thunder translated into a bird's syrinx, and curiously enough, sudden thunder will often set off competitive gobbles even from domestic birds and at times other than the breeding season.

This fanfare is only the opening overture to the succeeding performance, and here I wish to protest the descriptive terms applied by the majority of writers to the display of the turkeycock. "Comic, awkward, pompous, prideful, gas-bag, swaggerer, bombastic, ridiculous"—we read as we run the whole gamut of derisive vocabulary. I sometimes wonder if bystanders could have viewed the courtship of some of these turkey critics themselves, what adjectives might not have been applicable! After all it must be admitted of the feathered biped that "He gets his Girl"—girls, for that matter, perhaps a dozen of them. If anthropomorphic criticism could be extracted from a gobbler, his estimate of the marital efforts and successes of his biographers would be humiliating indeed, while approval, as from an equal, would be reserved for Turks, Mormons, and other Solomon-minded human beings.

The polygamous nature of the wild turkey is no recent development. That it must have reached far back into the past is proved by a curious physical adaptation. The courtship, whether of song or display of birds such as the nightingale, pigeon, or sandpiper, while perhaps strenuous is not long drawn out. Usually a mate is soon found and the pair begins the mutual duties of nesting. But a turkey, to summon and win from his rivals all the hens in his special bailiwick, must start with the rising sun and not cease until the day is well past. If we allow him a harem of twelve, each hen laying from eight to sixteen eggs, his constant gobbling and display and mating allow little time for feeding. So throughout each preceding winter the full-grown turkeycocks lay up a store of fat, especially beneath the skin of the breast—a porous, loose-tissued, adipose

mass, a great breast sponge of rich yellow. It recalls the hump of the camel and the fat of hibernating animals, and it is used up little by little throughout the gobbling months. Thus he is able to draw upon his own reserve of energy, giving all his time and attention to the duties at hand. At the end of the breeding season, thin, emaciated, spent, he abandons the glories and activities of his perpetual bridegroomage and sets to work to restore his physical being by means of a constant stream of nuts, buds, beetles, leaves, seeds, and whatever else of edibility he can find.

Let us now return to the gobble, a sound which with variations rang through forests so long ago that potential man had not even attained to the extremely inelegant courtship of the lower primates. There is hardly any portion of the bird which is not pressed into service in the display. The tail is raised on high and spread into a semi-circular fan, the wings lowered until the feather tips drag on the ground, the lungs are filled with air, the chest expanded, the feathers fluffed out, the head and neck withdrawn against the back and tail. His emotion causes a rush of blood to the head, and results in the change of colored wattles and skin from blue to

pink and from pink to scarlet, while the sensitive head caruncle extends and retracts in ceaseless movement. The air in the lungs is suddenly expelled in a muffled but penetrating hiss or booming sound. Then again the *Gil-obble-obble!* is unleashed.

Sooner or later a hen responds. Her voice is a low soft cluck or a keow, as our hopelessly inadequate verbiage must express it. As his gobble upon our ears, so the cluck of the hen electrifies the cock. He redoubles his efforts, mixing up the sequence, putting in gobbles between struts. He may await her, he may go halfway to meet her, but in time they meet and mate. Then she goes off to employ all her marvellous instincts in the choice of a safe place to hide her nest. Day after day she returns to the turkey-cock, and day by day she deposits her speckled eggs until upon a devil's or a baker's dozen she begins her solitary sitting throughout a lunar month. Then, as I have already related, still another new wild turkey chick kicks itself free from the shell. When, in spite of his large size, his short life, and the odds weighted so heavily against him, he is able to win through to success, he seems to me one of the most valiant of living birds.





BOMBING CITIES WON'T WIN THE WAR

BY JAMES WARNER BELLAH

THERE was something vaguely familiar about the newspapers, the newsreels, and the talk of people the first part of September. War again in Europe. The same turns, the same lines, much the same cast except that this time radio and television rights are in the contract. Germany invades Belgium (substitute Poland if you care to). France declares war on Germany. England declares war on Germany. The *Athenia* torpedoed—American passengers aboard. Germans bomb Warsaw. Sixty-seven planes lost. English bomb Cuxhaven—fourteen Royal Air Force planes shot down. America to remain neutral. That sort of thing.

The regularly recurring phenomenon of war in Europe had caught us again in our time, before the spiritual and economic wounds of the last one had been completely healed.

Here in the United States we don't live with the expectancy of war, so we don't realize that it's like the last performance of every great diva—there is always one more chance to see her if you miss this one. War occurs in Europe about every thirty years and it has done so since about the beginning of time. It is a natural expectancy in the normal European life. Nothing seems to stop it. Neither armies, nor treaties, victories in the war before—or defeat.

The United States isn't in the habit of understanding that and accepting it. We don't have vulnerable frontiers or neighbors who hate us. We don't grow up with the idea that the first couple of

years of a young man's twenties must be spent in conscript uniform for the protection of the state. So we had been able to feed ourselves for some time on the delusion that the World War was the last one—because the world had grown wiser, more humane, too sensible to have more wars. And as that delusion began to fade, a great many of us had succumbed to another: the delusion that the destructive mind of man, during the past twenty-five years, had made war so appallingly frightful that it could never possibly be considered again as a means of settling problems without the utter elimination of the human race as an inevitable result.

Nonsense. There isn't a single weapon being used in this war that wasn't being used in the last. The caliber 30 machine gun has grown up into the caliber 50, but the principle of operation is the same. Planes that did a hundred and twenty miles an hour now go twice as fast. No radically new gas is known to have been produced by any country since 1918, although rumors of a paralysis gas persist. Incendiary bombs have developed from mere combustion starters into actual molten metals—much simpler and more direct. The infantry rifle has developed from a quick manipulating magazine piece into the semi-automatic rifle, in some cases—notably our own—quite successfully. Submarines are larger and faster and can stay out from their bases longer but they can't sink a merchant ship any more completely than they did before. Tanks are the same tanks—

somewhat faster than the tanks of the last war, but still limited in action by conditions of terrain, still stoppable by the anti-tank gun, or more simply, as was proved in Spain, by gasoline-filled pop bottles, ignited and thrown at their gun and eye slots. All the old paraphernalia of war are reappearing, repainted, stepped up in speeds and calibers slightly, with the terminology slightly changed but the principle remaining about the same.

For a long time we have been constantly told that all future wars would be so inhumanly frightful in their effects that they would destroy civilization by their mechanics alone. We have been told that when the next war came everybody would be in it. Not all nations necessarily—even though that might possibly come to pass, but all the people of all nations involved, civilians as well as soldiers. For twenty years we have been told that the safest place in time of war would be in the army—that war in the air would make cities such unbelievable infernos that life in them would be unendurable.

Again, nonsense. There is nothing very new about attacking civilian populations—and nothing new about attacking them from the air. It was done in the last war—done in Spain—is being done in China and in Europe, at the moment you read these lines. No war will be won by attacking civil populations in cities. No war will be won by the airplane alone. For it can't be and it won't be. War is won by infantry and money to buy wheat.

But look at London, look at Paris, look at Berlin, you may say; they've evacuated their children, their invalids, their expectant mothers. They're blacked out. They've already been bombed perhaps. The people who have to stay live in mortal fear. Do they? Well, there is no doubt that they are inconvenienced and are on tenterhooks of uncertainty, and there is no doubt either that a lot of them will eventually be gathered to their fathers somewhat wetly and most abruptly. But let us consider

the exact odds for and against making a modern European city as hideously untenable by air raids as we have been led to believe they will be made.

II

In the days of your correspondent's extreme youth, when a Zeppelin or Gotha raid was signaled in London it was signaled from the French coast, or from ships in the Channel, or from English coast towns that the raid had passed over. The news was telephoned to Defense of London squadrons who surged into the air at once and, nine times out of ten, missed coming in contact with the raid entirely, which in turn nine times out of ten missed bombing vulnerable points completely, and everyone was happy—except the anti-aircraft batteries which had worked feverishly for hours and had hit nothing whatsoever.

There were some exceptions to this rule. Here, for your information, is the complete box score for the German raids on England in 1914-18:

Total German air raids over period Dec. 1914-Aug. 1918: 94.

Total Zeppelins lost on these raids, including four brought down in France after raid of October 19, 1917: 9.

Total German planes lost in accomplishing these raids: 22.

Total British civilians killed by these raids: 1,282.

Total civilians injured by these raids: About 3,167.

Now there are no figures available on British property loss sustained as a result of these raids; but counting the property loss on the enemy balance sheet as an unknown profit to him, and considering, for the moment, deaths alone—to kill 1,200 miscellaneous English civilians it cost the lives of approximately 350 highly skilled and expensively trained German airmen. (Thirty men to a Zeppelin and 3 or more to a plane.) And, at a rough estimate, this cost about \$18,500,000 in cash (\$2,000,000 apiece for a Zeppelin and about \$40,000 to a plane, to say nothing of gas, oil, etc.,

used on maintenance and false starts). Shall we say then, subtracting the 350 dead German airmen from the 1,200 dead British civilians, that it cost about \$20,000 a head to kill an old man, a woman, or a child twenty-five years ago? That is a large sum compared to the cost of killing a healthy, fighting infantryman, which for the sake of argument we may put at about five hundred dollars, which is the cost of drafting, processing, training, and arming another infantryman to do the job.

Now it is granted that the last war—in most of the lessons it taught, including the cardinal one that you must not punish a defeated enemy unless you do it as completely as Rome was eventually forced to punish Carthage—is as dead as the War of the Roses, but the economic results of all wars run at about the same ratio to one another. That is, the number of men engaged on both sides and the cost of their maintenance in the field is in direct ratio to the damage they do and to the casualties they produce. We may therefore draw a rough conclusion from the foregoing figures: that the quickest way to deplete your war chest is to buy dead babies with it instead of dead infantrymen. And the reason for that is quite simple; for the aerial attack of a modern European city is about as dangerous an undertaking as you can possibly conceive of—and the quickest way of getting rid of your pilots who, with increased speeds and more complicated machines, require much more involved and longer training than the daredevil flying schoolboys of the last war, and of your planes, which have become infinitely more expensive to manufacture than the crazy crates of 1914–18.

The actual defense of a city against air raids has reversed itself in twenty-one years. The antiplane gun, from being an annoyance to pilots, has become a death warrant. Its accurate shooting in 1939 would make a homebody of Annie Oakley. You can't talk back to it in any language.

In the last war by some fabulously

lucky accident one or two direct hits on planes were made by anti-aircraft fire. Ten years ago at Sandy Hook a Coast Artillery colonel went into hysterics of joy because out of ten thousand shots fired, one of his anti-aircraft guns registered on a tow-target. But to-day there exist three anti-aircraft gun patents—one Swiss (with which British cities are defended), one German, and one American—that can, through automatic ranging, pointing, and fuse-setting, make a direct hit on a plane at any speed, angle, or altitude, at from the fifth to the twentieth quick-firing, ranging shot. So that whereas Zeppelins will not be on the expense account in this war, an infinitely greater number of planes will be. And planes have become infinitely more expensive.

Nine hundred of these guns defended London at last accounts—some months back. Undoubtedly the frugal French have provided Paris with them amply and the methodical Germans, having gone to the pains of inventing one of the best, no doubt use it wisely.

This antiplane gun has practically superseded the interceptor fighting plane in the defense of cities—not alone because of its uncanny accuracy but for another reason, which is a matter of pure mathematics. Speeds of planes have increased to such an extent that bombing raids can no longer be signaled and their objectives guessed in time for interceptors to surge up from defense airdromes and fight them off before the objectives have been reached.

You can figure that out on paper, taking the average bombing plane speed of 200 miles an hour and the average interceptor fighter speed of 240—and remembering that with these speeds the chances of missing contact completely, once fighters have gone out on a mission of interception, are extremely long. Permanent interceptor patrols, ringing the outskirts of cities, would have had to be the answer to the fighter-bomber controversy if the antiplane gun had not developed its latent deadly accuracy.

But it did develop it and because it has, it must take indisputable first place in importance in the defense of cities, leaving the air force to function mainly in counter-city reprisal raids—making raids against enemy airdromes, or perhaps relegating its attacks presently to the point that light cavalry has been relegated to since the invention of the machine gun—that is, as an occasional auxiliary to the infantry, in extremely open warfare. Once again we see that for every weapon invented a protection is sooner or later evolved.

Plane casualties already seeping through to us indicate that the cost in plane destruction is already highly incommensurate with the damage inflicted by the planes.

But let us not for a moment believe that the cost of bombing cities is going to prevent the destruction of babies, or of the Louvre, or of Westminster. For it won't—it merely stands as the first line of passive defense.

III

There is a second line. Take a plat-book map of any city in the world—a map showing streets and buildings as your bombing pilot would see them if he came by day—and you will see at once that less than fifty per cent of the top-elevation area of any city consists of roof-tops. The rest of the top-elevation area consists of streets, alleys, yards, courts, squares, parks, and vacant lots—all obviously empty at the first air-raid siren. So to start with, the target offers a fifty-fifty chance of failure to strike a building on its roof.

Three lethal projectiles can be launched on cities from planes. High explosive (with its accompanying shrapnel of fragmentation), gas bombs, and incendiary materials.

The direct hit on a building with high explosive will be quite damnable. The bomb, striking a flat roof-top, will penetrate to the subcellar before detonating.

It will then explode, not directly upward, but outward in all directions at

approximately the angle of splash of a large flat stone dropped from directly above still water. This explosion in the enclosed space of the cellar, plus the fierce outward cut of the bomb fragments, will undoubtedly cause the building to collapse. Most of the people in it will naturally go with it.

The high-explosive bomb striking anywhere else within the limits of a city will do damage but it can never possibly do the damage that shelling can do. Artillery fire can completely raze a city. Aerial bombing cannot. The reason is threefold. In the first place when artillery once gets the range of a target it keeps it continually until the target moves or the artillery moves, and it can hit it again and again. A plane can't. It comes over, peels off, drops its eggs, and passes on. The next night there isn't one chance in a million that it can put its bombs into the same section of town it did the night before. We have a bomb sight in this country that can put a bomb in your hip pocket. But daylight raids on cities can be too easily repulsed. Night, in the main, was the time for the air raid in the last war with few exceptions and will be again in this one, and at night you can't see a hip pocket from twenty thousand feet. But an antiplane gun doesn't have to see to hit—it can hear—and feel radio-electrically.

In the second place, it is impossible to time aerial bombs to detonate before striking their targets, and thus their force of explosion in cities is always tempered by their being partially imbedded in earth or pavements or debris before detonation, a circumstance which impedes the force of bomb fragmentation infinitely when compared to the force of timed shrapnel from artillery fire. And in the third place, the metal casing of aerial bombs is much lighter than the casing of shells, so that when bomb fragmentation occurs, the force of the blow struck by the fragments is much lighter than that of the blow struck by shell fragments. Furthermore, inasmuch as

the bomb is designed to hit first and then go off, its explosive force always must come upward and outward at a low angle. Therefore, building walls, sand-bag defenses, entrenchments, or the mere act of going up a couple of flights of stairs and thereby removing oneself from within the angle of splash are adequate defenses against indirect hits.

Don't for one moment think that bombing by high explosive won't damage a city pretty thoroughly—so thoroughly in fact that you would have considerable difficulty in finding your way home after such an attack. But it won't destroy a city. Your lights may be out and your plumbing ruined when you get home, but unless you are the kind of person who can win the Irish Hospital Sweeps, there will have been no direct hit on your house, for the chances are too fabulously long to allow of it. Some houses will be hit directly, but the percentage is always in favor of more indirect than direct hits.

You were surprised at the idea of going *up* a couple of flights of stairs? It would seem a most unnatural thing to do—as unnatural as putting the stick of a plane well forward, as a preliminary to pulling out of a tail spin. But it has its merits if you have forgotten your way to the nearest bomb shelter. For going upstairs does two things. It gets you out of the angle of high-explosive splash and it gets you away from gas.

There is no death-dealing gas known or likely to be known that is not considerably heavier than air. Volatility in a gas immediately dissipates it and dilutes its effect. Tear and vomiting gases accomplish their temporary purpose of creating confusion and then pass on. Lethal gases do not. They come in heavy concentrations and, like water, seek the lowest level possible. In cities they will roll into subways, cellars, depressions, and downhill sections. During the actual explosion of lethal-gas bombs the air will be full of light concentrations of the gas for an estimated height of two stories perhaps, but the higher up

the lighter the concentration of the gas and the quicker its dissipation. So if you are caught without a mask or a bomb shelter don't burrow—go upstairs and escape fragments and gas at the same time, keeping your fingers crossed against the one long chance of a direct hit on the building you are in.

That leaves us fire to consider. In its present form the incendiary bomb is manufactured on several basic schemes, the joint object of which is, upon impact, to turn the whole into a puddle of molten metal which will burn through a roof top, drip redly through metal beams, splash to the floor below, and keep on going joyfully on its way leaving a path of flames behind it. But sand will stop it, deep sand on the roof tops. Chemicals will stop it. And again, fifty per cent of the stuff will hit harmlessly in the space where there is nothing to burn anyway—fifty per cent of it by the very nature of the target every city offers. So don't let it worry you too much if your city is set on fire. The fire will be put out. London, for instance, is always on fire, war or no war. There hasn't been a moment, night or day, for fifty-five years that some London engine company hasn't been out on the job.

Now all this sort of thing is bound to turn any civil population—even the lethargic populations of Madrid, Valencia, and Barcelona—into a breed of agile, somewhat angry, and most highly annoyed acrobats. And it is bound to make somewhat of a mess of one's city. But by the very nature of the odds stacked against the complete success of aerial attack from the start—the frightening cost in plane and flying personnel casualties owing to the antiplane gun's present most accurate development; the unadaptability of the target to quick and complete destruction by aerial means of attack; the forehanded evacuation of large portions of municipal populations into country areas; the adequate alarm systems in all European cities; bomb shelters, gas chambers, gas masks, first-aid squads, roofs deeply sanded against

incendiary bombs, sandbagging of the lower portions of buildings within the angle of bomb splash, and the complete blackout systems used—we can definitely say that cities will not only not become hideously untenable but that business will continue almost as usual as it did in London and Paris, Frankfurt and Mannheim twenty years ago and as it did in Madrid two years ago, where after 130 indirect hits on the I. T. & T. building the elevators still ran.

In fact it can definitely be said further that infinitely less damage and loss of life will be sustained by a city over a period of months of aerial bombardment than was sustained by Tokyo and Yokohama in three minutes of robust earthquake in 1923, where the whole area was the target, where no defense existed and no warning was given; and that what damage and casualties are sustained will cost the enemy about 40 times the amount required to take one infantryman permanently off the payroll.

IV

Why then bomb cities? Because, in spite of its having been tried unsatisfactorily in the last war, it was picked up a few years back as a brand new idea and accordingly it must be tried out. An inspired Italian General named Giulio Douhet in 1926 conceived the brilliant but not too original idea that sudden aerial frightfulness and the ruthless destruction of civil populations would so appall and dishearten the warring soldiery in the trenches of an enemy nation that they would fold up as quickly and as easily as the Italian Army folded up at Caporetto in the last war.

But it just doesn't work. Moreover, it makes civilians agile, angry, and utterly war-conscious. It puts them on the team instead of on the substitute's bench. Take the front off a man's house and he becomes a more ardent civilian backer of his army than recruiting or food-conservation posters could ever make him. Kill a soldier's wife at home in the dark—or his mother or his children—and

watch out for him. He will mind his bayonet from now on.

During the last war I had a letter from my old Latin professor to an English-woman, and because I was a lonely young flying officer in a strange uniform in a strange land I called on her. The Germans had ruined the Cricket Grounds next door to her. Seven houses across the street looked fairly dilapidated. Where the cross street should have been in front of her small house there was a deep, rag-filled bomb hole. Everything but the rags had been removed for sanitary reasons.

She received me over her tea table. Behind her were her three uniformed sons, in frames, for they were dead at Bapaume, Lens, Ypres. She excused herself for not rising. "There have been so many air raids lately, you know." Smiling apologetically, she added, "My doctor bothers me so. He wants me to go to the North or to Cornwall. But I can't, you see, because this is my home"—a brief glance at the framed pictures—"and this is *my* war now."

In the words of our own General Summerall, roughly paraphrased: "Gentlemen, you may tell me of long-range guns, tanks, aeroplanes, gas and flame-throwers, and all the destructive inventions of man, but I tell you that war always has been and always will be a man going somewhere on his feet with a rifle in his hand to make another man with a rifle in his hand go somewhere else on his feet."

There won't be anything really new in this war—not even war in the air. It'll all bog down presently into a lot of dirty infantrymen facing one another across a hundred yards of shell-churned blood-mud, and it will go on until the money for wheat gives out—and then it will stop and no one will have won because everyone will have lost again and the cemeteries will be full of dead youth once more, and the hospitals full of wrecks, and Europe will be so bankrupt that the show won't open again for another thirty years.



THE GOING FORTH

BY CONRAD AIKEN

IT IS not in being careful, as mothers are,
Who with gentle hands lift the child from the water,
Knowing his weight and the strong thrust of the young legs,
Or how his sudden laughter or terror
Might overbalance him—and against this
Her hand is ready; it is not in being
Shrewd as the farmer is for the depth of the seed, choosing
Its site in the wind, and with armed foresight
Against the frost and the birds; nor as the sailor
Smells the weather in the color of the wave's froth—
Measuring his ship against the tiger-colored sky;
Nor as the workman, bending his edge to the grindstone:

Not in slowness, not in carefulness, not in the knowledge
Of the loved and familiar thing, the faring
By the known path to what is known,
Nor in the cherishing of what the hand has loved and held;
No, it is the body's going forth
To that final wildness of the wind
 which is death,
To that sudden suffocation of the wind
 which is death,
In that secession of the vision
 which is night
When the hand finds nothing to touch, and only the heart
 is bright.

It is in that bravery, in that voluntary decision
To walk forward into the darkness without vision,
To shape and know it violently, handle it
With hands unready but brave—in that always,
And every minute, and everywhere, and all our lives,
Daring of the dark chasm, which, despite the sunlight,
And despite the flowers and the love and the grass,
And despite the bird song and the youth song,
Lies just outside the heart; into this
Let us never cease to step gladly with terror;
For it is only in this that we shall avoid error,
Only in this speak suddenly the terrible word
Which is our birth and being and discovery and death in one,
The immortal speech that never before was heard.



One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE



SAW a cat hunting in a field as I drove the little boy in to school this morning, and thought how devious and long is the preparation before the son of man can go out and get his own dinner. Even when a scholar has the multiplication tables at his tongue's end, it is a long way to the first field mouse.



Six days a week, eight months of the year, in war or in peace, Dameron goes down the bay in the morning and hauls his traps. He gets back about noon, his white riding-sail showing up first around the point, then the hull, then the sound of the engine idling and picking up again as he pulls his last two traps. Sometimes, if the sun is right, we can see pinwheels of light as he hurls crabs back into the sea, spinning them high in air. And sometimes, if he has had a good catch of lobsters, we can hear him singing as he picks up his mooring. It is a song of victory, the words of which I've never made out; but from this distance it sounds like a hymn being clowned.

He is as regular as a milk train, and his comings and goings give the day a positive quality that is steadying in a rattle-brained world. In fog we can't see him but we can hear his motor, homebound in the white jungle; and then the creak of oar in lock, tracing the final leg of his journey, from mooring to wharf. He has no watch, yet we can set ours by his return. (We could set it by his departure too if we were up—but he leaves at six o'clock.)

I went with him in his boat the other day, to see what it was like, tending seventy traps. He told me he's been lobstering twenty-five or six years. Before that he worked in yachts—in the

days when there were yachts—and before that in coasting schooners. "I liked coasting fine," he said, "but I had to get out of yachting." A look of honest reminiscent fright came into his face. "Yachting didn't agree with me. Hell, I was mad the whole time.

"You know," he explained, pushing a wooden plug into a lobster's claw, "there's a lot o' them yacht owners who haven't much use for the common man. That's one thing about lobstering—it gives you a hell of an independent feeling."

I nodded. Dameron's whole boat smelled of independence—a rich blend of independence and herring bait. When you have your own boat you have your own world, and the sea is anybody's front yard. Old Dameron, pulling his living out of the bay at the end of twelve fathoms of rope, was a crusty symbol of self-sufficiency. He cared for nobody, no not he, and nobody cared for him. Later in the fall he would haul his boat out on his own beach, with his own tackle. He would pull the engine out, take it up through the field to his woodshed, smear it with oil, and put it to bed in a carton from the grocer's. On winter evenings he would catch up on his reading, knit his bait pockets, and mend his traps. On a nasty raw day in spring he would get the tar bucket out and tar his gear and hang it all over the place on bushes, like the Monday wash. Then he would pay the State a dollar for a license and seventy-five cents for an official measuring stick and be ready for another season of fishing, another cycle of days of fog, wind, rain, calm, and storm.

Freedom is a household word now, but it's only once in a while that you see a man who is actively, almost belligerently

free. It struck me as we worked our way homeward up the rough bay with our catch of lobsters and a fresh breeze in our teeth that this was what the fight was all about. This was it. Either we should continue to have it or we shouldn't, this right to speak our own minds, haul our own traps, mind our own business, and wallow in the wide, wide sea.



I SEEM to belong to the only species which takes infinite pains to erect a private establishment from which, at last, it must escape. Bees, ants, spiders build rather ingeniously (although no bee has anything which quite compares to an electric water pump), but they commonly stick with their house to the bitter end, fleeing only in the event of catastrophe—a web shattered by a broom, a hill turned up with a spade. A man, on the other hand, to save his own soul often has to quit his hive in the full bloom of normal operation.

At this writing I am in the attic of the garage, a place of dead flies and dormant miscellany. Here among my own debris I have been able to cut out for myself an island in space, a retreat from the world I created myself. The house, with its amazing intricacies, its pipes, conduits, its bricks, its shelves, its people, bedspreads, utensils, hopes, engagements, mechanical disabilities, and the low whirr of guests, the house is evacuated like a shelled town—the house, the barn, the acres, the flocks, the domestics, the doilies, the dog pans, the sticks to prop the windows up with, the electric current invisible which invades the coil which surrounds the pipe which holds the water which warms the bath which cleanses the cook who bakes the pie that fills the folks who live in the house that Jack (in 1810) built. I have left all behind. My world now is a plank laid across a couple of boxes, a typewriter on the plank, and a stool which I swiped from a cowless dairy. Thus the retreat continues, which was started more than a year ago. Here I again have my back to the wall.

LETTER from a reader:

"We too came (to the country) to lead the simple life; we too started with 36 pullets—which were all eaten by rats; we too had a spring with eels and frogs where one could go to muse and be eaten by mosquitoes. We had them all, and have lost them quite completely. What we have now is some 8,000 chickens of varying ages and susceptibilities to coccidiosis; less income, twice or thrice as much work, and perpetual worry. We have become as accustomed to the peace and quiet of the country as you say one does to the roar of the Sixth Avenue El, and winding lanes are no more to us now than turnstiles in our urgent comings and goings to banks and grain mills and osteopaths.

"I see from what you say . . . that you sense your danger, but it is one thing to sense it, and another to avoid it. . . . It's too late for us to turn back, but we hate to see others of our kind blithely tripping into the pit."

I got that letter quite a while ago, and have kept it around to study over, maybe even to answer. Nothing could be truer than that one's relationship to the country changes by the simple fact of one's living with it continuously; but so, for that matter, does one's relationship to the woman one lives with, or to the plumbing and heating system. (I am fresh from a bout with the kitchen drain, and though the purity of our relationship is forever lost, I now feel the solid pleasure of close companionship with my own pipes. I may smell like a dishmop, but I have grown acquainted with my sink's peculiar qualities, and know its kinks.) My correspondent was probably asking too much of life if he expected to find in eight thousand chickens the original rapture of his first encounter with a pipping shell. I know all about the subtle erosion of character which takes place when one progresses, in imperceptible steps, from the keeping of pets to the superintendence of a commercial husbandry project. I haven't stood up under it any too well. A year ago, when

I was ready to house my pullets, I wrote that there was to be no purge, no culling of the little flock; I said I would put them all into the laying house without discrimination and let them eat their fill and lay if they chose. I am now compelled to record that this is not precisely what happened. Of the 37 pullets, I put only 35 in the house, leaving two sad-looking sisters in a small pen in the orchard and later selling them (without mentioning that they were my culls) to a mysterious little man who arrived unheralded in a driving shower of rain to buy a rooster. By this simple but calculating deed I lost forever my amateur standing with a hen. Now, a whole year later, with four times the number of birds under my protectorate, I make no bones about culling. Only the physically fit survive in my tyranny. As in the Third Reich, in my henhouse the individual must be sacrificed to the good of the whole. I am degraded by this practice, but I fall in line just the same. Some day I may revolt; some day, instead of destroying a sick hen lest she infect the others, I shall destroy the others and nurse the sick one back to glowing health, thus reestablishing my own self-respect.

I am in fact very grateful for this letter from the man with eight thousand chickens; although long before I got it I sensed what he so eloquently expresses. I don't know whether I came to the country to live the simple life; but I am now engaged in a life vastly more complex than anything the city has to offer. It has its compensations. Even through the demoralizing days of my expanding husbandry I have never quite lost my feeling for an egg, as such. I built a new henhouse this summer, to keep my mind off Europe, and I have chosen for its wall motto those fertile lines of Clarence Day's:

O who that ever lived and loved
Can look upon an egg unmoved?

I haven't yet had to be rubbed by an osteopath, but my trips to the grain mill are more numerous than they once were.

This week, because of the invasion of Poland, the darn stuff is up thirty cents a bag.



WAR comes to each of us in his own fashion. Early on that Sunday when England and France finally lost their patience, wishing to put my affairs in order, I cleaned my comb and brush, pouring a few drops of household ammonia into the bowl of water, running the comb through the brush, then brushing the comb with a nail brush. At breakfast there was a house guest, in a bathrobe. She approached the war intellectually, through Versailles.

After breakfast I went to the garage and sorted some nails, putting the clapboard nails together in a bunch, the sixpenny nails together, the boarding nails together, in cans. The blade of my jackknife being stiff, I eased it with a few drops of penetrating oil. We decided we would go to church—a solemn place for a solemn hour. The preparation was hurried (as though we were organizing a picnic on the spur of the moment). Church is at 10:30 here. The little boy was in tears about having to wear the blue suit, yet wanting to go. I wore a hat I found in a closet. The minister, a young fellow I recently sold some old hens to for a dollar apiece, said he believed the meek would inherit the earth. We sang “Am I a soldier of the Cross, Are there no foes for me to fight?” The storekeeper passed the plate. When we got back home I went out to the barn to fix some chum bait, and somebody came out after a while and announced: “Dinner, and the King.” The words came with painful slowness, as we all sat and chewed. Thus began the second war for democracy.



SOME of the readers of this disorderly department have inquired about the fate of my gull, the one I raised from infancy. It is a pretty story, with an unhappy ending. In midsummer, hoping to instruct him in the art of making his own living, I

moved him down to the shore where, without restraint of any kind, he set up shop under the steps to the pier. Each day I would take him out on the clam-flats and point out the things that I thought a young gull should know. He showed very little interest, and continued to scream for fish. There was a period of about two weeks when I never missed a morning fishing for cunners and flounders and pollock, to keep him alive. He knew enough to swallow them head first, so the scales would be right.

I soon discovered that a gull inherits the tendency to hang around boats, waiting for something to be dumped overboard. Flight came to him long before any aptitude for getting his dinner, and he would fly out to meet us as we returned in the boat, or sometimes swim out alongside, begging for a handout. This seems miraculous when you think about it, that so specialized a trick can be passed on from one generation to the next. It is as though a child inherited a tendency to hitch hike. There was not the slightest doubt that my gull instinctively looked to a boat for support. I couldn't fly up and teach him to drop a mussel on a rock, but he seemed to acquire, without any instruction, the knack of watching for marine refuse. He knew enough to take a leeward position and wait for developments. I must say I got awfully fond of him—probably because there was only one of him and no culling problem was involved.

One evening a schooner yacht dropped anchor in the cove. She was the *Capella*, out of New York. I saw my gull swim out and start hollering under her stern. Then I heard voices, excited, as though they had made a pleasant discovery. That was the last I saw of my gull. He may have been shanghaied, or possibly the abundance and excellence of *Capella's* garbage was too great an attraction. Somehow I can't quite believe he left me of his own free will. After all, a man has his little vanities.

SOME day, if I ever get around to it, I would like to write the definitive review of America's most fascinating book, the Sears Roebuck catalogue. It is a monumental volume, and in many households is a more powerful document than the Bible. It makes living in the country not only practical but a sort of perpetual night-before-Christmas.

When you buy something in a store, you see it with your eyes and it has a prosaic and sometimes devastating reality. When you order something from Sears, it exists only in the mind's eye, sugar-coated, triple-reinforced, and surrounded by an aura of light.

Around these parts the firm is known as "Sears and Roebuck." The "and" is always used. It just got in there, somehow, and never got out.

I've been looking over the special "Back-to-School and Harvest Event" catalogue, a small edition of the main catalogue. The title conjures up all the standard autumnal visions: crisp days, button chrysanthemums, football, russet apples, children playing in school yards under yellowing maples. One forgets that the years march on. The first three items that I happened to strike were (1) some high-potency vitamin capsules "to ward off winter ills"; (2) a jitterbug shoe for young men, called "Swingaroo"—"plenty swishy with lots of funny sayings printed on the natural color uppers"; and (3) a harvest radio designed for smart moderns, in the shape of a rocket.

I guess as the years roll on and the wars roll on, we shall have to forget Currier and Ives and take the strange new harvest as it comes. This fall the crepe soles of the Swingaroo (\$1.98) will, as the catalogue predicts, bounce with every drumbeat when autumn's in the groove. Even the drums seem likely to be promoted from a swingtime band to a fife and drum corps. I note that one of the funny sayings printed on the natural color uppers is "I'll mow ya down." You can't get ahead of Sears.



The Easy Chair

THE ONCOMING

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

ONLY the faintest images survive of the first week of August, 1914. In a Rocky Mountain town one had graduated from high school, was in love for the first time, had a newspaper job reporting the games of a Class D baseball league and the Chautauqua lectures. One scrawled AP war stories on strips of press-paper and hung them from twine in the office windows. Unexcited, hardly interested, amiably chatting groups gathered on the sidewalk to read those bulletins—smaller, less passionate groups than those which would soon gather to follow the World's Series. The bulletins drew pictures of a story-book war in one's mind: Uhlans against the Belgian sky at twilight, cruisers making out to sea with their lights doused, dust-gray columns deploying into line through ripening wheat while sulphur-colored flowers of shrapnel bloomed above them. They were formal tableaux on a screen, picturesque, romantic, tinged with Sir Lancelot; they were pretty under the box elders but meaningless and without importance; they were as far away as Saturn. This time it will be neither distant nor romantic, even to boys.

It had moved from Saturn to a Europe that was not quite so far away, sixteen months later, and in the rooms of Charles Townsend Copeland it finally crossed the Atlantic. In December, 1916, Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe was talking, late at night, to some Harvard boys. His musical, sensitively calculated voice brought another picture to Hollis Hall, English

volunteers marching down to the ships singing "Tipperary," singing "Send father and mother, send sister and brother, but for God's sake don't send me." He made us see those soldiers going out to die and several times he paused, smiled in the lamplight, and said very gently, "I'll be seeing you young gentlemen in France before it's done." In moonlight a snow-crueted angle of the roof of Holworthy showed in Copey's window, and the voice went on whispering in yellow lamplight. *It's really war, those singers are blown to hell now, and he may be right.* He was right and perhaps he did see some of us in France; for some young gentlemen who were in Copey's rooms that night are now just names on the roll of what is called honor in the church which Harvard built to commemorate its war dead.

There was a morning in early May, 1917. One crossed Boston Common and the Public Garden in spring sunlight, the trees budding, all colors clear and bright, flags everywhere—and for an hour or so something that is called dedication, something that is called sacrifice, something that is called patriotism, made a suffocating ecstasy in one's heart. One had enlisted to-day, would be in France to-morrow, would be dead, sweetly and decorously for one's country, by the morning of the third day. And that moment, scorned sometimes and jeered at, not believed in sometimes or shamefacedly denied, has never been altogether forgotten. And there was something besides bright colors and confused ec-

stasy: there was a swift, brief glimpse of a nation that has never quite existed.

Midnight in late December, 1918. One who had been for some hours an ex-lieutenant of infantry got into a dilapidated, oil-lighted day coach at Petersburg, Virginia. The town's lights fell behind and another ex-lieutenant said, "I know two that ain't going next time, me and the guy they send to get me." One agreed but hardly heard him, for there was a numb awe, a feeling recognizable as the end of disbelief, the turning of a deep tide back from death to life and to the possibility of belief in life. It is twenty-one years since that train rocked and groaned through the Virginia night.

The last two weeks of August, 1939. A small group of professional writers were gathered to instruct a larger group of apprentice writers, on a mountain in northern Vermont. The Gap opened westward on a vista of the Green Mountains and outlines of the Adirondacks beyond. There were days of clear sun; twice northern lights flared in the night sky; as the fortnight wore out the moon grew toward the full. In a Europe that was hardly a gunshot away the destruction wasted at noonday, and on the mountain we talked, because there was nothing else to do, about the use of words, and how to tell a story, and what the illusion of fiction is made of. We played tennis, went swimming in icy water, came together for a cocktail at dinnertime. We talked about the shadows of shadows, about writing, about the dreams that beget art, while death lowered over Europe. There was a deep insistence: hold trivialities to your heart, for they can be loved and cannot be taken away—tennis, the body's weariness, sleep, the voices of friends, patches of moonlight on the trunks of maples, ground mist across the valley when dusk comes.

One had always disliked automobile radios but had bought one just eleven months before, when a hurricane struck New England and only automobile radios kept a devastated village in touch

with the world outside. We were prepared, we said eleven months ago, for the next hurricane. Now it was at hand. At intervals one walked away from the tennis, the cocktails, the talking, to switch it on and learn if the winds had been loosed. *Not yet. It is still, of a kind, peace.* The nerve had been pounded to paralysis, carrying no message to the brain of either horror or relief. One sat in the car listening, and one by one the others came out to listen too, and at length we shut off the radio and went back to the talking.

All day and up to early morning we listened to that voice coming from the cowl. Now it told us about the treaty of non-aggression between Germany and Russia. The nerve had been pounded too long and hard; only a little charge could travel its exhausted fiber. Dialectical materialism, one thought: thesis, Russian communism; antithesis, fascism; synthesis, this treaty. This was the identity one had often written about, one had mentioned in the Easy Chair "that other fascism in Marx's clothing." Then, as the nerve cleared: maybe one danger has been lessened for America, maybe two dangers, for our local communism cannot maintain its pale farce now, and what does the treaty do to Japan? Morning grew to morning and talk went on. One of us was sure that another deal was in the making, though this time they might have to get the armies into battle lines in order to put the deal across. Another was sure that those rudimentary Satans, the international bankers, had done all this of their own evil will, the taint of Adam's sin not having been washed away. And a third said, nothing will happen, all the great liners are sailing on schedule, Germany has insufficient trained reserves, not 1939 but 1943 is the war year. We went on talking.

It was an inconsiderable weight that snapped the string at last. War powers to the British government, a practical dictatorship. But of course. If there was to be war there must be war governments, everyone knew that. Yet it was

this bulletin that made the war real, as Mr. Ratcliffe's cunning voice in Hollis lamplight had made it real twenty-four years ago. In sixty seconds one of us leaped across the chasm to where others of us had been standing and, abandoning the cleansed idea of the western democracies, was saying, to hell with them all, who cares about the British Empire? who cares about Europe? how much of America can we save? His voice was shrill. *We shall all be shrill now, we shall watch the madness grow in one another.* A group of writers talking about art while war came. A group of friends reaching for one another in darkness.

How much of America could be saved? The lines of swift change will veer again now, to other changes, and all our desperations still unsolved. This makes it still easier to evade them than it has been. Here is a deadlier way to avoid the thinking and postpone the will which only could have helped us. And here is an exterior desperation. At this moment we are in the war, to stay. Whether formally remote or raising such armies as I was discharged from twenty-one years ago, we shall finish it—America will wage the war in one way or another and take the responsibility of fitting together what fragments of the world are left when it is finished.

The wolves will be prowling at once, one thought, the wolves, the jackals, and the rats. They will have good hunting and feeding on the edges of the fire; it is their big chance. Wrapped in the flag or in sheepskins, or just wolves, they will be hard to recognize. But he said *we*, many more will be saying *we*—for a while. There will be, for a while, more *we* in America than there has been. There will be a surge of willingness and common desire. Maybe something can be done with that; it gives us a chance as well as the wolves. There is that job to do, now that a voice from the air has destroyed most of whatever meaning was left in private lives and private jobs. There is that job, indefinable and incomprehensible, to be undertaken ig-

norantly and with resolution but little livened with hope, but to be undertaken. There is as much help for us as there has ever been for mortal man, as much and no more, there is as much courage, as much strength. And there is the misty glimpse, as above Boston Common, of a nation that has never quite existed.

(How the words came back! One had been at a play in the old Hollis Street Theater in April, 1917. Before the last act people brought in newspapers with big headlines, and afterward one went to the Nip and drank a glass of beer and read a long flimsy curling from a ticker, and the taste of that beer has always been part of the rhythms of the prose. *We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states. . . . We shall fight . . . for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world at last free.* That made a pleasant promise when I was young and here is payday.)

God helping us, Mr. Wilson said, we could do no other. God helping us, we can now do no other—than what?

Still the final word had not come. At the week-end two of us drove swiftly across New Hampshire, turning on the radio from time to time; the hills made reception bad and the jumbled bulletins that came through were still indefinite. Back to the Vermont mountain for a few days more, talking about art while the world broke up. The writers' conference ended and the radio voice was still guessing it would be peace. One drove southward to Boston and found it crowded with middle-aged men in uniform, the Veterans of Foreign Wars meeting in convention. On the night of August 31st they remembered their gunfire with a noisy program of skyrockets and aerial bombs, which woke one's nine-year-old son from sleep, and one listened to the

radio till midnight, thinking of the armies that groped toward the battle of the Marne twenty-five years ago, and went to bed exhausted. So one woke early on the morning of September 1st, turned on the radio again, and found that it had happened while one slept. The newspaper on the doorstep said the same thing, and the nine-year-old boy came downstairs, saw the headlines, and asked, "Is there war in Poland now?," asked, "Why is there war?," and said, "War is terrible, isn't it?"

The thing had happened. There was war again and one's son was asking why. Upstairs his mother slept, and what had waked him last night was only fireworks set off for the amusement of old soldiers, though at that moment half a million children were being moved out of London in the hope that some of them might be saved from death. An American nine-year-old who could safely play in his back yard said that war was terrible and asked why there was war.

Tell him about those groups in front of the newspaper office tranquilly reading about a war as far away as Saturn . . . Mr. Ratcliffe in Copey's rooms . . . reading Mr. Wilson's speech in a saloon . . . walking dedicated to honor across the Common . . . leaving Petersburg for peace and the renewal of life. Tell him that my boyhood too had the promise of peace in it, that the love which begot him was an understanding that life is peace. Tell him that all boyhoods have the promise of peace and the promise of growing up to do something of one's will, achieve something of one's desire, be something of one's dream—and no

promises are kept except as the dice may chance to roll. Tell him that the cost of any life, mine or his, is the price asked for it. Tell him that the price asked for any life is belief in a right and a truth that do not exist, conscription in a war against the uncomprehended for reasons never given—and that this does not matter. . . . Tell him that he may be sure of his family, that within a family there is love, willingness, life shared. There are other families, the neighborhood he plays in, the friends he has made—from street to street till some larger part of America is in his heart, which will always be too small to have the world in it. He will not grow up in the America he was born in, but neither did I or anyone else who has ever lived here; and if he cannot have the hope perhaps he can have the will to do more than I did in the shaping of his own America. Man by man, child by child, family by family, the job is to save something of the kindliness, the freedom, and the safety that are still ours. To save anything will be to save much.

To see to it that no children are bombed here. To save what we can and make what we can of what is saved. And—to strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds. Beyond that the issue of what we shall have to do as the war spreads is hidden. But the watcher on the walls knows that for an hour or so it is still possible to save something of America, and even finds a grave hope that for that hour or so there is a better chance than there was. For an hour or so. We can seize the hour or let it pass.

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see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages**

